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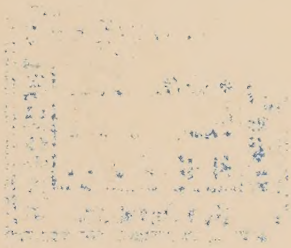

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"While passing down the series of succeeding years, as through the interior of some ancient temple, which displays on either hand the statues of distinguished friends and benefactors, we should stay for a moment in the presence of each, doing justice to the humble, illustrating the obscure, placing in a true light the modest, and noting rapidly the moral and intellectual traits, which time has spared; to the end that ingratitude, the proverbial sin of republics, may not attach to the republic of letters; and that whoever feeds the lamp of science, however obscurely, however scantily, may know, that sooner or later, his name and virtues shall be made conspicuous by its light, and throughout all time accompany its lustre."

Josiah Quincy's *History of Harvard University*, I. 6.

Benj.ª Franklin

W. A. Scott
1859.

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE;

EMBRACING

PERSONAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF AUTHORS,

AND SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY;

WITH

PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK AND GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER,
1856.

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PREFACE.

In submitting the following work to the Public, it may not be amiss, though the numerous articles of which it is composed must speak separately for themselves, to offer a few words of general introduction, setting forth the intent, the necessary limitations, and presenting a few suggestions, which may give unity to the apparent variety.

The design of the Cyclopædia is to bring together as far as possible in one book convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the writers of the country and their works, from the earliest period to the present day. In the public and private library it is desirable to have at hand the means of information on a number of topics which associate themselves with the lives of persons connected with literature. There are numerous points of this kind, not merely relating to authorship, but extending into the spheres of social and political life, which are to be sought for in literary biography, and particularly in the literary biography of America, where the use of the pen has been for the most part incidental to other pursuits. The history of the literature of the country involved in the pages of this work, is not so much an exhibition of art and invention, of literature in its immediate and philosophical sense, as a record of mental progress and cultivation, of facts and opinions, which derives its main interest from its historical rather than its critical value. It is important to know what books have been produced, and by whom; whatever the books may have been or whoever the men.

It is in this light that we have looked upon the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, a term sufficiently comprehensive of the wide collection of authors who are here included under it. The study and practice of criticism may be pursued elsewhere: here, as a matter of history, we seek to know in general under what forms and to what extent literature has been developed. It is not the purpose to sit in judgment, and admit or exclude writers according to individual taste, but to welcome all guests who come reasonably well introduced, and, for our own part, perform the character of a host as quietly and efficiently as practicable.

A glance at the contents of this work will show that an endeavor has been made to include as wide a range of persons and topics as its liberal limits will permit. It has been governed by one general design, to exhibit and illustrate the products of the pen on American soil.

This is connected more closely here, than in the literature of other countries, with biographical details not immediately relating to books or authorship; since it is only of late that a class of authors by profession has begun to spring up. The book-producers of the country have mostly devoted their lives to other callings. They have been divines, physicians, lawyers, college-professors, politicians, orators, editors, active military men, travellers, and, incidentally, authors. It is necessary, therefore, in telling their story, to include many details not of a literary character, to exhibit fairly the proportion which literature bore in their lives.

As the work has not been restricted to professed authors, of whom very few would have been found, neither has it been limited to writers born in the country. It is sufficient

for the purpose that they have lived and written here, and that the land has been enriched by their labors. Indeed it is one of the marked facts in American cultivation, that in its early formative period it was so fortunate as to start with some of the finest products of the European mind. The divines of Cambridge, who brought with them to the New World the seed of literary, as well as of political and religious life; the men who taught at Harvard and William and Mary, who first spoke from the pulpits, who wrote the first historical records, who furnished the supplies for the first presses, were Englishmen by birth, as they and their successors were by political constitution, down to the comparatively recent period of the Revolution. Even since that period, the mental vigor of the country has been as constantly recruited by European minds, as its material conquests of the soil have been extended by European arms and hands. To ignore this, would be treasonable to the higher interests of letters, whose greatest benefit is to associate all nations in intellectual amity and progress. With pleasure we have placed upon these pages, accounts of foreign scholars and writers who have visited us and lived among us, frequently enduring privation, and freely expending their talents and energies in the literary service of the country. It is an honor, as it is a most liberal advantage to America, that men like Berkeley, Priestley, Dr. Cooper, Witherspoon, Nesbit, Follen, Lieber, Schaff, Agassiz, Guyot, have freely joined their contributions to the stock of our own authors. The country has received their books, and profited by their lessons and experience. It cannot grudge the few pages which justice, no less than gratitude and affection, assigns to their story.

The arrangement of the work, it will be seen, is chronological, following as nearly as practicable the date of birth of each individual.

As a record of National Literature, the Cyclopædia may be divided into three general periods; the Colonial Era, the Revolutionary Period, and the Present Century.

Each of these is marked by its distinct characteristics. The writers of the first period include the New England Puritan school, the patient, laborious, well read, and acute divines, the scholars who gave life to the early seats of learning, the first race of chroniclers, several genial observers of nature, as the Bartrams, and an occasional quaint poet, who penned verses without consulting the pleasure of Minerva. In this period there is rudeness, roughness, but much strength; frequently a high order of eloquence; great diligence, and an abundant collection of materials for history. Harvard College, William and Mary, Yale, the College of New Jersey, King's College New York, the University of Pennsylvania, the College of Rhode Island, and Dartmouth College, were established in this era. The great men of this period were Roger Williams, Cotton, Hooker, the Mathers, Blair, Colden, Logan, the Bartrams, Jonathan Edwards—chiefly proficients in divinity and science; while Franklin heralded the more general literary cultivation which was to follow.

The next, the Revolutionary period, may be said to have begun and ended with the discussion of legal and constitutional principles. It was inaugurated by Otis, Dickinson, Jefferson, and Adams, and closed with the labors of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, in the Federalist. The political and judicial arguments form its staple. They were the first distinctive voices of America heard in the old world. There had been as good Puritan divinity published in England as had been broached in Massachusetts and Connecticut; the age of Dryden and of Pope had undoubtedly furnished better poets than the land of Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth; but here was a new experience in government, a fresh manly interpretation of constitutional right, expressed succinctly, forcibly, eloquently in the colonial writings, fast ceasing to be colonial, which compelled a hearing, and elicited the generous admiration of Chatham. Nor was this literature confined to didactic political disquisition. In Francis Hopkinson it had a polished champion, who taught by wit, what Dickinson and Drayton unfolded with argument and eloquence; while Trumbull, Freneau, and Brackenridge caught the various humors of the times, and introduced a new spirit into American literature. The intellect of the country was thoroughly awakened. At

the close of the period in 1799, Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose mental activity had assisted in promoting the result, wrote: "From a strict attention to the state of mind in this country, before the year 1774, and at the present time, I am satisfied the ratio of intellect is as twenty to one, and of knowledge as one hundred to one, in these states, compared with what they were before the American Revolution."

The third period exhibited the results of this increased capacity. It gave a new range to divinity and moral science, in writers like Channing; Calhoun and Webster illustrated the principles of political science; Marshall, Kent, and Story interpreted law; Paulding, Irving, Cooper, Simms. Emerson, opened new provinces in fiction and polite literature; Hillhouse, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Longfellow, sang their profound and sweet melodies; the national life at the earliest moment found its historian in Bancroft; oratory gained new triumphs in the halls of Congress, and a genial race of writers filled the various departments of letters, in turn thoughtful, sentimental, or humorous, as the occasion or theme required. To enumerate them here, would be to repeat the index of these volumes.

In another light, this literature may be looked at in its relations to the several portions of the country—the kind and extent of the productiveness varying with the character and opportunities of each region. When the different elements of the question have been duly considered, it will be found that mental activity has been uniformly developed. The early settlements of the North; its possession of the main seats of learning, drawing together numerous professors; its commercial centres, calling forth the powers of the press; its great cities, have given it the advantage in the number of authors: but without these important stimuli, the South and West have been vigorous producers in the fields of literature. Virginia and South Carolina, whose long settlement and Atlantic relations fairly bring them into view for competition here, have yielded their fair proportion of authors; their literature naturally assuming a political character. It is not a just test in the comparison to take the results of colleges and great cities, where literary men are drawn together, and contrast their numbers with the isolated cultivation of an agricultural region, where letters are solely pursued for their own sake, as the ornament or solace of life, seldom as a means of support, and where that book-generating person, the author by profession, is almost wholly unknown. We are rather to look for the social literary cultivation. Tested in this way, by their political representatives, their orators, their citizens who travel abroad; the men who are to be met at home, on the plantations, and in large rural districts, there is a literary cultivation in the South and West proportionate with any other part of the country. In the number of books on the list of American bibliography, their quota is neither slight nor unimportant.

It has been an object in this work to exhibit fairly and amply all portions of the country. The literature of the South is here more fully displayed than ever before. The notices might readily have been extended, but in this, as in other cases, the work has been governed by necessary limitations. It is very evident to any one who has looked at the statistics of the subject, that it would not be practicable, even on the generous scale of these volumes, to introduce all the writers of the country. With great labor and patience such a work might be undertaken, but its extent would soon place it beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. For that remote end, a complete American bibliography would be required; and it is probable that at some future time it will be executed. But the plan of the present Cyclopædia is different. It required selection. On consultation with the publishers, it was found that two royal octavos of the present liberal size could be afforded at a moderate price, which would place the work within the reach of the entire class of purchasers; that any extension beyond this would involve an increase in cost unfavorable to its circulation. This was the material limit. On the other side the space seemed sufficient for the display of the comparatively brief period of American authorship, when the whole vast range of English literature was, successfully for the purpose, included by Messrs. Chambers in about the same compass.

The next question respected the distribution of the space. It was considered that,

under any principle of selection, the story should be as briefly told as possible; being confined to the facts of the case, with no more comment than was required to put the reader in ready communication with the author, while matters of digression and essay-writing should be carefully avoided. The lives of the authors were to be narrated, and their best works exhibited in appropriate extracts.

To the early periods, the preference was to be given in fulness of display. Many of the lives required much curious investigation, in regions not readily accessible to the general reader. The sympathy shown in this portion of the subject by various eminent scholars and successful prosecutors of literature themselves, who were occasionally consulted in its preparation, and who readily gave the most important assistance, seemed additional warrant to devote considerable space to this research.

The Revolutionary matter presented similar claims. It was novel, much of it not generally attainable, and it was full of picturesque life. The rapid multiplication of the literary and scientific institutions of the country has permitted us to speak at length only of those long established. An account of the early colleges has afforded much interesting detail, while it has given the opportunity of commemorating many worthies of the past, whose literary labors were chiefly entitled to notice from this connexion.

The passages to be selected for quotation, in a work of this kind, must frequently be chosen for their minor qualities. The brief essay, the pertinent oration, the short poem, the song or squib of the wit may be given, where it would be absurd to mutilate the entire line of argument of a work on philosophy, or where it would be irreverent to violate the sanctity of a treatise of divinity, by parading its themes, plucked from the sacred inclosure of the volume.

The lighter passages of song and jest were numerous in the days of the Revolution, and may be worth exhibiting, as a relief to graver incidents of the struggle, and as a proof of the good heart with which our fathers entered into it.

The reader may trace a full exhibition of the admirable productions, both witty and serious, which grew out of the argument for the Federal Constitution, in the passages from Hopkinson, Belknap, Hamilton, and others.

It has been further an object in the extracts, to preserve the utmost possible completeness: to present a subject as nearly as practicable in its entire form. The ample page of the work has allowed us, in numerous instances, to carry this out even with such productions of length as an entire canto of McFingal, a reprint of the whole of Barlow's Hasty Pudding, of the Buccaneer of Dana, complete papers by Fisher Ames, Gouverneur Morris, and others; while the number of shorter articles has been occasionally extended to embrace most, if not all, that is of interest in the literary remains of minor authors.

A reference to the index will show, we trust, a worthy design in the selection of passages from the various authors. We have kept in view the idea, that a work of the opportunities of the present, should aid in the formation of taste and the discipline of character, as well as in the gratification of curiosity and the amusement of the hour. The many noble sentiments, just thoughts, the eloquent orations, the tasteful poems, the various refinements of literary expression, drawn together in these volumes, are indeed the noblest appeal and best apology for the work. The voice of two centuries of American literature may well be worth listening to.

Avoiding, however, further enlargement on this theme, which might run into an unseemly critical analysis of the book, we have left to us the safer and more agreeable duty of acknowledging the friendly aid which has encouraged and assisted us in a laborious undertaking. Many a letter of sympathy and counsel has warmed us to renewed effort in the progress of the work. It has been our care to indicate on its appropriate page the obligations due to others, and, if we may adopt the words of that good old divine and poet, Dr. Donne, "to thank not him only that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place."

To our predecessors in these labors, ample acknowledgments are due, from the first

collections of American verse, in the last century, by Elihu H. Smith and Mathew Carey, to the excellent labors at the present day of Kettell, Everest, Griswold, and others. To their works we may appropriately add the numerous collections of local literature, as the Boston, New Hampshire, and Charleston books. In the earlier departments, special recognition should be made of the valuable biographical dictionaries of Eliot and Allen; in the later, of the industrious biographical labors of Mr. J. S. Loring, in the several editions of his "Boston Orators."

We have been under great obligations to several of the public libraries, and the efficient acts of courtesy of their librarians. Of these institutions, we may particularly mention the rare collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Boston Athenæum, of the library at Harvard, of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, of the Library Company and the Library of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, of the Historical Society, of the Society, Mercantile, and Astor Libraries of New York. We never left one of these institutions without a new sense of the magnitude of the subject before us. In this connexion, we cheerfully express our thanks, not merely as an aid, but as an honor to our enterprise, for the cordial coöperation of the Rev. John L. Sibley of Harvard, Charles Folsom of Boston, Mr. S. F. Haven of Worcester, Mr. E. C. Herrick of Yale, Messrs. J. J. and Lloyd P. Smith of Philadelphia, Mr. Philip J. Forbes, Mr. George H. Moore, Mr. S. Hastings Grant, and Mr. J. G. Cogswell of New York.

Numerous private collections have been freely opened to us. We have been favored with the use of many rare volumes from the choice and costly libraries of Mr. J. Carter Brown of Providence, Mr. George Ticknor of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. James Lenox, Mr. E. B. Corwin of New York; while important incidental aid in this way has been rendered us by Mr. J. Pennington, Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, Mr. J. T. Fisher, Mr. C. B. Trego, Mr. W. B. Reed, Mr. H. C. Baird of Philadelphia; Professor Gammell of Brown University, Mr. Joseph Johnson and Mr. John Russell of Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. Samuel Colman, Mr. George B. Rapelye, Mr. John Allan, and Mr. W. J. Davis of New York. To both the library and valuable counsel of Dr. John W. Francis of New York we have been under repeated obligations.

To Mr. Washington Irving we are indebted for a special act of courtesy, in his contribution to the notice of Allston of an interesting series of personal reminiscences. We are under like obligations to Dr. Francis, for a similar recollection of Philip Freneau. One of the last letters written by the late Col. D. J. McCord of Columbia, South Carolina, was a communication printed in its place, on Dr. Thomas Cooper. The privilege of friendly consultation with the Rev. Dr. Osgood of New York has introduced us to much of the abundant literature of his religious denomination. We have also received cordial aid from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, whose published writings afford many illustrations of the topics of these volumes. Other acknowledgments appear on various pages of the book.

In the department of Southern literature, where information rests largely in the hands of individuals, we have been greatly strengthened by correspondence with Mr. W. Gilmore Simms of South Carolina, bringing with it a train of kindly assistance from others; and with Mr. John Esten Cooke of Richmond, which opened to us frequent avenues to information in Virginia. To Mr. Harrison Hall of Philadelphia, and his brother Judge James Hall of Cincinnati, we are under similar obligations in other regions of the country. From Professor Porcher of the Charleston College, President Swain of the University of North Carolina, Professor Totten of William and Mary, Mr. Gessner Harrison of the University of Virginia, Professor North of Hamilton College, Mr. Wm. W. Turner of the National Institute, we have received assistance in the notices of the several seats of learning with which they are connected. It may not be amiss here, for the prevention of possible comparisons in future, to state, that in some instances—to the extent, perhaps, of three or four pages of the book—we are under a debt to ourselves, having drawn upon a few critical papers heretofore printed in the *Literary World*.

Not the least difficult portion of the work has been the preparation of the numerous portraits. They have been frequently obtained from original sources, and are now engraved for the first time, from old paintings, or recent daguerreotypes and photographs. If they prove of interest to the purchasers of the book, proportioned to the care often expended upon them, the publisher and editors may be well satisfied. A few choice daguerreotypes are from the hands of Messrs. Southworth and Hayes of Boston, and Mr. Richards of Philadelphia, while a large number have been taken by Mr. M. B. Brady of New York,—a sufficient guarantee of this stage of the work. The drawings from them have been made by Mr. W. Momberger of this city. The engravings are by Mr. W. Roberts. For several of the vignettes we are indebted to the Homes of American Authors, at present published by the Messrs. Appleton.

A large number of the autograph illustrations were kindly placed at our disposal by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Sprague, of Albany, New York. Valuable aid of this kind has been freely given by others.

The accuracy of the work has been greatly promoted by the coöperation of Mr. W. H. Smith, who has been long known to many of the scholars of the country as proof-reader in the office of Mr. Robert Craighead, where the Cyclopædia was put in type.

In conclusion, we may, we trust, ask a generous and kindly consideration for a work of much difficulty. Inequalities and short-comings may, doubtless, be discovered in it. "Errors Excepted," the usual phrase appended to a merchant's account, the gloss upon all things human, may with propriety be added at the termination of an undertaking of this nature.

The perfection of such a work is the result of time and experience. The present volumes may perhaps fall into the hands of some who are able and willing to afford additional information; and this may be employed in the supplements to future editions, if indeed the book shall attain such desirable repetitions. We need not say, that any suggestions, looking fairly to the design of the work, will be welcome. In the delicate duty to contemporaries, every hour adds to the opportunities of such an undertaking: but the authors of the day are well able, in their own writings, to speak for themselves. We may be allowed to insert a caveat against the pretension that we have not omitted some of the true worthies of America—though the reader will perhaps be reminded, on the other hand, of the story told by Sir Walter Scott, of the laird on a visit to his friend in the country. He was about taking his departure homewards, when he thought of interrogating his servant, who had been engaged in packing his portmanteau. "Have you put in everything that belongs to me?" "*At least*, your honor," was the candid reply.

There is an old passage in the dedication of the venerable Cotton Mather's *Decennium Luctuosum*, which is perhaps a good sequel to the anecdote in this relation. "Should any *Petit Monsieur*," says he, "complain (as the captain that found not himself in the *tapestry hangings*, which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588), that he don't find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology: he has done as *well* and as *much* as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention, might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than any one else hath made; and now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him: *others* may go on as they please with a completer composure."

New York, *August* 16, 1855.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

GEORGE SANDYS.

The first English literary production penned in America, at least which has any rank or name in the general history of literature, is the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, by George Sandys, printed in folio in London in 1626. The writer was the distinguished traveller, whose book on the countries of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, is still perused with interest by curious readers. It was some time after his return from the East, that he was employed in the government of the Colony in Virginia, where he held the post of treasurer of the company. There, on the banks of James river, he translated Ovid, under circumstances of which he has left a memorial in his dedication of the work to King Charles I., as he informs that monarch his poem was "limned by that imperfect light, which was snatched from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not his own, but dedicated to the service of his father and himself; and had that service proved as fortunate, as it was faithful in him, as well as others more worthy, they had hoped, before the revolution of many years, to have presented his majesty with a rich and well peopled kingdom. But, as things had turned, he had only been able to bring from thence himself and that composition, which needed more than a single denization. For it was doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World, of the rudeness whereof it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults; instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the muses."*

Sandys was a gentleman of a good stock, his father being the Archbishop of York, and the friend of Hooker, by whom his brother Edwin was educated. His piety is expressed in his "Review of God's Mercies to him in his travels," an eloquent poem which he wrote in welcoming his beloved England, and in which he does not forget the perils of the American wilderness in

> That new-found-out-world, where sober night
> Takes from the Antipodes her silent flight,

and where he had been preserved

> From the bloody massacres
> Of faithless Indians; from their treacherous wars.

As a poet he has gained the respect of Dryden, who pronounced him the best versifier of his age, and of Pope, who commended his verses, in his notes to the Iliad.* We may quote a few lines of his Ovid, as a pleasing memorial of this classic theme pursued amidst the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement. We may fancy him looking round him, as he wrote, upon the rough materials of the Golden Age of Virginia, testing Ovid's poetical dreams by the realities.

METAMORPHOSIS, BOOK I.

> The Golden Age was first; which uncompeld,
> And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
> As then, there was nor punishment nor fear;
> Nor threatning laws in brass prescribed were;
> Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shook to see
> Their angrie judge. * * * *
> In firm content
> And harmless ease, their happy days were spent,
> The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
> (Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
> Content with nature's unenforced food,
> They gather wildings, straw'bries of the wood,
> Sour cornels, what upon the bramble grows,
> And acorns which Jove's spreading oak bestows.
> 'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
> On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.

* Stith, Hist. of Va., Bk. v. He has slightly adapted the language of Sandys's preface to Ovid.

* Holmes, Am. Annals, i. 184. Egerton Brydges, Censura Literaria, vi. 135. Bancroft, History United States, i. 234. There is a copy of the Ovid *ex dono Thomæ Hollis* in the Harvard Library.

Forthwith the earth, corn unmanured bears;
And every year renews her golden ears:
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd;
And yellow honey from green elms distilled.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN.

At about the same time with Sandys in Virginia, William Vaughan, a poet and physician from Wales, took up his residence on a district of land which he had purchased in Newfoundland. Here he established a plantation, which he called Cambriol, and to invite settlers from England, sent home and published his *Golden Fleece*,* a quaint tract in prose and verse, intended through the medium of satire and fancy to set forth the discouragements of England and the encouragements of America. In his dedication of the work to King Charles, the author, who wrote also several other poems in Latin and English, calls himself Orpheus Jr. "Were it not," says Oldmixon, "a trouble one might remark, that neither the vicar's lion, nor the pilot's mermaid, is more a prodigy, than an Orpheus in Newfoundland, though there was one actually there, if the poet Vaughan was so."†

The Golden Fleece, which is now a very rare book, is a curious composition of the puritan way of thinking engrafted on the old classic machinery of Apollo and his court. It has sense, shrewdness, some poetry, and much downright railing,—the last in a school, the satirical objurgatory, which was brought to perfection, or carried to excess, in Ward's Simple Cobler of Agawam. Vaughan vents his humors in a depreciation of the times, in a kind of parody of the Litany, which he puts into the mouth of Florio, the Italian novelist, then in vogue.

From blaspheming of God's name,
From recanting words with shame,
From damnation eternal,
From a rich soul internal,
From a sinner will not mend,
From a friend, that will not lend,
From all modern abuses,
From much things to no uses,
From Ignatian's cursed swords,
From an Alchymist's fair words,
From those Friars which cloaks use,
As from such that haunt the stews,
From such sins as do delight us,
As from dreams which do affright us,
From parasites that stroke us,
From morsels that will choke us,
From false sycophants, that soothe us,
As from those in sin do smooth us,
From all profane discourses,
From all ungodly courses
Sweet angel free
deliver me.

Some of Vaughan's descriptions, as in his account of the fairer sex, smack strongly of old Burton, whose Anatomy of Melancholy was then in its first popularity. In the third part of the Golden Fleece there is a commendation of Newfoundland and its bounteous fishery, with many allusions to historical incidents of the period.

Vaughan's *Church Militant* published many years subsequently, in 1640, is one of those long labored historical deductions in crabbed verse, which Puritan writers loved heavily to trudge through. When the weary journey is accomplished, the muse, as if exulting at the termination, rises to a somewhat clearer note, in good strong Saxon, in view of the English reformation.

The spouse of Christ shone in her prime,
When she liv'd near th' Apostles' time,
But afterwards eclips'd of light,
She lay obscure from most men's sight;
For while her watch hugg'd carnal ease,
And loath'd the cross, she felt disease.
Because they did God's rays contemn,
And maumets* served, Grace fled from them.
Then stars fell down, fiends blackt the air,
And mongrels held the Church's chair,
But now dispelling error's night,
By Christ his might, our new-man's light,
She may compare for faith alike
With famous Rome's first Catholic,
And paragons for virtue bright
The royal scribe's sweet Sulamite,
Who train'd to zeal, yet without traps,
Her poor young sister wanting paps;
Without traditions she train'd her,
Or quillets, which make souls to err.

So feeds our Church her tender brood
With milk, the strong with stronger food.
She doth contend in grace to thrive,
Reproved like the primitive.
She hates the dark, yet walks the round,
And joys to hear the Gospel's sound.
She hates their mind in judgment blind,
Who swell with merits out of kind.
In Christ alone lies all her hope,
Not craving help of saint or Pope.
Poor saints, to show her faith by deeds,
She fills their souls, their bodies feeds.
She grants no weapons for offence,
Save vows and fasting for defence;
And yet she strikes. But with what sword?
The spirit's sword, God's lightning word.
Indiff'rent toys and childish slips
She slights, but checks gross sins with stripes.
Yet soon the strays her favor win,
When they repent them of the sin,
So mild is she, still loathing ill,
And yet most loathe the soul to kill.

Such is the Lady, whom I serve;
Her goodness such, whom I observe,
And for whose love I beg'd these lays
Borne from the spheres with flaming rays.

WILLIAM MORELL.

William Morell, an English clergyman of the Established Church, came to America in 1623, with the company sent out by the Plymouth council, under the command of Captain Robert, son of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Morell bore a commission from the Ecclesiastical Court in England to exercise a superintendence over the churches which were or might be established in the colony. The attempt by this company to form a settle-

* The Golden Fleece, divided into three parts, under which are discovered the errors of religion, the vices and decay of the kingdom, and, lastly, the way to get wealth and to restore trading, so much complained of. Transported from Cambriolt Colchos, out of the southernmost part of the Island, commonly called the Newfoundland, by Orpheus Junior, for the general and perpetual good of Great Britain. 1626. Small 4to.

† Oldmixon. Brit. Emp. in Am. i. 8.

* Idols; the word is used for puppets by Shakespeare. 1 Henry IV., Act 2, Scene 3.

ment at Wessagussett, now Weymouth, in Massachusetts, was unsuccessful. After Gorges's return, Morell remained a year at Plymouth and then returned to England, where he soon after published in Latin hexameters and English heroics, the latter a little rough, his poem *Nova Anglia*, which he addressed to King Charles I. It is mainly taken up with the animal inhabitants of the land and their conquerors, the native Indians. The opening address to New England is really grand. We have marked one line by italics, for its stirring tone, in the English portion, which is something more than a mere literal version of his Latin. We give both.

NOVA ANGLIA.

Hactenus ignotam populis ego carmine primus,
Te Nova, de veteri cui contigit Anglia nomen,
Aggredior trepidus pingui celebrare Minerva.
Per mihi numen opem, cupienti singula plectro
Pondere veridico, quæ nuper vidimus ipsi:
Ut breviter vereque sonent modulamina nostra,
Temperiem cœli, vim terræ, munera ponti,
Et varios gentis mores, velamina, cultus.
Anglia felici meritò Nova nomine gaudens,
Sævos nativi mores pertæsa Coloni,
Indigni penitùs populi tellure feraci,
Mæsta superfusis attollit fletibus ora,
Antiquos precibus flectens ardentibus Anglos,
Numinis æterni felicem lumine gentem
Efficere: æternis quæ nunc peritura tenebris.
Gratum opus hoc Indis, dignumque piis opus Anglis,
Angelicæ quibus est naturæ nomen in umbra
Cœlica ut extremis dispergant semina terris.

NEW ENGLAND.

Fear not, poor Muse, 'cause first to sing her fame
That's yet scarce known, unless by map or name;
A grandchild to earth's paradise is born,
Well limb'd, well nerv'd, fair, rich, sweet, yet forlorn.
Thou blest director, so direct my verse
That it may win her people, friends commerce.
Whilst her sweet air, rich soil, blest seas, my pen
Shall blaze and tell the natures of her men.
New England, happy in her new, true style,
Weary of her cause she's to sad exile
Exposed by her's unworthy of her land;
Entreats with tears Great Britain to command
Her empire, and to make her know the time,
Whose act and knowledge only makes divine.
A royal work well worthy England's king,
These natives to true truth and grace to bring;
A noble work for all these noble peers,
Which guide this state in their superior spheres.
You holy Aarons, let your censers ne'er
Cease burning till these men Jehovah fear.

This curious poem is conducted with considerable spirit. There is this allusion to the Indian song:

Litera cuncta licet latet hos, modulamina quædam
Fistula disparibus calamis facit, est et agrestis
Musica vocis iis, minime jucunda, sonoris
Obtusisque sonis oblectans pectora, sensus,
Atque suas aures, artis sublimis inanes.

And though these men no letters know, yet their
Pan's harsher numbers we may somewhere hear;
And vocal odes which us affect with grief,
Though to their minds perchance they give relief.*

* The whole poem is reprinted in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, First Series, i. 125–39.

WILLIAM WOOD.

Cheerful William Wood was at that period a sojourner in the same colony. Returning home in 1633, he published in London, in 1634, the first printed account of Massachusetts in *New England's Prospect* being, as its title page well describes it, "a true, lively, and experimental description."* "I have laid down," says he, "the nature of the country, without any partial respect unto it as being my dwelling-place, where I have lived these four years, and intend, God willing, to return shortly again."

This tract is divided into two parts, the one treating of the situation and circumstances of the colonists; the other, of the manners and customs of the native Indians. In the former, in which the writer notices the towns bordering the site of Boston, venturing in one or two instances as far as Agawam and Merrimack, there are some curious poetical or rhyming natural history descriptions interspersed, as of the trees, which reminds us, in a degree, of the famous passage in Spenser, by whose inspiration it was probably excited:—

Trees both in hills and plains, in plenty be,
The long-liv'd oak, and mournful cypris tree,
Sky-tow'ring pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough:
The rosin-dropping fir for masts in use,
The boatmen seek for oares light, neat, growne sprewse,
The brittle ash, the ever-trembling aspes,
The broad-spread elm, whose concave harbours wasps,
The water-spungie alder good for nought,
Small elderne by th' Indian fletchers† sought,
The knottie maples, pallid birch, hawthornes,
The horne-bound tree that to be cloven scornes;
Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs.
Within this Indian orchard fruits be some,
The ruddie cherrie, and the jetty plume,
Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage.
The dyer's shumach, with more trees there be,
That are both good to use and rare to see.

His versifying talent is also excited by the inhabitants of these woods:—

The kingly lion, and the strong-arm'd bear,
The large limb'd mooses, with the tripping deer;
Quill-darting porcupines, and raccoons be
Castel'd in the hollow of an aged tree.

There is fancy in the last picture, as there is in his "sea-shouldering whale," in the chapter "of fish"—but that belongs to Spenser. The whole passage is curious, and is worth quoting for its American flavor. The epithets are felicitous. He had evidently studied the subject.

The king of waters, the sea-shouldering whale,
The snuffing grampus, with the oily seal;

* New England's Prospect: a true, lively, and experimental description of that part of America commonly called New England—discovering the state of that country, both as it stands to our new come English planters, and to the old native inhabitants—laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling reader, or benefit the future voyager. By William Wood. London: 1635.

† Makers of bows and arrows.—*Johnson.*

The storm-presaging porpus, herring-hog,
Live spearing-shark, the catfish, and sea-dog;
The scale-fenc'd sturgeon, wry-mouthed halibut,
The flouncing salmon, codfish, greedigut;
Cole, haddick, hake, the thornback, and the scate,
Whose slimy outside makes him seld' in date;
The stately bass, old Neptune's fleeting post,
That tides it out and in from sea to coast;
Consorting herrings, and the bony shad,
Big-bellied alewives, mackrels richly clad
With rainbow colour, the frostfish and the smelt
As good as ever Lady Gustus felt;
The spotted lamprons, eels, the lamperies,
That seek fresh water brooks with Argus eyes;
Those watery villagers, with thousands more,
Do pass and repass near the verdant shore.

KINDS OF SHELLFISH.

The luscious lobster, with the crabfish raw,
The brinish oyster, muscel, periwig,
And tortoise sought by the Indian's squaw,
Which to the flats dance many a winter's jig,
To dive for cockles, and to dig for clams,
Whereby her lazy husband's guts she crams.

His prose shows us little of the poetical and humorous traits common to many of these early narratives. There is a short chapter touching the Indians, which would do honor to the appetizing courtesies of John Buncle.

OF THEIR DIET, COOKERY, MEAL TIMES, AND HOSPITALITY AT THEIR KETTLES.

Having done with the most needful clothings and ornamental deckings; may it please you to feast your eyes with their best belly-timbers; which I suppose would be but *stibium* to weak stomachs, as they cook it, tho' never so good of itself. In winter time they have all manner of fowls of the water and of the land, and beasts of the land and water, pond fish, with catharres and other roots, Indian beans and clams. In the summer they have all manner of sea fish, with all sorts of berries. For the ordering of their victuals, they boil or roast them, having large kettles which they traded for with the French long since, and do still buy of the English as their need requires, before they had substantial earthen pots of their own making. Their spits are no other than cloven sticks sharped at one end to thrust into the ground: into these cloven sticks they thrust the flesh or fish they would have roasted, behemming a round fire with a dozen of spits at a time, turning them as they see occasion. Some of their scullery having dressed these homely cates, present it to their guests, dishing it up in a rude manner, placing it on the verdant carpet of the earth which Nature spreads them, without either trenchers, napkins, or knives; upon which their hunger sauced stomachs, impatient of delays fall aboard, without scrupling at unwashed hands, without bread, salt, or beer; lolling on the Turkish fashion, not ceasing till their full bellies leave nothing but empty platters. They seldom or never make bread of their Indian corn, but seeth it whole like beans, eating three or four corns with a mouthful of fish or flesh, sometimes eating meat first, and corns after, filling up the chinks with their broth. In summer, when their corn is spent, isquoterquashes is their best bread, a fruit much like a pumpion. To say, and to speak paradoxically, they be great eaters, and little meat men. When they visit our English, being invited to eat, they are very moderate, whether it be to show their manners, or for shame fac'dness, I know not, but at home they eat till their bellies stand south, ready to split with fulness; it being their fashion to eat all at sometimes, and sometimes nothing at all in two or three days, wise providence being a stranger to their wilder ways: They be right infidels; neither caring for the morrow, or providing for their own families; but as all are fellows at football, so they all meet friends at the kettle, saving their wives, that dance a spaniel-like attendance at their backs for their bony fragments. If their imperious occasions cause them to travel, the best of their victuals for their journey is Nocake (as they call it), which is nothing but Indian corn parched in the hot ashes; the ashes being sifted from it, it is afterwards beat to powder, and put into a long leathern bag, trussed at their backs like a knapsack, out of which they take thrice three spoonfuls a day dividing it into three meals. If it be in winter, and snow be on the ground, they can eat when they please, stopping snow after their dusty victuals, which otherwise would feed them little better than a Tyburn halter. In summer they must stay till they meet with a spring or a brook, where they may have water to prevent the imminent danger of choking. With this strange viaticum they will travel four or five days together, with loads fitter for elephants than men. But though they can fare so hardly abroad, their chaps must walk night and day, as long as they have it. They keep no set meals, their store being spent, they champ on the bit, till they meet with fresh supplies, either from their own endeavors, or their wives' industry, who trudge to the clam-banks when all other means fail. Though they be sometimes scanted, yet are they as free as emperors, both to their countrymen and English, be he stranger or near acquaintance; counting it a great discourtesy not to eat of their high-conceited delicacies, and sup of their un-oatmeal'd broth, made thick with fishes, fowls, and beasts, boiled all together; some remaining raw, the rest converted, by overmuch seething, to a loathed mash, not half so good as Irish bonniclapper.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ENGLAND.

A curious tract, apparently written by a resident in the colony, was printed in London, in 1648, bearing the title, *Good News from New England*.* It is more than half in verse, and is a quaint picture of the age. The sketch of the clergy is characteristic. We quote a few paragraphs.

Oh! wee'l away, now say the poore, our Benefactor's going,
That fild our children's mouths with bread, look! yonder are they rowing.
O woe is me, another cries, my Minister, it's he,
As sure as may be, yonder he from Pursevant doth flee.
With trickling tears, scarce uttering speech, another sobbing says,
If our poor preacher shipped be, he'll ne'er live half the way.

THE NEW ENGLAND PREACHERS.

One unto reading Scriptures men persuades,
One labour bids for food that never fades.
One to redeem their time exhorteth all,
One looking round for wary walking calls.
One he persuades men buy the truth, not sell,
One would men should in moderateness excell.

* Good News from New England; with an Exact Relation of the First Planting of that Country; a Description of the Profits accruing by the Work; together with a brief, but true Discovery of their Order both in Church and Commonwealth, and Maintenance allowed the painful Labourers in that Vineyard of the Lord; with the Names of the several Towns, and who be Preachers to them. London: printed by Matthew Simmons, 1648; reprinted in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Fourth Series, i. 195.

One for renewed repentance daily strives,
One's for a conscience clear in all men's lives.
One he exhorts all men God's word to hear,
One doth beseech to lend obedient ear.
One he desires evil's appearance shun,
One with diligence would all should be done.
One shows their woe that will not God believe,
One doth beseech God's spirit they'll not grieve.
One wishes none to deep despair do run,
One bids beware none to presumption come.
One wills that all at murmuring take heed,
One shews that strife and envy should not breed.
One shews the hatred God to pride doth bear,
One covetousness cries down with hellish fear.
One to lukewarmness wishes none do grow,
One none for fear forsake the truth they know.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

THE renowned Captain John Smith, on returning home from service against the Turks, and from a journey in which he had well nigh exhausted all that Europe could offer of adventure, and fully proved the nobility of his nature, at the early age of twenty-seven turned his attention to the new world.

In December, 1606, he sailed with others sent out by the London Company, recently formed by his exertions, for the Chesapeake. On the 13th of May the party landed at Jamestown. He returned to England in 1609, and in 1614 explored the American coast from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. He again sailed in 1615, but was taken prisoner and confined in France. On his release he endeavored to obtain further employment in American adventure, but without success. He died in London in 1631, in his fifty-second year.

In "the true Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Capt. John Smith," 1629, he gives the following summary of his American career.

Now to conclude the travels and adventures of Captain Smith: How first he planted Virginia, and was set ashore with a hundred men in the wild woods; how he was taken prisoner by the savages, and by the King of Pamaunky tied to a tree to be shot to death; led up and down their country, to be shown for a wonder; fatted as he thought for a sacrifice to their idol, before whom they conjured three days, with strange dances and invocations; then brought before their Emperor Powhattan, who commanded him to be slain; how his daughter Pocahontas saved his life, returned him to Jamestown, relieved him and his famished company, which was but eight and thirty, to possess those large dominions; how he discovered all the several nations on the rivers falling into the bay of Chesapeake; how he was stung almost to death by the poisonous tail of a fish called a stingray; how he was blown up with gunpowder, and returned to England to be cured.

Also how he brought New England to the subjection of the Kingdom of Great Britain: his fights with the pirates, left alone among the French men-of-war, and his ship ran from him: his sea-fights for the French against the Spaniards; their bad usage of him; how in France, in a little boat, he escaped them: was adrift all such a stormy night at sea by himself, when thirteen French ships were split or driven on shore by the isle of Rhu, the General and most of his men drowned; when God, to whom be all honour and praise, brought him safe on shore, to the admiration of all who escaped; you may read at large in his general history of Virginia, the Somer islands and New England.

Smith derived no pecuniary advantage from his services in the colonization of Virginia or New England. "In neither of these two countries," he remarks, "have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor any content or satisfaction at all."

Captain Smith was the author of several works relating to his adventurous life. The first is *A true relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that colony, which is now resident in the south part thereof, till the last return from thence. Written by Th. Watson, Gent, one of the said collony, to a worshipful friend of his in England.* London: 1608. This tract, of forty-two small quarto pages, is printed in black letter, and is extremely rare. A copy is in the library of the New York Historical Society—from which a reprint was made in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In a preface signed I. H., the statement that "some of the books were printed under the name of Thomas Watson, by whose occasion I know not, unless it were the over-rashness or mistaking of the workmen, but since having learned that the said discourse was written by Captain Smith, &c.,"—settles the question of authorship.

In 1612, Smith published *A Map of Virginia,— With a description of the country, the commodities, people, government and religion. Written by Captain Smith, sometime Governor of the country.* It was accompanied by an account of "the proceedings of those colonies since their first departure from England, with the discourses, orations and relations of the salvages, and the accidents that befel them in all their journeys and discoveries, &c., by W. S."

This was followed by *A Description of New England: or the Observations and Discoveries of Captain John Smith (Admirall of that Country), in the North of America, in the year of our Lord* 1614, *with the successe of sixe ships that went the next year,* 1615; *and the accidents befell him among the French men of warre: with the proofe of the present benefit this countrey affords: whither this present yeare,* 1616, *eight voluntary ships are gone to make further trials.* At London. Printed, &c.: 1616. It is reprinted in the sixth volume of the third series of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, and in the second volume of Col. Force's reprints of rare tracts relating to America, where it is accompanied by its successor: *New England's Trials. Declaring the successe of* 80 *ships employed thither within these eight years; and the benefit of that country by Sea and Land. With the present estate of that happie plantation, begun but by* 60 *weake men in the yeare* 1620. *And how to build a Fleete of good Shippes to make a little Navie Royall. Written by Captain John Smith, sometime Governour of Virginia, and Admirall of New England.* The second edition. London: 1622. These two tracts form seventy octavo pages in Mr. Force's reprint. The first edition of *New England's Trials, Declaring the success of* 26 *Ships,* &c., appeared in 1620.

In 1626, the Captain issued his largest work, a folio, entitled *The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the names of the adventurers, planters and gover-*

nors, from their first beginning An. 1584, *to this present* 1626. *With the proceedings of those several colonies, and the accidents that befell them in all their journies and discoveries. Also the map, and descriptions of all those countryes, their commodities, people, government, customs, and religion yet known.* It was prepared at the request of the company in London, and contains several portraits and maps. A portion only, including the second and sixth books, is from the pen of Smith, and in these he has drawn largely on his previous publications; the remaining four are made up from the relations of others. The whole, with the continuation to the year 1629, subsequently published by Smith, was reprinted at Richmond, Va., in 1819, in two vols. 8vo.

We extract from this work the account of the famous action of Pocahontas on account of its historical value. The chapter from which it is taken (the second of the third book), is stated to be "written by Thomas Studley the first Cape Merchant in Virginia, Robert Fenton, Edward Harrington, and I. S.," so that it is probably from the pen of Smith.

At last they brought him to *Meronoco moco*, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster: till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Raroweun* skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 years, and along on each side of the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could laid hand on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper: for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

> They say he bore a pleasant show,
> But sure his heart was sad,
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That lives in fear and dread:
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead.

In the same year he published a work for the general benefit of mariners and landsmen entitled *An Accidence, or the Pathway to Experience, necessary for all young Seamen;* which was followed in 1627, by *A Sea Grammar, with the plaine Exposition of Smith's Accidence for young Seamen, enlarged.* In his own words it "found good entertainment abroad." A second edition appeared in 1653, and a third in 1692.*

In 1630, appeared the *True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Capt. John Smith in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, from A.D.* 1593 *to* 1629. *Together with a continuation of his general history of Virginia, &c.* Folio. London: 1680. It was reprinted with his history at Richmond. It also forms part of Churchill's Collection of Voyages.

In the dedication to the volume he states that Sir Robert Cotton, "that most learned treasurer of antiquity, having by perusal of my general history, and others, found that I had likewise undergone other as hard hazards in the other parts of the world, requested me to fix the whole course of my passages in a book by itself, whose noble desire I could not but in part satisfy: the rather because they have acted my fatal tragedies upon the stage, and racked my relations at their pleasure."†

His last work appeared in 1631, and is entitled, *Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere; or, the Pathway to experience to erect a plantation. With the yearely proceedings of the country in Fishing and Planting, since the year* 1614 *to the year* 1630, *and their present estate. Also how to prevent the greatest inconveniences, by their proceedings in Virginia, and other Plantations, by approved examples. With the Countries Arms, a description of the Coast, Harbours, Habitations, Landmarks, Latitude and Longitude: with the Map, allowed by our Royall King Charles—by Captain John Smith.* London: Printed, &c. 1631. It occupies fifty-three pages in the reprint in the Mass. Hist. Coll. 3d Series, vol. 3, and contains on the back of the address to the reader, the poem, "The Sea Marke."

In a passage in this tract (p. 36), he refers to a History of the Sea on which he was engaged, but his death in the same year put an end to this,

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* George S. Hillard's Life of Captain Smith, in Sparks's American Biography, 1st Series, ii. 405.

† A similar complaint of "the licentious vaine of stage poets" is made in the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to a tract, *The New Life of Virginia*, published in 1612. The American Plantations soon became an occasional topic of allusion with Middleton, Dekker, and others. Robert Taylor's play of the "Hog hath lost his Pearl," in 1612, has a mention of the indifferent progress of "the plantation in Virginia." Shakespeare was too early for the subject. The word America is mentioned only once in his plays, and that not very complimentarily, in Dromio's comic description of the kitchen maid. The "still vexed Bermoothes" was the nearest approach he made to the Western continent. Had Sir Philip Sidney made the voyage to America which he contemplated, his pen would doubtless have given a tinge of poetry to its woods and Indians. Raleigh's name is connected with the Virginia voyages, but he never landed within the present limits of the United States. Lord Bacon had the "Plantations" in view, in his Essay bearing that name, and in another "of Prophecies" calls attention to the verses of Seneca—

> Venient annis
> Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
> Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
> Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
> Detegat orbes; nec sit terris
> Ultima Thule:

as "a prophecie of the Discovery of America."

Milton's fine imagery connected with the fall of our first parents, "their guilt and dreaded shame," will be called to mind:—

> O how unlike
> To that first naked glory! Such of late
> Columbus found the American, so girt
> With feather'd cincture; naked else and wild
> Among the trees on isles and woody shores.

and probably other projects of his ever active mind.

Captain Smith wrote with a view to furnish information rather than to gain the reputation of an author or scholar. He confines himself to the subject matter in hand, seldom digressing into comment or reflection. His descriptions are animated, and his style clear and simple. The following verses, the only ones, with the exception of a few scattered lines in his History of Virginia, which can be attributed to his pen, show that he has some claim to the title of a poet. They possess a rude, simple melody, not inharmonious with their subject.

THE SEA MARK.

Aloof, aloof, and come no near,
The dangers do appear
Which, if my ruin had not been,
You had not seen:
I only lie upon this shelf
To be a mark to all
Which on the same may fall,
That none may perish but myself.

If in our outward you be bound
Do not forget to sound;
Neglect of that was caused of this
To steer amiss.
The seas were calm, the wind was fair,
That made me so secure,
That now I must endure
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

The winter's cold, the summer's heat
Alternatively beat
Upon my bruised sides, that rue,
Because too true,
That no relief can ever come:
But why should I despair
Being promised so fair,
That there shall be a day of Doom.

The commendatory verses which, following the publishing fashion of the day, accompany several of Smith's productions, show that he was held in high favor by some of the leading literary men of his day, the names of Wither and Brathwayte, two poets whose productions are still read with pleasure, being found among those of the contributors. The same feelings of respect excited some of Smith's followers to sing the praises of their great leader. His "true friend and soldier, Ed. Robinson" thus addresses "his worthy Captaine, the author"—

Thou that to passe the world's foure parts dost deeme
No more, than t'were to goe to bed, or drinke;

and Thos. Carlton, who signs himself "your true friend, sometimes your soldier," gives this honorable testimony:

I never knew a Warryer yet, but thee
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free.*

A FEW Virginia historical publications contemporary with Smith, written by scholars resident in or identified with the country, may be here mentioned:

THOMAS HARRIOT, the author of "A Brief and true Report of the new found land of Virginia;" and better known as an algebraist, was born at Oxford in 1560, where he was educated, being graduated in 1579. He was recommended in consequence of his mathematical acquirements to Sir Walter Raleigh as a teacher in that science. He received him into his family and in 1585 sent him with the company under Sir Richard Granville to Virginia, where he remained a twelvemonth. In 1588 he obtained through the introduction of Raleigh a pension from Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, of £120 per annum. He passed many years in Sion College, where he died in 1621. He was the inventor of the improved method of algebraic calculation adopted by Descartes six years after, who passed off the discovery as his own. Harriot's claim was established by Dr. Wallis in his History of Algebra. His tract, *A brief and true account of the new found land of Virginia*, &c., was published in 1590. A Latin edition appeared in the collection of De Bry in the same year, and afterwards in English in Hakluyt.

ALEXANDER WHITAKER, a son of the Rev. Dr. William Whitaker, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, came to Virginia while a young man, and was one of the settlers of the town of Henrico on James river, in 1611. During the same year a church was built and the foundations of another of brick laid, while the minister "impaled a fine parsonage, with a hundred acres of land, calling it Rock Hall." His letters, in which he expresses his surprise that more of the English clergy do not engage in missionary labors similar to his own, testify to his earnestness in the cause.* He baptized Pocahontas, and also married her to Mr. Rolfe.

In 1613 he published a work entitled *Good Newes from Virginia, Sent to the council and company of Virginia resident in England.* The "Epistle Dedicatorie" by W. Crashawe, contains this well merited eulogium of the author.

I hereby let all men know that a scholar, a graduate, a preacher, well born and friended in England; not in debt nor disgrace, but competently provided for, and liked and beloved where he lived; not in want, but (for a scholar, and as these days be) rich in possession, and more in possibility; of himself, without any persuasion (but God's and his own heart) did voluntarily leave his warm nest; and to the wonder of his kindred and amazement of those who knew him, undertook this hard, but, in my judgment, heroical resolution to go to Virginia, and help to bear the name of God unto the gentiles.

A picturesque account of the country was written by WILLIAM STRACHEY, the first Secretary of the Colony, in his two books of *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia.* It is dedicated to Lord Bacon, and bears date at least as early as 1618.† Strachey was three years in the Colony, 1610–12. The motto from the Psalms shows his religious disposition and prescience, "This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord," as the narrative itself does his careful

* The Life of Captain John Smith has been written by Mr. Simms, with a genial appreciation of his hero.

* History of the P. E. Church in Virginia, by the Rev. F. L. Hawks.

† It has been recently edited from the original MS. in the British Museum, by R. H. Major, and published among the works of the Hakluyt Society.

observation of "the cosmographie and commodities of the country, together with the manners and customes of the people."

Strachey was one of the party of officers shipwrecked on the Bermudas in 1609. His description of the storm published in *Purchas*, was maintained by Malone to be the foundation of Shakespeare's Tempest.*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

On the twenty-eighth day of October, 1636, eight years after the first landing of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, under John Endicot, the General Court at Boston voted four hundred pounds towards a school or college, and the following year appointed its location at Newtown, soon changed to Cambridge (in gratitude to the University of England), under the direction of the leading men of the colony. In 1638, the project was determined by the bequest of John Harvard, an English clergyman of education, who had arrived in the country but the year before, who left to the institution a sum of money, at least equal to and probably two-fold the amount of the original appropriation, and a valuable library of three hundred and twenty volumes, including not only the heavy tomes of theology in vogue in that age, but important works of classical and the then recent English literature, among which Bacon's clear-toned style and the amenities of Horace tempered the rigors of Scotus and Aquinas. Contributions flowed in. The magistrates subscribed liberally; and a noble proof of the temper of the times is witnessed in the number of small gifts and legacies, of pieces of family plate, and in one instance of the bequest of a number of sheep. With such precious stones were the foundations of Harvard laid. The time, place, and manner need no eulogy. They speak for themselves.

During its first two years it existed in a kind of embryo as the school of Nathaniel Eaton, who bears an ill character in history for his bad temper and short commons. In 1640 the Rev. Henry Dunster, on his arrival from England, was constituted the first President. He served the college till 1654, when, having acquired and preached doctrines in opposition to infant baptism, he was compelled to resign his office. He had borne manfully with the early difficulties of the position, and received little in the way of gratitude. Through his excellent oriental scholarship, he had been intrusted with the improvement of the literal version of the Psalms, known as the Bay Psalm Book. The first printing-press in the colony was set up at Harvard, in the President's house, in 1639. The first publication was the Freeman's Oath, then an almanack, followed by the Bay Psalm Book. Dunster was succeeded by Charles Chauncy, who held the office till his death, which was in 1672. He was a man of learning, having been Professor of Hebrew and Greek in Trinity College, Cambridge, and of general worth, though of wavering doctrinal consistency. He had his share in England of Laud's ecclesiastical interferences, and had recanted his views in opposition to kneeling at the communion—an act of submission which he always regretted. He was driven to New England, whence he was about returning home to his Puritan friends, who had come into power, when he was arrested by the college appointment. He devoted himself to the affairs of the college, and as he suffered the penury of the position, cast his eye to the "allowed diet" and settled stipend of similar situations in England. His petitions to the "honored governor" show that, notwithstanding the early gifts, the institution was ill provided for. Chauncy was threescore when he was made President; and several interesting anecdotes are preserved of his scholar's old age. He was an early riser—up at four o'clock in winter and summer, preached plain sermons to the students and townspeople, was laborious in duty, manfully holding that the student, like the commander, should fall at his post. He has reputation as a divine and scholar. He published a sermon on the Advantages of Schools, and a Faithful Ministry, in which he inveighed against the practice of wearing long hair—the Election Sermon of 1656, a volume of twenty-six sermons, on Justification, and the "Antisynodalia," written against the proceedings of the Synod held in Boston in 1662.

His manuscripts passed into the hands of his step-daughter, a widow, who, marrying a Northampton deacon—a pie-man—these devout writings were taken to line his pastry—a fate which the poet Herrick not long before had deprecated in hurrying effusions of a very different character into print, in his "Lines to his Book:"—

> Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lie
> Torn for the use of pasterie.

The fate of Warburton's collection of old plays, by which English literature has lost so much, it will be recollected, was similar. Dryden, in his MacFlecknoe, celebrates the "martyrs of pies."

Chauncy left six sons, who all graduated at Harvard, and became preachers. Dr. Chauncy of Boston, in the days of the Revolution, was one of his descendants.*

The next President was himself a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1650—Leonard Hoar. He had reversed the usual process of the clergy of the country—having gone to England and been settled as a preacher in Sussex. The college was thinly attended, and badly supported at the time of his inauguration. He had fallen upon evil days. With little profit and much anxiety, discipline was badly supported, and he retired from the management in less than three years, in 1675.

The first collection of books was greatly enlarged by the bequest of the library of Theophilus Gale, who died in 1677, "a philologist, a philosopher, and a theologian."†

Urian Oakes, of English birth, though a graduate of the college, was then President *pro tempore* for several years, accepting the full appointment in 1680, which he held till 1681. He died suddenly in office, leaving as memorials of his literature several sermons, including an Election

* Major's Introduction to Virginia Britannia, xi.

* Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, x. 179. Allen's Biographical Dictionary. Peirce's History of Harvard, 32.

† Quincy's Harvard, i. 185.

and an Artillery sermon, "The Unconquerable, All-conquering, and more than Conquering Christian Soldier;" an Eulogy in Latin, and an Elegy in English verse on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Charlestown. This was printed in 1677. The verse somewhat halts:

The muses and the graces too conspired
To set forth this rare piece to be admired.

He breathed love and pursued peace in his day,
As if his soul were made of harmony.
Scarce ever more of goodness crowded lay
In such a piece of frail mortality.
Sure Father Wilson's genuine son was he,
New England's Paul has such a Timothy.*
* * * * * * * *
My dearest, inmost, bosom friend is gone!
Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight!
Now in a huddling crowd, I'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the world good-night.
Blest be my rock! God lives: oh! let him be
As he is all, so all in all to me.

In his youth Oakes published at Cambridge a set of astronomical calculations, with the motto, in allusion to his size—

Parvum parva decent, sed inest sua gratia parvis.

Cotton Mather puns incorrigibly upon his name, and pronounces the students "a rendezvous of happy Druids" under his administration.

Mr. Oakes being now, in the quaint language of the same ingenious gentleman, *transplanted* into the better world, he was succeeded by John Rogers, a graduate of the College of 1649. He was but a short time President—hardly a year, when he was cut off suddenly, the day after commencement, July 2, 1684. Mather celebrates the sweetness of his temper, and "his real piety set off with the accomplishments of a gentleman, as a gem set in gold." He was one of the writers of complimentary verses on the poems of Anne Bradstreet, in recording the emotions inspired by which, he proves his character for courtesy and refinement.

To Venus' shrine no altars raised are,
Nor venom'd shafts from painted quivers fly:
Nor wanton doves of Aphrodite's car,
Or fluttering there, nor here forlornly lie:
Lorn paramours, nor chatting birds tell news,
How sage Apollo Daphne hot pursues
Or stately Jove himself is wont to haunt the stews.

Nor barking Satyrs breathe, nor dreary clouds
Exhaled from Styx, their dismal drops distil
Within these fairy, flow'ry fields, nor shrouds
The screeching night raven, with his shady quill.
But lyrick strings here Orpheus nimbly hits,
Arion on his sadled dolphin sits,
Chanting as every humour, age and season fits.

Here silver swans, with nightingales set spells,
Which sweetly charm the traveller, and raise
Earth's earthed monarchs, from their hidden cells,
And to appearance summons lapsed dayes;
Their heav'nly air becalms the swelling frayes,
And fury fell of elements allayes,
By paying every one due tribute to his praise.

This seem'd the scite of all those verdant vales,
And purled springs, whereat the Nymphs do play:
With lofty hills, where Poets rear their tales,
To heavenly vaults, which heav'nly sound repay
By echo's sweet rebound: here ladye's kiss,
Circling nor songs, nor dance's circle miss;
But whilst those Syrens sung, I sunk in sea of bliss.

A mighty name of the old New England dispensation follows in the college annals, Increase Mather, who held the presidency from 1685 to 1701. He had previously supplied the vacancy for a short time on the death of Oakes. He attended to his college duties without vacating his parish or his residence at Boston. The charter troubles intervened, and Mather was sent to England to maintain the rights of the colonists with James II. and William and Mary. While there, he made the acquaintance of Thomas Hollis, who subsequently became the distinguished benefactor of Harvard. He secured from the crown, under the new charter, the possession, to the college, of the grants which it had received. The institution, on his return, flourished under his rule, and received some handsome endowments. In 1699, Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton erected the hall bearing his name, which lasted till 1780, and was succeeded by a new building, with the same designation, in 1805. Mather retired in 1701, with the broad hint of an order from the General Court, that the presidents of the college should reside at Cambridge. It is considered by President Quincy, in his History of the University, that the influence of the Mathers—Cotton was connected with the college during the absence of his father, though he never became its head—was unfriendly to its prosperity, in seeking to establish a sectarian character. At the outset it was, in a measure, independent. The charters of the college are silent on points of religious faith. Its seal bore simply the motto "Veritas," written in three divisions on as many open books on the shield. This inscription was soon changed to "In Christi Gloriam," and, probably in the time of Mather, to "Christo et Ecclesiæ."* It was a

Original Draft for a College Seal. 1643.

* John Wilson was the first pastor of the Church in Boston, whose virtues and talents are recorded by Mather in the third book of the Magnalia. His cleverness at *anagrammatizing* is there noted by the pen of an admirer. Mather mentions the witty compliment of Nathaniel Ward "that the anagram of JOHN WILSON WAS, I PRAY COME IN: YOU ARE HEARTILY WELCOME."

* Quincy's History, i. 49. In reference to the disposition of the motto, "Veritas," partly inscribed on the inside and partly on the outside of two open volumes, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop gave this pleasant explanation, in a toast at the celebration in 1836: "The Founders of our University—They have taught us that no one human book contains the whole truth of any subject; and that, in order to get at the real end of any matter, we must be careful to look at both sides."

Mather act to inveigle the whole board of the college into a quasi sanction of the witchcraft delusion, in the circular inviting information touching "the existence and agency of the invisible world."* Driven from the old political assumptions by the new charter, the priestly party sought the control of the college, and a struggle ensued between rival theological interests. Increase Mather bound the government of the institution in a close corporation of his own selection, under a new charter from the General Court, which was, however, negatived in England. Before this veto arrived, it had conferred the first degree in the college, of Doctor in Divinity, upon President Mather in 1692.

The Rev. Samuel Willard was for more than six years, from 1701 to 1707, vice-president of the college, an apparent compromise in the difficulties of the times. He was a graduate of Harvard, had been settled as a minister at Groton, and driven to seek refuge in Boston from the devastations of King Philip's war. He was a good divine of his day, and a useful head of the college. A story is told of his tact, not without humor. His son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Neal, preached a sermon for him at his church which was much cavilled at as a wretched affair; when he was requested by the congregation not to admit any more from the same source. He borrowed the sermon, preached it himself, with the advantages of his capital delivery, and the same persons were so delighted with it that they requested a copy for publication.† He was the author of a number of publications, chiefly sermons, and a posthumous work, in 1726, entitled a "Body of Divinity," which is spoken of as the first folio of the kind published in the country. He wrote on Witchcraft, and has the credit of having resisted the popular delusion on that subject. He was twice married, and had twenty children.‡ He died in office, and was succeeded by John Leverett, who held the post till 1724. The latter has the reputation of a practical man, faithful to his office, and a liberal-minded Christian. He was a grandson of Governor John Leverett, of Massachusetts.

The long array of acts of liberality to the college by the Hollis family dates from this time. The great benefactor of the name was Thomas Hollis, a London merchant, born in 1659, who died in 1731. His attention was early attracted to Harvard, by being appointed trustee to his uncle's will, charged with a bequest to the college. In 1719 he made a first shipment of goods to Boston, the proceeds of which were paid over, and the first interest appropriated to the support of a son of Cotton Mather, then a student. A second considerable donation followed. His directions for the employment of the fund in 1721, constituted the Hollis Professorship of Divinity, to which, in 1727, he added a Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. At this time his pecuniary donations had brought to the college four thousand nine hundred pounds Massachusetts currency. He gave and collected books for the library with valuable counsel, and forwarded, from a friend, a set of Hebrew and Greek types for printing.

This liberality was the more praiseworthy since Hollis was a Baptist, a sect in no great favor in New England; but he was a man of liberal mind, and selected Harvard for the object of his munificent gifts, as the most independent college of the times.* In founding his Divinity Professorship he imposed no test, but required only that Baptists should not be excluded from its privileges. His brothers, John and Nathaniel, were also donors to the college. Thomas Hollis, a son of the last mentioned, became the heir of his uncle, the first benefactor, and liberally continued his bounty. He conferred money, books, and philosophical apparatus. He survived his uncle but a few years, and left a son, the third Thomas Hollis. This was the famous antiquary and virtuoso, with a collector's zeal for the memory of Milton and Algernon Sidney. A rare memorial of his tastes is left in the two illustrated quartos of Memoirs, by Thomas Brand Hollis (who also gave books and a bequest), published in 1780, six years after his death. He sent some of its most valuable literary treasures to the Harvard library, books on religious and political liberty, all of solid worth, and sometimes bound in a costly manner, as became his tastes. It was his humor to employ various gilt emblems or devices to indicate the nature of the contents. Thus he put an owl on the back of one volume, to indicate that it was replete with wisdom, while he indicated the folly of another by the owl reversed. The goddess of liberty figured frequently. Many of the books contained citations from Milton, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, and occasional memoranda exhibiting the zeal of a bibliographer.† He collected complete series of pamphlets on controversies, and presented them bound. He also gave money freely in addition. His donations in his lifetime

Thomas Hollis.

and by will amounted to nearly two thousand

* Quincy's History of Harvard University, i. 62.

† Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, viii. 182, quoted by Peirce.

‡ Peirce's Hist. of Harvard, p. 74; Eliot's Biog. Dict; Allen's Biog. Dict.

* Quincy's Hist. of Harvard, i. 233.

† Several notices of Hollis's books, with copies of his annotations, may be seen in the Monthly Anthology for 1808. In one of his learned volumes he notes, on a loose slip of paper, which has retained its place for nearly ninety years, "T. H. has been particularly industrious in collecting Grammars and Lexicons of the Oriental Root Languages, to send to Harvard College, in hopes of forming by that means, assisted by the energy of the leaders, always beneficent, a few PRIME scholars, honors to their country, and lights to mankind."

pounds sterling. At this day, eighty years after his bequest of five hundred pounds to the library, half of the permanent income for the purchase of books is derived from that source. A full-length portrait of him, richly painted by Copley, at the instance of the corporation, hangs in the Gallery. When it was requested of him, he replied, in allusion to the works of his favorite English reformers, which he had sent, "the effigies which you desire may be seen at this time in your library, feature by feature." We have taken our engraving from a medallion head in the Hollis Memoirs.

He was the friend not only of English but of American liberty, being instrumental in republishing the early political essays of Mayhew, Otis, and John Adams.

Leverett was followed in the college presidency by Benjamin Wadsworth, from 1725 to 1737, a moderate, useful man. He published a number of sermons and religious essays. Edward Holyoke succeeded, and was president for nearly thirty-two years, till 1769. Harvard prospered during his time, though the destruction of the old Harvard Hall by fire, in 1764, was a serious disaster, especially as it involved the loss of the library; but the sympathy excited new acts of friendship. On a winter's night in January some six thousand volumes were burnt in this edifice, including the Oriental library bequeathed by Dr. Lightfoot, and the Greek and Roman classics presented by Berkeley.

Harvard Hall, built 1682, destroyed 1764.

Among other additions to the college usefulness, the first endowment of special annual lectures was made at this period by the Hon. Paul Dudley, of great reputation on the Bench, who, in 1751, founded, by bequest, the course bearing his name. Four are delivered in succession, one each year, on Natural and Revealed Religion, the Church of Rome, and the Validity of Presbyterian Ordination. The first of these was delivered by President Holyoke, who had a rare disinclination among the New England clergy to appear in print, and his discourse was not published. He lived in the discharge of his office to the age of eighty, in a vigorous old age. He was amiable, generous, and unostentatious.*

PIETAS ET GRATULATIO.

During the Presidency of Holyoke the College gained distinguished honor by the publication, in 1761, of the *Pietas et Gratulatio*.† This was an elegiac and complimentary volume, printed with much elegance in quarto, celebrating the death of George II. in the previous year, and the glorious accession of George III., not forgetting Epithalamia on the nuptials with the Princess Charlotte. A proposal was set up in the college chapel inviting competition on these themes from undergraduates, or those who had taken a degree within seven years, for six guinea prizes to be given for the best Latin oration, Latin poem in hexameters, Latin elegy in hexameters and pentameters, Latin ode, English poem in long verse, and English ode.‡ These conditions were not all preserved in the preparation of the volume. Master Lovell, in its second ode, ascribes the first idea to Governor Bernard, who had then just entered on his office, which is confirmed by a resolution of the college corporation at the beginning of the next year, providing for a presentation copy to his new Majesty, who does not appear to have made any special acknowledgment of it. President Holyoke sent a copy to Thomas Hollis the antiquarian. "An attempt," he says, in his letter, "of several young gentlemen here with us, and educated in this college, to show their pious sorrow on account of the death of our late glorious king, their attachment to his royal house, the joy they have in the accession of his present majesty to the British throne, and in the prospect they have of the happiness of Britain from the Royal Progeny which they hope for from his alliance with the illustrious house of Mechlenburg."§ The volume thus originated may compare, both in taste and scholarship, with similar effusions of the old world. Though rather a trial of skill than an appeal of sober truthfulness, the necessary panegyric is tempered by the good advice to the new King in the prefatory prose address, ascribed to Hutchinson or Bernard, which, if his Majesty had followed in its spirit, separation from the colonies might have been longer delayed. The inevitable condition of such a work as the Pietas is eulogy;

* Edward Augustus Holyoke, the centenarian and celebrated physician, of Salem, Mass., was the son of President Holyoke, by his second marriage. He was born August 13, 1728, and became a graduate of Harvard of 1746. For nearly eighty years he was a practitioner at Salem, dying there in 1829. He was a man of character and probity in his profession, and a remarkable example of the retention of the powers of life. At the age of eighty his desire for knowledge was active as ever. He kept up his familiarity with the classics, and the prestige of his parentage and college life, in liberal studies and acquaintance with curious things, in and out of his profession. He was well versed in scientific studies, and his case may be added to the long list of natural philosophers who have reached extreme age. He retained his faculties to the last. It had always been his habit to record his observations, and various voluminous diaries from his pen are in existence. After he completed his hundredth year, it is stated that "he commenced a manuscript in which he proposed to minute down some of the changes in the manners, dress, dwellings, and employments of the inhabitants of Salem."—Williams's Am. Med. Biog; Knapp's Am. Biog.

† Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis apud Novanglos. Bostoni-Massachusettensium. Typis J. Green & J. Russell. 1761. 4to. pp. 106.

‡ From a manuscript copy of the "Proposal," in the copy of the *Pietas et Gratulatio* in the library of Harvard College.

§ September 25, 1762, Hollis's Memoirs, 4 to 101.

so the departing guest is sped and the coming welcomed, in the most rapturous figments of poetry. George II. is elevated to his apotheosis in the skies, in the long echoing wave of the exulting hexameter, while the ebbing flood of feeling at so mournful an exaltation is couched in the subdued expression of the sinking pentameter.* All nature is called upon to mourn and weep, and again to rejoice; all hearts to bleed, and again to live, as one royal monarch ascends the skies and another the throne. As this production really possesses considerable merit, as it brings together the names of several writers worthy of commemoration, and as the work is altogether unique in the history of American literature, it may be well to notice its separate articles with such testimony as we can bring together on the question of their authorship.

By the kindness of Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, we have before us his copy of the Pietas which once belonged to Professor Winthrop, with a manuscript letter from the antiquarian Thaddeus Mason Harris, who was librarian at Harvard from 1791 to 1793, which furnishes authorities named in Professor Sewall's copy presented to the writer; also a manuscript list of authors on the authority of Dr. Eliot. In the Monthly Anthology for June, 1809, we have a carefully prepared list, in an article written by A. H. Everett, and in the No. for July some suggestions for its emendation, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Deane, of Portland, the only surviving contributor, and from another person, not known to us, who dates his note, July 13, 1809.

There are thirty-one papers in all, exclusive of the introductory address to the King. The first is the *Adhortatio Præsidis*, a polished Latin ode, the ostensible composition of President Holyoke, who was then about seventy. It does credit to his taste and scholarship.† It closes with a reference to the hopes of the future American song.

> Sic forsan et vos vestraque munera
> Blando benignus lumine viderit,
> Miratus ignotas camœnas
> Sole sub Hesperio calentes.

The second and twenty-fifth belong to John Lovell, to whom have also been ascribed by Deane the twenty-sixth and seventh, with the still further authority of Lovell's name at the end of these articles, in Winthrop's own copy.

Lovell was a graduate of Harvard, and was master of the Boston Latin school for forty years from 1734 to 1775 (succeeding to the afterwards famous Jeremiah Gridley, a great lawyer in his prime, and an elegant writer in his newspaper, the *Rehearsal*,‡ in his younger days, in 1731), when he became a loyalist refugee, and went with the British troops to Halifax, where he soon after died, in 1778. Though a rigid teacher, Lovell is said to have been an agreeable companion; and though a tory, he educated many of the whig leaders. He delivered the first published address in Faneuil Hall, a funeral oration on its founder in 1742. In the close of this he uttered the memorable sentence, "May this hall be ever sacred to the interests of truth, of justice, of loyalty, of honor, of liberty. May no private views nor party broils ever enter these walls."

Lovell's Latin ode (II.) to Governor Bernard is forcible and elegant, and its concluding simile of the torn branch in Virgil's descent to Hades, as applied to the royal succession, happy.

> Sic sacra sœvæ dona Proserpinæ
> Dimittit arbor, alter et emicat
> Ramus refulgens, ac avito
> Silva iterum renovatur auro.

His second composition (XXV.) is an Epithalamium in English heroics, descriptive of the embarcation of Charlotte on the Elbe. Rocks, sands, winds, and Neptune are invoked to give safe conduct to the marriage party; and Neptune responds in the most cordial manner.

XXVI. and XXVII. are, the one in Latin, the other in English, commemorations of the astronomical incident of the year, the transit of Venus, which had just been observed by Professor Winthrop, of the College at St. John's.

XXVII.

While Halley views the heavens with curious eyes,
And notes the changes in the stormy skies,—
What constellations 'bode descending rains,
Swell the proud streams, and fertilize the plains;
What call the zephyrs forth, with favouring breeze,
To waft Britannia's fleets o'er subject seas;
In different orbits how the planets run,
Reflecting rays they borrow from the sun:—
Sudden a different prospect charms his sight,—
Venus encircled in the source of light!
Wonders to come his ravished thoughts unfold,
And thus the Heaven-instructed bard foretold:
What glorious scenes, to ages past unknown,
Shall in one summer's rolling months be shown.
Auspicious omens yon bright regions wear;
Events responsive in the earth appear.
A golden Phœbus decks the rising morn,—
Such, glorious George! thy youthful brows adorn;
Nor sparkles Venus on the ethereal plain,
Brighter than Charlotte 'midst the virgin train.
The illustrious pair conjoined in nuptial ties,
Britannia shines a rival to the skies!

Seven of the compositions are given to Stephen Sewall, whom Harris has called "the most accomplished classical scholar of his day which our college or country could boast."* These papers are the III., in Latin hexameters; V., an English ode; XII., a Latin elegiac; XIV., an elegant Latin sapphic ode, exulting over the prospects of the royal grandson, and prematurely rejoicing in the peaceful reign:

> Ipse sacratum tibi JANE! templum
> Clauserit; ramos oleæ virentis
> Marte jactatis populis daturus
> Corde benigno.

---

* Coleridge has most happily, in his translation of Schiller's couplet, "described and exemplified" the Ovidian Elegiac metre.

> In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
> In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

† The writer in the Monthly Anthology for June, 1809, suggests that he was assisted in it by Master Lovell. It has also been ascribed to Bernard.

‡ The *Rehearsal* was a weekly paper in Boston, on a half sheet folio, published from 1731–35, when it was merged in the Boston *Evening Post*. In Gridley's hands it was written in rather an ornamental style. Thomas's Hist. of Print. ii. 228. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, v. 213.

* Manuscript letter to Prof. George Ticknor, Dorchester, April, 1828.

Hinc quies orbi; studiis juvamen;
Gaudium musis; thalami puellis;
Omnibus passim hinc oriatur amplo
Copia cornu.

Prata pubescunt gregibus superba;
Cuncta subrident redimita sertis.
Num rogas unde hæc? Regit his Georgus
Alter et idem.

XV. and XVI. are a Greek elegy and sapphic. XXIII. is a Latin sapphic ode addressed to the new sovereign, elegant and spirited, setting all the powers of nature ringing in with great joy and hilarity the coming of the new sovereign.

Sewall was born at York, in the district of Maine, in 1734, and was brought up as a joiner, his industry in which calling gave him the means of entering Harvard at the age of twenty-four. He was Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, in which he was a proficient, at Harvard, from 1765 to 1785. His lectures were models of English composition. He published a Hebrew Grammar in 1763; a Latin oration on the death of President Holyoke; an oration on the death of Professor Winthrop; Scripture Account of the Schekinah, 1774; History of the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, 1776; a translation of the first book of Young's Night Thoughts into Latin verse, and *Carmina Sacra*.* In the college library is a "Syriac and Chaldee Grammar and Dictionary" in MS., prepared by him for publication; also a "Treatise on Greek Prosody," and part of a Greek and English Lexicon.† He died in 1804, in his seventy-first year.

John Lowell, of Newbury, on the testimony of the Anthology and Dr. Eliot, was the author of No. VII., a not very remarkable eulogy of the two sovereigns in English heroics. Lowell had been graduated the year before, and was about to lay the foundation of those legal attainments which made him a constitutional authority in his own State, and Judge of the Federal Court in Massachusetts, under the appointment of Washington.

VIII., IX., and XVII., are ascribed, in Sewall's copy, and by Deane, to the elder Bowdoin. The first two are Latin epigrams; the last is an English iambic in the good round measure of the author, whom we shall meet again in his moral poem on the Economy of Life. Bowdoin was at this time a graduate of some sixteen years' standing.

Samuel Deane, who wrote the English ode X., as appears by his own authority, was a Bachelor of Arts of the year before. He was of the class of 1760 of the college, its Librarian and Promus,—a species of steward. He became noted as the minister of Portland, Maine. He died in 1814, having published an Election Sermon and the *New England Farmer or Georgical Dictionary*.

XI., one of the longest English poems, was written by Benjamin Church, of whom we say something elsewhere; and IV., in English rhyme, may also be given to him, on the authority of a marked copy in the Harvard Library.

XIII. and XXVIII., English odes, belong to Dr. Samuel Cooper, then in his established pulpit reputation, having left college eighteen years before.

XVIII., XIX., XX., XXXI., on the Anthology authority, may be set down to Governor Francis Bernard, who may have been the writer also of VI., a Latin elegiac. President Quincy assigns five contributions to Bernard. The first two are brief Greek and Latin epitaphs, of which the third is an English translation. Thirty-one is the Epilogue, a Latin sapphic ode, prophetic of the future glories of the American muse. It is not often that the world gets so good an ode from a Governor, but Bernard had kept up his old Oxford education, and had a decided taste in literature, knowing Shakspeare, it is said, by heart.*

XXXI.

EPILOGUS.

Isis et Camus placide fluentes,
Qua novem fastos celebrant sorores,
Deferunt vatum pretiosa Regi
Dona Britanno.

Audit hæc Flumen, prope Bostonense
Quod Novanglorum studiis dicatas
Abluit sedes, eademque sperat
Munera ferre.

Obstat huic Phœbus, chorus omnis obstat
Virginum; frustra officiosa pensum
Tentat insuetum indocilis ferire
Plectra juventus.

Attamen, si quid studium placendi,
Si valent quidquam Pietas Fidesque
Civica, omnino rudis haud peribit
Gratia Musæ.

Quin erit tempus, cupidi augurantur
Vana ni vates, sua cum Novanglis
Grandius quoddam meliusque carmen
Chorda sonabit:

Dum regit mundum occiduum Britannus,
Et suas artes, sua jura terris
Dat novis, nullis cohibenda metis
Regna capessens;

Dum Deus pendens agitationes
Gentium, fluxo moderatur orbi,
Passus humanum genus hic perire,
Hic renovari.

XXI., XXII., are Latin sapphics of which the author is unknown; nor has any name been assigned to the spirited Latin epithalamium XXIV., worthy to have been penned by Lovell or Sewall.

* The Night Thoughts were published in a small 18mo. of 21 pages, in 1786. Nocte Cogitata, Auctore, Anglice Scripta, Young, D.D., quæ Lingua Latii Donavit America. Carolopidi: Typis Allen & Cushing, Massachusettensium. The motto is from Virgil—Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. The dedication is to John Hancock, President of Congress—Nomen præ se ferre gestit. It thus renders Young's famous opening lines:—

Somnus, qui fessos reficit mitissimus artus!
Iste, homines veluti, qua res fortuna secundat,
Prompte adit; at miseros torve fugit ore minaci:
Præceps a luctu properat pernicibus alis,
Atque oculis, lachryma vacuis, considit amice.

The Carmina Sacra quæ Latine Græceque Condidit America was published in a neat small quarto form of eight pages, Wigorniæ, Massachusettensis, typis Isaiæ Thomas, 1789. It gives versions of the 23d and 134th Psalms, the first nine verses of the 4th chapter of the Song of Solomon, and a Greek Ode on the Day of the Last Judgment. The Canticles commence:—

En venusta es, cara mihi, en venusta es,
Crinibus subsunt oculi columbæ:
Sunt tui crines, velut agmen errans
Monte caprinum.

† MS. list of Sewall's writings by T. M. Harris.

* Allen's Biographical Dictionary.

XXIX. of the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, in English blank verse, is assigned by the Anthology lists to Thomas Oliver, who had graduated eight years before, and who was then living in retirement, to be disturbed afterwards by his lieutenant-governorship and loyalist flight to England. Peter Oliver, to whom this has also been ascribed, had graduated thirty-one years before, and was then a Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

The English poem xxx. may have been written by Bowdoin.

We have now enumerated each item of this meritorious production, which is well worthy of learned and antiquarian annotation at the hands of some competent son of Old Harvard. The writers were nearly all alumni of the college, and though not all fresh from its halls at the date of this composition, the fact that they were scholars, whose taste and literature had been thus far preserved, is the more creditable to both parties, when we consider how soon such accomplishments generally fade amidst the active affairs of the world.

Samuel Locke was the successor of Holyoke for more than three years, when he resigned the office. He made no particular mark in his college government. He is said to have been a man of talents, wanting knowledge of the world, which the situation in those revolutionary days demanded.

From 1774 to 1780 the chair was occupied by Samuel Langdon, whose ardent Whig politics, while the public was pleased, hardly compensated for his lack of judgment. He retired to the duties of a country parish.

Joseph Willard was elected in 1781, and continued till his death, in 1804. "Having been called to the President's chair in the midst of the revolutionary war, when the general tone of morals was weak, and the spirit of discipline enervated, he sustained the authority of his station with consummate steadfastness and prudence. He found the seminary embarrassed, he left it free and prosperous."*

Samuel Webber, before his presidency, from 1806 to 1810, had been Professor of Mathematics in the college. He had been a farmer's boy, and had entered the university at twenty. He published a work on Mathematics in two volumes octavo, which was much used in the early part of the century. He was succeeded in the government of the college by John Thornton Kirkland, who held the office from 1810 to 1828, and whose honored memory is fresh in the hearts of the present generation. All of these Presidents, from the commencement to the time of Quincy, were clergymen or preachers, as they have always been graduates of the college from the days of President Hoar. From Kirkland, in 1829, the office passed to Josiah Quincy, who held it till 1845; when he was succeeded by Edward Everett, 1846–49; and Jared Sparks from that year till 1853, when the present incumbent, James Walker, was called from his chair of Moral Philosophy. His reputation as a thinker and preacher was established by his pulpit career at Charlestown, and the discharge of the duties of his professorship; and though fastidious in avoiding publication, by his occasional discourses and articles in the *Christian Examiner*, during his editorship of the journal with the Rev. Dr. Greenwood. He has published, as a college text-book, an edition of Reid "On the Intellectual Powers," with notes, also an edition of Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers," and has delivered a course of Lowell lectures on "The Philosophy of Religion."

Having brought the line of Presidents to the present day, we may now notice a few incidental points connected with the history of the college.

In 1814 a Professorship of Greek Literature was founded by Samuel Eliot, a merchant of Boston, who liberally appropriated twenty thousand dollars for the purpose. The gift was anonymous, and the professorship did not bear his name till his death in 1820. Edward Everett was the first incumbent; and C. C. Felton, since 1834, has done much to make the title known. In Astronomy and Mathematics, Benjamin Peirce, since 1842; Dr. Gray, the successor of Nuttall in Natural History, in 1842; and Louis Agassiz, in Zoology and Geology, since 1847, have extended the reputation of the college among men of science throughout the world.

An important addition has been made to the higher educational facilities of Cambridge in the foundation, by the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of the Scientific School bearing his name. Its faculty consists of the president and ten professors; the most important chairs, those of chemistry, geology, and engineering, are at present occupied by Horsford, Agassiz, and Eustis. Students are not admitted under the age of eighteen. An attendance of at least one year on one or more of the courses of lectures, and a satisfactory examination on the studies pursued, entitle the student to the degree of Bachelor in Science *cum laude*. To attain the highest grade, *summâ cum laude*, a more rigorous examination, exceeding in thoroughness, it is said by those who have been subjected to it, the celebrated examinations at West Point, must be passed. A Museum of Natural History, under the supervision of the professors, has been commenced on a scale commensurate with the extended instructions of the school.

The Institution, besides the eminent professors whom we have mentioned, enumerates amongst its graduates and officers, the names of the Wigglesworths, the Wares, Woods, Channing, Buckminster, Norton, Palfrey, Noyes, Francis, in theology and sacred literature; Edward Everett, Popkin,* and Felton, in classic literature; Ticknor, Follen, and Longfellow, in the languages of continental Europe; Winthrop, Webber, Bowditch, Safford, Farrar, Peck, Cogswell, Nuttall, Harris, Wyman, in the departments of mathematics, natural history, and philosophy; Isaac Parker, Parsons, Stearns, Story, Ashmun, Greenleaf, Wheaton, William Kent, and Joel Parker, in the school of jurisprudence; and the best talent of the time and region in medicine and anatomy. Other

* Quincy's Hist. ii. 288.

* A Memorial of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin was edited by Professor Felton, in 1852. He was a man of a dry humor and of sterling character. His lectures on classical subjects, of which several are published, show him to have been a good scholar and a polished man of his times.

names of reputation are to be found in the list of tutors, while the "bibliothecarii" have nobly illustrated their calling, from early Stoddard, Sewall, and Gookin, including Mather Byles and the Librarian of the Astor Library, Dr. Cogswell, to the present occupant, Dr. Harris, and the Assistant Librarian, Mr. Sibley, than whom the office never had a more accommodating or active incumbent.*

The early college usages, the mode of living, the respect to professors, interior rules and regulations, the ceremonial on state occasions, offer many curious subjects of inquiry. In 1693, the Corporation passed an ordinance against the use by the students in their rooms of "plum cake," which probably became contraband from its accessories. The Saturnalia of Commencement time were celebrated. In the "Collection of Poems by Several Hands," published in Boston in 1744, to which Byles contributed, there is a pleasant description in verse of the humors of Commencement at Cambridge, recounting the adventures of rural beaux and belles crossing the river, the fine show made by the ladies of the town at their windows, equalled only by the procession of students. The church is filled, while the youth, full of learning, declaim and debate, and having received their degree from "the awful chief," proceed to "the sav'ry honors of the feast." The fields about, in the meantime, are turned into a fair, full of wrestlers, mountebanks, and gingerbread.

In 1771 was published "Brief Remarks on the Satirical Drollery at Cambridge last Commencement Day, with special reference to the character of Stephen the Preacher, which raised such extravagant mirth," by A. Croswell, V.D.M. in Boston. The reverend divine seems to have been greatly disturbed at the hilarity on the occasion, created by some of the performances, "which made the house of God to outdo the playhouses for vain laughter and clapping." Croswell's pamphlet drew out a reply, in "A letter to the Rev. Andrew Croswell, by Simon the Tanner."

In the old Massachusetts Magazine for 1789, there is a quaint paper addressed "To Students of Colleges and Universities," eulogistic of the beauty and opportunities of college halls and usages.

The Fair day at Cambridge was kept up till within quite a recent period. To this day the banks of Boston are closed on the holiday of Commencement, and the Governor goes out in state to the exercises, escorted by city troops.

The second centennial anniversary of the college foundation was celebrated in September, 1836, with great eclat. A pavilion was erected on the college grounds, where the alumni assembled, answering to the roll-call of graduates. An old man of eighty-six, of the class of 1774, was the first to answer. The Address was delivered by President Quincy. Odes were recited, speeches were made by Everett, Story, and other magnates of the institution. Everett presided, and Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of the first governor of the colony, one of the earliest supporters of the college, was the marshal of the day. The college buildings were illuminated in the evening.

Gore Hall, the library building, completed in 1841, is named in honor of Christopher Gore, who had been Governor of the State, and United States Commissioner to England under the Jay treaty, who left the college a bequest amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The several libraries connected with the University contain about one hundred thousand volumes. Among the specialities, besides the Hollis, the Palmer, and other donations, are the Ebeling collection of American books, purchased and presented by Israel Thorndike in 1818, the American historical library of Warden, former Consul at Paris, purchased at a cost of more than five thousand dollars, and presented to the college by Samuel Atkins Eliot, in 1823, a collection further enriched by the application of the Prescott bequest in 1845.* The library has also its collection of portraits and statuary.

Gore Hall is of granite, of the general design of King's College Chapel at Cambridge.

Gore Hall.

The Picture Gallery, in the room extending through the entire lower story of Harvard Hall, contains more than forty portraits of benefactors of the institution, and of other eminent individuals. Nearly all are works of merit, being the productions of Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, Newton, Smibert, and Frothingham, with other more recent painters.

In the literary associations of Harvard, the Phi Beta Kappa Society should not be forgotten. It was introduced at Harvard from the original charter, at William and Mary College, in Virginia, about the year 1778. It was a secret society, with its grip for personal communication, and its cypher for correspondence, though confined to purely literary objects. For some time the literary exercises usual with college clubs were kept up by the students, though they have been intermitted for the last twenty or thirty years. Meetings of undergraduates are held only to elect members from the next class; and the entire action of the society at Cambridge is

* His History of the Town of Union, in Maine, is a monograph of local history, written with fidelity and spirit: one of the best of a class of compositions of inestimable interest to our American historical literature.

* Jewett's Smithsonian Institution Library Report, 32.

limited to an oration and poem, and the entertainment of a dinner, in which it alternates with the Association of the Alumni, so that each has its exercises every second year. Edward Everett was for several years its President at Harvard. Its literary exercises have been distinguished by many brilliant productions. Joseph Bartlett pronounced his poem on "Physiognomy" in 1799; Everett's poem, on "American Poets," was delivered in 1812; Bryant's "Ages" in 1821; Sprague's "Curiosity" in 1829; Dr. Holmes's "Metrical Essay on Poetry" in 1836.

In the religious opinions of its conductors, and its plan of education, Harvard has faithfully represented the times, during the long period through which it has passed. A glance at its catalogue will show its early proficiency in the studies connected with sacred literature and natural philosophy. Though always producing good scholars, its polished Belles Lettres training has been comparatively of recent growth. When the first catalogue of the library was printed in 1723, it contained not a single production of Dryden, the literary magnate of its period; of the accomplished statesman and essayist, Sir William Temple, of Shaftesbury, Addison, Pope, or Swift."* It has, to the present day, largely supplied the cultivation of Massachusetts, and for a long time, from its commencement, the whole of New England, furnishing the distinguished men of the State and its professions. Its new professorships of the Classics, of Rhetoric, of the Modern Languages, of Law, of Science, mark the progress of the world in new ideas. Though for the most part ostensibly founded with conservative religious views, our colleges have not been generally very rigid guardians of opinion. Their course has rather been determined by influences from without. Established in old Puritan times, Harvard has suffered, of course, a disintegration of the staunch orthodoxy of its old Chauncys and Mathers. About the beginning of the century, it passed over virtually into its present Unitarianism, though the officers of instruction and government are of nearly all denominations.

This narrative might be pursued at great length, following out the details of bequests and legacies, the dates of college buildings, the foundation of scholarships and professorships through long series of incumbents more or less eminent. President Quincy, who is not a diffuse writer, has not extended the subject beyond the interest or sympathies of his intelligent reader, in his two large octavo volumes. For the minutiæ of administration, and other points of value in the history of education and opinion in America, we may refer to his work—to the faithful but not so extensive chronicle of Benjamin Peirce, the librarian of the University, who closes his account with the presidency of Holyoke, to the sketch of the history of the College by Samuel A. Eliot, and to the judicious History of Cambridge by Abiel Holmes.

* Peirce's History of Harvard Univ. 109.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

The first book of consequence printed in the country was what is called *The Bay Psalm Book*. "About the year 1639," says Cotton Mather, in the Magnalia, "the new English Reformers resolving upon a new translation [of the Psalms], the chief divines in the country took each of them a portion to be translated; among whom were Mr. Welde and Mr. Eliot of Roxbury, and Mr. Mather of Dorchester. The Psalms thus turn'd into Metre were printed at Cambridge, in the year 1640."*

The Rev. Thomas Welde was the first minister of Roxbury, where he was the associate of Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. He returned to England with Hugh Peters, and became the author of two tracts in vindication of the purity of the New England worship. Mr. Richard Mather was the father of Cotton, who goes on to add—"These, like the rest, were of so different a genius for their poetry, that Mr. Shepard of Cambridge, on the occasion, addressed them to this purpose.

> You Roxbury Poets, keep clear of the crime
> Of missing to give us a very good rhyme.
> And you of Dorchester your verses lengthen,
> And with the text's own word you will them strengthen.

The design was to obtain a closer adherence to the sense than the versions of Ainsworth,† which they chiefly employed, and of Sternhold and Hopkins offered. The preface to the new book set this forth distinctly as a motive of the collection,

> because every good minister hath not a gift of spiritual poetry to compose extemporary psalmes as he hath of prayer.
>
> * * Neither let any think, that for the metre sake we have taken liberty or poetical licence to depart from the true and proper sense of David's words in the Hebrew verses, noe; but it hath been one part of our religious care and faithful endeavour, to keepe close to the original text.
>
> * * If, therefore, the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings, *Ex.* 20: for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre, that so we may sing in Sion the Lord's songs of praise according to his own will; until he take us from hence, and wipe away all our tears, and bid us enter into our master's joy to sing eternal Hallelujahs.

As specimens of this version we may give the following, not remarkable for grace or melody, however distinguished for fidelity.

* Magnalia, iii. 100. We take the title from the copy in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Library, which, from an entry on a fly-leaf, was one of the books belonging to "the New England Library," begun to be collected by Thomas Prince, upon his entering Harvard College July 6, 1703. The Whole Book of Psalms faithfully translated into English metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfulness, but also the necessity of the heavenly ordinance of singing Scripture Psalms in the Churches of God. Imprinted 1640.

† Henry Ainsworth was a native of England, a leader of the Brownists, and a man of eminent learning. He retired, on the banishment of the sect, to Holland, where he published his "Book of Psalms" in Amsterdam in 1612. The Puritans brought it with them to Plymouth. Sternhold and Hopkins's version of a portion of the Psalms was made in England as early as 1549.

PSALME 18.

* * * * * *

6. I in my streights, cal'd on the Lord,
and to my God cry'd: he did heare
from his temple my voyce, my crye,
before him came, unto his eare.

7. Then th' earth shooke and quak't and mountaines
roots moov'd, and were stir'd at his ire.

8. Up from his nostrils went a smoak,
and from his mouth devouring fire:
By it the coales inkindled were.

9. Likewise the heavens he downe-bow'd,
and he descended, and there was
under his feet a gloomy cloud.

10. And he on cherub rode, and flew;
yea he flew on the wings of winde.

11. His secret place hee darknes made
his covert that him round confinde,
Dark waters, and thick clouds of skies.

PSALME 128.

A Song of degrees.

1. Blessed is every one
that doth Jehovah feare;
that walks his wayes along.

2. For thou shalt eate with cheere
thy hands labour:
blest shalt thou bee,
it well with thee
shall be therefore.

3. Thy wife like fruitful vine
shall be by thine house side:
the children that be thine
like olive plants abide
about thy board.

4. Behold thus blest
that man doth rest,
that feares the Lord.

5. Jehovah shall thee blesse
from Sion, and shall see
Jerusalem's goodness
all thy life's days that bee.

6. And shall view well
thy children then
with their children,
peace on Isr'ell.

In a second edition of the work in 1647, were added a few spiritual songs. This is a specimen of the latter from the "Song of Deborah and Barak."

Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife
'bove women blest shall be,
Above the women in the tent
a blessed one is she.
He water ask'd, she gave him milk:
in lordly dish she fetch'd
Him butter forth: unto the nail
she forth her left hand stretched:

Her right hand to the workman's maul
and Sisera hammered:
She pierced and struck his temples through,
and then cut off his head.
He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
he at her feet bow'd where
He fell: whereas he bowed down
he fell distroyed there.

"A little more art," says Mather, was found to be necessary to be employed upon this version, and it was committed for revision to the President of Harvard, the Rev. Henry Dunster, who was assisted in the task by Richard Lyon, an oriental scholar, who came over to the colony as the tutor to the son of Sir Henry Mildmay. The versification improved somewhat under their hands.

Previously to the publication of this edition, to assist it with the people, came forth the Rev. John Cotton's treatise, "Singing of Psalms a Gospel ordinance," urging the duty of singing aloud in spiritual meetings, the propriety of using the examples in Scripture, and the whole congregation joining in the duty; and meeting the objections to the necessary deviation from the plain text of the Bible. The circumstance that Popish churches used chants of David's prose helped him along in the last particular. The difficulties to be met show a curious state of religious feeling. That the use of the Psalms of David in religious worship, should be vindicated, in preference to dependence upon the special spiritual inspirations of this kind on the occasion, such as the state of New England literature at that time afforded, is something notable in the Puritan history. Another scruple it seems was in permitting women to take part in public psalmody by an ingenious textual argument which ran this way. By a passage in Corinthians it is forbidden to a woman to speak in the church—"how then shall they sing?" Much less, according to Timothy, are they to prophesy in the Church—and singing of Psalms is a kind of prophesying. Then the question was raised whether "carnal men and pagans" should sing with Christians and Church-members. Such was the illiberal casuistry which Cotton was required to meet. He handled it on its own grounds with breadth and candor, in the spirit of a scholar and a Christian. "Though spiritual gifts," he wrote, "are necessary to make melody to the Lord in singing; yet spiritual gifts are neither the only, nor chief ground of singing; but the chief ground thereof is the moral duty lying upon all men by the commandment of God: *If any be merry to sing Psalms.* As in Prayers, though spiritual gifts be requisite to make it acceptable, yet the duty of prayer lieth upon all men by that commandment which forbiddeth atheism: it is *the fool that saith in his heart there is no God:* of whom it is said *they call not upon the Lord*, which also may serve for a just argument and proof of the point."

The Bay Psalm Book was now adopted and was almost exclusively used in the New England Churches. It passed through at least twenty-seven editions by 1750.

The first American edition of Sternhold and Hopkins's version was published at Cambridge in 1693.

Cotton Mather, in 1718, published a new literal version of the Psalms—"The Psalterium Americanum," of which a notice will be found in the account of that author. The Rev. Thomas Prince, the antiquarian, revised the Bay Psalm Book with care. It was published in 1758 and introduced into the Old South Church, of which he had been pastor, in October of that year, the Sunday after his death.

Dr. Watts's Hymns were first published in

England in 1707, and his Psalms in 1719. He sent specimens of them the year before to Cotton Mather, who expressed his approval. The Hymns were first published in America by Dr. Franklin in 1741, and the Psalms in the same year, in Boston. They did not come into general use till after the Revolution.

Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, published in England at the close of the seventeenth century, was not reprinted in America till 1741. It furnished the material for the collection in use by the Protestant Episcopal Church.

In 1752, the Rev. John Barnard, pastor at Marblehead for fifty-four years, who lived in great estimation for his high character to the age of eighty-eight, published a new version of the Psalms based on the old Bay Psalm Book.*

NATHANIEL WARD.

THE most quaint and far-fetched in vigorous expression of the early political and religious tracts generated in New England, is that piece of pedantic growling at toleration, and pungent advice to British Royalty, inclosing a satire on the fashionable ladies of the day, the production of Nathaniel Ward, Pastor of the Church at Ipswich, which is entitled the *Simple Cobler of Agawam.*† This was written in America in 1645, when the author was seventy-five. It has a home thrust or two at the affairs and manners of the colony, showing where it was written, but is mainly levelled at the condition of England. The style is for the most part very affected, "a Babylonish Dialect;" full of the coinage of new words,—

> Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
> Was hard enough to touch them on—

passing, however, into very direct nervous English in the appeal to the King, then at war with his subjects.

Theodore de la Guard, the name assumed by the author, addresses his remarks "to his native country." Ward was born in England in 1570, at Haverhill, in Suffolk. His father Samuel, the "painful minister" of that place, had four sons in the Church, of whom, according to Dr. Fuller in his "Worthies," people used to say that all of them put together would not make up his abilities. Fuller has also preserved his Latin Epitaph:

> Quo si quis scivit scitius,
> Aut si quis docuit doctius;
> At rarus vixit sanctius,
> Et nullus tonuit fortius:

and thus translated it:—

> Grant some of knowledge greater store,
> More learned some in teaching;
> Yet few in life did lighten more,
> None thundered more in preaching.

In the library of the Mass. Historical Society there is an old London quarto of the seventeenth century, entitled "A Warning Piece to all Drunkards and Health Drinkers," which contains a "collection of some part of a Sermon long since preached" by Mr. Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, entitled, *A Wo to Drunkards.* "He lived," continues this old writer, "in the days of famous King James, and was like righteous Lot, whose soul was vexed with the wicked conversation of the Sodomites. He published divers other good sermons. His text was in Proverbs xxiii. 29, 32. *To whom is woe? to whom is sorrow? to whom is strife? In the end it will bite like a serpent, and sting like a cockatrice.* He begins thus:

"Seer, art thou also drunk or asleep? or hath a spirit of slumber put out thine eyes? Up to thy watch-tower, what descriest thou? Ah, Lord! what end or number is there of the vanities which mine eyes are weary of beholding? But what seest thou? I see men walking like the tops of trees shaken with the wind, like masts of ships reeling on the tempestuous seas: drunkenness, I mean, that hateful night bird; which was wont to wait for the twilight, to seek nooks and corners, to avoid the howting and wonderment of boys and girls; now as if it were some eaglet, to dare the sun-light, to fly abroad at high noon in every street, in open markets and fairs, without fear or shame. * * * Go to then now ye Drunkards, listen, not what I or any ordinary hedge-priest (as you style us) but that most wise and experienced royal preacher hath to say unto you. * * You promise yourself mirth, pleasure and jollity in your cups; but for one drop of your mad mirth, be sure of gallons and tons of woe, gall, wormwood and bitterness, here and hereafter. Other sinners shall taste of the cup, but you shall drink off the dregs of God's wrath and displeasure. * * You pretend you drink healths and for health; but to whom are all kind of diseases, infirmities, deformities, pearled faces, palsies, dropsies, headaches, if not to drunkards.'"

His son Nathaniel was educated at Cambridge, was bred a lawyer, travelled on the Continent with some merchants in Prussia and Denmark, becoming acquainted with the learned theologue Paræus at Heidelberg, and influenced by his authority, devoted himself to divinity. Returning to England he took orders and procured a parish in Hertfordshire. He had some connexion with the Massachusetts Company in 1629, got into difficulty as a nonconformist in 1631, was silenced as a preacher and came to America in the summer of 1634, where he was set up as pastor of the church at Ipswich, formerly the Indian town of Agawam. He had John Norton, on his arrival from England the next year, as his associate. He soon after resigned this situation, and

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*A History of Music in New England, by George Hood. Boston: 1846. Much interesting matter has been collected by Mr. Hood, who gives specimens of the writers. Moore's Encyclopædia of Music and Psalmody.

†The Simple Cobler of Aggawam in America, willing to help 'mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to be paid for his work, by old English wonted pay.

> It is his trade to patch all the year long, gratis,
> Therefore I pray, Gentlemen, keep your purses.

By Theodore de la Guard. *In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quaque consilia tutissima sunt.* Cic. In English,

> When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
> Coblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts.

> This is no time to feare *Apelles gramm:*
> *Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam.*

London: Printed by J. D. & R. I. for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible in Pope's Head Alley, 1647.

appears to have been clerical and political assistant in general to the country. His legal training enabled him to prepare a draft of laws, called for by the people of the province, which was more constitutional than the theocratical propositions of John Cotton. His suggestions were mostly included in the code entitled "Body of Liberties," of which he was the author. It was the first code of laws established in New England, being adopted in 1641. It is not to be confounded with the "Abstract of Laws" prepared by Cotton. Many of its provisions and omissions are sagacious, and its statutes are tersely worded. A manuscript copy of the "Liberties" was some time since discovered by Mr. Francis C. Gray, of Boston, who has published the work in the Mass. Hist. Society Collections, accompanied by a judicious review of the early legislation.* Ward's Code exhibits, he says, "throughout the hand of the practical lawyer, familiar with the principles and securities of English liberty; and though it retains some strong traces of the times, is in the main far in advance of them, and in several respects in advance of the Common Law of England at this day." Ward returned to England, where, shortly after his arrival in 1647, he published *The Simple Cobler*, which he had written in America. He obtained an English parish the next year, at Shenfield in Essex, where he died in 1653. Fuller celebrates his reputation for wit in England, as one who, "following the counsel of the poet,

> *Ridentem dicere verum,*
> *Quis vetat?*
> What doth forbid but one may smile,
> And also tell the truth the while?

hath, in a jesting way, in some of his books, delivered much smart truth of the present times."† Cotton Mather, in the *Magnalia*, has written the life of his son who settled at Haverhill, on the Merrimack, and has given a few lines to the father's memory as "the author of many composures full of wit and sense; among which, that entituled *The Simple Cobler* (which demonstrated him to be a subtle statesman), was most considered;" and in his *Remarkables* of his father, Increase Mather, he alludes to Ward's hundred witty speeches, with an anecdote of the inscription over his mantelpiece, the four words engraved *Sobrie*, *Juste*, *Pie*, *Læte*.

While looking over the notices of Ward which remain, and which are not so many as could be wished, it has been our good fortune to hold in our hands the copy of The Simple Cobler which belonged to Robert Southey, who, as is well known, was a diligent reader and warm appreciator of the American Colonial history and records. It is marked throughout with his peculiar pencillings on the margin, of the following among other fine passages: "the least truth of God's kingdom, doth in its place uphold the whole kingdom of his Truths; take away the least *vericulum* out of the world and it unworlds all potentially, and may unravel the whole texture actually, if it be not conserved by an arm of extraordinary power"—a sentence which has a very Coleridgean look. Again, an illustration worthy of Milton: "*Non senescit veritas.* No man ever saw a gray hair on the head or beard of any Truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face: the bed of Truth is green all the year long." This is very tersely expressed: "It is a most toilsome task to run the wild goose chase after a well-breath'd opinionist: they delight in vitilitigation: it is an itch, that loves a life to be scrub'd; they desire not satisfaction, but satisdiction, whereof themselves must be judges." In these more earnest thoughts he rises beyond his word-catching; but one portion of his book is very amusing in this way, that directed against the fashionable ladies of the time. The Cobler professes to be a solitary widower of twelve years' standing, on the look-out for a mate, and thinking of going to England for the purpose—"but," says he, "when I consider how women have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes, and the sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; methinks it should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many goodly English-women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them." He tells us there are "about five or six" specimens of the kind in the colony: "if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month after." On this matter the Cobler thus defines his position:—"It is known more than enough, that I am neither niggard nor cynic, to the due bravery of the true gentry: if any man mislikes a bully mong drosock more than I, let him take her for his labour: I honour the woman that can honour herself with her attire: a good text always deserves a fair margent: I am not much offended if I see a trim, far trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure: but when I hear a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the court, I mean the very newest; with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd."

Like most of the Puritans, Ward was a bit of a poet, a cultivator of that crabbed muse who frowned so often on such votaries. But Ward was too sensitive a wit not to have suspicion of his own verses, and says modestly and truly enough of his attempts:—"I can impute it to nothing, but to the flatuousness of our diet: they are but sudden raptures, soon up, soon down." Here are some lines for King Charles's consideration which he appends to his book, and calls "driving in half a dozen plain honest country hobnails, such as the Martyrs were wont to wear."

> There, lives cannot be good,
> There, faith cannot be sure,
> Where truth cannot be quiet,
> Nor ordinances pure.

* Remarks on the Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay, with the Code adopted in 1641, and called the Body of Liberties, now first presented by F. C. Gray, LL.D., &c. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, viii. 191.

† Fuller's Worthies, Ed. 1850, iii. 187.

No king can king it right,
Nor rightly sway his rod;
Who truly loves not Christ,
And truly fears not God.

He cannot rule a land,
As lands should ruled been,
That lets himself be rul'd
By a ruling Roman Queen.

No earthly man can be
True subject to this state;
Who makes the Pope his Christ,
An heretique his mate.

There peace will go to war,
And silence make a noise:
Where upper things will not
With nether equipoise.

The upper world shall rule,
While stars will run their race:
The nether world obey,
While people keep their place.*

To which we may add his

PREFATORY LINES TO THE POEMS OF ANNE BRADSTREET.

Mercury show'd Apollo, Bartas book,
Minerva this, and wish'd him well to look,
And tell uprightly, which did which excel:
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell.
They bid him hemisphere his mouldy nose,
With's crack'd leering glasses, for it would pose
The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,
Sex weigh'd, which best, the woman or the man?
He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for wore,
I'm even as wise now, as I was before.
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l.
The auth'ress was a right Du Bartas girl.
Good sooth, quoth the old Don, tell me ye so,
I muse whither at length these girls will go.
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do ought that's good;
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs,
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

Ward was also the author of a humorous satirical address in 1648, to the London tradesmen turned preachers, entitled *Mercurius Anti-mechanicus, or the Simple Cobler's Boy*,† in which he devotes twelve chapters of punning and exhortation to the Confectioner; the Smith; the Right and Left Shoe-Maker; the Needless Tailor from his working (im)posture; the Saddler; the Porter; the Labyrinthian Box-maker; the All-besmearing Soap-boiler or the sleepy Sopor; the Both-handed Glover; the White-handed Mealman; the Chicken-man; and the Button-maker. He extracts from each the quaint analogies and provocations of his particular calling, running riot in a profusion of puns and moralities, engrafted by his strong vigorous sense on his devotional ardor, study of the times, and collegiate classicalities. The Cobler's boy proves himself as efficient at patching and mending souls as his sire. His pulpit-confectioner he warns against that "doctrine of indulgence," reminding him that "we must not speak things tooth-some but wholesome." "Coloquintida," says he, "must usher in ambrosia. Children would never eat so much raw and forbidden fruit (to vermiculate their intrals) if they could but remember that ever since Adam's time *poma fuisse mala*. If sugar-plums lead the van, scouring pills will challenge the rear. Too much diet-bread will bring a man to a diet drink; mack-roones will make room for (no good) luxury. Marmalade may marre my Lady, me it shall not. March pane shall not be my arch-bane." He then utters a meditation "that spice when it is bruised and small (being beat and heat), it sends up a sweet savour into the nostrils of the smiter: so a gracious man, the more his God bruises and beats him by afflictions, the more small he is broken in himself, the more fragrant and ravishing odours he sends up to heaven. The more the Lord brayes, the more he prayes." He reminds the Smith not to have too many irons in the fire, and that it is easier to make his anvil groan than the hearts of his hearers. A seared conscience, he says, "is like the smith's dog that hath been so addicted to sleep under the very anvil that no noise will convince him to an awakening." The Cobler's boy is of course at home with the shoe-maker, whom he warns "not to go beyond his last by seeking to be one of the first." The tailor's disposition, he says, "must be not more cross than his legs or shears." From the porter pursuing his trudging vocation abroad he draws this quaint conclusion, "that he walks abroad all day, but the evening brings him home: many a prodigal roames abroad all the day of prosperity; but the night of adversity brings him home to God. Therefore I shut up with an admiring question thus,—What a strange owl-eyed creature is man, who (for the most part) finds the way home best in the dark." The box-maker naturally recalls to so ingenious a witted person the pulpit: "but perhaps thou accountest a pulpit a box, and I'll tell thee a brief story to that effect. A little child being at a sermon and observing the minister very vehement in his words and bodily gesture, cried out, 'Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box?' Then I entreat thee behave thyself well in preaching, lest men say truly this is Jack in a box!" His Chicken-man is to learn "that many men woodcock-like live by their long bills." So he puns on through over fifty pages of typographical eccentricities in small quarto. He was a contemporary of Dr. Thomas Fuller, the admirable wit and Church historian, who we have seen appreciated him, and has much in common with his genius, though the one was suffering with the ecclesiastical establishment, which the other was bent upon destroying.

* The *Simple Cobler*, in the old editions, is a scarce book. The old Boston reprint bears date 1713. It has been lately republished by Munroe & Co. in 1843, with an introductory notice by David Pulsifer. There is an article on Ward in the Monthly Anthology for May, 1809, from the pen of Dr. J. G. Cogswell.

† Mercurius Anti-mechanicus, or the Simple Cobler's Boy. With his Lap-full of Caveats (or Take heeds), Documents, Advertisements and Præmonitions, to all his honest fellow-tradesmen-Preachers, but more especially a dozen of them, in or about the City of London. By Theodore de la Guarden. London: Printed for John Walker, at the Sign of the Starre in Pipes-head Alley. 1648.

JOHN COTTON.—JOHN NORTON.

John Cotton, "the great Cotton," whose general amiability, piety, political influence, and pastoral fidelity are memorable in the New England Churches, was born at Derby, in England, in 1585. He was an eminent student, and a fellow of Cam-

bridge, where he became a Puritan, and was afterwards minister in Lincolnshire for twenty years, bearing a high reputation for his personal worth and his theological acumen, till a citation before Laud's Ecclesiastical Court induced him to escape prosecution in America, where he landed in 1633, and was established the same year in the ministry of the Boston Church, which he held nineteen years, till his death in 1652. He was an ardent admirer of church and state authority according to the theocratic Mosaic dispensation of the Jews. In 1636, Cotton was appointed by the General Court to prepare a scheme of laws for the government of the colony. He performed the task, but his work was not accepted, the "Body of Liberties," by Ward, being preferred in its stead. Cotton's "Abstract of the Laws of New England as they are now established,"* was printed in London, in 1641, a book which has passed incorrectly for the code in actual operation in New England. Heresy, by these proposed laws, was punishable with death. Scripture authorities were freely quoted, as, for sending out warrants for calling of the General Court, Josh. xxiv. 1.

The ingenuity of Cotton was considerably taxed in his controversy with Roger Williams, in his attempts to reconcile the authority of the civil power with rights of conscience. Williams had charged him with "holding a bloody tenent of persecution;" when Cotton entitled his reply *The Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb*,† to which Williams rejoined. The controversy was conducted with much polemical acuteness on both sides.

In 1642, he published a tract on *Set Forms of Prayer*,‡ from which we may present a characteristic passage:

In case a distressed soul do meet with a prayer penned by a godly and well-experienced Christian, and do find his own case pithily and amply deciphered and anatomized therein, we deny not but his heart and affections may go along with it, and say *Amen* to it, and thus far may find it a lawful help to him; but if you set apart such a prayer to support him as a crutch in his prayers (as without which he cannot walk straight and upright in that duty), or if he that penned that prayer, or others that have read it, do enjoin it upon him, and forbid him to pray (and especially with others), unless he use that form, this, instead of a crutch, will prove a cudgell, to break the bones of the spirit in prayer, and force him to halt in worshipping God after the precepts of men; as it hath been said before, so it may be again remembered here; a man may help his spirit in meditation of his mortality, by beholding a dead man's scalp cast in his way, by God's providence; but if he should set apart a death's head, or take it up as enjoined to him by others, never to meditate or confer with others about his mortality, and estate of another life, but in the sight and use of the death's head, such a soul shall find but a dead heart, and a dead devotion from such a means of mortification; if some forms of prayer, especially such as gave occasion to this dispute, do now seem to be as bread to the hungry, we say no more but this: then hungry souls will never be starved, that never want store of such like bread as this is.

Cotton's *Keys of the kingdom of Heaven and Power thereof* exhibits his system of church government.* He published numerous discourses and religious treatises of a practical and expository character, from a catechism to sermons on the Revelations, beside his controversial religious and political writings. The titles of some of these writings are in the quaint style of the times, as his *Milk for Babes*, a Catechism, and his *Meat for Strong Men*, which was an exposition of civil government in a plantation founded with religious motives.

Like most of the old New England divines, he could on occasion turn his hand to verse. A specimen of this kind has been preserved in Secretary Morton's "New England's Memorial."

ON MY REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER, MR. THOMAS HOOKER, LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARTFORD ON CONNECTICUT.

To see three things was holy Austin's wish,
Rome in her flower, Christ Jesus in the flesh,
And Paul i' the Pulpit: lately men might see,
Two first, and more, in Hooker's ministry.

Zion in beauty, is a fairer sight,
Than Rome in flower, with all her glory dight:
Yet Zion's beauty did most clearly shine
In Hooker's rule and doctrine; both divine.

Christ in the spirit is more than Christ in flesh,
Our souls to quicken, and our states to bless
Yet Christ in spirit brake forth mightily,
In faithful Hooker's searching ministry.

Paul in the pulpit, Hooker could not reach,
Yet did he Christ in spirit so lively preach
That living hearers thought he did inherit
A double portion of Paul's lively spirit.

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* This is reprinted in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, v. 173, and sequel. In 1655, after Cotton's death, this was published in London in a complete form by William Aspinwall, as "collected and digested into the ensuing method by that godly grave and judicious divine Mr. John Cotton of Boston in New England, in his lifetime, and presented to the General Court of Massachusetts." See F. C. Gray's review of the matter, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, viii. 192, 3.

† The Bloody Tenent, washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb: being discussed and discharged of blood-guiltiness by just defence. Wherein the great questions of this present time are handled, viz. How farre liberty of conscience ought to be given to those that truly fear God? And how farre restrained to turbulent and pestilent persons, that not only raze the foundation of godliness, but disturb the Civil Peace where they live? Also how farre the magistrate may proceed in the duties of the first Table? And that all magistrates ought to study the word and will of God, that they may frame their government according to it. Discussed as they are alledged from various Scriptures, out of the Old and New Testaments. Wherein also the practice of Princes is debated, together with the judgment of ancient and late writers of most precious esteem. Whereunto is added a Reply to Mr. Williams' Answer to Mr. Cotton's Letter. By John Cotton, Batchelor in Divinity, and Teacher of the Church of Christ at Boston, in New England. London: Printed by Matthew Symmons, for Hannah Allen, at the Crowne in Pope's-Head Alley, 1647. 4to. Pp. 195, 144.

‡ From a modest and clear Answer to Mr. Ball's Discourse of Set Forms of Prayer, set forth in a most seasonable time, when this kingdom is now in consultation about matters of that nature, and so many godly long after the resolution in that point. Written by the Reverend and learned John Cotton, B.D., and Teacher of the Church of Christ, at Boston, in New England. London: Printed by R. O. and G. D., for Henry Overton, in Pope's Head Alley. 1642. 4to. pp. 51.

* The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven and Power thereof, according to the word of God, by that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. John Cotton, Teacher of the Church at Boston, in New England, tending to reconcile some present differences about discipline, was published in London in 1644, with a preliminary address to the Reader, by Thomas Goodwin and Philip Nye, members of the Westminster Assembly. It was reprinted by Tappan & Dennet, Boston, 1843.

Prudent in rule, in argument quick, full;
Fervent in prayer, in preaching powerful;
That well did learned Ames record bear,
The like to him he never wont to hear.

'Twas of Geneva's worthies said, with wonder,
(Those worthies three) Farell was wont to thunder;
Viret, like rain, on tender grass to shower;
But Calvin, lively oracles to pour.

All these in Hooker's spirit did remain,
A son of thunder, and a shower of rain,
A pourer forth of lively oracles,
In saving souls, the sum of miracles.

Now blessed Hooker, thou art set on high,
Above the thankless world, and cloudy sky;
Do thou of all thy labour reap the crown,
Whilst we here reap the seed which thou hast sown.

to which we may add from John Norton's life, "A taste of the Divine Soliloquies between God and his Soul, from these two transcribed poems left behind him in his study, written with his own hand. The one entituled thus,"—

A THANKFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

In mother's womb thy fingers did me make
And from the womb thou didst me safely take:
From breast thou hast me nurst my life throughout,
That I may say I never wanted ought.

In all my meals my table thou hast spread,
In all my lodgings thou hast made my bed:
Thou hast me clad with changes of array,
And chang'd my house for better far away.

In youthful wandrings thou didst stay my slide,
In all my journies thou hast been my Guide:
Thou hast me sav'd from many an unknown danger,
And shew'd me favour, even where I was a stranger.

In both my callings thou hast heard my voice,
In both my matches thou hast made my choice:
Thou gav'st me sons, and daughters, them to peer,
And giv'st me hope thou'lt learn them thee to fear.

Oft have I seen thee look with Mercy's face,
And through thy Christ have felt thy saving grace.
This is the Heav'n on Earth, if any be:
For this, and all, my soul doth worship Thee.

"Another poem, made by Mr. Cotton (as it seemeth), upon his removal from *Boston* to this wilderness:"

I now may expect some changes of miseries,
Since God hath made me sure
That himself by them all will purge mine iniquities,
As fire makes silver pure.

Then what though I find the deep deceitfulness
Of a distrustful heart!
Yet I know with the Lord is abundant faithfulness,
He will not lose his part.

When I think of the sweet and gracious company
That at *Boston* once I had,
And of the long peace of a fruitful Ministry
For twenty years enjoy'd:

The joy that I found in all that happiness
Doth still so much refresh me,
That the grief to be cast out into a wilderness
Doth not so much distress me.

For when God saw his people, his own at our town,
That together they could not hit it,
But that they had learned the language of Askelon,
And one with another could chip it.

He then saw it time to send in a busy Elf,
A Joyner to take them asunder,
That so they might learn each one to deny himself.
And so to peece together.

When the breach of their bridges, and all their banks arow,
And of him that school teaches;
When the breach of the Plague, and of their Trade also
Could not learn them to see their breaches.

Then God saw it time to break out on their Ministers,
By loss of health and peace;
Yea, withall to break in upon their Magistrates,
That so their pride might cease.

Cotton Mather has written his life in the Magnalia, with great unction and many puns. "If Boston," says he, "be the chief seat of New England, it was Cotton that was the father and glory of Boston," in compliment, by the way, to whose Lincolnshire residence the city was named, and he celebrates the divines who came with him in the ship from England:—"Mr. Cotton, Mr. Hooker, and Mr. Stone, which glorious triumvirate coming together, made the poor people in the wilderness, at their coming, to say, that the God of heaven had supplied them with what would in some sort answer their three great necessities: *Cotton* for their *clothing*, *Hooker* for their *fishing*, and *Stone* for their *building*."

One of Mather's conceits in this "Life" is worthy of Dr. Fuller; it has a fine touch of imagination. "Another time, when Mr. Cotton had modestly replied unto one that would much talk and crack of his insight into the Revelations; "Brother, I must confess myself to want *light* in those mysteries:"—the man went home and sent him a pound of candles; upon which action this good man bestowed only a silent smile. *He would not set the beacon of his great soul on fire at the landing of such a little cockboat.*"

Mather quotes the funeral eulogy on Cotton written by Benjamin Woodbridge,* the first graduate of Harvard, which was probably read by Franklin before he wrote the famous typographical epitaph on himself:

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were;
Gospel and law, in's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

It was to Cotton New England was indebted for the custom of commencing the Sabbath on Saturday evening. "The Sabbath," says Mather, "he began the evening before: for which keeping of the Sabbath, *from evening to evening*, he wrote arguments before coming to New England:

* The Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate from Harvard College (1642), was born in 1622. He returned to England and preached at Newbury, Berks, with reputation as a scholar and orator. In 1662 he was ejected, but by particular favor of the king, by whom he was highly esteemed, was allowed to preach privately. He died at Inglefield, Berks, 1684. A few of his sermons were published.

and, I suppose, 'twas from his reason and practice that the Christians of New England have generally done so too."

The life of Cotton was also written by his successor in the Church at Boston, JOHN NORTON, an English curate, who came to America and was settled as the colleague of Ward at Ipswich. While at the latter place, he acquired distinguished literary reputation by the elegant latinity of his Answer to Apollonius, the pastor of the Church in Middlebury, who, at the request of the divines of Zealand, had sent over various questions on Church Government to the clergy of New England. Of this work, published in London in 1648, Dr. Thomas Fuller, that warm appreciator of character, says in his Church history,* of his inquiries into the tenets of the Congregationalists, "that of all the authors I have perused concerning the opinions of these Dissenting Brethren, none to me was more informative than Mr. John Norton (one of no less learning than modesty), minister in New England, in his answer to Apollonius." Norton, in his services to the state, was charged with a delicate commission from the Puritans of New England to address his Majesty Charles II. on the Restoration. He died suddenly in 1663, shortly after his return from this embassy.

Norton's *Life and Death of that deservedly famous Man of God, Mr. John Cotton*,† shows a scholar's pen as well as the emotion of the divine, and the warm heart of the friend. It abounds with those quaint learned illustrations which those old preachers knew how to employ so well, and which contrast so favorably with the generally meagre style of the pulpit of the present day. Thus, in introducing Cotton on the stage of life, he treats us to a quaint and poetical essay on youthful education. "Though vain man would be wise, yet may he be compared to the cub, as well as the wild asses' colt. Now we know the bear when she bringeth forth her young ones, they are an ill favored lump, a mass without shape, but by continual licking, they are brought to some form. Children are called infants of the palms (Lam. ii. 20), or educations, not because they are but a span in length, but because the midwife, as soon as they are born, stretcheth out their joints with her hand, that they may be more straight afterwards." A conceit is not to be rejected by these old writers, come from what quarter it may; as George Herbert says—

> All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
> But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Here is something in another way: "Three ingredients Aristotle requires to complete a man, an innate excellency of wit, instruction, and government; the two first we have by nature, in them man is instrumental; the first we have by nature more immediately from God. This native aptitude of mind, which is indeed a peculiar gift of God, the naturalist calls the sparklings and seeds of virtue, and looks at them as the principles and foundations of better education. These the godly-wise advise such to whom the inspection of youth is committed, to attend to, *as spring masters were wont to make a trial of the virtue latent in waters, by the morning vapors that ascend from them*;" and in a marginal reference he quotes Clemens Alexandrinus, "*Animi nostri sunt agri animati.*" "Idleness in youth," he says, "is scarcely healed without a scar in age." When he arrives at Cotton's distinguished college years, he has this picture of a student's life.

> He is now in the place of improvement, amongst his *εφαιλλοι*, beset with examples, as so many objects of better emulation. If he slacken his pace, his compeers will leave him behind; and though he quicken it, there are still those which are before. Notwithstanding Themistocles excelleth, yet the trophies of Miltiades suffer him not to sleep. Cato, that Helluo, that devourer of books, is at Athens. Ability and opportunity are now met together; unto both which industry actuated with a desire to know, being joined, bespeaks a person of high expectation. The unwearied pains of ambitious and unquiet wits, are amongst the arrangements of ages. Asia and Egypt can hold the seven wonders; but the books, works, and motions of ambitious minds, the whole world cannot contain. It was an illicit aspiring after knowledge, which helped to put forth Eve's hand unto the forbidden fruit: the less marvel if irregenerate and unelevated wits have placed their *summum bonum* in knowledge, indefatigably pursuing it as a kind of deity, as a thing ruinous, yea, as a kind of mortal-immortality. Diogenes, Democritus, and other philosophers, accounting large estates to be an impediment to their proficiency in knowledge, dispossessed themselves of rich inheritances, that they might be the fitter students; preferring an opportunity of study before a large patrimony. Junius, yet ignorant of Christ, can want his country, necessaries, and many comforts; but he must excel. "Through desire a man having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom," Prov. xviii. 1. The elder Plinius lost his life in venturing too near to search the cause of the irruption of the hill Vesuvius. It is true, knowledge excelleth other created excellences, as much as life excelleth darkness; yet it agreeth with them in this, that neither can exempt the subject thereof from eternal misery. Whilst we seek knowledge with a selfish interest, we serve the decree; and self being destroyed according to the decree, we hence become more able to serve the command.

Cotton was on one occasion a correspondent of Cromwell, on an application in 1651 for the encouragement of the Gospel in New England. The reply of the Lord Protector—For my esteemed Friend, Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston, in New England: These—is characteristic of his bewildered dogmatic godliness. "What is the Lord adoing? What prophecies are now fulfilling? Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me," and the like. Carlyle, in his Oliver Cromwell, has printed the letter and prefaced it with this recognition of the old divine—"Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New England Friends. A painful Preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a

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* Book xi. sec. 51, 2.

† Abel being dead yet speaketh; or the Life and Death of that deservedly famous man of God, Mr. John Cotton, late teacher of the Church of Christ, at Boston, in New England. By John Norton, teacher of the same church. London: Tho. Newcomb. 1658. 4to. pp. 51. This work is dated by the author, Boston, Nov. 6, 1657.

live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially on his deathbed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton."*

THOMAS HOOKER.

Thomas Hooker was born at Marfield, Leicestershire, in 1586. He was educated at Cambridge, became a fellow of Emanuel college, and, on leaving the university, a popular preacher in London. In 1626 he removed to Chelmsford, Essex. After officiating as "lecturer" for four years in this place, in consequence of nonconformity with the established church he was obliged to discontinue preaching, and, by request, opened a school, in which he employed John Eliot, afterwards the Apostle to the Indians, as his usher. He not long after went over to Holland, where he remained three years, preaching at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. He then emigrated to Massachusetts, arriving at Boston, with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Stone, Sept. 4, 1633, and became the pastor of the congregation at Newtown, or Cambridge, with Mr. Stone as his assistant. "Such multitudes," says Cotton Mather, "flocked over to New England after them that the plantation of Newtown became too straight for them," and in consequence Hooker, with one hundred of his followers, penetrated through the wilderness to the banks of the Connecticut, where they founded Hartford. A difference of opinion on minor points of church government with his clerical associates had its share in effecting this removal. Neither distance nor difference, however, led to any suspension of friendly intercourse, Hooker occasionally visiting and preaching in Massachusetts Bay, where he was always received by admiring crowds.

With the exception of these visits, the remainder of his life was spent at the colony he had founded. He enjoyed throughout his career a great reputation as a pulpit orator, and several stories are told by Mather of wonders wrought by his prayers and sermons. On one occasion, while preaching in "the great church of Leicester (England), one of the chief burgesses in the town much opposed his preaching there; and when he could not prevail to hinder it, he set certain *fidlers* at work to disturb him in the church porch or churchyard. But such was the vivacity of Mr. Hooker, as to proceed in what he was about, without either the damping of his mind or the drowning of his voice; whereupon the man himself went unto the church door to overhear what he said," with such good result that he begged pardon for his offence, and became a devout Christian. His bearing was so dignified that it was said of him, "he could put a king in his pocket."

His charities were as liberal as his endowments. He frequently bestowed large sums on widows and orphans, and on one occasion when there was a scarcity at Southampton, on Long Island, joined with a few others in despatching "a whole bark's load of corn of many hundred bushels" to the relief of the place.

Hooker's Residence at Hartford.

"He would say," remarks Mather, "that he should esteem it a favor from God, if he might live no longer than he should be able to hold up lively in the work of his place; and that when the time of his departure should come, God would shorten the time, and he had his desire." A few days' illness brought him to his deathbed. His last words were in reply to one who said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors," "Brother, I am going to receive mercy." A little after he closed his eyes with his own hands, "and expired his blessed soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels," on July 7, 1647.

Two hundred of his manuscript sermons were sent to England by John Higginson, the minister of Salem, himself a man of some literature, who died in 1708, at the extreme age of ninety-two years, seventy-two of which he had passed in the ministry.* Nearly one hundred of these sermons were published; and he was also the author of several tracts, and of a *Survey of the Sum of Church Discipline*, which was published in London, 1648, under the care of Dr. Thomas Goodwin, who declares that to praise either author or work, "were to lay paint upon burnished marble, or add light unto the sun."†

The *Application of Redemption by the Effectual Work of the Word and Spirit of Christ, for the Bringing Home of Lost Sinners to God*, which was printed from the author's papers, written with his own hand, and attested to be such in an epistle by Thomas Goodwin and Philip Nye, had reached a second edition in London in 1659. It

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations, i. 8.

* His associate at Salem, Nicholas Noyes, wrote an elegy on him, in which he says quaintly:

For rich array cared not a fig,
And wore Elisha's periwig.
At ninety-three had comely face,
Adorned with majesty and grace.
Before he went among the dead,
He children's children's children had.

Noyes published an Election Sermon, 1698; a poem on the Death of Joseph Green, of Salem, 1715; and appears among the commendatory poets of the Magnalia.—Allen's Biog. Dict.

† Allen's Biog. Dict.

is a compact small quarto of seven hundred pages, exhibiting his practical divinity in the best manner of the Puritan school. One of his most popular works was *The Poor Doubting Christian drawn to Christ;* a seventh edition was published in Boston, 1743.

FROM THE APPLICATION OF REDEMPTION.

Follow sin by the fruits of it, as by the bloody footsteps, and see what havoc it makes in every place wherever it comes: go to the prisons, and see so many malefactors in irons, so many witches in the dungeon; these are the fruits of sin; look aside, and there you shall see one drawn out of the pit where he was drowned; cast your eye but hard by, and behold another lying weltering in his blood, the knife in his throat, and his hand at the knife, and his own hands become his executioner; thence go to the place of execution, and there you shall hear many prodigal and rebellious children and servants upon the ladder, leaving the last remembrance of their untimely death, which their distempers have brought about. I was born in a good place where the gospel was preached with plainness and power, lived under godly masters and religious parents; a holy and tender-hearted mother I had, many prayers she made, tears she wept for me, and those have met me often in the dark in my dissolute courses, but I never had a heart to hear and receive. All you stubborn and rebellious, hear and fear, and learn by my harms; hasten from thence into the wilderness, and see Corah, Dathan, and Abiram going down quick to hell, and all the people flying and crying lest we perish also; Lo, this rebellion hath brought; Turn aside but to the Red sea, and behold all the Egyptians dead upon the shore; and ask who slew them? and the story will tell you a stubborn heart was the cause of their direful confusion: From thence send your thoughts to the cross where our Saviour was crucified, he who bears up heaven and earth with his power, and behold those bitter and brinish tears, and hideous cries, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? And make but a peep-hole into hell, and lay your ear and listen to those yellings of the devils and damned, cursing the day that ever they were born, the means that ever they enjoyed, the mercies that ever they did receive, the worm there gnawing, and never dies, the fire there burning, and never goes out, and know this sin hath done, and it will do so to all that love it and live in it.

FROM THE DOUBTING CHRISTIAN DRAWN TO CHRIST.

Many a poor soul mourns and cries to heaven for mercy, and prays against a stubborn, hard heart, and is weary of his life, because this vile heart remains yet in him; and yet haply gets little or no redress. The reason is, and the main wound lies here, he goes the wrong way to work; for, he that would have grace must (first of all) get Faith, Faith will bring all the rest: buy the field and the pearl is thine; it goes with the purchase. Thou must not think with thine own struggling to get the mastery of a proud heart; for that will not do: But let thy faith go first to Christ, and try what that can do. There are many graces necessary in this work; as meekness, patience, humility, and wisdom: Now faith will fetch all these, and possess the soul of them. Brethren, therefore if you set any price upon these graces, buy the field, labor for faith; get that and you get all. The apostle saith, 2 Cor. iii. 18: We all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory. The Lord Christ is the glass, and the glorious grace of God in Christ, is that glory of the Lord: Therefore, first behold this grace in Christ by faith (and thou must do so before thou canst receive grace). First, see humility in Christ, and then fetch it thence: First see strength and courage in him, whereby to enable thy weak heart, and strength will come; there fetch it, and there have it. Would you then have a meek, gracious, and humble heart? I dare say for some of you that you had rather have it than anything under heaven, and would think it the best bargain that ever you made; which is the cause why you say, "Oh, that I could once see that day, that this proud heart of mine might be humbled: Oh, if I could see the last blood of my sins, I should then think myself happy, none more, and desire to live no longer." But is this thy desire, poor soul? Then get faith, and so buy the whole, for they all go together: Nor think to have them upon any price, not having faith. I mean patience, and meekness, and the humble heart: But buy faith, the field, and you have the pearl. Further, would you have the glory of God in your eye, and be more heavenly minded? Then look to it, and get it by the eye of faith: Look up to it in the face of Jesus Christ, and then you shall see it; and then hold you there: For there, and there only, this vision of the glory of God is to be seen, to your everlasting peace and endless comfort. When men use to make a purchase, they speak of all the commodities of it, as, there is so much wood, worth so much; and so much stock, worth so much; and then they offer for the whole, answerable to these severals. So here; there is item for an heavenly mind, and that's worth thousands; and, item for an humble heart, and that's worth millions: and so for the rest. And are those graces so much worth? What is faith worth then? Hence we may conclude and say, Oh, precious faith! precious indeed, that is able, through the spirit of Christ, to bring so many, nay, all graces with it: As one degree of grace after another, grace here and happiness for ever hereafter. If we have but the hearts of men (I do not say of Christians) methinks this that is spoken of faith should provoke us to labor always, above all things, for this blessed grace of God, the grace of faith.

JOHN WINTHROP,

The first Governor of Massachusetts, was descended from a highly honorable English family, and born at the family seat at Groton, county of Suffolk, January 12, 1587.* His father, Adam Winthrop, was an accomplished lawyer; and the following, from his pen, reprinted in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, shows him to have been possessed of poetic feeling.

VERSES MADE TO THE LADIE MILDMAY AT YE BIRTH OF HER SONNE HENERY.

Madame: I mourn not like the swan
That ready is to die,
But with the Phœnix I rejoice,
When she in fire doth fry.

My soul doth praise the Lord,
And magnify his name,
For this sweet child which in your womb
He did most finely frame.

And on a blessed day
Hath made him to be born,
That with his gifts of heavenly grace,
His soul he might adorn.

* Mather (Magnalia, Ed. 1853, i. 119) has it June, and is followed by Eliot. January is the true date from the family record.

God grant him happy days,
In joy and peace to live,
And more of his most blessed fruit
He unto you do give.
AMEN.

VERSES TO HER SON.

Ah, me! what do I mean
To take my pen in hand?
More meet it were for me to rest,
And silent still to stand.

For pleasure take I none
In any worldly thing,
But evermore methinks I hear
My fatal bell to ring.

Yet when the joyful news
Did come unto my ear,
That God had given to her a son,
Who is my nephew dear,

My heart was filled with joy,
My spirits revived all,
And from my old and barren brain
These verses rude did fall.

Welcome, sweet babe, thou art
Unto thy parents dear,
Whose hearts thou filled hast with joy,
As well it doth appear.

The day even of thy birth,
When light thou first didst see,
Foresheweth that a joyful life
Shall happen unto thee.

For blessed is that day,
And to be kept in mind;
On which our Saviour Jesus Christ
Was born to save mankind.

Grow up, therefore, in grace,
And fear his holy name,
Who in thy mother's secret womb
Thy members all did frame,

And gave to thee a soul,
Thy body to sustain,
Which, when this life shall ended be,
In heaven with him shall reign.

Love him with all thy heart,
And make thy parents glad,
As Samuel did, whom of the Lord
His mother Anna had.

God grant that they may live
To see from thee to spring
Another like unto thyself,
Who may more joy them bring.

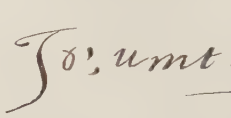
And from all wicked ways,
That godless men do trace,
Pray daily that he will thee keep
By his most mighty grace.

That when thy days shall end,
In his appointed time
Thou mayest yield up a blessed soul,
Defiled with no crime.

And to thy mother dear
Obedient be, and kind;
Give ear unto her loving words,
And print them in thy mind.

Thy father also love,
And willingly obey,
That thou mayst long possess those lands
Which he must leave one day.*

The son was, though inclined to the study of theology, also bred to the law, and at the early age of eighteen was made a justice of the peace. He discharged the duties of this responsible post in an exemplary manner, and in his private capacity was celebrated for his piety and hospitality.



He was chosen leader of the colony formed in England to proceed to Massachusetts Bay, and, having converted an estate yielding an income of six or seven hundred pounds into cash, left England, and landed at Salem, June 12, 1630. Within five days he made, with a few companions, a journey of twenty miles through the forest, which resulted in the selection of the peninsula of Shawmut as the site of Boston. During the first winter, the colonists suffered severely from cold and hunger. The Governor endured his share of privation with the rest, living on acorns, ground-nuts, and shellfish. He devoted himself with unsparing assiduity to the good of the commonwealth, and was annually elected Governor until 1634, and afterwards from 1637 to 1640, 1642 to 1644, and 1648 to his death, which occurred in consequence of a cold, followed by a fever, March 26, 1649. His administration of the government was firm and decided, and sometimes exposed him to temporary unpopularity. He bore opposition with equanimity, and served the state as faithfully in an inferior official or private position as when at its head. He opposed the doctrines of Anne Hutchinson and her followers, and was active in their banishment, but at the same time used his influence in the synod called to consider their doctrines, in favor of calm discussion and cool deliberation.

His private character was most amiable. On one occasion, having received an angry letter, he sent it back to the writer with the answer: "I am not willing to keep by me such a matter of provocation." Soon after, the scarcity of provisions forced this person to send to buy one of the Governor's cattle. He requested him to accept it as a gift, upon which the appeased opponent came to him, and said, "Sir, your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

During a severe winter, being told that a neighbor was making free with his woodpile, he sent for the offender, promising to "take a course with him that should cure him of stealing." The "course" was an announcement to the thief that he was to help himself till the winter was over. It was his practice to send his servants on errands to his neighbors at meal times, to spy out the nakedness of the land, for the benevolent purpose of relieving them from his own table.

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* These lines are preserved in a Miscellany of Poetry of the time, now No. 1598 of the Harleian MSS. (British Museum). Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, x. 152.

Governor Winthrop left five sons, the eldest of whom—John, born 12th February, 1605–6—was the founder of the colony at Saybrook, and obtained from Charles II. the charter of Connecticut, of which colony he was annually elected Governor for the fourteen years preceding his death, April 5, 1676.

Governor Winthrop's house—afterwards tenanted by the historian Prince—remained standing until 1775, when it was pulled down with many others by the British troops, for firewood. A piece of ground, first allotted to him in laying out the town of Boston, became the site of the Old South Church.*

Winthrop left a MS. Journal of the public occurrences in the Massachusetts colony from Easter Monday, March 29, 1630, to Jan. 11, 1649, which was consulted by Mather, Hubbard, and Prince. The manuscript was divided into three parts, the first two of which remained in the possession of the family until the Revolution, when Governor Trumbull procured them and copied a large portion of their contents. After the death of Trumbull, Noah Webster, in 1790, with the consent of the Winthrop family, published these, believing them to be the entire work, in an octavo volume. In 1816, the third part was discovered among a mass of "pamphlets and papers, where it attracted instant notice by its fair parchment binding, and the silken strings by which its covers were tied, and the whole work perfectly preserved"† by Abiel Holmes, the author of American Annals. A transcript was made by Mr. James Savage, who also collated the volume printed in 1790 with the original volume, and published the whole with many valuable notes from his own hand in two volumes 8vo. in 1826, under the title of "The History of New England from 1630 to 1649." A new edition, with fresh annotations by the same editor, has been issued in 1853.

Winthrop is also the author of "A Modell of Christian Charity, written on board the Arbella, on the Atlantic Ocean," which has been printed from the original MS. in the New York Historical Society in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections.‡

We present two extracts, the first a passage of his Journals, the second, part of a speech which the Governor calls his "little speech," but which Grahame, in his History of the United States, has cited as a remarkable definition of true liberty, and which the Modern Universal History (vol. xxxix. 291, 2) says, "is equal to anything of antiquity, whether we consider it as coming from a philosopher or a magistrate."

OF A FEW PERSONS WHO LEFT THE COLONY IN 1642.

They fled for fear of want, and many of them fell into it, even to extremity, as if they had hastened into the misery which they feared and fled from, besides the depriving themselves of the ordinances and church fellowship, and those civil liberties which they enjoyed here; whereas, such as staid in their places, kept their peace and ease, and enjoyed still the blessing of the ordinances, and never tasted of those troubles and miseries, which they heard to have befallen those who departed. Much disputation there was about liberty of removing for outward advantages, and all ways were sought for an open door to get out at; but it is to be feared many crept out at a broken wall. For such as come together into a wilderness, where are nothing but wild beasts and beasts like men, and there confederate together in civil and church estate, whereby they do, implicitly at least, bind themselves to support each other, and all of them that society, whether civil or sacred, whereof they are members, how they can break from this without free consent, is hard to find, so as may satisfy a tender or good conscience in time of trial. Ask thy conscience, if thou wouldst have plucked up thy stakes, and brought thy family 3000 miles, if thou hadst expected that all, or most, would have forsaken thee there? Ask again, what liberty thou hast towards others, which thou likest not to allow others towards thyself; for if one may go, another may, and so the greater part: and so church and commonwealth may be left destitute in a wilderness, exposed to misery and reproach, and all for thy ease and pleasure, whereas these all, being now thy brethren, as near to thee as the Israelites were to Moses, it were much safer for thee, after his example, to choose rather to suffer affliction with thy brethren, than to enlarge thy ease and pleasure by furthering the occasion of their ruin.

LIBERTY AND LAW.

From Gov. Winthrop's Speech to the Assembly of Massachusetts in 1645.

I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore, when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or a house, &c., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, &c., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear also, if he transgress here, the errour is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will; it must be required

* Holmes's Annals, i. 291.
† Account in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Second Series, iv. 200.
‡ Third Series, vii. 31.

of him. But if the cause be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

For the other point, concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a two-fold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentiâ deteriores.* This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and Man, in the moral law, and the political covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of our goods, but) of your lives if need be.

THOMAS MORTON.

The readers of Nathaniel Hawthorn cannot fail to remember "the May-pole of Merry Mount." The sketch, in its leading features, is a faithful presentation of a curious episode in the early history of New England. It has been narrated by the chief actor in the scene, "Mine Host of Ma-re Mount" himself, and his first telling of the "twice told tale" is well worth the hearing.

Thomas Morton, "of Clifford's Inn, gent.," came to Plymouth in 1622, with Weston's party. Many of these returned the following year, and the remainder were scattered about the settlements. Our barrister says that they were very popular with the original settlers as long as their liquors lasted, and were turned adrift afterwards. Be that as it may, he remained in the country, and we hear of him a few years afterwards as one of the company of Captain Wollaston who came to America in 1625. Wollaston appears to have had a set of fellows similar to those of Weston. He carried a portion of them off to Virginia, leaving the remainder in charge of one Filcher, to await the summons to Virginia also. Morton was one of these, and persuaded his companions to drive away Filcher, place themselves under his leadership, and found a settlement at Mount Wollaston. This he effected, and he henceforward speaks of himself as "mine host of Ma-re Mount." Here he set up a May-pole—but we shall allow him to be his own narrator.

The inhabitants of Pasonagessit (having translated the name of their habitation from that ancient savage name to Ma-re Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages), did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with Revels and merriment after the old English custom, prepared to set up a May-pole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer, for all comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the May-pole to the place appointed, with drums, guns, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our Revels. A goodly pine tree of 80 feet long, was reared up, with a pair of buck-horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it; where it stood as a fair sea mark for directions; how to find out the way to mine Host of Ma-re Mount.

* * * *

There was likewise a merry song made, which (to make their Revels more fashionable) was sung with a corus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand in hand about the May-pole, whiles one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor like gammedes and Jupiter.

THE SONG.

Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys,
Io to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry May-pole take a roome.

Make green garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar freely about,
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities own mind,
To cure the heart opprest with grief,
And of good liquors is the chief.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the Melancholy man,
A cup or two of 't now and than,
This physic will soon revive his blood,
And make him be of a merrier mood.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,
No Irish stuff, nor Scotch over worn;
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.
To drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

This harmless mirth made by young men (that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a labour to make a voyage to fetch any over) was much distasted of the precise Separatists; that keep much ado, about the tithe of mint and cummin, troubling their brains more than reason would require about things that are indifferent; and from that time sought occasion against my honest Host of Ma-re Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear.

Such proceedings of course caused great scandal to the Plymouth colonist. Nathaniel Morton, the first chronicler of the colony, thus describes the affair.

After this (the expulsion of Filcher) they fell to great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, and the said Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained as it were, a school of Atheism, and after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess, as some have reported ten pounds worth in a morning, setting up a May-pole, drinking, and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many faries, or furies rather, yea and worse practices, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanalians.

Morton was also charged, and it appears justly, with employing the Indians to hunt for him, furnishing them with, and instructing them in the use of, firearms for that purpose. The colonists, "fearing that they should get a blow thereby; also, taking notice that if he were let alone in his way, they should keep no servants for him, because he would entertain any, how vile soever,"* met together, and after remonstrating with him to no effect, obtained from the governor of Plymouth the aid of Captain Miles Standish to arrest him. Morton was taken prisoner, but, according to his own story, which he makes an amusing one, effected his escape:

Much rejoicing was made that they had gotten their capital enemy (as they concluded him), whom they purposed to hamper in such sort that he should not be able to uphold his plantation at Ma-re Mount.

The conspirators sported themselves at my honest host, that meant them no hurt; and were so jocund that they feasted their bodies and fell to tippeling, as if they had obtained a great prize; like the Trojans when they had the custody of Hippeus' pine tree horse.

Mine host feigned grief, and could not be persuaded either to eat or drink, because he knew emptiness would be a means to make him as watchful as the geese kept in the Roman capitol; whereon the contrary part, the conspirators would be so drowsy, that he might have an opportunity to give them a slip instead of tester. Six persons of the conspiracy were set to watch him at Wessaguscus, but he kept waking, and in the dead of night (one lying on the bed for further surety) up gets mine host and got to the second door that he was to pass, which (notwithstanding the lock) he got open; and shut it after him with such violence that it affrighted some of the conspirators.

The word which was given with an alarm was, O, he's gone, he's gone, what shall we do, he's gone! The rest, half asleep, start up in a maze, and, like rams, run their heads one at another, full butt, in the dark.

Their grand leader, Captain Shrimp, took on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest and their bird gone.

The rest were eager to have torn their hair from their heads, but it was so short that it would give them no hold.

He returned to Ma-re Mount, where he soon afterwards surrendered, and was sent to England, coming back the next year to his old quarters, which during his absence had been visited by Endicott, who caused the may-pole to be cut down, "and the name of the place was again changed and called Dagon."† The year following his return his house was searched on the charge of his having corn belonging to other persons in it.

After they had feasted their bodies with that they found there, carried all his corn away, with some other of his goods, contrary to the laws of hospitality, a small parcel of refuse corn only excepted, which they left mine host to keep Christmas with. But when they were gone, mine host fell to make use of his gun (as one that had a good faculty in the use of that instrument) and feasted his body nevertheless with fowl and venison, which he purchased with the help of that instrument; the plenty of the country and the commodiousness of the place affording means, by the blessing of God; and he did but deride Captain Littleworth, that made his servants snap short in a country so much abounding with plenty of food for an industrious man, with great variety.

Soon after Governor Winthrop's arrival, in 1630, he was again arrested, convicted, and sent to England, where he arrived, he says, "so metamorphosed with a long voyage, that he looked like Lazarus in the painted cloth."*

His book,† from which our extracts are taken, bears date, Amsterdam, 1637. It was probably printed in London, this device being often resorted to at the time, with works of a libellous or objectionable character. With perseverance worthy of a better cause, he returned to New England, in 1643, and was arrested and imprisoned in Boston a year, on account of his book. His advanced age only, it is said, saved him from the whipping-post. He died in poverty, in 1646, at Agamenticus. His book shows facility in composition, and not a little humor. Butler appears to have derived one of the stories in Hudibras from it.

Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead;
Of whom the churches have less need,
As lately 't happened: in a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In time of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,
The mighty Tottipottimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands or hang the offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' the trade,
A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hogan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid:‡

* New England's Memorial. † Ibid.

* A common colloquial phrase of the period. It is used by Falstaff (a character somewhat akin to mine host) in the first part of Henry IV. "Ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth." The painted cloth was used, like tapestry, for covering and decorating the walls of apartments.

† New English Canaan, or New Canaan, containing an abstract of New England, composed in three Bookes. The first Booke, setting forth the originall of the Natives, their Manners and Customs, together with their tractable Nature and Love towards the English. The second Booke, setting forth the naturall Indowments of the Country, and what staple Commodities it yealdeth. The third Booke, setting forth what people are planted there, their prosperity, what remarkable accidents have happened since the first planting of it, together with their Tenents and practise of their Church. Written by Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inne, gent., upon tenne yeares' knowledge and experiment of the Country.

Printed at Amsterdam, By Jacob Frederick Stam, in the yeare 1637.

The original edition of his "New England's Canaan" is extremely scarce. We are indebted for the use of a copy to the valuable American collection of the Rev. Dr. Hawks. It is reprinted in Col. Force's Historical Tracts.

‡ Hudibras, Part II., Canto II. 409-436.

A young man, as Morton's story goes, was arrested for stealing corn from an Indian, and the following mode of dealing with the case was proposed by one of the general assembly of the community called to adjudge punishment. Says he: "You all agree that one must die, and one shall die. This young man's clothes we will take off, and put upon one that is old and impotent; a sickly person that cannot escape death; such is the disease on him confirmed, that die he must. Put the young man's clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other's stead. Amen, says one, and so says many more."

A large portion of the volume is devoted to the aborigines and the natural features of the country. He thus expatiates on his first impressions:

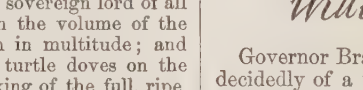
And whiles our houses were building, I did endeavor to take a survey of the country; the more I looked, the more I liked it. When I had more seriously considered of the beauty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I did not think that, in all the known world, it could be paralleled. For so many goodly groves of trees; dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks; delicate, fair, large plains; sweet crystal fountains, and clear running streams, that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweet a murmuring noise to hear, as would even lull the senses with delight asleep, so pleasantly do they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they do meet, and hand in hand run down to Neptune's court, to pay the yearly tribute which they owe to him as sovereign lord of all the springs. Contained within the volume of the land, fowls in abundance; fish in multitude; and discovered besides, millions of turtle doves on the green boughs, which sate pecking of the full, ripe, pleasant grapes, that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitful load did cause the arms to bend, while here and there despersed, you might see lillies, and of the Daphnean tree, which made the land to me seem paradise, for in mine eye it was Nature's masterpiece, her chiefest magazine of all, where lives her store. If this land be not rich, then is the whole world poor.

He is amusingly at fault in his natural history. The beaver, he says, sits "in his house built on the water, with his tayle hanging in the water, which else would over-heate and rot off." Another marvel is, "a curious bird to see to, called a humming-bird, no bigger than a great beetle; that out of question lives upon the bee, which he catcheth and eateth amongst Flowers; for it is his custom to frequent those places. Flowers he cannot feed upon by reason of his sharp bill, which is like the point of a Spannish needle but short."

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

William Bradford was born at Ansterfield, in the north of England, in 1588. He was educated as a farmer, and inherited a large patrimony. Embracing at an early age the tenets of the Puritans, he connected himself with the congregation of the celebrated John Robinson, and at the age of nineteen, after two unsuccessful attempts, joined his associates at Amsterdam. He remained in Holland until 1620, when he formed one of the ship's company of the Mayflower. While exploring the bay in a small boat, for the purpose of selecting a place for settlement, his wife was drowned. After the death of Governor Carver, April 5, 1621, he was chosen his successor. He established by gentleness and firmness a good understanding with the Indians, and conducted the internal affairs of the colony with equal sagacity. He was annually re-elected for twelve years, and then, in the words of Governor Winthrop, "by importunity got off" from the cares of office for two years, when he was re-elected, and continued in power, with the exceptions of the years 1636, '38, and '44, until his death, May 9, 1657. He was twice married, and left two sons by his second wife, Alice Southworth. The eldest, William, was deputy-governor of the colony, and had nine sons and three daughters.

Numerous anecdotes are related of Governor Bradford, indicative of ready wit and good common sense. When in 1622, during a period of great scarcity in the colony, Canonicus, Sachem of Narragansett, sent him a bundle of arrows tied with the skin of a serpent, the messenger was immediately sent back with the skin stuffed with powder and ball, which caused a speedy and satisfactory termination to the correspondence. Suspecting one Lyford of plotting against the ecclesiastical arrangements of the colony, he boarded a ship, which was known to have carried out a large number of letters written by him, after she had left port, examined them, and thus obtained evidence by which Lyford was tried and banished.



Governor Bradford's reputation as an author is decidedly of a posthumous character. He left a MS. history, in a folio volume of 270 pages, of the Plymouth colony, from the formation of their church in 1602 to 1647. It furnished the material for Morton's Memorial, was used by Prince and Governor Hutchinson in the preparation of their histories, and deposited, with the collection of papers of the former, in the library of the Old South Church, in Boston. During the desecration of this edifice as a riding-school by the British in the Revolutionary war, the MS. disappeared.* A copy of a portion closing with the year 1620, in the handwriting of Nathaniel Morton, was discovered by the Rev. Alexander Young in the library of the First Church, at Plymouth, and printed in his Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, in 1841. A "letter-book," in which Bradford preserved copies of his correspondence, met with a similar fate, a portion only having been rescued from a grocer's shop in Halifax, and published in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in 1794, vol. iii. of the first series of Collections, with a fragment of a poem on New England. These, with two other specimens of a few lines each, first published by the same Society in 1838,† form, with the exception of some slight controversial pieces, the whole of his literary productions.

"I commend unto your wisdom and discretion," he says in his will, "some small bookes written by my own hand, to be improved as you shall see meet. In special, I commend to you a

* It was given up for lost till 1855, when it was found complete in the Fulham Library, England.

† Third Series, vii.

little booke with a black cover, wherein there is a word to Plymouth, a word to Boston, and a word to New England, with sundry useful verses."

OF BOSTON IN NEW ENGLAND.

O Boston, though thou now art grown
To be a great and wealthy town,
Yet I have seen thee a void place,
Shrubs and bushes covering thy face;
And house then in thee none were there,
Nor such as gold and silk did weare;
No drunkenness were then in thee,
Nor such excess as now we see.
We then drunk freely of thy spring,
Without paying of anything;
We lodged freely where we would,
All things were free and nothing sold.
And they that did thee first begin,
Had hearts as free and as willing
Their poor friends for to entertain,
And never looked at sordid gain.
Some thou hast had whome I did know,
That spent theirselves to make thee grow,
And thy foundations they did lay,
Which do remain unto this day.
When thou wast weak they did thee nurse,
Or else with thee it had been worse;
They left thee not, but did defend
And succour thee unto their end.
Thou now hast grown in wealth and store,
Do not forget that thou wast poor,
And lift not up thyself in pride,
From truth and justice turn not aside.
Remember thou a Cotton had,
Which made the hearts of many glad;
What he thee taught bear thou in mind,
It's hard another such to find.
A Winthrop once in thee was known,
Who unto thee was as a crown.
Such ornaments are very rare,
Yet thou enjoyed this blessed pair.
But these are gone, their work is done,
Their day is past, set is their sun:
Yet faithful Wilson still remains,
And learned Norton doth take pains.
Live ye in peace. I could say more.
Oppress ye not the weak and poor.
The trade is all in your own hand,
Take heed ye do not wrong the land,
Lest he that hath lift you on high,
When, as the poor to him do cry,
Do throw you down from your high state,
And make you low and desolate.

FRAGMENTARY POEM ON NEW ENGLAND.

Famine once we had,
But other things God gave us in full store,
As fish and ground-nuts, to supply our strait,
That we might learn on Providence to wait;
And know, by bread man lives not in his need,
But by each word that doth from God proceed.
But a while after plenty did come in,
From his hand only who doth pardon sin.
And all did flourish like the pleasant green,
Which in the joyful spring is to be seen.

Almost ten years we lived here alone,
In other places there were few or none;
For Salem was the next of any fame,
That began to augment New England's name;
But after multitudes began to flow,
More than well knew themselves where to bestow;
Boston then began her roots to spread,
And quickly soon she grew to be the head,
Not only of the Massachusetts Bay,
But all trade and commerce fell in her way.
And truly it was admirable to know,
How greatly all things here began to grow.
New plantations were in each place begun,
And with inhabitants were filled soon.
All sorts of grain which our own land doth yield,
Was hither brought, and sown in every field:
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease,
Here all thrive, and they profit from them raise.
All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens grow,
Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what you'll sow.
Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,
Skirets, beets, coleworts, and fair cabbages.
Here grow fine flowers many, and 'mongst those,
The fair white lily and sweet fragrant rose.
Many good wholesome berries here you'll find,
Fit for man's use, almost of every kind,
Pears, apples, cherries, plumbs, quinces and peach,
Are *now* no dainties; you may have of each.
Nuts and grapes of several sorts are here,
If you will take the pains them to seek for.

* * * * * *

But that which did 'bove all the rest excel,
God in his word, with us he here did dwell;
Well ordered churches, in each place there were,
And a learn'd ministry was planted here.
All marvell'd and said: "Lord, this work is thine,
In the wilderness to make such lights to shine."
And truly it was a glorious thing,
Thus to hear men pray, and God's praises sing.
Where these natives were wont to cry and yell
To Satan, who 'mongst them doth rule and dwell.
Oh, how great comfort it was now to see
The churches to enjoy free liberty!
And to have the Gospel preach'd here with power,
And such wolves repell'd as would else devour;
And now with plenty their poor souls were fed,
With better food than wheat, or angel's bread,
In green pastures, they may themselves solace,
And drink freely of the sweet springs of grace;
A pleasant banquet is prepar'd for these,
Of fat things, and rich wine upon the lees;
"Eat, O my friends (saith Christ), and drink freely,
Here's wine and milk, and all sweet spicery;
The honey and its comb is here to be had;
I myself for you have this banquet made:
Be not dismayed, but let your heart rejoice
In this wilderness, O let me hear your voice;
My friends you are, whilst you my ways do keep,
Your sins I'll pardon and your good I'll seek."
And they, poor souls, again to Christ do say:
"O Lord, thou art our hope, our strength and stay,
Who givest to us all these thy good things,
Us shelter still, in the shadow of thy wings:
So we shall sing, and laud thy name with praise,
'Tis thine own work to keep us in thy ways;
Uphold us still, O thou which art most high,
We then shall be kept, and thy name glorify,
Let us enjoy thyself, with these means of grace,
And in our hearts shine, with the light of thy face;
Take not away thy presence, nor thy word,
But, we humbly pray, us the same afford."

JOHN DAVENPORT.

John Davenport, the first minister of New Haven, and an important theological writer of his time, was born in Coventry, England, in 1597. He was educated at Merton and Magdalen colleges, Oxford, but left before taking a degree. Soon after removing to London he became minister of St. Stephen's Church, Coleman st., at nineteen, and obtained great celebrity as a pulpit orator. In the year 1630 he united with others

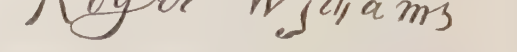
in purchasing church property held by laymen with a view of devoting the revenue therefrom to provide clergymen for destitute congregations. By the exertions of Laud, who feared that the scheme would be turned to the advantage of the non-conformists, the company was broken up, and the money which had been collected, confiscated. In 1633, in consequence of non-conformity, he resigned his church, and removed to Holland. After preaching to the English congregation for two years as the colleague of John Paget, he became engaged in a controversy in consequence of his opposition to the plan there pursued, of the general baptism of infants, and retiring from the pulpit devoted himself to teaching, until he was induced by John Cotton to emigrate to Boston. He had been an early friend of the colony, having been one of the applicants for the original charter. His name does not appear in the list of patentees, having been omitted at his own request lest it should excite the opposition of Laud to the scheme. He arrived at Boston, June, 1637, and in August took part in the Synod called in reference to the opinions of Anne Hutchinson. He sailed, March 30, 1638, with a company for Quinnipiack or New Haven, where he preached under an oak on the eighteenth of April, the first Sunday after his arrival, as their minister, a position he retained for thirty years, during which he was instrumental in the passage of the rigid laws regarding church membership established in the colony. He displayed great courage in concealing the Regicides, Whalley and Goffe, in his own house, in 1661, and by preaching when their pursuers were expected in the city from the text, "Hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler" (Isaiah xvi. 3, 4). On the death of John Wilson, minister of the first church in Boston, in 1667, he accepted a call to become his successor, believing that as affairs in New Haven were in a settled condition he could do more good in Boston, where, as he thought, ecclesiastical discipline had been unduly relaxed. He was instituted pastor, Dec. 9, 1688, and died of apoplexy March 15, 1670.

He was the author of several pamphlets on the controversy between himself and the English church at Amsterdam, of *A Discourse about Civil Government in a new Plantation, whose design is religion*, and of *The Saints Anchor Hold in all Storms and Tempests*, a collection of sermons. He also prepared an Exposition on the Canticles, of which Mather tells us, "the death of the gentleman chiefly concerned in the intended impression proved the death of the impression itself."*

* Magnalia, Ed. 1853, i. 330.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

In the political history of the country, the name of Williams, as the apostle of civil and religious liberty, holds the first rank; his literary achievements, exhibiting his graces of character, entitle him to an honorable place in this collection. He was one of the first of the learned university men who came to New England for conscience sake, and the principle which brought him across the Atlantic did not depart on his landing. Religious liberty, the right divine of conscience, was not simply having his own way, while he checked other people's. He did not fly from persecution to persecute. Born in Wales in 1606,* educated at Oxford; if not a student at law with Sir Edward Coke, enjoying an early intimacy with him; then a non-conformist minister in conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities of the times, he arrived in Massachusetts in 1631. Asserting at once his views of religious toleration, the independence of conscience of the civil magistrate, and the separation of Church and State, he was driven from Salem, where he had become established as a preacher, by an order of the General Council in 1635, into exile, for "his new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates." He then made his memorable journey in the winter season, through what was then a wilderness, to the vicinity of Narragansett Bay, where, received in friendship by the Indians, he established himself at Seekonk; but finding himself within the limits of the Plymouth colony, he sailed with his friends in a canoe down the river to found on the opposite shore the city of Providence, a living name which will always bear witness to his persecution and trust in God. Here he maintained friendly relations with the Indians, warded off disaster, by quieting their threatened aggressions, from the people who had driven him away, received fugitives for conscience sake from Massachusetts Bay, and promoted the settlement of Rhode Island. In 1643 he sailed from New Amsterdam for England, as an agent to procure a charter. On his way thither at sea, he wrote his *Key into the Language of America*, which he published in London, on his arrival.† "I drew," he says in his address, "to my dear and well beloved friends and countrymen in Old and New England, the materials in a rude lump at sea, as a private help to my own memory, that I might not by my present absence lightly lose what I had so dearly bought in some few years of hardship and charges among the Barbarians," and he committed it to the public for the benefit of his friends. "A little key," he says, "may open a box, where lies a bunch of keys."



* We follow here the Oxford University entry presented by Dr. Elton, in preference to the usual statements which make him seven or eight years older.

† A Key into the Language of America, or an help to the *Language* of the *Natives* in that part of America called New England; together with briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners and Worships, &c., of the aforesaid Nations, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death. On all which are added Spirituall Observations, General and Particular, by the Authour, of chiefe and speciall use (upon all occasions) to all the *English* Inhabiting those parts; yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men: By Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. London: Printed by *George Dexter*, 18mo., pp. 200. 1643. There are very few copies of the original edition of this book in existence. The library of the Massachusetts Historical Society has one, from which a reprint has been made in the first volume of the Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, 1827. Mr. James Lenox, of New York, in his valuable Collection, has another, which we have had the privilege of consulting for this article. The Licenser's Imprimatur on the last page is curious. "I have *read over these thirty chapters of the* American Language, *to me wholly unknowne, and the* Observations, *these I conceive inoffensive; and that the Worke may conduce to the happy end intended by the* Author. Jo Langley."

The book is in a series of thirty-two chapters, each containing a vocabulary, with an occasional enlargement at a suggestive word relating to manners or notions; and concluding with a copy of verses. To the second chapter, "of Eating and Entertainment," this pious and benevolent man touchingly adds:—

Coarse bread and water's most their fare,
O England's diet fine;
Thy cup runs o'er with plenteous store
Of wholesome beer and wine.

Sometimes God gives them fish or flesh,
Yet they're content without;
And what comes in they part to friends
And strangers round about.

God's providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be;
In wilderness, in great distress,
These Ravens have fed me.

There is the same simplicity and faith in Providence in the rest of these little poems, wherever the topic gives him an opportunity to express it. The notes are simply jottings down of facts he had noticed—but even these few words are somehow instinct with his kindly spirit. "I once travailed," he says, "to an island of the wildest in our parts, where in the night an Indian (as he said) had a vision or dream of the Sun (whom they worship for a God) darting a beam into his breast, which he conceived to be the messenger of his death. This poor native called his friends and neighbors, and prepared some little refreshing for them, but himself was kept waking and fasting in great humiliations and invocations for ten days and nights. I was alone (having travelled from my bark the wind being contrary) and little could I speak to them, to their understanding, especially because of the change of their dialect or manner of speech from our neighbors: yet so much (through the help of God) I did speak, of the *true* and *living only wise God*, of the Creation, of Man and his fall from God, &c., that at parting many burst forth, *Oh when will you come again, to bring us some more news of this God?*" And to this follow the "more particular" reflections:—

God gives them sleep on ground, on straw,
On sedgy mats or board:
When English softest beds of down,
Sometimes no sleep afford.

I have known them leave their house and mat,
To lodge a friend or stranger,
When Jews and Christians oft have sent
Christ Jesus to the manger.

'Fore day they invocate their gods,
Though many false and new;
O how should that God worshipt be,
Who is but one and true?

"How sweetly," he says, "do all the several sorts of heaven's birds, in all coasts of the world, preach unto men the praise of their maker's wisdome, power, and goodnesse, who feeds them and their young ones summer and winter with their several sorts of food: although they neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns!"

If birds that neither sow nor reape,
Nor store up any food,
Constantly to them and theirs
A maker kind and good!

If man provide eke for his birds,
In yard, in coops, in cage,
And each bird spends in songs and tunes,
His little time and age!

What care will man, what care will God
For his wife and children take?
Millions of birds and worlds will God
Sooner than his, forsake.

To the general "observations of their travel,"

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness!
His glorious name while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company:

In him I have found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup so bitter, but's made sweet,
When God shall sweetning be.

His business with Parliament was successful. He obtained a Charter of Incorporation of Providence Plantations in 1644. Before his return he published in London, the same year, a pamphlet, *Mr. Cotton's Letter, lately printed, Examined and Answered*, a refutation of the reasons of his dismissal, and also his celebrated work, which embodies the principles of toleration, *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution, for cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace.**

The history of this composition is curious. "A witness of Jesus Christ, close prisoner in Newgate," wrote a tract "against persecution in cause of Conscience," which he penned on paper introduced into his prison as the stoppers to a bottle of milk, the fluid of which served him for ink. Williams thus introduces it in the prefatory part of his book, the "Tenent:"—

Arguments against persecution in milk, the answer for it (as I may say) in blood.

The author of these arguments (against persecution) (as I have been informed) being committed by some then in power, close prisoner to Newgate, for the witness of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of pen and ink, wrote these arguments in milk, in sheets of paper, brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stoppers of his milk bottle.

In such paper written with milk, nothing will appear, but the way of reading it by fire being known to this friend who received the papers, he transcribed and kept together the papers, although the author himself could not correct, nor view what himself had written.

It was in milk, tending to soul nourishment, even for babes and sucklings in Christ.

It was in milk, spiritually white, pure, and inno-

* The Bloody Tenent of Persecution, for cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace, who, in all tender affection, present to the High Court of Parliament, as the Result of their Discourse, these, amongst other, Passages of highest consideration. Printed in the year 1644. 4to. pp. 247.

cent, like those white horses of the word of truth and meekness, and the white linen or armour of righteousness, in the army of Jesus. *Rev.* vi. & xix.

It was in milk, soft, meek, peaceable, and gentle, tending both to the peace of souls and the peace of states and kingdoms.

This was a mild introduction to controversy: yet being sent to New England, was answered by John Cotton, when Williams published both arguments with his reply. The "Bloody Tenent" is a noble work, full of brave heart and tenderness; a book of learning and piety,—the composition of a true, gentle nature. How sweet, delicate, and reverential are the soft approaches of the dialogue as "Peace" and "Truth" address one another. "But hark," says Truth, "what noise is this?" as she listens to the din of the wars for Conscience. These," is the reply, "are the doleful drums and shrill-sounding trumpets, the roaring, murdering cannons, the shouts of conquerors, the groans of wounded, dying, slaughtered righteous, with the wicked. Dear Truth, how long? How long these dreadful sounds and direful sights? How long before my glad return and restitution?" This is the expression of a poet. For his position as an asserter of religious toleration, we may quote the sentence of Bancroft: "He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law, and in its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor."*

Williams returned to America in 1644, and at the close of 1651 again visited England to secure the Confirmation of the Charter, in which he succeeded. Cotton had in the meantime replied, in 1647, to the "Bloody Tenent" in his "Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb," to which Williams was ready in London with his rejoinder, *The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash it White in the Blood of the Lambe*,† in which he pursued his argument with his old zeal and learning. He published at the same time, in a small 4to., *The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's, or a Discourse touching the Propagating the Gospel of Christ Jesus; humbly presented to such Pious and Honorable Hands, whom the present Debate thereof concerns.*

In 1853, there were first published at Providence, in the Life of Roger Williams by Romeo Elton,‡ a brief series of letters which passed between Williams and the daughter of his old benefactor, Sir Edward Coke, Mrs. Anne Sadleir, on this second visit to England in 1652–3. They are full of character on both sides; the humor of them consisting in the lady being a royalist, well disposed to the church establishment, a sharp-shooter in her language and a bit of a termagant, while Williams was practising his politest graces and most Christian forbearance, as he steadily maintained his independent theology. He addresses her, "My much-honored friend, Mrs. Sadleir," and tenders her one of his compositions to read, probably the work he had just published in England, entitled, *Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health and their Preservatives*,* which he describes as "a plain and peaceable discourse, of my own personal experiments, which, in a letter to my dear wife—upon the occasion of her great sickness near death—I sent her, being absent myself among the Indians." He courteously invites attention and even censure. "I have been oft glad," he says, "in the wilderness of America to have been reproved for going in a wrong path, and to be directed by a naked Indian boy in my travels." He quietly throws out a few hints of the virtues of his own position in church matters. Mrs. Sadleir quotes Scripture in reply.

Mr. Williams,—Since it has pleased God to make the prophet David's complaint ours (Ps. lxxix.): "O God, the heathen," &c., and that the apostle St. Peter has so long ago foretold, in his second epistle, the second chapter, by whom these things should be occasioned, I have given over reading many books, and, therefore, with thanks, have returned yours. Those that I now read, besides the Bible, are, first, the late king's book; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; Reverend Bishop Andrews's Sermons, with his other divine meditations; Dr. Jer. Taylor's works; and Dr. Tho. Jackson upon the Creed. Some of these my dear father was a great admirer of, and would often call them the glorious lights of the church of England. These lights shall be my guide; I wish they may be yours; for your new lights that are so much cried up, I believe, in the conclusion, they will prove but dark lanterns; therefore I dare not meddle with them.

Your friend in the old way,
Anne Sadleir.

Which little repellant, Williams, feeling the sting, answers, offering another book:—

My much-honored, kind Friend, Mrs. Sadleir,—My humble respects premised to your much-honored self, and Mr. Sadleir, humbly wishing you the saving knowledge and assurance of that life which is eternal, when this poor minute's dream is over. In my poor span of time, I have been oft in the jaws of death, sickening at sea, shipwrecked on shore, in danger of arrows, swords and bullets: and yet, methinks, the most high and most holy God hath reserved me for some service to his most glorious and eternal majesty.

I think, sometimes, in this common shipwreck of mankind, wherein we all are either floating or sinking, despairing or struggling for life, why should I ever faint in striving, as Paul saith, in hopes to save myself, to save others—to call, and cry, and ask, what hope of saving, what hope of life, and of the

* Bancroft's Hist. U. S. i. 376.

† The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe, of whose precious Blood spilt in the Blood of his Servants, and of the Blood of Millions spilt in former and later Wars for Conscience' Sake, that most Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, upon a second Tryal, is now found more apparently, and more notoriously guilty. In this Rejoynder to Mr. Cotton are principally, 1. The Nature of Persecution; 2. The Power of the Civill Sword in Spiritualls examined; 3. The Parliament's Permission of dissenting Consciences justified. Also (as a Testimony to Mr. Clark's Narrative) is added a Letter to Mr. Endicott, Governor of the Massachusetts in N. E. By R. Williams, of Providence, in New England. London, printed for Giles Calvert, and are to be sold at the Black Spread Eagle, at the West End of Paul's, 1652.

‡ Life of Roger Williams, the Earliest Legislator and true Champion for a full and absolute liberty of Conscience. By Romeo Elton, 96–109. This is a work of original research and much interesting information.

* Prof. Gammell's Life of Roger Williams, 218. We are much indebted to his careful bibliography. Certainly there should not be suffered to remain much longer any difficulty of access to all which Roger Williams wrote.

eternal shore of mercy? Your last letter, my honored friend, I received as a bitter sweeting—as all, that is under the sun, is—sweet, in that I hear from you, and that you continue striving for life eternal; bitter, in that we differ about the way, in the midst of the dangers and the distresses.

For the scope of this *rejoinder*, if it please the Most High to direct your eye to a glance on it, please you to know, that at my last being in England, I wrote a discourse entitled, "The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience." I bent my charge against Mr. Cotton especially, your standard-bearer of New England ministers. That discourse he since answered, and calls his book, "The Bloody Tenent made white in the Blood of the Lamb." This rejoinder of mine, as I humbly hope, unwashed his washings, and proves that in soul matters no weapons but soul weapons are reaching and effectual.

His "much-honored, kind friend" replies:—

Sir,—I thank God my blessed parents bred me up in the old and best religion, and it is my glory that I am a member of the Church of England, as it was when all the reformed churches gave her the right hand. When I cast mine eye upon the frontispiece of your book, and saw it entitled "The Bloudy Tenent," I durst not adventure to look into it, for fear it should bring into my memory the much blood that has of late been shed, and which I would fain forget; therefore I do, with thanks, return it. I cannot call to mind any blood shed for conscience: —some few that went about to make a rent in our once well-governed church were punished, but none suffered death. But this I know, that since it has been left to every man's conscience to fancy what religion he list, there has more christian blood been shed than was in the ten persecutions. And some of that blood will, I fear, cry to the day of judgment. But you know what the Scripture says, that when there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes,—but what became of that, the sacred story will tell you.

Thus entreating you to trouble me no more in this kind, and wishing you a good journey to your charge in New Providence, I rest

Your Friend, in the Old and Best Way.

Williams, not to be disconcerted, triples the length of his response, with new divisions and scripture citations, and this among other biting paragraphs on the lady's favorite reading:—

I have read those books you mention, and the king's book, which commends two of them, Bp. Andrews's and Hooker's—yea, and a third also, Bp. Laud's: and as for the king, I know his person, vicious, a swearer from his youth, and an oppressor and persecutor of good men (to say nothing of his own father), and the blood of so many hundred thousands English, Irish, Scotch, French, lately charged upon him. Against his and his blasphemous father's cruelties, your own dear father, and many precious men, shall rise up shortly and cry for vengeance.

But for the book itself—if it be his—and theirs you please to mention, and thousands more, not only protestants of several sects, but of some papists and jesuits also—famous for worldly repute, &c.—I have found them sharp and witty, plausible and delightful, devout and pathetical. And I have been amazed to see the whole world of our forefathers, wise and gallant, wondering after the glory of the Romish learning and worship. (Rev. xiii.) But amongst them all whom I have so diligently read and heard, how few express the simplicity, the plainness, the meekness, and true humility of the learning of the Son of God.

with this telling postscript:—

My honored friend, since you please not to read mine, let me pray leave to request your reading of one book of your own authors. I mean the "Liberty of Prophesying," penned by (so called) Dr. Jer. Taylor. In the which is excellently asserted the toleration of different religions, yea, in a respect, that of the Papists themselves, which is a new way of soul freedom, and yet is the old way of Christ Jesus, as all his holy Testament declares.

I also humbly wish that you may please to read over impartially Mr. Milton's answer to the king's book.

Mrs. Sadleir waxes indignant, and replies more at length—getting personally discourteous and scandalous on John Milton:—

Mr. Williams,—I thought my first letter would have given you so much satisfaction, that, in that kind, I should never have heard of you any more; but it seems you have a face of brass, so that you cannot blush.

* * * * * * *

For Milton's book, that you desire I should read, if I be not mistaken, that is he that has wrote a book of the lawfulness of divorce; and, if report says true, he had, at that time, two or three wives living. This, perhaps, were good doctrine in New England; but it is most abominable in Old England. For his book that he wrote against the late king that you would have me read, you should have taken notice of God's judgment upon him, who stroke him with blindness; and, as I have heard, he was fain to have the help of one Andrew Marvell, or else he could not have finished that most accursed libel. God has began his judgment upon him here —his punishment will be hereafter in hell. But have you seen the answer to it? If you can get it, I assure you it is worth your reading.

I have also read Taylor's book of the Liberty of Prophesying; though it please not me, yet I am sure it does you, or else I [know]* you [would]* not have wrote to me to have read it. I say, it and you would make a good fire. But have you seen his Divine Institution of the Office Ministerial? I assure that is both worth your reading and practice. Bishop Laud's book against Fisher I have read long since; which, if you have not done, let me tell you that he has deeply wounded the Pope; and, I believe, howsoever he be slighted, he will rise a saint, when many seeming ones, such as you are, will rise devils.

This winds up the correspondence. Mrs. Sadleir, as she puts it aside, for publication a couple of hundred years later, writing on the back of Williams's first letter:—"This Roger Williams, when he was a youth, would, in short hand, take sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber, and present them to my dear father. He, seeing so hopeful a youth, took such liking to him that he sent him in to Sutton's Hospital, and he was the second that was placed there; full little did he think that he would have proved such a rebel to God, the king, and the country. I leave his letters, that, if ever he has the face to return into his native country, Tyburn may give him welcome."

* These words are not in the MS.

For which scrap of biographical information, in the too general dearth of anecdote respecting a good and great man, we thank her.*

After his return he writes to his friend John Winthrop, subsequently the Governor of Connecticut, relating, among other incidents of his visit to England, this anecdote of his exchange of languages with John Milton in his blindness—"It pleased the Lord to call me for some time, and, with some persons, to practice the Hebrew, the Greek, Latin, French and Dutch. The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages."† He was intimate with Cromwell and passed much time with Sir Henry Vane, the old Governor of Massachusetts. In this journey he was associated with his friend Mr. John Clarke, who remained in England as the agent of the colony, and in whose behalf, on his return, he addressed a plea to his "beloved friends and countrymen," the General Assembly of Rhode Island. It is a good example of his love of justice, directness, and business tact, and, as such, we present a portion of it in our extracts.‡

Williams was active as usual in the affairs of the colony, and was chosen its President in 1654. The persecution of the Quakers then followed in Massachusetts; their rights were maintained in Rhode Island, though Williams held a controversy with Fox and his disciples, an account of which he embodied in the last of his publications in 1676, *George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes*,§ a pun on the names of the Quaker leaders. Fox replied to this in his *New England Firebrand Quenched*, with abundant bitterness; and Edmundson, one of Williams's personal antagonists in the controversial encounter, which was held both at Newport and Providence, in his *Journal of his Life, Sufferings, and Labor*, speaks of "one Roger Williams, an old priest and an enemy to truth, putting forth fourteen propositions, as he called them."‖ It was an unpleasant affair, but the Quakers had laid themselves open to attack by some outrageous extravagances. Seven years afterwards, in 1683, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, the Founder of Rhode Island, the friend of peace and asserter of liberty, died at Providence, on the spot which his genius and labors had consecrated. He left a wife and six children. There is no portrait of him. The engraving prefixed to the Life in Sparks's American Biography, is from an old painting put forth a few years since, which was soon pronounced an indifferent likeness of Benjamin Franklin.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN TRUTH AND PEACE.—FROM THE BLOODY TENENT.

Truth. In what dark corner of the world (*sweet Peace*) are we two met? How hath this present evil world banished me from all the coasts and quarters of it? and how hath the righteous God in judgment taken thee from the earth, Rev. vi. 4.

Peace. 'Tis lamentably true (blessed Truth) the foundations of the world have long been out of course: the gates of earth and hell have conspired together to intercept our joyful meeting and our holy kisses: with what a weary, tired wing have I flown over nations, kingdoms, cities, towns, to find out precious truth?

Truth. The like enquiries in my flights and travels have I made for Peace, and still am told, she hath left the earth, and fled to heaven.

Peace. Dear Truth, what is the earth but a dungeon of darkness, where Truth is not?

Truth. And what is the Peace thereof but a fleeting dream, thine ape and counterfeit?

Peace. Oh, where's the promise of the God of Heaven, that Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other?

Truth. Patience (sweet Peace), these heavens and earth are growing old, and shall be changed like a garment, Psal. cii. They shall melt away, and be burnt up with all the works that are therein; and the most high Eternal Creator shall gloriously create new heavens and new earth, wherein dwells righteousness, 2 Peter iii. Our kisses shall then have their endless date of pure and sweetest joys; till then both thou and I must hope, and wait, and bear the fury of the dragon's wrath, whose monstrous lies and furies shall with himself be cast into the lake of fire, the second death, Rev. xx.

Peace. Most precious Truth, thou knowest we are both pursued and laid for. Mine heart is full of sighs, mine eyes with tears. Where can I better vent my full oppressed bosom, than into thine, whose faithful lips may for these few hours revive my drooping, wandering spirits, and here begin to wipe tears from mine eyes, and the eyes of my dearest children?

Truth. Sweet daughter of the God of Peace, begin, pour out thy sorrowes, vent thy complaints; how joyful am I to improve these precious minutes to revive our hearts, both thine and mine, and the hearts of all that love the Truth and Peace, Zach. viii.

Peace. Dear Truth, I know thy birth, thy nature, thy delight. They that know thee, will prize thee far above themselves and lives, and sell themselves to buy thee. Well spake that famous Elizabeth to her famous attorney, Sir Edward Coke: "Mr. Attorney, go on as thou hast begun, and still plead, not *pro Domina Regina*, but *pro Domina Veritate*.

Truth. 'Tis true, my crown is high, my sceptres strong to break down strongest holds, to throw down highest crowns of all that plead (though but in thought) against me. Some few there are, but oh, how few are valiant for the Truth and dare to plead my cause, as my witnesses in sackcloth, Revel. ii. While all men's tongues are bent like boughs to shoot out lying words against me!

Peace. Oh, how could I spend eternal days and endless dates at thy holy feet, in listening to the precious oracles of thy mouth. All the words of thy mouth are Truth, and there is no iniquity in them. Thy lips drop as the honeycomb. But oh! since we must part anon, let us (as thou saidst) im-

* Mr. Elton was led to the knowledge of these letters by Mr. Bancroft the historian, and copied them from the original MSS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

† Elton's Life, 114.

‡ It was first published in the Rhode Island Book in 1840.

§ George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes, or an Offer of Disputation, on fourteen Proposalls made this last Summer, 1672, (so call'd), unto G. Fox, then present on Rode Island, in New England, by R. W. As also how (G. Fox silly departing) the Disputation went on, being managed three Dayes at Newport on Rode Island, and one Day at Providence, between John Stubbs, John Burnet, and William Edmundson, on the one Part, and R. W. on the other. In which many Quotations out of G. Fox and Ed. Burrowes Book in Folio are alledged. With an Appendix, of some Scores of G. F., his simple lame Answers to his Opposites in that Book quoted and replied to, by R. W. of Providence in N. E. Boston, printed by John Foster, 1676.

‖ See Memoir of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State of Rhode Island, by James D. Knowles, for much careful historical investigation on this and other points. Mr. J. R. Bartlett has given an account of Edmundson's book, printed in London 1713, in some Early Notices of Rhode Island, in the *Providence Journal* for 1855.

prove our minutes, and (according as thou promisedst) revive me with thy words, which are sweeter than the honey, and the honeycomb.

CONCLUSION.

Peace. We have now (dear Truth) through the gracious hand of God clambered up to the top of this our tedious discourse.

Truth. Oh, 'tis mercy unexpressible that either thou or I have had so long a breathing time, and that together!

Peace. If English ground must yet be drunk with English blood, oh, where shall Peace repose her wearied head and heavy heart?

Truth. Dear Peace, if thou find welcome, and the God of peace miraculously please to quench these all-devouring flames, yet where shall Truth find rest from cruel persecutions?

Peace. Oh, will not the authority of holy scriptures, the commands and declarations of the Son of God, therein produced by thee, together with all the lamentable experiences of former and present slaughters, prevail with the sons of men (especially with the sons of Peace) to depart from the dens of lions, and mountains of leopards, and to put on the bowels (if not of Christianity, yet) of humanity each to other!

Truth. Dear Peace, Habacuck's fishes keep their constant bloody game of persecutions in the world's mighty ocean; the greater taking, plundering, swallowing up the lesser: O happy he whose portion is the God of Jacob! Who hath nothing to lose under the sun, but hath a state, a house, an inheritance, a name, a crown, a life, past all the plunderers, ravishers, murtherers reach and fury!

Peace. But lo! Who's here?

Truth. Our sister Patience, whose desired company is as needful as delightful! 'Tis like the wolf will send the scattered sheep in one: the common pirate gathers up the loose and scattered navy! the slaughter of the witnesses by that bloody beast unites the Independents and Presbyterians. The God of Peace, the God of Truth will shortly seal this truth, and confirm this witness, and make it evident to the whole world,

That the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience, is most evidently and lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus the Prince of Peace. Amen.

PLEA FOR JOHN CLARKE.

The first is peace, commonly called among all men, the King's Peace, among ourselves and among all the King's subjects and friends, in this country and wheresoever: and, further, at our agent's most reasonable petition, the King prohibits all his subjects to act any hostility toward our Natives inhabiting with us without our consent, which hath hitherto been otherwise practiced to our continual and great grievance and disturbance.

The second jewel is Liberty. The first, of our spirits, which neither Old nor New England knows the like, nor no part of the world a greater.

2d. Liberty of our persons; no life, no limb taken from us, no corporeal punishment, no restraint but by known laws and agreements of our own making.

3. Liberty of our Estates, horses, cattle, lands, goods, not a penny to be taken by any rate from us, without every man's free debate by his deputies, chosen by himself, and sent to the General Assembly.

4. Liberty of society or corporation, of sending or being sent to the General Assembly, of choosing and being chosen to all offices and of making or repealing all laws and constitutions among us.

5. A liberty, which other charters have not, to wit, of attending to the laws of England, with a favorable mitigation, viz. not absolutely, but respecting our wilderness estate and condition.

I confess it were to be wished, that these dainties might have fallen from God, and the King, like showers and dews and manna from heaven, gratis and free, like a joyful harvest or vintage, without any pains of our husbandry; but since the most holy God, the first Cause, hath ordered second causes and means and agents and instruments, it is no more honest for us to withdraw in this case, than for men to come to an Ordinary and to call for the best wine and liquor, the best meats roast and baked, the best attendance, &c., and to be able to pay for all and yet most unworthily steal away and not discharge the reckoning.

My second witness is Common Gratitude, famous among all mankind, yea, among brute beasts, even the wildest and fiercest, for kindness received. It is true, Mr. Clarke might have a just respect to his own and the peace and liberty of his friends of his own persuasion. But I believe the weight that turned the scale with him was the truth of God, viz. a just liberty to all men's spirits in spiritual matters, together with the peace and prosperity of the whole colony. This, I know, put him upon incredible pains and travail, straits and anguish, day and night, himself and his friends and ours, which I believe a great sum of money would not hire him to wade through the like again. I will not trouble you with the allowances, payments, and gratuities of other colonies in like cases. Only let me present you with a famous story out of our English records. Henry the Third, as I remember, fell out with the city of London, took away their charter and set a governor over them, which brought many evils and sorrows on them. But Doctor Redman, so called, pacified the King's anger and procured a restitution of their charter, though with great charges and payments of moneys. Now while this Redman lived, they honored him as a father and heaped all possible gratuities upon him; and when he died they decreed that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and chief citizens, should yearly and solemnly visit his tomb, which mine eyes have seen performed in the public walks in Paul's, and I presume, it is practised to this day. I will not trouble you with the application of this story, but present you with my third Witness of the fairness of this matter, which is Christianity, which we all pretend to, though in various and different persuasions. This witness soars high above Common justice and Common gratitude, yea, above all religions. This not only speaks home for due payment and due thankfulness, but of doing good for evil, of paying blessing for cursing, of praying for enemies and persecutors, of selling houses and lands, yea, of laying down lives for others. Common justice would not, Common gratitude would not, least of all will Christianity, employ a public messenger unto a mighty King and there leave him to shift for his living and means to go through so high a service, nor leave him to shift for moneys and to mortgage his house and lands to carry on our business and thus to forfeit and lose them; and lost they are, as all must see, except a speedy redemption save them. Shall we say we are christians, yea but ingenuous or just men, to ride securely, in a troublous sea and time, by a new cable and anchor of Mr. Clarke's procuring and to be so far from satisfying his engagement about them, that we turn him adrift to languish and sink, with his back broke, for putting under his shoulder, to ease us. "Which of you," said Christ Jesus to his enemies, "will see an ox or a sheep fall into a pit and not pull it out on the Sab-

bath day?" What beast can labor harder, in ploughing, drawing, or carrying, than Mr. Clarke hath done so long a time, and with so little provender? Shall we now, when he looks for rest at night, tumble him by our neglects into a ditch of sadness, grief, poverty, and ruin?

* * * * * * *

If we wholly neglect this business, what will become of our credit? Rhode-Island, in the Greek language, is an Isle of Roses, and so the King's Majesty was pleased to resent it; and his honorable commissioners in their last letter to the Massachusetts from the eastward, gave Rhode-Island and this whole colony an honorable testimony which is like to be pointed to the view of the whole world. Shall we now turn our roses into hemlock and our fragrant ointment into carrion? Our own names, in a righteous way, ought to be more precious to us than thousands of gold or silver, how much infinitely more precious, the name of the most Holy and most High and his holy truth of soul-liberty amongst us.

JOHN CLARKE,

The friend of Roger Williams, was one of the earliest authors of Rhode Island. He was born in 1609, and is supposed to have been a native of Bedfordshire. He was educated as a physician. Soon after his emigration to Massachusetts he publicly claimed, with Roger Williams, full license for religious belief. He was one of the eighteen, who on the seventh of March 1637-8, having formed themselves into an association, purchased Aquetneck and became the Founders of Rhode Island. In 1644, he formed and became the pastor of the Baptist Church at Newport, a charge he retained until his death. In 1649 he was treasurer of the colony. In 1651 he visited his friends at Lynn, and while preaching there on the forenoon of Sunday, July 20, was arrested, compelled to attend meeting in the afternoon, and on the 31st, after trial, condemned to pay a fine of twenty pounds. He wrote from prison proposing a discussion of his theological principles, a course which had been suggested by the judge, Endicott, in passing sentence; but the challenge was not taken up, and Clarke soon after paying his fine, was ordered to leave the colony. In 1651 he went with Roger Williams on an embassy to England, where he remained until he obtained the second charter of the colony dated July 8, 1663. He published in London in 1652, *Ill News from New England.** It contains a narrative of his difficulties and a discussion of various theological points, with an inculcation of the great doctrine of toleration. The work is reprinted in the last volume (second of the fourth series) of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it occupies 113 octavo pages. Its style is diffuse, the sentences being of intolerable length, but is in general animated, and passages occasionally occur which approach to eloquence.

After his return, Clarke was elected for three successive years deputy governor of the colony. He died at Newport in 1676, childless, and by his will, directed the annual income produced by his farm (which has amounted to about $200*) to be given to the poor, and employed for the promotion of religion and learning. The same instrument bears testimony to his learning as well as charity, as he also bequeathes "to his dear friend" Richard Bailey, his Hebrew and Greek books, with a Concordance and Lexicon written by himself. He also left a paper expressing his Calvinistic belief.

* Ill News from New England, or a Narrative of New England's Persecution, wherein is declared that while old England is becoming new, New England is become old. Also four proposals to the Honoured Parliament and Council of State, touching the way to Propagate the Gospel of Christ (with small charge and great safety), both in Old England and New. Also four conclusions touching the faith and order of the Gospel of Christ, out of his last Will and Testament, confirmed and justified.

SAMUEL GORTON.

Samuel Gorton was born in the town of Gorton, England, where his ancestors had resided for many generations. "I was not brought up," he says, in a letter written to Nathaniel Morton, the annalist, "in the schools of human learning, and I bless God that I never was." In his address to Charles the Second, in 1679, he speaks of "his mother," the Church of England, but in 1636 we find him emigrating from the city of London, where he was engaged in business as a clothier, to Boston, that he might "enjoy liberty of conscience, in respect to faith towards God, and for no other end." After a short residence in Boston, not finding the theology there prevalent to his taste, he removed to Plymouth, where his wife's servant, having smiled in church, "was threatened with banishment from the colony as a common vagabond."† Gorton incurred odium by his defence of the offender, which was increased by his success as a preacher in drawing off hearers from the Plymouth church. This was peculiarly distasteful to the pastor, the Rev. Ralph Smith, who was instrumental in his arraignment and conviction on the charge of heresy. The court, Gorton says, "proceeded to fine and imprisonment, together with sentence given, that my family should depart out of my own hired house within the space of fourteen days, upon the penalty of another great sum of money (besides my fine paid), and their further wrath and displeasure, which time to depart fell to be in a mighty storm of snow as I have seen in the country; my wife being turned out of doors in the said storm . . . . . and myself to travel in the wilderness I knew not whither, the people comforting my wife and children when I was gone with this, that it was impossible for me to come alive to any plantation."‡ This was in the winter of 1637–8.

He removed to Aquetneck, or Rhode Island, where he soon became involved in difficulty about "a small trespass of swine." He was brought before the governor, Coddington, who ordered, "You that are for the king, lay hold on Gorton." He again, on the other side, called forth, "All you that are for the king, lay hold on Coddington." He was whipped and banished from the island.

He next removed to Providence, where, in January, 1642, he purchased land at Pawtuxet. Here he was followed, as at his previous residences, by those who sympathized with his doctrines. He

* Allen's Biog. Dict. 1836.

† Life of Gorton, by John M. Mackie, a work to which we are chiefly indebted in the preparation of this article. It is one of the series of American Biographies edited by Jared Sparks.

‡ Letter to Nath. Morton.

soon took part, with his usual warmth, in a dispute between the inhabitants of the settlements at Moshassuck and Pawtuxet. His opponents, in the absence of any chartered government of their own colony, applied to Massachusetts Bay for assistance. That colony answered that they had "no calling or warrant to interfere in their contentions." A second application in September, 1642, was construed into an admission of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay, and Gorton was summoned to Boston. He returned a reply on the 20th of November, denying the jurisdiction of the "men of Massachusetts," in which he was clearly in the right; and again removed in 1642 to lands purchased at Shawomet, from a sachem called Miantonomo. It was not long, however, before two inferior sachems, acknowledging the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, were instigated to claim the purchased lands as their property. The inhabitants of Shawomet were cited to appear at Boston to answer the complaint of these sachems. On their refusal to do so an armed commission was sent to settle the affair. The negotiations failed, and Gorton finally consented to appear, with his followers, at Boston. On their arrival the question of the title to the lands was dropped, and they were tried for heresy. Gorton was convicted, and, narrowly escaping the punishment of death, was sentenced to "be confined to Charlestown, there to be set on work, and to wear such bolts or irons, as may hinder his escape, and to continue during the pleasure of the court." In case he should preach or publish his doctrines he was to be put to death. In January, 1644, this punishment was commuted to banishment. Gorton repaired with his followers to Aquetneck, where they persuaded the sachems to deed their lands, and place themselves under the protection of the English crown. In the same year he sailed from New Amsterdam for England, where he published, in 1646, his tract, entitled *Simplicitie's Defence against Seven-Headed Policy*. He also preached on several occasions to large audiences. He returned in 1648 to Boston, with a letter from the Earl of Warwick, requesting that he might be allowed to pass through Massachusetts unmolested, and on his arrival at Shawomet, named the place Warwick, in acknowledgment of this and other services from that nobleman. He had secured, while in England, the protection of the government, and passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity. He died at an advanced age in the latter part of the year 1677, leaving several children, one of whom, Samuel, lived to the age of ninety-four. His sect seems to have survived him about a century, as President Stiles, of Yale College, remarks, in his manuscript diary on visiting at Providence, November 18, 1771, Mr. John Angell, aged eighty years:—"He is a Gortonist, and the only one I have seen. Gorton lives now only in him; his only disciple left."

In addition to "Simplicitie's Defence," a tract of one hundred and eleven pages quarto, which was reprinted in 1647, and has also been republished in the second volume of the Transactions of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Gorton wrote a commentary on the one hundred and tenth psalm, with the title of *An Incorruptible Key, composed of the cx. Psalm, wherewith you may Open the rest of the Holy Scriptures*, 1647, pp. 240; *Saltmarsh returned from the Dead*, a commentary on the General Epistle of James, 4to. pp. 198; and *An Antidote against the common Plague of the World*, a commentary on the denunciations of the scribes and pharisees in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. A MS. commentary on chapter vi. 9–13 of the same Gospel, in 130 folio pages, is preserved in the library of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

Edward Johnson is supposed to have emigrated to New England with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He was a prominent man in the organization of the town and church of Woburn in 1642, was chosen its representative in 1643, and annually re-elected, with the exception of the year 1648, until 1671. He held the office of recorder of the town from its incorporation until his death in 1682. His *Wonder Working Providence of Sion's Saviour, in New England*, is a history of the country "from the English planting in the year 1628 until the year 1652." It was published in London in 1654, and reprinted in the second series of the Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., where it forms about 230 pages. It is somewhat rambling and diffuse in style and matter, and contains a number of verses on various New England worthies, of which the following, on Hooker, is an average specimen.

Come, Hooker, come forth of thy native soil;
Christ, I will run, says Hooker, thou hast set
My feet at large, here spend thy last day's toil;
Thy rhetoric shall people's affections whet.

Thy golden tongue and pen Christ caus'd to be
The blazing of his golden truths profound,
Thou sorry worm, it's Christ wrought this in thee;
What Christ hath wrought must needs be very sound.

Then look on Hooker's works, they follow him
To grave, this worthy resteth there awhile:
Die shall he not that hath Christ's warrior been;
Much less Christ's truth, cheer'd by his people's toil.

Thou angel bright, by Christ for light now made;
Throughout the world as seasoning salt to be,
Although in dust thy body mouldering fade,
Thy Head's in heaven, and hath a crown for thee.

The opening of his preface is pithily expressed,

Good Reader: As large gates to small edifices, so are long prefaces to little books; therefore I will briefly inform thee that here thou shalt find the time *when*, the manner *how*, the cause *why*, and the great success *which* it hath pleased the Lord to give to this handful of his praising saints in N. Eng., &c.

JOHN ELIOT,

The "Apostle to the Indians," was born at Nasing, County of Essex, England, in 1604, and educated, like many of the early New England divines, at Cambridge. He was afterwards usher to Hooker in his grammar-school at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex. He emigrated to New England in 1631, arriving in Boston harbor on the ninth of November. He was soon

after followed by a young lady to whom he had been betrothed in England, and on her arrival they were married. He had commenced preaching before he left England, and had promised the friends to whom he officiated that if they would come to New England he would maintain the same relation to them in the new as in the old home. They did so, and settling at Roxbury chose him as their pastor.

Eliot was intrusted, in company with Welde and Richard Mather, with the preparation of the metrical version of the Psalms published in 1640, and known as the "Old Bay Psalm Book."

In 1646 an order was passed requesting the elders of the churches to take into consideration the subject of the conversion of the Indians. Eliot, who had some time before this commenced the study of the Indian language with a native, "a pregnant-witted young man," who could speak English, and was especially interested in the race from his belief that they were the long lost tribes of Israel, came forward to respond to the call. Notice was given of his intention, and on the 28th of October, 1646, he proceeded with three others to address for the first time in history, the North American Indians on the subject of Christianity. The text of his sermon delivered in English, and translated sentence by sentence by an interpreter, was from Ezekiel xxxvii. 9, 10.* It was an hour and a quarter long, but listened to with attention by its auditors. A conversation followed, in which the Indians propounded several questions on the topics of the discourse, and expressed a wish to live together in a town.

A second assembly was held a fortnight after, when Eliot addressed them in their own language. Other meetings followed, and a settlement of "praying Indians," as they were styled, was formed, called Nonantum. The Indians assembled, lived in accordance with the instructions they had received, and labored diligently for their subsistence, under the instructions of their missionary, who taught them the use of farming tools.

A second effort was made at Neponset, within the town of Dorchester, and with similar success. The Indians at Concord, Pawtucket, and on Cape Cod, were also visited and addressed by Eliot.

Two tracts, *The Day Breaking, if not the Sun Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England*, by an anonymous author (probably the Rev. John Wilson, of Boston), and *The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians in New England*, by the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, were published in England in 1647 and 1648. The accounts they gave of these transactions were read with interest, and an appeal was made to Parliament for aid in the cause, which resulted in the formation in 1649 of a corporation, "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England." Money was collected and transmitted to preachers and teachers among the Indians. On the Restoration, in 1660, the society was preserved from extinction by the exertions of the Hon. Robert Boyle, who was made its president. This distinguished man took a deep interest in Eliot's efforts. He maintained a correspondence with him, portions of which have been published in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and by his influence obtained an annual stipend of fifty pounds from the Society for the missionary.

Meanwhile Eliot was instructing the Indians in Christianity and civilization; and in 1651, founded the Indian town of Natick, eighteen miles southwest of Boston. He framed laws for the inhabitants, which were an exact copy of those of the Pentateuch. In 1660, a church was formed, and the Indian converts, having given sufficient testimony of the sincerity of their faith to satisfy the prudent and practical missionary, were admitted to the Holy Communion.

In a letter written to Winslow, in 1649, Eliot had expressed his desire to translate "some part of the scriptures" into the Indian tongue. In 1651 we find by a letter written by him to England, that he was engaged on the task, but with "no hope to see the Bible translated, much less printed, in my days." He, however, kept steadily at work, and the society in England supplying funds, the New Testament in the Indian language, commenced in 1658 at the first press set up in the colony at Harvard, was published in September, 1661. In 1663, the Old Testament was added to it, a catechism and translation of the Bay Psalm Book being included in the volume. A dedication to the king was prefixed to the copies sent to England, but to few of those circulated at home.

This Bible was printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson. It was the first, and for nearly a century after, the only version of the Scriptures published in the colonies. A second edition of the New Testament appeared in 1680, and of the Old in 1685. Two thousand copies were printed of these, and fifteen hundred, it is estimated, of the former editions. Eliot received no remuneration for his labor, and contributed from his small salary to defray the expense of publication. The translation is written in a dialect of the Mohegan tongue, which has long since become extinct. The work has been of great service to the students of the Indian languages, and although it has proved, by the dispersion of those for whom it was designed, of less practical benefit than its author anticipated, it must ever be honored as a monument of Christian zeal, patient toil, and earnest scholarship.

Eliot published in 1664 a translation of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted in the Indian language, and in 1666 an Indian grammar. Several communities of Christian Indians had been formed, who were progressing satisfactorily in a life in accordance with their profession, when an interruption occurred to their advance, which proved eventually fatal to their existence. This was King Philip's war. The "praying Indians" suffered from the hatred of the red men, as well as from the distrust of the white, and at the close of the contest many of their communities had been broken up.

Eliot had, throughout the whole period of his Indian labors, retained his connexion with Rox-

* Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, Prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came upon them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great array.

bury, and had also found time to prepare several short religious treatises. He died at the age of eighty-six, on the 20th of May, 1690.

Eliot's Indian grammar, and his letters to the Hon. Robert Boyle, have been reprinted in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. His other writings are *The Christian Commonwealth*, a treatise on government, framed from the Scriptures for his Indian converts, which he published in London in 1654, with a preface recommending its adoption to the people of England;* *The Communion of Churches; or the Divine Management of Gospel Churches by the Ordinance of Councils, constituted in Order, according to the Scriptures*, a tract published in 1665; and a volume of one hundred and thirty-one pages, published in 1678, entitled, *The Harmony of the Gospels in the holy History of the Humiliation and Sufferings of Jesus Christ, from his Incarnation to his Death and Burial.*

In addition to the translations already mentioned, he published in 1685 a version of the "Practice of Piety," a popular devotional work, written by Lewis Bayly, chaplain to James I., and Bishop of Bangor, from 1616 to his death in 1632, and in 1688, of two tracts by Thomas Shepard, "The Sincere Convert," and "The Sound Believer." He also published an Indian primer.

In his intercourse with his parishioners, and in his private life, Eliot was remarkable for mildness, meekness, and generosity. He combined with the latter virtue a total forgetfulness of self, and his household affairs would often have been in sorry plight, had he not had a good wife who shared his old age as she had his youth, to look after them. She one day, by way of a joke, pointing out their cows before the door, asked him whose they were, and found that he did not know. The treasurer of his church paying him a portion of his salary on one occasion, tied the coin in the pastor's pocket-handkerchief with an abundance of knots, as a check to his freedom of disbursement in charity. On his way home, the good man stopped to visit a destitute family, and was soon tugging at the knots to get at his money. Quickly growing impatient he gave the whole to the mother of the family, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you." He showed an equally liberal disregard of self in his dealings with his congregation, proposing in place of the usual rate or tax by which the clergy was supported, to depend for his maintenance on the voluntary contributions of his congregation, and towards the close of his life suggested the appointment of an assistant, on whom he offered to bestow his entire salary. His congregation answered, that they would count his very presence worth a salary, when he should be so superannuated as to do no further service to them.

The last years of his life were much occupied with endeavors to promote education among the negroes who had been introduced into the country. "He did not live," says Mather,† "to make much progress in the undertaking."

Extremely simple and frugal in his personal habits, though by no means ascetic, he opposed violently the use of tobacco, and with Puritan consistency, the wearing of long hair or of wigs.

Out of six children, but two survived him. "My desire was," he said of the others, "that they should have served God on earth; but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object against it, but his will be done."

Eliot's life has been written by Convers Francis, in Sparks's American Biography, occupying an entire volume of that series. Mather devotes many pages of the Magnalia to the record of his good words and works—pithily and quaintly remarking of him, that "he was a Boniface as well as a Benedict," and gives us a report, "writ from him as he uttered it," of one of his sermons, "a paraphrase that I have heard himself to make upon that Scripture, 'Our conversation is in heaven."

> Behold, said he, the ancient and excellent character of a true Christian; 'tis that which Peter calls "holiness in all manner of conversation;" you shall not find a Christian out of the way of godly conversation. For, first, a *seventh part* of our time is all spent in heaven, when we are duly zealous for, and zealous on the Sabbath of God. Besides, God has written on the head of the Sabbath, REMEMBER, which looks both forwards and backwards, and thus a good part of the week will be spent in sabbatizing. Well, but for the rest of our time! Why, we shall have that spent in heaven, ere we have done. For, secondly, we have many days for both fasting and thanksgiving in our pilgrimage; and here are so many Sabbaths more. Moreover, thirdly, we have our lectures every week; and pious people won't miss them, if they can help it. Furthermore, fourthly, we have our private meetings, wherein we pray, and sing, and repeat sermons, and confer together about the things of God; and being now come thus far, we are in heaven almost every day. But a little farther, fifthly, we perform family-duties every day; we have our morning and evening sacrifices, wherein having read the Scriptures to our families, we call upon the name of God, and ever now and then carefully catechise those that are under our charge. Sixthly, we shall also have our daily devotions in our closets; wherein unto *supplication* before the Lord, we shall add some serious *meditation* upon his word: a David will be at this work no less than thrice a day. Seventhly, we have likewise many scores of *ejaculations* in a day; and these we have, like Nehemiah, in whatever place we come into. Eighthly, we have our occasional *thoughts* and our occasional *talks* upon spiritual matters; and we have our occasional acts of *charity*, wherein we do like the inhabitants of heaven every day. Ninthly, in our callings, in our *civil* callings, we keep up heavenly frames; we buy and sell, and toil; yea, we eat and drink, with some eye both to the *command* and the *honor* of God in all. Behold, I have not now left an inch of time to be carnal; it is all engrossed for heaven. And yet, lest here should not be enough, lastly, we have our *spiritual warfare*. We are always encountering the enemies of our souls, which continually raises our hearts unto our Helper and Leader in the heavens. Let no man say, "'Tis impossible to live at this rate;" for we have known some *live* thus; and others that have written of such a life have but spun a web out of their own blessed experiences. New England has example of

* It is reprinted in the third series of the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Soc., volume ix.

† Mather's Magnalia.

this life: though, alas! 'tis to be lamented that the distractions of the world, in too many professors, do becloud the beauty of an heavenly conversation. In fine, our employment lies in heaven. In the morning, if we ask, "Where am I to be to-day?" our souls must answer, "In heaven." In the evening, if we ask, "Where have I been to-day?" our souls may answer, "In heaven." If thou art a believer, thou art no stranger to heaven while thou livest; and when thou diest, heaven will be no strange place to thee; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before.

Gookin, in his Historical Collections of the Indians, gives this pleasing picture of Eliot's teaching:—

Besides his preaching to them, he framed two catechisms in the Indian tongue, containing the principles of the Christian religion; a lesser for children, and a larger for older persons. These also he communicated unto the Indians gradually, a few questions at a time, according unto their capacity to receive them. The questions he propounded one lecture day, were answered the next lecture day. His manner was, after he had begun the meeting with prayer, then first to catechise the children; and they would readily answer well for the generality. Then would he encourage them with some small gift, as an apple, or a small biscuit, which he caused to be bought for the purpose. And, by this prudence and winning practice, the children were induced with delight to get into their memories the principles of the Christian religion. After he had done the children, then would he take the answers of the catechetical questions of the elder persons; and they did generally answer judiciously. When the catechizing was past, he would preach to them upon some portion of scripture, for about three quarters of an hour; and then give liberty to the Indians to propound questions, as I intimated before; and in the close, finish all with prayer.

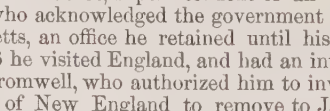
Daniel Gookin, a native of Kent, in England, was among the early settlers of Virginia, and in 1644 removed to Cambridge, in consequence of his doctrinal sympathies with the New England Puritans. He was soon appointed captain of the military company of the town, and a member of the House of Deputies. In 1652 he was elected assistant or magistrate, and appointed in 1656 by the General Court, superintendent of all the Indians who acknowledged the government of Massachusetts, an office he retained until his death. In 1656 he visited England, and had an interview with Cromwell, who authorized him to invite the people of New England to remove to Jamaica, then recently conquered from Spain. In 1662 he was appointed one of the two licensers of the Cambridge printing-press. His work, *Historical Collections of the Indians in New England*, bears date 1674. The breaking out of King Philip's war soon after, led to the passage of several measures against the Natick and other Indians who had submitted to the English. Gookin was the only magistrate who joined Eliot in opposing these proceedings, and, consequently, subjected himself to reproaches from his fellow-magistrates and insult in the public streets. He took an active part on the side of the people against the measures which terminated in the withdrawal of the charter of the colony, in 1686. He died the next year, so poor, that we find John Eliot soon after soliciting a gift of ten pounds from Robert Boyle, for his widow.

There is an account of Gookin in the first volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collections, appended to the reprint of his Collections of the Indians—one of the most pleasing of the original narratives of the aborigines.

It was by Eliot's influence that an attempt was made to educate Indian youths with reference to Harvard, which encouraged the work. The plan, however, proved unsuccessful. The health of some of the students failed, and the courage of others; a number fell off to different occupations. The name of one graduate is on the catalogue of the University, of the year 1665, "Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck Indus." He soon afterwards died of consumption. Gookin speaks of another, "a good scholar and a pious man, as I judge," who, within a few months of the time of taking his degree, made a voyage to his relatives at Martha's Vineyard, and was drowned by shipwreck or murdered by the savages on his return. At a later day, in 1714, an Indian student of Harvard, named Larnel, spoken of as "an extraordinary Latin poet and a good Greek one," died during his college course.*

THOMAS SHEPARD.

Thomas Shepard, a writer whose reputation has been among the most permanent of his brethren of the early New England clergy, was born at Towcester, near Northampton, England, in 1605, and educated at Emanuel college, Cambridge. On obtaining the degree of Master of Arts, he became a preacher at Earls Coln, in Essex, where a *lecture*† had been established by endowment for



three years. His services proved so acceptable to the people, that at the expiration of the time they raised a voluntary subscription for his support, and he remained among them until silenced not long after for non-conformity.

After passing some time "with the kind family of the Harlakendens,"‡ he removed to Buttercrambe, near York, where he resided in the family of Sir Richard Darby, whose daughter he married, and preached in the neighborhood, until again silenced. After a third attempt, at Heddon, in Northumberland,§ with like result, he

* Mass. Hist. Soc. Col., First Series, i. 173. Quincy's Hist. of Harvard, i. 444.

† These lectures were originally established by benevolent persons, as a provision for spiritual instruction in large or destitute parishes, to aid the established clergy, and in connexion with the national church.

‡ The second son of Mr. Harlakenden, Roger, accompanied Shepard to New England, settled with him at Cambridge, and died at the early age of twenty-seven. "He was," says Winthrop, "a very godly man, and of good use, both in the commonwealth and in the church. He was buried with military honor, because he was lieutenant-colonel. He left behind a virtuous gentlewoman and two daughters. He died in great peace, and left a sweet memorial behind him of his piety and virtue. Young's Chron. Mass. Bay, 517.

§ According to Mather, he hired a house in this place which

resolved to emigrate to New England. He embarked with Cotton at Yarmouth, at the close of the year 1634. The vessel, encountering a storm in Yarmouth roads, returned to port in a disabled condition. Passing a few months in retirement, he again sailed in July from Gravesend, "in a bottom too decayed and feeble indeed for such a voyage; but yet well accomodated with the society of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Jones, and other christians, which more significantly made good the name of the ship, the Defence."* The vessel sprang a leak, which was, however, got under, and Mr. Shepard landed in New England on the third of October. On the first of the following February he succeeded Mr. Hooker as minister at Cambridge, where he remained until his death, at the early age of forty-four years, August 25th, 1649.

"The published composures of this laborious person," to use Cotton Mather's phrase, were, *Theses Sabbaticæ; The Matter of the Visible Church; The Church Membership of Little Children;* a letter entitled, *New England's Lamentation for Old England's Errours;* several sermons; *The Sincere Convert; The Sound Believer;* and the *Parable of the Ten Virgins Opened*, published after his death in a folio volume. The two last mentioned of these works, with his Meditations and Spiritual Experience, and a treatise on Evangelical Conversion, have been reprinted in England within the last quarter of a century, in a popular form.

Shepard left an autobiography, which remained unpublished until 1832, when it was printed for the use of the Shepard Congregational Society at Cambridge. It is also printed in the Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, collected and edited by the Rev. Alexander Young, where it occupies fifty-eight octavo pages.

It is written in a simple, earnest style, and is occupied in a great measure with an account of his spiritual experiences, reminding us somewhat of John Bunyan. He received the name of the doubting Apostle, he tells us, because he was born "upon the fifth day of November, called the Powder Treason day, and that very hour of the day wherein the Parliament should have been blown up by Popish priests, which occasioned my father to give me this name Thomas; because he said, I would hardly *believe* that ever any such wickedness should be attempted by men against so religious and good a Parliament." Speaking of his proposed removal to Coggeshall, he introduces an anecdote of Thomas Hooker. "Mr. Hooker only did object to my going thither; for being but young and unexperienced, and there being an old, yet shy and malicious minister in the town, who did seem to give way to have it (the lecture) there, did therefore say it was dangerous and uncomfortable for little birds to build under the nests of old ravens and kites."

One of the most noticeable passages of the work is the account of the shipwreck off Yarmouth.

In the year 1634, about the beginning of the winter, we set sail from Harwich. And having gone some few leagues on to the sea, the wind stopped us that night, and so we cast anchor in a dangerous place, and on the morning the wind grew fierce, and rough against us full, and drave us toward the sands. But the vessel being laden too heavy at the head, would not stir for all that which the seamen could do, but drave us full upon the sands near Harwich harbour; and the ship did grate upon the sands, and was in great danger. But the Lord directed one man to cut some cable or rope in the ship, and so she was turned about, and was beaten quite backward toward Yarmouth, quite out of our way.

But while the ship was in this great danger, a wonderful miraculous providence did appear to us. For, one of the seamen, that he might save the vessel, fell in when it was in that danger, and so was carried out a mile or more from the ship, and given for dead and gone. The ship was then in such danger, that none could attend to follow him; and when it was out of the danger, it was a very great hazard to the lives of any that should take the skiff to seek to find him. Yet it pleased the Lord, that being discerned afar off floating upon the waters, three of the seamen adventured out upon the rough waters, and at last, about an hour after he fell into the sea (as we conjectured), they came and found him floating upon the waters, never able to swim, but supported by a divine hand all this while. When the men came to him, they were glad to find him, but concluded he was dead, and so got him into the skiff, and when he was there, tumbled him down as one dead. Yet one of them said to the rest, "Let us use what means we can, if there be life, to preserve it;" and thereupon turned his head downward for the water to run out. And having done so, the fellow began to gasp and breathe. Then they applied other means they had: and so he began at last to move, and then to speak, and by that time he came to the ship, he was pretty well, and able to walk. And so the Lord showed us his great power. Whereupon a godly man in the ship then said, "This man's danger and deliverance is a type of ours; for he did fear dangers were near unto us, and that yet the Lord's power should be shown in saving of us."

For so, indeed, it was. For the wind did drive us quite backward out of our way, and gave us no place to anchor at until we came unto Yarmouth roads—an open place at sea, yet fit for anchorage, but otherwise a very dangerous place. And so we came thither through many uncomfortable hazards, within thirty hours, and cast anchor in Yarmouth roads. Which when we had done, upon a Saturday morning, the Lord sent a most dreadful and terrible storm of wind from the west, so dreadful that to this day the seamen call it *Windy Saturday;* that it also scattered many ships on divers coasts at that time, and divers ships were cast away. One among the rest, which was the seaman's ship who came with us from Newcastle, was cast away, and he and all his men perished. But when the wind thus arose, the master cast all his anchors; but the storm was so terrible, that the anchors broke, and the ship drave toward the sands, where we could not but be cast away. Whereupon the master cries out that we were dead men, and thereupon the whole company go to prayer. But the vessel still drave so near to the sands, that the master shot off two pieces of ordnance to the town, for help to save the passengers. The town perceived it, and thousands came upon

had been last tenanted by a witch, and performed prodigies in the allaying of strange noises, as he had previously silenced the sound of a great bell tolling at two o'clock at night at the Harlakenders' homestead. Shepard himself says, "When we came into it (the house), a known witch came out of it; and being troubled with noises four or five nights together, we sought God by prayer to remove so sore a trial; and the Lord heard and blessed us there and removed the trouble."

* Mather.

the walls of Yarmouth, and looked upon us, hearing we were New-England men, and pitied much, and gave us for gone, because they saw other ships perishing near unto us at that time; but could not send any help unto us, though much money was offered by some to hazard themselves for us.

So the master not knowing what to do, it pleased the Lord that there was one Mr. Cock, a drunken fellow, but no seaman, yet one that had been at sea often, and would come in a humor unto New England with us; whether it was to see the country, or no, I cannot tell. But sure I am, God intended it for good unto us, to make him an instrument to save all our lives; for he persuaded the master to cut down his mainmast. The master was unwilling to it, and besotted, not sensible of ours and his own loss. At last this Cock calls for hatchets, tells the master, "If you be a man, save the lives of your passengers, cut down your mainmast." Hereupon he encouraged all the company, who were forlorn and hopeless of life: and the seamen presently cut down the mast aboard, just at that very time wherein we all gave ourselves for gone, to see neither Old nor New England, nor faces of friends any more, there being near upon two hundred passengers in the ship. And so when the mast was down, the master had one little anchor left, and cast it out. But the ship was driven away toward the sands still; and the seamen came to us, and bid us look, pointing to the place, where our graves should shortly be, conceiving also that the wind had broke off this anchor also. So the master professed he had done what he could, and therefore now desired us to go to prayer. So Mr. Norton in one place, and myself in another part of the ship, he with the passengers, and myself with the mariners above decks, went to prayer, and committed our souls and bodies unto the Lord that gave them.

Immediately after prayer, the wind began to abate, and the ship stayed. For the last anchor was not broke, as we conceived, but only rent up with the wind, and so drave, and was drawn along, ploughing the sands with the violence of the wind; which abating after prayer, though still very terrible, the ship was stopped just when it was ready to be swallowed up of the sands, a very little way off from it. And so we rid it out; yet not without fear of our lives, though the anchor stopped the ship; because the cable was let out so far, that a little rope held the cable, and the cable the little anchor, and the little anchor the great ship, in this great storm. But when one of the company perceived that we were so strangely preserved, had these words, "That thread we hang by will save us;" for so we accounted of the rope fastened to the anchor in comparison of the fierce storm. And so indeed it did, the Lord showing his dreadful power towards us, and yet his unspeakable rich mercy to us, who, in depths of mercy, heard, nay, helped us, when we could not cry through the disconsolate fears we had, out of these depths of seas, and miseries.

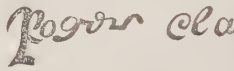
Shepard's wife contracted a consumption in consequence of exposure during the stormy passage in a crazy vessel across the Atlantic, and died a few years after their arrival. He married a second wife, a daughter of Thomas Hooker, and the autobiography closes with a beautiful and pathetic eulogy on her mild virtues.

In 1645 Shepard published a brief tract, *New England's Lamentations for Old England's Errors*,* from which we quote a passage on toleration:

VIEWS OF TOLERATION.

To cut off the hand of the magistrate from touching men for their consciences (which you also mention), will certainly, in time (if it get ground), be the utter overthrow, as it is the undermining, of the Reformation begun. This opinion is but one of the fortresses and strongholds of Sathan, to keep his head from crushing by Christ's heel, who (forsooth), because he is crept into men's consciences, and because conscience is a tender thing, no man must here meddle with him, as if consciences were made to be the safeguard of sin and error, and Sathan himself, if once they can creep into them. As for New England, we never banished any for their consciences, but for sinning against conscience, after due means of conviction, or some other wickedness which they had no conscience to plead for; they that censure New England for what they have done that way, should first hear it speak before they condemn. We have magistrates, that are gracious and zealous; we have ministers, that are aged and experienced, and holy and wise; no man was yet ever banished from us, but they had the zeal and care of the one, the holiness, learning, and best abilities of the other, seeking their good before they were sent from the coasts. And when they have been banished, as they have had warrant from the word, so God from heaven hath ever borne witness, by some strange hand of his providence against them, either delivering them up to vile lusts and sins, or to confusion amongst themselves, or to some sudden and terrible deaths, for their obstinacy against the light, and means used to heal their consciences. I could tell you large stories (if need were) of these things.

ROGER CLAP.



ONE of the most touching memorials of the New England worthies, is the simple narrative of Captain Roger Clap of Dorchester, which he prepared for the benefit of his children. The incidents it contains are few, but the manner in which it reflects the spirit of the time makes it valuable as an historical document, while it is far from being without claims to attention in a literary point of view. Roger Clap was born at Sallom, Devonshire, in 1609, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1630, settled at Dorchester, served in the Pequot war, and died in 1691. He had a large family, who bore the genuine Puritan names of Samuel, William, Elizabeth, Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Thomas, Unite, and Supply. His manuscript "Memoirs" were first published by the Rev. Thomas Prince, the antiquarian, in 1731, and have been five times reprinted, the last impression having been issued by the Dorchester Historical Society, in a duodecimo volume.

NEW ENGLAND RETROSPECT.

In those days God did cause his people to trust in him, and to be contented with mean things. It was

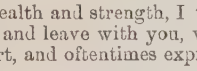
* New England's Lamentation for Old England's present errours and divisions, and their feared future desolations, if not timely prevented; occasioned by the increase of Anabaptists, Rigid Separatists, Antinomians, and Familists; together with some seasonable remedies against the infection of those errours, prescribed in A Letter, sent from Mr. Thomas Shepard, sometime of Immanuel College, in Cambridge, and now Minister of the Gospel in Cambridge, in New England, to a godly friend of his in Burrs, in Suffolk. London, printed by George Miller, 1645.

not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water and to eat samp or hominy without butter or milk. Indeed it would have been a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef, mutton, or veal; though it was not long before there was roast goat. After the first winter, we were very healthy; though some of us had no great store of corn. The Indians did sometimes bring corn, and truck with us for clothing and knives; and once I had a peck of corn or thereabouts, for a little puppy-dog. Frost fish, muscles, and clams were a relief to many. If our provision be better now than it was then, let us not (and do you, dear children, take heed that you do not) forget the Lord our God. You have better food and raiment than was in former times, but have you better hearts than your forefathers had? If so, rejoice in that mercy, and let New England then shout for joy. Sure all the people of God in other parts of the world, that shall hear that the children and grandchildren of the first planters of New England have better hearts, and are more heavenly than their predecessors; they will doubtless greatly rejoice, and will say, This is the generation whom the Lord hath blessed.

And now, dear children, I know not the time of my death; my time is in God's hands; but my age shows me it cannot be far off. Therefore while I am in health and strength, I tho't good to put into writing and leave with you, what I have desired in my heart, and oftentimes expressed to you with my tongue.

NATHANIEL MORTON—PETER BULKLEY—JOSIAH WINSLOW—EDWARD BULKLEY—SAMUEL STONE—JONATHAN MITCHELL—JOHN SHERMAN—JOSHUA SCOTTOW.

Nathaniel Morton was born in the north of England in 1612. His father, George Morton emigrated to Plymouth with his family in 1623 and died the following year. Nathaniel was elected Clerk of the Colonial Court in 1645, and held the office until his death, in 1685.



The colony records show him to have been a faithful and capable officer, and he is said to have been equally estimable in all the other relations of life. His *New England's Memorial; or, a brief Relation of the most memorable and remarkable Passages of the Providence of God, manifested to the Planters of New England in America; with special reference to the First Colony thereof, called New Plymouth, published for the use and benefit of present and future generations*, was published at Cambridge in 1669, a second edition in 1721, and three others have since appeared, the last in 1826, with a large body of valuable notes by the Hon. John Davis. The work is arranged in the form of annals, commencing with the departure of the Pilgrims from England, and closing with the date of publication. Apart from his honorable position, as the first historian of the country, Secretary Morton possesses some claims, from the purity and earnestness of his style, to favorable notice.

Secretary Morton has preserved much of the contemporary poetry of his time by the insertion of the elegies, written by their fellows on the worthies whose deaths he has occasion to record in the progress of his annals—a practice which was also followed by Mather. Two of these—the lines on Hooker by Cotton, and part of the tribute to Cotton by Woodbridge—have been already given. We add a few other specimens, with brief accounts of their authors.

There is an Elegy on Hooker, by Peter Bulkley. After twenty-one years' service in the English Church, he was silenced for non-conformity, and came to Cambridge, in New England, in 1635. The following year he founded the town of Concord, where he remained until his death, in 1659. He published several sermons, and some brief Latin poems.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF THAT PRECIOUS AND WORTHY MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST, MR. THOMAS HOOKER, WHO DIED JULY 7, 1647, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING. THE SAME HOUR OF THE DAY DIED BLESSED CALVIN, THAT GLORIOUS LIGHT.

* * * *

Let Hartford sigh, and say, *I've lost a treasure;*
Let all New England mourn at God's displeasure,
In taking from us one more gracious
Than is the gold of Ophir precious.
Sweet was the savour which his grace did give,
It season'd all the place where he did live.
His name did as an ointment give its smell,
And all bear witness that it savour'd well.
Wisdom, love, meekness, friendly courtesy,
Each moral virtue, with rare piety,
Pure zeal, yet mixt with mildest clemency,
Did all conspire in this one breast to lie.
Deep was his knowledge, judgment was acute,
His doctrine solid, which none could confute.
To mind he gave light of intelligence,
And search'd the corners of the conscience.
To sinners stout, which no law could bring under,
To them he was a son of dreadful thunder,
When all strong oaks of Bashan us'd to quake,
And fear did Lebanus his cedars shake;
The stoutest hearts he filled full of fears,
He clave the rocks, they melted into tears.
Yet to sad souls, with sense of sin cast down,
He was a son of consolation.
Sweet peace he gave to such as were contrite;
Their darkness sad he turn'd to joyous light.
Of preaching he had learn'd the rightest art,
To every one dividing his own part.
Each ear that heard him said, *He spake to me:*
So piercing was his holy ministry.
His life did shine, time's changes stain'd it not,
Envy itself could not there find a spot.

Josiah Winslow celebrates Governor Bradford. Winslow was the first Governor born in New England. He was annually chosen in the Plymouth colony, from 1673 to 1680. In King Philip's war he was commander of the Plymouth forces, and did good service in the field. He died at Marshfield in 1680.

BY THE HONOURED MAJOR JOSIAS WINSLOW, ON MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD, AS FOLLOWETH:

If we should trace him from the first, we find
He flies his country, leaves his friends behind,
To follow God, and to profess his ways,
And here encounters hardships many days.

He is content, with Moses, if God please,
Renouncing honour, profit, pleasure, ease,
To suffer tossings, and unsettlements,
And if their rage doth rise, to banishments.

He weighs it not, so he may still preserve
His conscience clear, and with God's people serve
Him freely, 'cording to his mind and will,
If not in one place, he'll go forward still.

If God have work for him in th' ends of th' earth,
Safe, danger, hunger, colds, nor any dearth;
A howling wilderness, nor savage men,
Discourage him, he'll follow God again.

And how God hath made him an instrument
To us of quiet, peace and settlement;
I need not speak; the eldest, youngest know,
God honour'd him with greater work than so.

To sum up all, in this he still went hence,
This man was wholly God's; his recompense
Remains beyond expression, and he is
Gone to possess it in eternal bliss.

He's happy, happy thrice: unhappy we
That still remain more changes here to see:
Let's not lament that God hath taken him
From troubles hence, in seas of joys to swim.

The death of Samuel Stone introduces EDWARD, the son of Peter Bulkley, just mentioned. He succeeded his father in his pastoral charge at Concord.

SAMUEL STONE was born at Hartford, England, educated at Cambridge, and came to Plymouth in the same ship with Cotton and Hooker. He accompanied the latter to Hartford, which was named after his native place, where he acted as his associate for fourteen years, and for sixteen more as his successor. The latter part of his life was embittered by a dispute between himself and the ruling elder on a speculative point of divinity, which led to a division of the church. He printed a sermon and left behind him two works in MS., one of which was a body of divinity, "a rich treasure," says Cotton Mather, which "has often been transcribed by the vast pains of our candidates for the ministry." Neither has been printed.

A THRENODIA UPON OUR CHURCHES SECOND DARK ECLIPSE, HAPPENING JULY 20, 1663, BY DEATH'S INTERPOSITION BETWEEN US AND THAT GREAT LIGHT AND DIVINE PLANT, MR. SAMUEL STONE.

A stone more than the Ebenezer fam'd;
Stone splendent diamond, right orient named;
A cordial stone, that often cheered hearts
With pleasant wit, with Gospel rich imparts;
Whetstone, that edgify'd th' obtusest mind;
Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind;
A pond'rous stone, that would the bottom sound
Of Scripture depths, and bring out Arcan's found;
A stone for kingly David's use so fit,
As would not fail Goliah's front to hit;
A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
Of gangrene errour, by convincing force;
A stone acute, fit to divide and square;
A squared stone became Christ's building rare.
A Peter's living, lively stone (so rear'd)
As 'live, was Hartford's life; dead, death is fear'd.
In Hartford old, Stone first drew infant breath,
In New, effus'd his last: O there beneath
His corps are laid, near to his darling brother,
Of whom dead oft he sigh'd, *Not such another.*
Heaven is the more desirable, said he,
For Hooker, Shepard, and Haynes' company.

E. B. (probably Edward Bulkley).

These lines, remarkable for their quaint simplicity, on John Wilson, are attributed to JONATHAN MITCHELL, a graduate of Harvard of 1647, and the successor of Shepard at Cambridge in 1650. He died in 1668, at the age of forty-four.

UPON THE DEATH OF THAT REVEREND, AGED, EVER HONOURED, AND GRACIOUS SERVANT OF CHRIST, MR. JOHN WILSON.

Ah! now there's none who does not know,
That this day in our Israel,
Is fall'n a great and good man too,
A Prince, I might have said as well:
A man of princely power with God,
For faith and love of princely spirit;
Our Israel's chariots, horsemen good,
By faith and prayer, though not by merit.
Renown'd for practick piety
In Englands both, from youth to age;
In Cambridge, Inns-Court, Sudbury,
And each place of his pilgrimage.
As humble as a little child,
When yet in real worth high-grown:
Himself a nothing still he stil'd,
When God so much had for him done.
In love, a none-such; as the sand,
With largest heart God did him fill,
A bounteous mind, an open hand,
Affection sweet, all sweet'ning still.
Love was his life; he dy'd in love;
Love doth embalm his memory;
Love is his bliss and joy, above
With God now who is love for ay:
A comprehending charity
To all, where ought appear'd of good;
And yet in zeal was none more high
Against th' apparent serpent's brood.
* * * * * * *
Gaius, our host, ah now is gone!
Can we e'er look for such another?
But yet there is a mansion,
Where we may all turn in together.
No moving inn, but resting place,
Where his blest soul is gathered;
Where good men going are a pace
Into the bosom of their Head.
Ay, thither let us haste away,
Sure heaven will the sweeter be,
(If there we ever come to stay)
For him, and others such as he.

Mitchell, in his turn, is soon commemorated by JOHN SHERMAN, a non-conformist emigrant from England, who officiated at Watertown and New Haven as a clergyman, and took an active part as civil magistrate. He was a mathematician, and published for many years an Almanac, well garnished with moral reflections. He was married twice, and was the father of twenty-six children. He died at the age of sixty-two, in 1675.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEPLORED DEATH OF THAT SUPEREMINENT MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, MR. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Here lies the darling of his time,
Mitchell expired in his prime;
Who four years short of forty-seven,
Was found full ripe and pluck'd for heaven.
Was full of prudent zeal and love,
Faith, patience, wisdom from above;
New-England's stay, next age's story;
The churches gem; the college glory.
Angels may speak him; ah! not I,
(Whose worth's above Hyperbole)
But for our loss, wer't in my power,
I'd weep an everlasting shower. J. S.*

J. S. has also been supposed to refer to JOSHUA SCOTTOW, a merchant of Boston. The only

* Guided by these initials only, we are inclined to attribute the lines to which they are annexed, to the Rev. John Sherman, (Davis's note.)

dates known in reference to his life, are those of his admission to church membership in the Old Church, Boston, on "the nineteenth of the third month," 1639, with his brother Thomas, as the "sonnes of our sister Thomasine Scottowe," the record of the birth of seven of his children, the eldest of whom was born, September 30, 1646; the date of his will, June 23, 1696; and of its probate, March 3, 1698. His name is, however, of frequent recurrence in the town records, and he appears to have maintained throughout his long life an honorable position.

He was the author of *Old Men's fears for their own declensions, mixed with fears of their and posterities further falling off from New England's Primitive Constitution. Published by some of Boston's old Planters, and some other.* 1691. pp. 26. It contains a vigorously written presentation of what the writer regarded as the degeneracy of his times.

NEW ENGLAND'S DECLINE.

Our spot is not the spot of God's children; the old Puritan garb, and gravity of heart, and habit lost and ridiculed into strange and fantastic fashions and attire, naked backs and bare breasts, and forehead, if not of the whorish woman, yet so like unto it, as would require a more than ordinary spirit of discernment to distinguish; the virgins dress and matrons veil, showing their power on their heads, because of the holy angels, turned into powdered foretops and top-gallant attire, not becoming the Christian, but the comedian assembly, not the church, but the stage play, where the devil sits regent in his dominion, as he once boasted out of the mouth of a demoniack, church member, he there took possession of, and made this response to the church, supplicating her deliverance; so as now we may and must say, New England is not to be found in New England, nor Boston in Boston; it is become a lost town (as at first it was called); we must now cry out, our leanness, our leanness, our apostacy, our apostacy, our Atheism, spiritual idolatry, adultery, formality in worship, carnal and vain confidence in church privileges, forgetting of God our rock, and multitude of other abominations.

This tract was reprinted, with the omission of the address to the reader, by D. Gookin, in 1749. In 1694, *A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony, Anno* 1628, *with the Lord's signal presence the first Thirty years. Also a caution from New England's Apostle, the great Cotton, how to escape the calamity, which might befal them or their posterity, and confirmed by the evangelist Norton, with prognostics from the famous Dr. Owen, concerning the fate of these Churches, and Animadversions upon the anger of God in sending of evil angels among us. Published by Old Planters, the authors of the Old Men's Fears*, a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages, appeared, much in the style of the author's former productions.*

ANNE BRADSTREET.

It is with a fine flourish of his learned trump of fame that Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, introduces Anne Bradstreet, who wrote the first volume of poems published in New England. "If the rare learning of a daughter was not the least of those bright things which adorned no less a

Judge of England than Sir Thomas More; it must now be said, that a Judge of New England, namely, Thomas Dudley, Esq., had a daughter (besides other children) to be a crown unto him. Reader, America justly admires the learned women of the other hemisphere. She has heard of those that were witnesses to the old professors of all philosophy: she hath heard of Hippatia, who formerly taught the liberal arts; and of Sarocchia, who, more lately, was very often the moderatrix in the disputations of the learned men of Rome: she has been told of the three Corinnas, which equalled, if not excelled, the most celebrated poets of their time: she has been told of the Empress Eudocia, who composed poetical paraphrases on various parts of the Bible; and of Rosnida, who wrote the lives of holy men; and of Pamphilia, who wrote other histories unto the life: the writings of the most renowned Anna Maria Schurman, have come over unto her. But she now prays that into such catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Voetius, have given unto the world, there may be a room now given unto Madam Ann Bradstreet, the daughter of our Governor Dudley, and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

Thomas Dudley, the father of this gifted lady, had been a soldier of the Protestant wars of Elizabeth in the Low Countries, and afterwards retrieved the fortunes of the Earl of Lincoln by his faithful stewardship of his estates. He came over to Massachusetts with a party of Puritan refugees, among whom was his son-in-law, Simon Bradstreet, from the Earl's county, in 1630; and four years afterwards, succeeded Winthrop as Governor of the Colony. In addition to his various valorous and religious qualities, he would appear from an Epitaph, of which Mather gives us a poetical translation, to have been something of a book-worm.

> In books a prodigal, they say;
> A living cyclopædia;
> Of histories of church and priest,
> A full compendium, at least;
> A table-talker, rich in sense,
> And witty without wit's pretence.

So that the daughter may have inherited some of her learning. Morton, in his "Memorial," has preserved these lines by Dudley, found in his pocket after his death, which exhibit the severity of his creed and practice.

> Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach shew
> My dissolution is in view;
> Eleven times seven near lived have I,
> And now God calls, I willing die:
> My shuttle's shot, my race is run,
> My sun is set, my deed is done;
> My span is measured, tale is told,
> My flower is faded and grown old,
> My dream is vanished, shadow's fled,

* Memoirs of Scottow, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Second Series, iv. 10.

My soul with Christ, my body dead;
Farewell dear wife, children, and friends,
Hate heresy, make blessed ends;
Bear poverty, live with good men,
So shall we meet with joy again.

Let men of God in courts and churches watch,
O'er such as do a toleration hatch;
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left, and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's, *I dy'd no libertine.*

The cares of married life would not appear to have interrupted Mistress Bradstreet's acquisitions, for she was married at the age of sixteen, and her poetry was written in the early part of her life. As she had eight children, and addressed herself particularly to their education,* the cradle and the Muse must have been competitors for her attention. Her reading, well stuffed with the facts of ancient history, was no trifle for the memory; but we may suppose the mind to have been readily fixed on books, and even pedantic learning to have been a relief, where there were no diversions to distract when the household labors of the day were over. Then there is the native passion for books, which will find its own opportunities. The little volume of her poems, published in London, in 1650, is entitled *The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America; or, Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight: wherein especially is contained a complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year. Together with an Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also a Dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles, with divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts.* A more complete edition was published in Boston in 1678, which contains her *Contemplations*, a moral and descriptive poem, the best specimen of her pen; *The Flesh and the Spirit*, a dialogue, and several poems on family incidents, left among her private papers.

The formal natural history and historical topics, which compose the greater part of her writings, are treated with doughty resolution, but without much regard to poetical equality. The plan is simple. The elements of the world, fire, air, earth, and water; the humors of the constitution, the choleric, the sanguine, the melancholy, and phlegmatic; childhood, youth, manhood, and age; spring, summer, autumn, and winter, severally come up and say what they can of themselves, of their powers and opportunities, good and evil, with the utmost fairness. The four ancient monarchies are catalogued in a similar way. It is not to be denied, that, if there is not much poetry in these productions, there is considerable information. For the readers of those times they contained a very respectable digest of the old historians, and a fair proportion of medical and scientific knowledge. It is amusing to see this mother in Israel writing of the Spleen with the zest of an anatomist.

If any doubt this truth, whence this should come,
Show them the passage to the duodenum.

The good lady must have enjoyed the perusal of Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*, a dissecting theatre in a book, which appeared in 1633. Her descriptions are extremely literal. She writes as if under bonds to tell the whole truth, which she does without any regard to the niceties or scruples of the imagination. Thus her account of childhood begins at the beginning somewhat earlier than a modern poetess would tax the memory of the muse; and she thinks it necessary to tell us in her account of winter, how,

Beef, brawn and pork, are now in great'st request,
And solid'st meats our stomachs can digest.

When we come upon any level ground in these poems, and are looking round to enjoy the prospect, we may prepare ourselves for a neighboring pitfall. In "Summer" we set forth trippingly afield—

Now go those frolic swains, the shepherd lad,
To wash their thick-cloth'd flocks, with pipes full glad.
In the cool streams they labor with delight,
Rubbing their dirty coats, till they look white.

With a little more taste our poetess might have been a happy describer of nature, for she had a warm heart and a hearty view of things. The honesty of purpose which mitigates her pedantry, sometimes displays itself in a purer simplicity. The account of the flowers and the little bird in Spring might find a place in the sincere, delicate poems of Dana, who has a family relationship with the poetess.

The primrose pale, and azure violet,
Among the verdurous grass hath nature set,
That when the sun (on's love) the earth doth shine,
These might, as love, set out her garments fine;
The fearful bird his little house now builds,
In trees, and walls, in cities, and in fields;
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural artificer complete.

In the historic poems, the dry list of dynasties is sometimes relieved by a homely unction and humor in the narrative, as in the picture of the progress of Alexander and the Persian host of Darius—though much of this stuff is sheer doggrel, as in the Life and Death of Semiramis:

She like a brave virago play'd the rex,
And was both shame and glory of her sex.
* * * * * * *
Forty-two years she reign'd, and then she dy'd,
But by what means, we are not certified.

If sighs for "imbecility" can get pardon for bad verses, we should think only of Mrs. Bradstreet's good ones—for her poems are full of these deprecatory acknowledgments.

The literary father of Mrs. Bradstreet was Silver-tongued Sylvester, whose translation of Du Bartas was a popular book among Puritan readers

* She records the number in the posthumous lines *In Reference to her Children*, 23d June, 1656:

I had eight birds hatch't in the nest;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest;
I nurst them up with pain and care,
For cost nor labor did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learned to sing.

There are two pages more in continuation of this simile.

at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His quaint volumes, which will be remembered as favorites with Southey's simple-minded Dr. Daniel Dove, were both poetical and devout; and if they led our author's taste astray, they also strengthened her finest susceptibilities. She has left a warm poem "in his honor," in which there is an original and very pretty simile.

My Muse unto a child, I fitly may compare,
Who sees the riches of some famous fair;
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks;
The glittering plate, and jewels, he admires,
The hats and fans, and flowers, and ladies' tires;
And thousand times his 'mazed mind doth wish
Some part, at least, of that brave wealth was his;
But seeing empty wishes nought obtain,
At night turns to his mother's cot again,
And tells her tales (his full heart over glad)
Of all the glorious sights his eyes have had:
But finds too soon his want of eloquence,
The silly prattler speaks no word of sense;
And seeing utterance fail his great desires,
Sits down in silence.

Nathaniel Ward, the author of the Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in some comic fetches prefixed to the poems, says:—

The Authoresse was a right Du Bartas girle.

Mrs. Bradstreet was also a reader of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, which she has characterized with more minuteness than others who have written upon it, in an Elegy which she penned forty-eight years after the fall of that mirror of knighthood at Zutphen.

Ann Bradstreet died 16th September, 1672, at the age of sixty. That she had not altogether survived her poetical reputation in England, is shown by an entry in Edward Phillips's (the nephew of Milton) *Theatrum Poetarum*, in 1674, where the title of her Poems is given, and their memory pronounced "not yet wholly extinct." A third edition, reprinted from the second, appeared in 1758.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Wrapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below;
How excellent is He, that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight:
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousands since thou brak'st thy shell of horn,
If so, all these as nought, eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glittering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder, some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee!
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathful paths I lead my wandering feet,
My humble eyes to lofty skyes I rear'd
To sing some song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their maker's praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back months and years that long since fled.
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Than was Methuselah, or's grand-sire great;
While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be,
Sees glorious Adam there made Lord of all,
Fancyes the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,
To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding race.

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
And in her lap, her bloody Cain new born,
The weeping imp oft looks her in the face,
Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;
His mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,
Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice,
Fruits of the earth, and fatlings each do bring;
On Abel's gift the fire descends from skies,
But no such sign on false Cain's offering;

With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes,
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,
The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks,
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;
The wretch with ghastly face and dreadful mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancyes not his looks now at the bar,
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,
Nor male-factor ever felt like war,
When deep despair, with wish of life hath fought,
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
A vagabond to Land of Nod he goes,
A city builds, that walls might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages,
Their long descent, how nephew's sons they saw,
The starry observations of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were law.
How Adam sigh'd to see his progeny,
Clothed all in his black sinfull livery,
Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes,
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
And though thus short, we shorten many ways,
Living so little while we are alive;
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthful made;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed,
No sooner born, but grief and care make fall
That state obliterate he had at first.
Nor youth nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
Because they're bigger, and their bodyes stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd-for Ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that hold'st thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
Oh could I lead my Rivulets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish which in this liquid region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie Hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancyes buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st relation.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wreckt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:
Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long duration
Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas;

But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bower.
But sad affliction comes and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust;
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

OLD AGE RECOUNTS THE HISTORY OF THE PURITAN PERIOD —FROM THE FOUR AGES OF MAN.

What you have been, ev'n such have I before,
And all you say, say I, and something more;
Babe's innocence, Youth's wildness I have seen,
And in perplexed middle-age have bin;
Sickness, dangers, and anxieties have past,
And on this Stage have come to act my last:
I have bin young, and strong, and wise as you,
But now, *Bis pueri senes*, is too true;
In every Age I've found much varietie,
An end of all perfection now I see.
It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,
My ruin'd house, now falling can uphold;
It's not my Learning, Rhetoric, wit so large,
Now hath the power, Death's Warfare to discharge;
It's not my goodly house, nor bed of down,
That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown;
Nor from alliance now can I have hope,
But what I have done well, that is my prop;
He that in youth is godly, wise, and sage,
Provides a staff for to support his age;
Great mutations, some joyful, and some sad,
In this short Pilgrimage I oft have had;
Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me,
Sometimes again, rain'd all adversity;
Sometimes in honour, and sometimes in disgrace,
Sometimes an abject, then again in place.
Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,
In various times of state I've also been.
I've seen a kingdom flourish like a tree,
When it was rul'd by that celestial she;
And like a cedar, others to surmount,
That but for shrubs they did themselves account;
Then saw I France, and Holland saved, Cales won,
And Philip, and Albertus, half undone;
I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,
But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close;
And then, methought, the world at noon grew dark,
When it had lost that radiant sun-like spark,
In midst of griefs, I saw some hopes revive
(For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive),
I saw hopes dasht, our forwardness was shent,
And silenc'd we, by Act of Parliament.
I've seen from Rome, an execrable thing,
A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King;
I've seen designs at Ru, and Cades crost,
And poor Palatinate for ever lost;
I've seen a Prince, to live on others' lands,
A Royal one, by alms from subjects' hands,
I've seen base men, advanc'd to great degree,
And worthy ones, put to extremity:
But not their Prince's love, nor state so high
Could once reverse their shameful destiny.
I've seen one stabb'd, another lose his head;
And others fly their Country, through their dread.
I've seen and so have ye, for 'tis but late,
The desolation of a goodly State,
Plotted and acted, so that none can tell,
Who gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell.
I've seen a land unmoulded with great pain;
But yet may live to see't made up again:
I've seen it shaken, rent, and soak'd in blood,
But out of troubles, ye may see much good.
These are no old wives' tales, but this is truth;
We old men love to tell what's done in youth.

ALEXANDER MEETS DARIUS—FROM THE FOUR MONARCHIES OF THE WORLD.

And on he goes Darius for to meet;
Who came with thousand thousands at his feet,
Though some there be, and that more likely, write,
He but four hundred thousand had to fight,
The rest attendants, which made up no less;
(Both sexes there) was almost numberless.
For this wise King had brought to see the sport;
Along with him, the Ladies of the Court.
His mother old, beauteous wife, and daughters,
It seems to see the Macedonian's slaughters.
Sure it's beyond my time, and little art,
To shew, how great Darius play'd his part;
The splendor, and the pomp, he marched in,
For since the world, was no such pageant seen.
Oh, 'twas a goodly sight, there to behold
The Persians clad in silk, and glitt'ring gold;
The stately Horses trapt, the launces gilt,
As if they were now all to run at tilt:
The Holy fire, was borne before the Host
(For Sun and Fire the Persians worship most);
The Priests in their strange habit follow after;
An object not so much of fear, as laughter.
The King sat in a chariot made of gold,
With Robes and Crown, most glorious to behold.
And o'er his head, his golden gods on high,
Support a parti-coloured canopy.
A number of spare horses next were led,
Lest he should need them, in his chariot's stead.
But they that saw him in this state to lye,
Would think he neither thought to fight nor fly,
He fifteen hundred had like women drest,
For so to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best.
Their golden Ornaments so to set forth,
Would ask more time, than were their bodies worth.
Great Sisigambis, she brought up the Rear;
Then such a world of Wagons did appear,
Like several houses moving upon wheels:
As if she'd drown, whole Sushan at her heels.
This brave Virago, to the King was mother;
And as much good she did, as any other.
Now lest this Gold, and all this goodly stuff,
Had not been spoil, and booty rich enough,
A thousand Mules, and Camels ready wait,
Loaden with gold, with jewels and with plate,
For sure Darius thought, at the first sight,
The Greeks would all adore, and would none fight.
But when both armies met, he might behold,
That valour was more worth than pearls, or gold.
And how his wealth serv'd but for baits t'allure,
Which made his over-throw more fierce and sure.
The Greeks come on, and with a gallant grace,
Let fly their arrows in the Persian's face;
The Cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge,
Most basely run, and left their King at large,
Who from his golden coach is glad t'alight,
And cast away his crown, for swifter flight;
Of late, like some immoveable he lay,
Now finds both legs, and horse, to run away

Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,
And forty thousand prisoners also tane;
Besides, the Queens, and Ladies of the Court,
If Curtius be true, in his report.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

In secret place where once I stood
Close by the banks of Saerim flood,
I heard two sisters reason on
Things that are past and things to come.
One Flesh was called, who had her eye
On worldly wealth and vanity;
The other spirit, who did rear
Her thoughts into a higher sphere:
Sister, quoth Flesh, what liv'st thou on,
Nothing but meditation?
Doth contemplation feed thee so
Regardlessly to let earth go?
Can speculation satisfy,
Notion without reality?
Dost dream of things beyond the moon
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?
Hast treasures there laid up in store,
That all in th' world thou count'st but poor?
Art fancy sick or turn'd a sot
To catch at shadows which are not?
Come, come, I'll show unto thy sense,
Industry hath its recompense.
What canst desire, but thou mayst see
The substance in variety?
Dost honor like? acquire the same,
As some, to their immortal fame:
And trophies to thy name erect,
Which wearing time shall ne'er deject.
For riches dost thou long full sore?
Behold enough of precious store;
Earth hath more silver, pearls, and gold,
Than eyes can see or hands can hold.
Affect'st thou pleasure? take thy fill,
Earth hath enough of what you will.
Then let not go what thou may'st find
For things unknown, only in mind.
Spr. Be still, thou unregen'rate part,
Disturb no more my settled heart,
For I have vow'd (and so will do)
Thee as a foe still to pursue;
And combat thee with will, and must
Until I see thee laid in th' dust.
Sisters we are, yea, twins we be,
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me;
For from one father are we not,
Thou by old Adam wast begot;
But my arise is from above,
Whence my dear father I do love.
Thou speak'st me fair, but hat'st me sore,
Thy flatt'ring shows I'll trust no more.
How oft thy slave hast thou me made,
When I believ'd what thou hast said,
And never had more cause of woe
Than when I did what thou bad'st do.
I'll stop my ears at these thy charms,
And count them for my deadly harms.
Thy sinful pleasures I do hate,
Thy riches are to me no bate,
Thy honors do nor will I love,
For my ambition lies above.
My greatest honour it shall be,
When I am victor over thee,
And triumph shall, with laurel head,
When thou my captive shalt be led:
How I do live thou need'st not scoff,
For I have meat thou know'st not of;
The hidden manna I do eat,
The word of life it is my meat.
My thoughts do yield me more content
Than can thy hours in pleasure spent.
Nor are they shadows which I catch,
Nor fancies vain at which I snatch;
But reach at things that are so high
Beyond thy dull capacity;
Eternal substance I do see,
With which enriched I would be;
Mine eye doth pierce the heavens, and see
What is invisible to thee.
My garments are not silk nor gold,
Nor such-like trash which earth doth hold,
But royal robes I shall have on,
More glorious than the glist'ning sun;
My crown not diamonds, pearls, and gold,
But such as angels' heads infold.
The city where I hope to dwell,
There's none on earth can parallel;
The stately walls, both high and strong,
Are made of precious jasper stone;
The gates of pearl, both rich and clear,
And angels are for porters there;
The streets thereof transparent gold,
Such as no eye did e'er behold;
A christal river there doth run,
Which doth proceed from the Lamb's throne:
Of life there are the waters sure,
Which shall remain for ever pure;
Nor sun, nor moon, they have no need,
For glory doth from God proceed:
No candle there, nor yet torch light,
For there shall be no darksome night.
From sickness and infirmity,
For evermore there shall be free,
Nor withering age shall e'er come there,
But beauty shall be bright and clear;
This city pure is not for thee,
For things unclean there shall not be;
If I of heaven may have my fill
Take thou the world, and all that will.

PETER FOLGER.

Peter Folger, the maternal grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, and only child of John Folger, came to America with his father from Norwich, England, in 1635, at the age of eighteen. They settled soon after their arrival at Martha's Vineyard, where John died in 1660, leaving a widow, Meribell, who was living in 1663.

Peter married, in 1644, Mary Morrell, an inmate in the family of the celebrated Hugh Peters, who is said to have been a fellow-passenger of the Folgers in their voyage to America. In 1663 he removed to Nantucket, and was among the first settlers of that island. He was one of five commissioners to lay out land, a task for which he was well qualified by his knowledge of surveying; and the words of the order prove the estimation in which he was held in the community, it being therein stated, that "whatsoever shall be done by them, or any three of them, Peter Folger being one, shall be accounted legal and valid."

He learned the language of the Indians, and was of much service as an interpreter. The aid rendered by him in this manner to the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, the Indian missionary at Martha's Vineyard, is thus recorded by Thomas Prince in his account of that good and able man, the ancestor of the great Dr. Mayhew of the Revolution.

"He had," says Prince, "an able and godly Englishman, named Peter Folger, employed in teaching the youth in reading, writing, and the

principles of religion by catechizing; being well learned likewise in the Scriptures, and capable of helping them in religious matters." A long letter to his son-in-law, Joseph Pratt, is a further proof of his familiarity with the Scriptures, and with religious topics, and he is said to have occasionally preached. He died in 1690, and his wife in 1704. They had two sons and seven daughters, the youngest of whom, Abiah, was Franklin's mother.

A few lines in the autobiography of his grandson, have buoyed up Peter Folger into immortality as an author. "I was born at Boston, in New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first colonists of New England, of whom Cotton Mather makes honourable mention, in his Ecclesiastical History of that province, as a pious and learned Englishman, if I rightly recollect his expressions. I have been told of his having written a variety of little pieces; but there appears to be only one in print, which I met with many years ago. It was published in the year 1675, and is in familiar verse, agreeably to the tastes of the times and the country. The author addresses himself to the governors for the time being, speaks for liberty of conscience, and in favour of the anabaptists, quakers, and other sectaries, who had suffered persecution. To this persecution he attributes the wars with the natives, and other calamities which afflicted the country, regarding them as the judgments of God in punishment of so odious an offence, and he exhorts the government to the repeal of laws so contrary to charity. The poem appeared to be written with a manly freedom and a pleasing simplicity."

The outbreaks of opinion and half-framed utterances of the Nantucket surveyor, were to be clarified, in the third generation, into the love of liberty and the clear-toned expression of the essayist, philosopher, and patriot. The title of Folger's poem is, *A Looking-glass for the Times, or the Former Spirit of New England revived in this generation.* It was reprinted in 1763. Copies of it are very rare. We are indebted for the one from which we have reprinted, to a MS. copy in possession of Mr. Bancroft.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE TIMES, OR THE FORMER SPIRIT OF NEW ENGLAND REVIVED IN THIS GENERATION.

Let all that read these verses know,
That I intend something to show
About our war, how it hath been
And also what is the chief sin,
That God doth so with us contend
And when these wars are like to end.
Read them in love; do not despise
What here is set before thine eyes.

New England for these many years
hath had both rest and peace,
But now the case is otherwise;
our troubles doth increase.

The plague of war is now begun
in some great colonies,
And many towns are desolate
we may see with our eyes.

The loss of many goodly men
we may lament also,
Who in the war have lost their lives,
and fallen by our foe.

Our women also they have took
and children very small,
Great cruelty they have used
to some, though not to all.

The enemy that hath done this,
are very foolish men,
Yet God doth take of them a rod
to punish us for sin.

If we then truly turn to God,
He will remove his ire,
And will forthwith take this his rod,
And cast it into fire.

Let us then search, what is the sin
that God doth punish for;
And when found out, cast it away
and ever it abhor.

Sure 'tis not chiefly for those sins,
that magistrates do name,
And make good laws for to suppress,
and execute the same.

But 'tis for that same crying sin,
that rulers will not own,
And that whereby much cruelty
to brethren hath been shown.

The sin of persecution
such laws established,
By which laws they have gone so far,
as blood hath touched blood.

It is now forty years ago,
since some of them were made,
Which was the ground and rise of all
the persecuting trade.

Then many worthy persons were
banished to the woods,
Where they among the natives did,
lose their most precious bloods.

And since that, many godly men,
Have been to prison sent,
They have been fined, and whipped also,
and suffered banishment.

The cause of this their suffering
was not for any sin,
But for the witness that they bare
against babe sprinkling.

Of later time there hath been some
men come into this land,
To warn the rulers of their sins
as I do understand.

They call on all, both great and small,
to fear God and repent;
And for their testimonies thus
they suffer a punishment.

Yea some of them they did affirm,
that they were sent of God,
To testify to great and small
that God would send his rod.

Against those colonies, because
they did make laws not good;
And if those laws were not repeal'd
the end would be in blood.

And though that these were harmless men,
and did no hurt to any,
But lived well like honest men,
as testified by many;

Yet did these laws entrap them so,
that they were put to death,—
And could not have the liberty
to speak near their last breath.

But these men were, as I have heard,
against our College men;
And this was, out of doubt to me,
that which was most their sin.

They did reprove all hirelings,
with a most sharp reproof,
Because they knew not how to preach
till sure of means enough.

Now to the sufferings of these men
I have but gave a hint;
Because that in *George Bishop's** book
you may see all in print.

But may we know the counsellors
that brought our rulers in
To be so guilty as they are,
of the aforesaid sin?

They were the tribe of ministers,
as they are said to be,
Who always to our magistrates
must be the eyes to see.

These are the men that by their wits
have spun so fair a shred,
That now themselves and others are
of natives in a dread.

What need is there of such a fear
if we have done no ill?
But 'tis because that we have been
not doing of God's will.

When Cain had slain his brother, then
began this fear to be,
That every man would do to him
the same that did him see.

The Scripture doth declare the cause
why Cain did kill his brother;
It was because the deeds of one
was good, and not the other.

Because that God did favor show
to Abel more than he,
That was in verity the thing
that envy could not see.

Then let us all, both great and small,
take heed how we do fight
Against the spirit of the Lord,
which is our highest light.

Let Magistrates and ministers
consider what they do:
Let them repeal those evil laws
and break those bands in two
Which have been made as traps and snares
to catch the innocents,
And whereby it has gone so far
to acts of violence.

I see you write yourselves in print,
the Balm of Gilead;
Then do not act as if you were
like men that are half mad.

If you can heal the land, what is
the cause things are so bad?
I think instead of that, you make
the hearts of people sad.

Is this a time for you to press,
to draw the blood of those
That are your neighbours and your friends?
as if you had no foes.

Yea, some there are, as I have heard,
have lately found out tricks
To put the cause of all the war
upon the heretics,

Or rather on some officers,
that now begin to slack
The execution of those laws,
whose consequence is black.

I do affirm to you, if that
be really your mind,
You must go turn another leaf,
before that peace you find.

Now, loving friends and countrymen,
I wish we may be wise,
'Tis now a time for every man
to see with his own eyes.

'Tis easy to provoke the Lord
to send among us war,
'Tis easy to do violence,
to envy, and to jar.

To show a spirit that is high,
to scorn and domineer;
To pride it out, as if there were
no God to make us fear;

To covet what is not our own,
to cheat and to oppress,
To live a life that might free us
from acts of Righteousness;

To swear and lie, and to be drunk,
to backbite one another;
To carry tales that may do hurt
and mischief to our brother!

To live in such hypocrisy,
as men may think us good,
Although our hearts within are full
of evil and of blood.

All these and many evils more
are easy for to do:
But to repent, and to reform,
we have no strength unto.

Let us then seek for help from God,
and turn to him that smite:
Let us take heed that at no time
we sin against our light.

Let's bear our testimony plain
against sin in high and low;
And see that we no cowards be,
to hide the light we know

---

* George Bishop, a Quaker, published "New England judged, not by man's but by the Spirit of the Lord, and the sum sealed up of New England's persecutions; being a brief relation of the sufferings of the Quakers in that part of America, from the beginning of the fifth month, 1656, to the end of the tenth month, 1660; wherein the cruel whippings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonments, and burning in the hand, and cutting off of ears, banishment upon pain of death, and putting to death, &c., are shortly touched," 1661. A second part appeared in 1667, and both were reprinted in 1703, with "An Answer to Cotton Mather's Abuses in his late History of New England, by John Whiting, with an Appendix."

Bishop joined the Quakers in 1654. He was the author of several works on the doctrines of the sect to which he belonged, published at intervals from 1660 to 1668.

When Jonathan is called to court,
shall we as standers by,
Be still and have no word to speak,
but suffer him to die?

If that you say you cannot help,
things will be as they are;
I tell you true, 'tis plain and clear,
those words may come from fear.

That you shall lose some carnal things,
if you do speak for God;
And here you go the nearest way
to taste deep of his rod.

'Tis true there are some times, indeed,
of silence to the meek;
Not ever, for the Lord doth say,
there is a time to speak.

Be vigilant then for to see
the movings of your heart,
And you will know right well the time
when you shall act your part.

I would not have you for to think,
tho' I have wrote so much,
That I hereby do throw a stone
at magistrates, *as such.*

The rulers in the country, I
do own them in the Lord;
And such as are for government,
with them I do accord.

But that which I intend hereby,
is, that they would keep bounds,
And meddle not with God's worship,
for which they have no ground.

And I am not alone herein,
there's many hundreds more,
That have for many years ago
spake much upon that score.

Indeed I really believe,
it's not your business
To meddle with the Church of Christ
in matters more or less.

There's work enough to do besides,
to judge in *mine* and *thine:*
To succor poor and fatherless,
that is the work in fine.

And I do think that now you find
enough of that to do;
Much more at such a time as this,
as there is war also.

Indeed I count it very low,
for people in these days,
To ask the rulers for their leave
to serve God in his ways.

I count it worse in magistrates
to use the iron sword,
To do that work which Christ alone
will do by his own word.

The Church may now go stay at home,
there's nothing for to do;
Their work is all cut out by law,
and almost made up too.

Now, reader, least you should mistake,
in what I said before
Concerning ministers, I think
to write a few words more.

I would not have you for to think
that I am such a fool,
To write against learning, as such,
or to cry down a school.

But 't is that Popish college way,
that I intend hereby,
Where men are mew'd up in a cage;
fit for all villainy.

But I shall leave this puddle stuff
to neighbours at the door,
That can speak more unto such things,
upon a knowing score.

And now these men, though ne'er so bad,
when they have learn'd their trade,
They must come in and bear a part,
whatever laws are made.

I can't but wonder for to see
our magistrates and wise,
That they sit still and suffer them
to ride on them, not rise.

And stir them up to do that work,
that Scripture rule there wants,
To persecute and persecute
those that they judge are saints.

There's one thing more that I believe
is worse than all the rest,
They vilify the Spirit of God,
and count school learning best.

If that a boy hath learn'd his trade,
and can the Spirit disgrace,
Then he is lifted up on high,
and needs must have a place.

But I shall leave this dirty stuff,
and give but here a hint,
Because that you have *Cradock's* book,*
and may see more in print.

There are some few, it may be, that
are clear of this same trade;
And of those men, I only say,
these verses are not made.

Now for the length of time, how long
these wars are like to be,
I may speak something unto that,
if men will reason see.

The Scripture doth point out the time,
and 'tis as we do chuse,
For to obey the voice of God,
or else for to refuse.

The prophet Jeremy doth say,
when war was threat'ned sore,
That if men do repent and turn,
God will afflict no more.

But such a turning unto God,
as is but verbally,
When men refuse for to reform,
it is not worth a fly.

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* "Gospel Liberty, in the Extensions and Limitations of it," Lond. 1646, 4to., by Walter Cradock, is probably the work referred to. Another Cradock, Samuel, a non-conformist divine, born 1620, died 1706, however, published "Gospel Liberty; his Glad Tidings from Heaven;" no date. Both were the authors of a number of sermons and religious works.

'Tis hard for you, as I do hear,
though you be under rod,
To say to Israel, Go, you,
and serve the Lord your God.

Though you do many prayers make,
and add fasting thereto,
Yet if your hands be full of blood,
all this will never do.

The end that God doth send his sword,
is that we might amend,
Then, if that we reform aright,
the war will shortly end.

New England they are like the Jews,
as like as like can be;
They made large promises to God,
at home and at the sea.

They did proclaim free Liberty,
they cut the calf in twain,
They part between the part thereof,
O this was all in vain.

For since they came into this land,
they floated to and fro,
Sometimes, then, brethren may be free,
while hence to prison go.

According as the times to go,
and weather is abroad,
So we can serve ourselves sometimes
and sometimes serve the Lord.

But let us hear what God doth say,
to such backsliding men,
That can with ease to break their vows,
and soon go back again. JER. 34.

He saith he will proclaim for them,
a freedom to the sword,
Because they would not fear him so.
as to obey his word.

This liberty unto the sword,
he hath proclaimed for us,
And we are like to feel it long,
if matters do go thus.

'Tis better for our magistrates,
to shorten time, I say,
By breaking of those bands in two
that look an evil way.

You do profess yourselves to be
men that do pray always,
Then do not keep such evil laws,
as may serve at wet days.

If that the peace of God did rule,
with power in our heart,
Then outward war would flee away,
and rest would be our part.

If we do love our brethren,
and do to them, I say,
As we would they should do to us,
we should be quiet straightway.

But if that we a smiting go,
of fellow-servants so,
No marvel if our wars increase
and things so heavy go.

'Tis like that some may think and say,
our war would not remain,
If so be that a thousand more
of natives were but slain.

Alas! these are but foolish thoughts,
God can make more arise,
And if that there were none at all.
he can make war with flies.

It is the presence of the Lord,
must make our foes to shake,
Or else it's like he will e'er long
know how to make us quake.

Let us lie low before the Lord,
in all humility,
And then we shall with Asa see
our enemies to fly.

But if that we do leave the Lord,
and trust in fleshly arm,
Then 'tis no wonder if that we
do hear more news of harm.

Let's have our faith and hope in God,
and trust in him alone,
And then no doubt this storm of war
it quickly will be gone.

Thus, reader, I, in love to all,
leave these few lines with thee,
Hoping that in the substance we
shall very well agree.

If that you do mistake the verse
for its uncomely dress,
I tell thee true, I never thought
that it would pass the press.

If any at the matter kick,
it's like he's galled at heart,
And that's the reason why he kicks,
because he finds it smart.

I am for peace, and not for war,
and that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do.
that use to daub and lie.

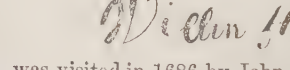
But I shall cease and set my name
to what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.

From *Sherbon** town, where now I dwell,
my name I do put here,
Without offence your real friend.
it is PETER FOLGER.

April 23, 1676.

WILLIAM HUBBARD.

WILLIAM HUBBARD was born in 1621, and was of the first class who graduated from Harvard in 1642. He became minister of Ipswich,† where he



was visited in 1686 by John Dunton,* who gives a good account of his hospitality, amiability, and

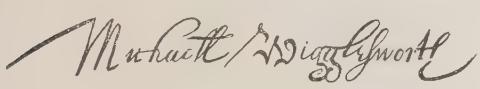
* Nantucket.

† "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, citizen of London," a De Foe-ish sort of book, published in 1705. The author was a bookseller whose humor it was to describe his fellow traders, customers, and lady visitors—an odd mixture (as in Defoe) of piety and love-making. In 1686, he visited Boston with a venture of books, Puritan stock, which sold well. He describes the Mathers and others. From his account, gallantry was greatly in vogue in the old Puritan metropolis. His descriptions of the ladies are highly amusing.

acquirements. He published a *Narrative of the troubles with the Indians* from 1607 to 1677, and a number of sermons; and died Sept. 14, 1704. He wrote a History of New England, for which the state paid him £50, and which was used by Mather, Hutchinson, who states that it was "of great use" to him, and other writers. It is said to have been saved from the flames in the attack on Governor Hutchinson's house, by Dr. Andrew E. Eliot, and was presented by his son to the Massachusetts Historical Society, by whom it was finally printed in 1815. It comprises the history from the discovery of the country to the year 1680.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

Michael Wigglesworth was, in his day, one of the most successful of our early writers. He was born about 1631, and after completing his studies at Harvard, in 1651, appointed a tutor in the college. He soon after "made his remove to Meldon," where he was ordained, and remained a "faithful pastor, for about a jubilee of years together." Frequent attacks of illness to which his slight constitution disposed him, for he was, as one of his friends informs us, in a preliminary address to the Day of Doom, "a little feeble shadow of a man," forced him occasionally to suspend his pulpit exertions. These intervals were, however, marked by a change rather than cessation of labor, as during them he composed his "Day of Doom" and other poems. Notwithstanding his weak frame,



he lived to the good old age of seventy-four, dying in the year 1705. Cotton Mather wrote his funeral sermon, and the following

EPITAPH.

THE EXCELLENT WIGGLESWORTH REMEMBERED BY SOME GOOD TOKENS.

His pen did once meat from the eater fetch,
And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
His body once so thin, was next to none;
From hence, he's to unbodied spirits flown.
Once his rare skill did all diseases heal,
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
He to his paradise is joyful come,
And waits with joy to see his day of Doom.

Wigglesworth was the author of *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a short Discourse about Eternity*, and *Meat out of the Eater, or Meditations concerning the necessity, end, and usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children; all tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the Cross.* Both are small volumes, and went through several editions. The second is the rudest in versification, and contains some amusing examples of incongruous though familiar illustration.

We must not on the knee
Be always dandled,
Nor must we think to ride to Heaven
Upon a feather-bed.

We soon are surfeited
With strong delicious matter.
And, therefore, God who knows our frame,
Mingleth our wine with water.

Meat out of the Eater, is divided into a number of sections of some ten or twelve eight-line stanzas each. Its style is in general quaint and harsh, but passages occasionally occur like the following, which possess high merit.

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a Captain stout;
Dishonour not thy conquering Head
By basely giving out.
Endure a while, bear up,
And hope for better things.
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wing.

Through changes manifold,
And dangers perilous,
Through fiery flames, and water floods,
Through ways calamitous
We travel towards heaven,
A quiet habitation.
Christ shows a kingdom there prepar'd
Ev'n from the world's foundation.

O heaven, most holy place,
Which art our country dear!
What cause have I to long for thee,
And beg with many a tear.
Earth is to me a prison;
This body an useless wight;
And all things else vile, vain, and nought
To one in such ill plight.

O Christ, make haste, from bands
Of sin and death me free,
And to those heavenly mansions,
Be pleas'd to carry me.
Where glorified saints
For ever are possest
Of God in Christ their chiefest good,
And from all troubles rest.

It is followed by a collection of verses, similar in form and style, the title and contents of which are sufficiently curious to be quoted in full.

RIDDLES UNRIDDLED; OR, CHRISTIAN PARADOXES.

Broke open, smelling like sweet
Spice new taken out of boxes.

Each paradox is like a box,
That cordials rare incloseth:
This Key unlock, op'neth the Box,
And what's within discloseth;
That whoso will, may take his fill
And gain where no man loseth.

The contents follow on the back of the title-page.

RIDDLES UNRIDDLED; OR, CHRISTIAN PARADOXES.

Light in Darkness,
Sick men's Health,
Strength in Weakness,
Poor men's Wealth,
In confinement,
Liberty,
In Solitude
Good company.
Joy in Sorrow,
Life in Death's
Heavenly Crowns for
Thorny Wreaths.

Are presented to thy view,
In the Poems that ensue.

If my trials had been thine,
These would cheer thee more than wine.

The Day of Doom is a versification of the scriptural account of the last judgment. It was reprinted in London, and a few years ago in Boston. In the prefatory poetical introduction the author expresses his intention to rescue poetry from heathen classical perversions.

A PRAYER UNTO CHRIST, THE JUDGE OF THE WORLD.

O dearest, dread, most glorious King
I'll of thy justest judgment sing:
Do thou my head and heart inspire,
To sing aright, as I desire.
Thee, thee alone I'll invocate,
For I do much abominate
To call the Muses to mine aid:
Which is the unchristian use, and trade
Of some that Christians would be thought,
And yet they worship worse than nought.
Oh! what a deal of blasphemy,
And heathenish impiety,
In Christian poets may be found,
Where heathen gods with praise are crowned,
They make Jehovah to stand by,
Till Juno, Venus, Mercury,
With frowning Mars and thundering Jove,
Rule earth below, and heaven above.
But I have learnt to pray to none,
Save only God in Christ alone.
Nor will I laud, no not in jest,
That which I know God doth detest.
I reckon it a damning evil
To give God's praises to the Devil,
Thou, Christ, and he to whom I pray,
Thy glory fain I would display.
Oh, guide me by thy sacred spirit,
So to indite and so to write,
That I thy holy name may praise,
And teach the sons of man thy ways.

One of the best passages of the poem, which we quote, is modestly introduced at the end of the volume, "to fill up the empty pages following."

A SONG OF EMPTINESS.—VANITY OF VANITY.

Vain, frail, short-lived, and miserable man,
Learn what thou art, when thy estate is best,
A restless wave o' th' troubled ocean,
A dream, a lifeless picture finely drest.

A wind, a flower, a vapor, and a bubble,
A wheel that stands not still, a trembling reed,
A trolling stone, dry dust, light chaff and stuff,
A shadow of something, but truly nought indeed.

Learn what deceitful toys, and empty things,
This world and all its best enjoyments be:
Out of the earth no true contentment springs,
But all things here are vexing vanity.

For what is beauty, but a fading flower,
Or what is pleasure but the devil's bait,
Whereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
And multitudes of souls doth ruinate.

And what are *friends*, but mortal men as we,
Whom death from us may quickly separate;
Or else their hearts may quite estranged be,
And all their love be turned into hate.

And what are *riches*, to be doated on?
Uncertain, fickle, and ensnaring things;
They draw men's souls into perdition,
And when most needed, take them to their wings

Ah, foolish man! that sets his heart upon
Such empty shadows, such wild fowl as these,
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
And whilst they stay increase but his disease.

As in a dropsy, drinking drought begets,
The more he drinks, the more he still requires;
So on this world whoso affection sets,
His wealth's increase, increaseth his desires.

O happy man, whose portion is above
These floods, where flames, where foes cannot bereave him,
Most wretched man, that fixed hath his love
Upon this world that surely will deceive him.

For what is Honour? what is sov'reignty,
Whereto men's hearts so restlessly aspire?
Whom have they crowned with felicity?
When did they ever satisfy desire?

The ear of man with hearing is not fill'd;
To see new lights still coveting the eye:
The craving stomach, though it may be still'd,
Yet craves again without a new supply.

All earthly things man's cravings answer not,
Whose little heart would all the world contain,
(If all the world would fall to one man's lot)
And notwithstanding empty still remain.

The Eastern conqueror was said to weep,
When he the Indian ocean did view,
To see his conquest bounded by the deep,
And no more worlds remaining to subdue.

Who would that man in his enjoyment bless,
Or envy him, or covet his estate,
Whose gettings do augment his greediness,
And make his wishes more intemperate?

Such is the wonted and the common guise
Of those on earth that bear the greatest sway;
If with a few the case be otherwise,
They seek a kingdom that abides for aye.

Moreover they, of all the sons of men,
That rule, and are in highest places set;
Are most inclined to scorn their brethren;
And God himself (without great grace) forget.

For as the sun doth blind the gazer's eyes,
That for a time they nought discern aright:
So honour doth befool and blind the wise,
And their own lustre 'reaves them of their sight.

Great are their dangers, manifold their cares,
Thro' which whilst others sleep, they scarcely nap,
And yet are oft surprised unawares,
And fall unwilling into envie's trap.

The mean mechanic finds his kindly rest,
All void of fear sleepeth the country clown:
When greatest princes often are distrest,
And cannot sleep upon their beds of down.

Could strength or valor men immortalize,
Could wealth or honor keep them from decay,
There were some cause the same to idolize,
And give the lye to that which I do say.

But neither can such things themselves endure,
Without the hazard of a change one hour,
Nor such as trust in them can they secure
From dismal days, or death's prevailing pow'r.

If beauty could the beautiful defend
From death's dominion, then fair Absalom
Had not been brought to such a shameful end:
But fair and foul unto the grave must come.

If wealth or sceptres could immortal make,
Then wealthy Crœsus wherefore art thou dead?
If warlike force, which makes the world to quake,
Then why is Julius Cæsar perished?

Where are the Scipio's thunderbolts of war?
Renowned Pompey, Cæsar's enemy?
Stout Hannibal, Rome's terror known so far?
Great Alexander, what's become of thee?

If gifts and bribes death's favour might but win.
If pow'r, if force, or threat'nings might it fray,
All these, and more, had still surviving been,
But all are gone, for death will have no nay.

Such is this world, with all her pomp and glory:
Such are the men whom worldly eyes admire,
Cut down by time, and now become a story,
That we might after better things aspire.

Go boast thyself of what thy heart enjoys,
Vain man! triumph in all thy worldly bliss:
Thy best enjoyments are but trash and toys,
Delight thyself in that which worthless is.

Omnia prætereunt præter amare Deum.

INCREASE MATHER—COTTON MATHER.

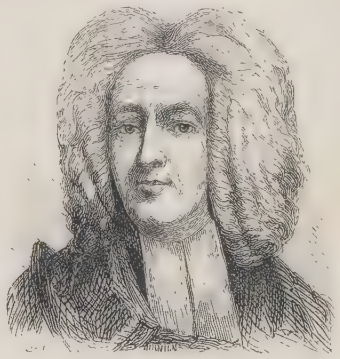
Cotton Mather had the fortune or misfortune to be born into the world to sustain a great reputation. The Mather family had struck its roots deep in the New England polity. Richard Mather, the grandfather, came to America an emigrant non-conformist divine in 1636, and immediately took an important ecclesiastical position as pastor in Dorchester. His son, Increase Mather, born at that town in 1639, developed the learning of the name. He was a graduate of Harvard, of which institution he became President in 1685, in his forty-sixth year, when he had fully established himself in Church and State as the preacher of the North Church in Boston, and the opponent of the government of Charles II., in support of the Colonial Charter. He was employed in England on public affairs during the difficult period of the Revolution of 1688, bringing back with him a new royal charter, under which he had the privilege of nominating his friend, Sir William Phips, as Governor to the King. In that age, when learned men gave greater dignity to their names in sonorous Latin, he was called Crescentius Matherus,* and his studies entitled him to the honor, for he passed two thirds of the day amongst his books, and left behind him eighty-five publications, a considerable number, which was to be very far outdistanced by his bookish son. These productions of Increase Mather are chiefly sermons in the theological style of the day. His *Cases of Conscience concerning Witchcraft*, published in 1693, bears an historical value. The last work of Increase Mather was his Agathangelus, a preface to his son Cotton's Cœlestinus.* It has this touching address or "Attestation," which does honor to the father and the man.

The landscape of heaven here exhibited is drawn by one who, for two-and-forty years, has, as a son with a father, served with me in the gospel. It will be much if these forty-two periods do not finish our peregrinations together through the wilderness. For my own part, I am every hour looking and longing for the pleasant land, where I am sure I shall not find things as I do here this day. And having been somewhat comforted and strengthened by the prospect, which is here, as from the top of Mount Pisgah, taken of it, and entirely satisfied in it, I commend it as one of my last legacies to the people of God, which I must leave behind me in a world which has things come and coming upon it, which blessed are they that are escaped from.

Increase Mather married a daughter of John Cotton, of eminent rank in the old New England Divinity, who gave the Christian name to his son.

Where two great names their sanctuary take,
And in a third combined a greater make.

He died in his eighty-fifth year, in 1723, and in the sixty-sixth of his ministry. Theology was long lived in ancient New England.* His life was written by his illustrious son with great spirit and unction.†



C. Mather.

Cotton Mather was born in Boston, Feb. 12, 1663. He was well trained for Harvard by the

* Which famous John Wilson anagrammatized into *En! Christus merces tua.* The appellation was once an inconvenience to Mather when he claimed some arrears of salary in England; and some official, ignorant of these refinements, denied his personal identity, in consequence of his having another name. Remarkables in the Life of Increase Mather, 21.

† Cœlestinus. A Conversation in Heaven, quickened and assisted, with Discoveries of things in the Heavenly World. And some Relations of the Views and Joys that have been granted unto several persons in the confines of it. Introduced by Agathangelus, or, an Essay on the Ministry of the Holy Angels, and recommended unto the people of God, by the reverend Dr. Increase Mather; waiting in the daily expectation of his departure to that glorious world. Boston: printed by S. Kneeland, for Nath. Belknap, at his shop, the corner of Scarlett's Wharffe and next door to the Mitre Coffee House. 1723. 18mo. pp. 162.

* Mr. J. P. Dabney has published, Am. Quar. Register, xiv. 377, a list of one hundred and eighty-nine graduates of Harvard, chiefly clergymen, who, up to 1842, had reached or passed the age of eighty-four. There are four graduates of Harvard centenarians. Dr. Farmer, in the same work (x. 39), has published a series of Ecclesiastical Statistics, including the Ages of 840 deceased Ministers of the Gospel, who were graduated at Harvard College, from 1642 to 1826. Of these, 342 died at seventy and upwards. There are 17 at ninety and upwards.

† Parentator. Memoirs of Remarkables in the Life and the Death of the Ever Memorable Dr. Increase Mather, who expired August 23, 1723. 2 Kings ii. 12, My Father, my Father. Boston: Printed by B. Green for Nathaniel Belknap. 1724.

venerable schoolmaster Ezekiel Cheever,* and was a precocious student; for at twelve years of age he had read Cicero, Terence, Ovid, and Virgil, the Greek Testament, and entered upon Socrates, Homer, and the Hebrew Grammar. To adopt the old reading of Shakespeare,

> From his cradle,
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

A mountain of learning and theology was heaped upon his childhood. When he left college, with a handsome compliment in Latin from President Oakes, he employed himself for several years in teaching. In 1684, at the age of twenty-one, he was ordained, when he preached the first time for his grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Richard Mather, at Dorchester; the next Lord's day for his own father at Boston; and the Lord's day after, for his grandfather Cotton at Boston. His spiritual life was of an earlier date; for in religion, he was a divine almost from his cradle. He had, as a youth, acquired a habit of meditation and religious improvement, modelled upon Bishop Hall's *Occasional Meditations*, in which the most familiar occurrences are chosen for remark.

This quaintness suited the genius of Mather. Every incident in life afforded him a text. He had a special consideration for the winding up of his watch. As he mended his fire he thought of rectifying his life; the act of paring his nails warned him to lay aside "all superfluity of naughtiness;" while "drinking a dish of tea" he was especially invited to fragrant and grateful reflections. He appropriated the time while he was dressing to particular speculations, parcelling out a different set of questions for every day in the week. On Sunday morning he commented on himself, as pastor; on Monday, as husband and father; on Tuesday he thought of his relations, "taking a catalogue which began with his parents and extended as far as the children of his cousin-germans," and, by an odd distribution, interchanging them sometimes with his enemies; Wednesday he gave to the consideration of the church throughout the world; on Thursday he turned over his religious society efforts; Friday he devoted to the poor and suffering, and Saturday he concluded with his own spiritual interests.†

To these devout associations he added the most humorous turns, not merely improving,—a notion readily entertained—such similes of mortal affairs as the striking of a clock or the dying flame of a candle, but pinning his prayers, on a tall man, that he might have "high attainments in Christianity;" on a negro, that he might be washed white by the Spirit; on a very small man, that he might have great blessings; upon a man on horseback, that as the creature served him, so he might serve the Creator; and, at the suggestion of so suspicious an incentive, savoring so strongly of unholy egotism, as a person passing by without observing him, "Lord, I pray thee, help that man to take a due notice of Christ."*

It may not be unreasonable to trace this habit, with the disposition of mind upon which it grew in Mather, till he carried out the doctrine of special providence to an excess which assumed the worst forms of dyspeptic and morbid suspicion. Pious persons sometimes forget that, while Deity rules the world with particular control, in which nothing is so small as not to be great, it becomes not the ignorance of short-sighted man to be the interpreter.

It was probably one form of this not uncommon delusion which led Cotton Mather to enter so vigorously upon the prosecution of witchcraft. Wherever in life he saw an effect, he looked about him for an immediate cause, and would take up the nearest one which suited his taste and humor. He was undoubtedly instrumental in fomenting the murderous proceedings at Salem; it would be harsh to suppose with the deliberate intent of reviving a fading ecclesiastic tyranny and priestly despotism in the land, but certainly with an over-zealous eagerness and inordinate credulity. Wiser men than Mather, in those days, had a certain kind of belief in the possibility of witchcraft. Chief Justice Hale, in 1682, had sanctioned the punishment of death for a piece of intolerable nonsense in England, and witches had been executed in New England before Mather was born. There was just lurking superstition enough about in the country, in the thin settlements and in the purlieus of the wilderness, fostered by the disuse of independent thinking under the dogmatic puritan theology, to be effectively worked upon by a credulous, zealous, unscrupulous advocate; and such, for the time being, was Cotton Mather. Vanity appears to have been his ruling passion, and vanity associated with priestly power and superstition presents a fearful combination for the times. Self-blinded, he was fooled by the most transparent absurdities. He gives an account, in the *Magnalia*, of the freaks of a young girl, one of the bewitched family of the Goodwins, whom he took into his house, and who played him a variety of silly pranks, his relation of which is exceedingly quaint and amusing, all of them to be explained by the mischievous caprices of the sex, with so capital an object as himself to work upon, but which the learned doctor in divinity magnified in the pulpit—he speaks of "entertaining his congregation with a sermon" on the subject—and the "famous Mr. Baxter" echoed in London, as a "great instance, with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee, that will not believe it." This was in 1688. His *Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft* appeared in 1689. The twenty executions of Salem took place in 1692; nineteen were hung, and another pressed to death, by that peculiar institution of the old English

* Cheever, a Londoner by birth, was for more than seventy years a teacher in this country—at Newhaven, Ipswich, Charlestown, and at Boston, where he passed the last thirty-seven years of his life, till his death, in 1708, at the venerable age of ninety-three. His Latin Accidence had reached its twentieth edition in 1768. He also wrote on the Scripture Prophecies. Cotton Mather says, in one of his carefully twisted elegies, that his numerous pupils employed the parts of speech which he taught them in sounding his praises:—

> "With interjections they break off at last,
> But, ah is all they use, wo, and alas!"

The story is, that Cheever used to boast of having flogged seven of the judges on the bench.

† Life by Samuel Mather, 50–59.

* Life by Samuel Mather, 107–9.

law, the *peine forte et dure*. Mather was on the spot, aiding and abetting, "riding in the whirlwind, and directing the storm." At the execution of the clergyman, George Burroughs, he was present among the crowd on horseback, addressing the people, and cavilling at the ordination of his brother pastor.* His *Wonders of the Invisible World; being an account of the trial of several witches lately executed in New England*,† tells the story of these melancholy judicial crimes, with a hearty unction which gloats over the victims. His faith is as unrelenting as the zeal of an antiquarian or a virtuoso. His spiritual rant, forgetting the appropriate language of the scholar and the divine, anticipates the burlesque of a Maw-worm, or the ravings of a Mucklewrath.

When the witch mania had run out, having brought itself to a *reductio ad absurdum*, by venting suspicions of the diabolical agencies of the wife of Governor Phips, which was carrying the matter quite too far, and Robert Calef had published his spirited exposure of the affair in 1700,‡ Mather repeating the stories in the old strain in the Magnalia, makes no retraction of his former judgments or convictions. In 1723, in the chapter of the "Remarkables" of his father, entitled *Troubles from the Invisible World*, he repeats the absurd stories of the "prodigious possession of devils" at Salem.§

The lesson, however, was not without profit to him. When a great humanitarian question, which he was the first to introduce, afterwards came up, in the year 1721, the new discovery of the inoculation for the small-pox, and the superstitious feeling of the day was opposed to it, Mather set himself against the popular outcry on the side of the reform.* It was in vain now that his opponents brought up the diabolical agencies of the new remedy. Mather had chosen the other side, and the wicked suggestions of the spiritual world were silenced. It was a noble position for a man to hold, and he resolutely maintained it. Even as all scandal touching the fair Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is forgotten, when she is seen angelically bringing this protection for humanity from Turkey to England, so may the bigotry and superstition of Mather be overlooked when, not waiting for English precedents, he took upon himself the introduction of this new remedy in America.

In many other respects, Mather's memory deserves to be held in esteem by the present generation. He carried about with him that indefatigable sense of usefulness which we associate with the popular memory of Franklin, whose character doubtless he helped to mould. The philosopher in his autobiography, acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Mather, in a paragraph in which he associates the *Essays to do good* with a book by De Foe as "perhaps giving him a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of his life." He has left another memorandum of this obligation in a letter to Samuel Mather, from Passey, May 12, 1784:—"When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life."†

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* Bancroft's U. S. iii. 92.

† The Wonders of the Invisible World; being an account of the Tryals of Several Witches, lately executed in New England, and of several remarkable curiosities therein occurring. Together with, 1. Observations upon the nature, the number, and the operations of the Devils. 2. A short narrative of a late outrage committed by a knot of witches in Swedeland, very much resembling, and so far explaining, that under which New England has labored. 3. Some councils directing a due improvement of the terrible things lately done by the unusual and amazing Range of Evil Spirits in New England. 4. A brief discourse upon those Temptations which are the more ordinary Devices of Satan, by Cotton Mather. Published by the special command of his Excellency the Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England. Printed first at Boston, in New England; and reprinted at London, for John Dunton, at the Raven, in the Poultry, 1693. 4to. pp. 98.

‡ More Wonders of the Invisible World; or the Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed in five parts. An account of the sufferings of Margaret Rule, collected by Robert Calef, merchant of Boston, in New England. London, 1700. Calef's book, on its arrival in this country, was publicly burnt by the Mather agency, in the college yard at Cambridge. Samuel Mather, in the Life of his Father (p. 46), disposes of it more summarily than posterity is willing to do. "There was a certain disbeliever of witchcraft, who wrote against this book; but as the man is dead, his book died long before him." This merchant of Boston deserves to be well remembered for his independence and acuteness. He is deserving of more special notice than he has received. He died in 1720.

§ The witchcraft executions had been the work of a few clergymen and their friends in office, and had been carried through by a special court got up among them for the occasion. Bancroft (iii. 88) assigns the "responsibility of the tragedy" to the "very few, hardly five or six, in whose hands the transition state of the government left, for a season, unlimited influence."

When Mr. Upham published his *Lectures* on this subject, he was called upon by a writer in the public prints, to make good his charge against Cotton Mather, of having exerted himself to increase and extend the frenzy of the public mind. He produced in reply, an original letter from Dr. Mather to Stephen Sewall, of Salem, in which he manifests an excessive earnestness to prevent the excitement from subsiding. This was written in September, after the summer which had witnessed the executions in Salem, and contained an importunate request, that Mr. Sewall would furnish him with the evidence given at the trials. "Imagine me as obdurate a Sadducee and witch-advocate as any among us; address me as one that believed nothing reasonable; and when you have so knocked me down, in a spectre so unlike me, you will enable me to box it about among my neighbors till it come, I know not where at last." Peabody's Life, 249. Chandler Robbins, in his History of the Second Church, or Old North in Boston, has taken an apologetic view of these transactions, and exempted Mather from the charge of conscious deception. "He may be called a fool for his credulity; but he certainly cannot be called a knave for his cunning," p. 102. Quincy has handled Mather less mildly in his History of Harv. Univ. i. 346.

* An interesting and instructive history of the introduction of inoculation into New England, will be found in Mr. W. B. O. Peabody's Life of Cotton Mather, in volume iv. of Sparks's American Biography. "The clergy, who were generally in favor of inoculation, supported it by arguments drawn from medical science; while the physicians, who were as much united against it, opposed it with arguments which were chiefly theological, alleging that it was presumptuous in man to inflict disease on man, that being the prerogative of the Most High." Dr. Zabdiel Boylston stood alone in the faculty. He defended inoculation by his pen, and promoted it by his example. Dr. Douglass, a Scotchman, a physician of note in Boston, and afterwards the author of "A Summary, Historical and Political, of the British Settlements in North America," 1760, was an indignant opponent.

† This letter also preserves an anecdote characteristic of both parties—the theoretical Cotton Mather, and the practical Franklin. "You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth. We are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston; but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania; he received me in his library, and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

Mather was always exercising his ingenuity to contribute something useful to the world. He was one of the first to employ the press extensively in the dissemination of tracts; he early lifted his voice in favor of temperance; he preached and wrote for sailors; he instructed negroes; he substituted moral and sagacious intellectual restraints with his children for flogging;* conversation he studied and practised as an art; and he was a devoted historiographer of his country for posterity—besides his paramount employment, according to the full measure of his day and generation, of discharging the sacred duties of his profession. Pity that any personal defects of temperament or "follies of the wise" should counterbalance these noble achievements—that so well freighted a bark should at times experience the want of a rudder. Good sense was the one stick occasionally missing from the enormous faggot of Mather's studies and opinions.

The remark that Mather made of one of the many opinionists of the times, whose notions did not agree with his own, or whose nonsense, to reverse the saying of Charles II. of Bishop Woolly and the non-conformists, did not suit his nonsense, that his brain was a windmill, may be applied to himself. He was full of a restless, uneasy mental action. He wrote history without being an historian, and painted character without being a biographer. But he had a great genius for the odd and the fantastic.

One thing he never could attain, though he nearly inherited it, though his learning almost irresistibly challenged it, though he spiritually anticipated it—the prize of the presidency of Harvard College. One and another was chosen in preference to him. The ghostly authority of the old priestly influence was passing away. Cotton Mather was, in age, a disheartened and disappointed man. The possession, in turn, of three wives had proved but a partial consolation. One of his sons he felt compelled to disown;† his wife was subject to fits of temper bordering on insanity; the glooms of his own disposition grew darker in age as death approached, a friend whom he was glad to meet, when he expired, at the completion of his sixty-fifth year, the 13th February, 1728. His last emphatic charge to his son Samuel was, "Remember only that one word, 'Fructuosus.'"

It was a word which had never been forgotten by himself—for his genius had indeed borne much fruit. The catalogue of his printed works enumerated by his son Samuel, at the close of the life of his father, which supplied us with so many characteristic traits of the man,* numbers three hundred and eighty-two, a Cottonian library in itself, bearing date during more than forty years, from 1686 to 1727.† As an ancient Roman Emperor took for his adage, "nulla dies sine lineâ," so Cotton Mather may be said to have enlarged the motto, "no year without a book," for in the ripe period of his book productiveness, not a date is missing. These publications were, many of them, light, and occasional tracts, single sermons, and the like; but there were many among them of sufficient magnitude, and all were greatly condensed. The famous sentence which he wrote in capitals over his study door, as a warning to all tedious and impertinent visitors, "Be short," he bore in mind himself for his own writings when he approached that much enduring host, the public. Books and reading were his delight: he was one of the old folio race of scholars, the gluttons of ancient authors, transplanted to America. The vigorous pedantic school which grew up under the shade of Harvard, in those days, between the wilderness and the sea, was a remarkable feature of the times.

Warmly writes poetical John Adams, of Newport, of Mather's productiveness.

What numerous volumes scatter'd from his hand,
Lighten'd his own, and warm'd each foreign land?
What pious breathings of a glowing soul
Live in each page, and animate the whole?
The breath of heaven the savory pages show,
As we Arabia from its spices know.
The beauties of his style are careless strew'd,
And learning with a liberal hand bestow'd:
So, on the field of Heav'n, the seeds of fire
Thick-sown, but careless, all the wise admire.‡

In one of Mather's private thanksgivings, he records his gratitude for the usual rewards of a pastor's ministry, and adds as special items of happiness, "my accomplishments in any points of learning—my well furnished library." On another occasion, he describes the culture of his genius: "I am not unable, with a little study, to write in seven languages: I feast myself with the secrets of all the sciences which the more polite

* The kind and shrewd disposition of Mather in this particular is worthy of special mention. "He would have his children account it a privilege to be taught; and would sometimes manage the matter so, that refusing to teach them something should be looked upon as a punishment. The strain of his threatenings therefore was: you shall not be allowed to read, or to write, or to learn such a thing, if you do not as I have bidden you. The slavish way of education, carried on with raving, and kicking, and scourging (in schools as well as families) he looked upon as a dreadful judgment of God on the world; he thought the practice abominable, and expressed a mortal aversion to it."—*Life by Samuel Mather*, p. 17.

† His Diary speaks of his "miserable son," and threatens "a tremendous letter to my wicked son." Samuel Mather, his brother, writes kindly of him:—"The third son was Increase, a young man, well beloved by all who knew him for his superior good nature and manners, his elegant wit and ready expressions. He went to sea, and on his passage from Barbadoes to Newfoundland was lost in the Atlantic."—Life of Cotton Mather, p. 14.

* Life of the Very Reverend and learned Cotton Mather, D.D. and F.R.S., late Pastor of the North Church, in Boston; who died Feb. 13, 1727-8, by Samuel Mather, M.A., Boston. Printed for Samuel Gerrish, in Cornhill, 1729. 12mo. pp. 186. An abridgment of this life was published in London, 1744, by David Jennings, at the suggestion of Dr. Watts, who speaks in his "Recommendation" of his "happy Correspondence with the Reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, for near twenty years before his death; as well as with the Reverend Mr. Samuel Mather, his son, ever since. I found much of his learned and pious character very early, from the spirit of his Letters, and of his public writings, which he favored me with every year."

† Large as this catalogue is, and carefully prepared by his son, it does not include all Mather's publications. Extensive collections of them may be found in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, which has also a Mather alcove of weather-beaten divinity in ragged black covers, as if smoked by the fires of the Inquisition,—hardly one has a label left—rich in such old time works as the "Church Politics" of Voetius, the "Scholastical Divinity" of Henry Jeanes, Bilson's "Christian Subjections," Sib'sPious Writings, relieved by an old Latin volume of Henry More, of Erasmus, and a few broken sets of Roman poets. Books which once belonged to grandfather, father, son, and grandson, Richard, Increase, Cotton, and Samuel. There are fifty-two Cotton Mather items on the catalogue of the Boston Athenæum. The Mather MSS. are chiefly in the archives of the Mass. Historical Society, and the American Antiq. Society.

‡ On the Death of Dr. Cotton Mather, Poems, p. 85.

part of mankind ordinarily pretend unto. I am entertained with all kinds of histories, ancient and modern. I am no stranger to the curiosities, which by all sorts of learning are brought unto the curious. These intellectual pleasures are far beyond my sensual ones."*

The great work of Mather, to which many of his writings are properly appendices, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, is a monument of these studies. In its plan it is a compound of quaint English Dr. Thomas Fuller's Church History and Worthies; but in the execution, the wit and sagacity of the American are not of so fine an edge, and the poetical fancy is missing. The book purports, on its title-page, to be *The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first Planting in the year* 1620, *unto the year of our Lord* 1698; but includes also the civil history of the times, an account of Harvard college, of the Indian wars, of the witchcraft "troubles," together with the lives of more than eighty individuals, celebrities of church and state. By the year 1718 Mather had published the lives of no less than one hundred and fourteen men and twenty women, and more, says his biographer, afterwards, "not to say anything of the transient but honorable mention many others have had in the doctor's tractates." Character painting, in funeral sermons and eulogies, was one of the strong points of Mather's genius, an exercise of amiability which the poet Halleck has kindly remembered among the verses in which he has so happily depicted the peculiarities of the man:

O Genius! powerful with thy praise or blame,
When art thou feigning? when art thou sincere?
Mather, who banned his living friends with shame,
In funeral sermons blessed them on their bier,
And made their deathbeds beautiful with fame—
Fame true and gracious as a widow's tear
To her departed darling husband given;
Him whom she scolded up from earth to heaven.

Thanks for his funeral sermons, they recall
The sunshine smiling through his folio's leaves,
That makes his readers' hours in bower or hall
Joyous as plighted hearts on bridal eves;
Chasing, like music from the soul of Saul,
The doubt that darkens, and the ill that grieves;
And honoring the author's heart and mind,
That beats to bless, and toils to ennoble human kind.†

The *Magnalia* was printed in London, in folio, in 1702, through the agency of a friend, Mr. Robert Hackshaw, who bore the expense as an act of faith. It was not till 1820 that it was reprinted in America, at Hartford. As an historical work its incidental lights are more valuable than its direct opinions; its credulity and prejudice are unbounded, but they painfully exhibit the management of the old ecclesiasticism of New England; for the rest, its vigorous oddity of expression is amusing, and will long attract the curious reader. Giving Mather every credit for sincerity, his judgment appears sadly at fault: the mixture of high intentions with low puerilities recalls to us the exclamation of Coleridge upon perusing a book of the same school, John Reynolds's old folio of God's Revenge against Murther, "Oh, what a beautiful *concordia discordantium* is an unthinking, good-hearted man's soul."

The book of Mather's which is mentioned most frequently after the *Magnalia*, is the *Christian Philosopher*, a collection of Natural Theology instances and improvements, leaning upon Boyle, Ray, Derham, and similar writers. Commencing with light, the planets, and such phenomena as snow, wind, cold, he travels through the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, to man, into whose anatomy he enters intimately. He quotes for poetry "the incomparable Sir Richard Blackmore," with whom he corresponded, and recognises "our ingenious Mr. Waller." The natural history is sometimes of the simplest, and the moral improvements are overdone. His prototype, Boyle, in his Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects, had carried a good thing so far as to excite the humor of Swift, who wrote his Pious Meditation on a Broomstick, in parody of his style. Mather adopts the popular credulities touching the victim of the bite of the tarantula, and narrates them with great emotion; and he tells us, out of Beccone, that men, if need requires, may suckle infants from their breasts. His love for the curiosities of reading will carry him anywhere for an example. Thus he remarks, "What a sympathy between the feet and the bowels! the priests walking barefoot on the pavement of the temple, were often afflicted, as the Talmuds tell us, with diseases in the bowels. The physician of the temple was called a bowel doctor. Bellyaches, occasioned by walking on a cold floor, are cured by applying hot bricks to the soles of the feet." There is, however, an obvious good intention to be useful and devout everywhere.

The *Essays to do Good*, an abridgment of which has been in popular circulation with "improvements" by George Burder, the author of the "Village Sermons," may be best described by their original title, in the publication of 1710, "Bonifacius; an Essay upon the Good, that is to be devised and designed, by those who desire to answer the Great End of Life, and to do Good while they live. A Book offered, first, in General, unto all Christians, in a Personal Capacity, or in a relative: Then more particularly unto Magistrates, Ministers, Physicians, Lawyers, Schoolmasters, Gentlemen, Officers, Churches, and unto all Societies of a religious character and intention: with humble Proposals of unexceptionable methods to *Do Good* in the world." The treatment is ingenious, and the design affords a model for a wider treatment with reference to all the prominent arts and pursuits of life.

Mather, too, sometimes, like so many of the worthies he celebrated, tried his hand upon poetry. Whether Minerva was willing or not, the verses must be produced. He has the gift of Holofernes for "smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention." But the puns and quibs which he has for others take a more natural form when he writes his own sorrows on the death of his son and daughter.

The *Psalterium Americanum*, published in 1718, was an attempt to improve the careless version of the Psalms then current, by a translation exactly conformed to the original, and written in

* Life by Samuel Mather, p. 21.

† The whole of this characterization of Mather and the old Puritan times is admirable, balancing virtues and defects with a poet's discrimination. It is from that quarry of the author's portfolio, the "unpublished poem" Connecticut.

blank verse. Mr. Hood, in his History of Music, speaks of the work with respect. To the translations were appended brief devotional and learned comments, or, as the author more pointedly challenges attention to them—"Every Psalm is here satellited with illustrations, which are not fetched from the vulgar annotations, but are the more fine, deep, and uncommon thoughts, which in a course of long reading and thinking have been brought in the way of the collector. They are golden keys to immense treasures of Truth." Verily, Mather understood well the learned trick of displaying his literary wares.*

This literal translation, "without any jingle of words at the end," is printed by Mather in the several metres, separated from prose by rules set upright in the solid paragraph. We quote one of them, restored to the form of poetry:—

PSALM C.

Now unto the eternal God
Make you the joyful shouts
Which are heard in a jubilee,
All ye who dwell on earth.

Yield service with a shining joy
To the eternal God;
With joyful acclamations come
Ye in before His face.

Know that th' eternal God, He's God,
He made us, and we're His;
We are His people, and we are
The sheep which He does feed.

With due confessions enter ye
His gates, His courts with praise;
Make due confessions unto Him;
Speak ye well of His name.

For the eternal God is good;
His mercy is forever;
And unto generations doth
His faithfulness endure.

An immense unpublished MS. of Mather, his *Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures*, is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers. Portions of his *Diary*, a painful psychological curiosity, are also to be found there, including the torn leaf from which the invisible hand of witchcraft plucked a piece, according to his declaration, before his eyes.

AN HORTATORY AND NECESSARY ADDRESS, TO A COUNTRY NOW EXTRAORDINARILY ALARM'D BY THE WRATH OF THE DEVIL. —FROM THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

That the Devil is *come down unto us with great wrath*, we find, we feel, we now deplore. In many ways, for many years, hath the Devil been assaying to extirpate the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus here. New England may complain of the Devil, as in Psalm cxxix. 1, 2: *Many a time have they afflicted me, from my youth, may New England now say; many a time have they afflicted me from my youth; yet they have not prevailed against me.* But now there is a more than ordinary *affliction*, with which the *Devil* is Galling of us: and such an one as is indeed Unparallelable. The things confessed by *Witches*, and the things endured by *Others*, laid together, amount unto this account of our Affliction. The *Devil*, Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small *Black man*, has decoy'd a fearful knot of proud, forward, ignorant, envious, and malicious creatures, to list themselves in his horrid Service, by entring their Names in a Book, by him tendered unto them. These *Witches*, whereof above a Score have now *Confessed, and shown their Deeds*, and some are now tormented by the Devils, for *Confessing*, have met in Hellish *Rendezvouz*, wherein the Confessors do say, they have had their diabolical Sacraments, imitating the *Baptism* and the *Supper* of our Lord. In these hellish meetings, these Monsters have associated themselves to do no less a thing than, *To destroy the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in these parts of the World;* and in order hereunto, First they each of them have their *Spectres*, or Devils, commissioned by them and representing of them, to be the Engines of their Malice. By these wicked *Spectres*, they seize poor people about the country, with various and bloody *Torments;* and of those evidently Preternatural torments there are some have dy'd. They have bewitched some, even so far as to make *Self-destroyers:* and others are in many Towns here and there languishing under their *Evil hands.* The people thus afflicted, are miserably scratched, and bitten, so that the Marks are most visible to all the World, but the causes utterly invisible; and the same Invisible Furies do most visibly stick Pins into the bodies of the Afflicted, and *scale* them, and hideously distort, and disjoint all their members, besides a thousand other sorts of Plague, beyond these of any natural diseases which they give unto them. Yea, they sometimes drag the poor people out of their chambers, and carry them over Trees and Hills, for divers miles together. A large part of the persons tortured by these Diabolical *Spectres*, are horribly tempted by them, sometimes with fair promises, and sometimes with hard threatenings, but always with felt miseries, to sign the *Devil's Laws* in a Spectral Book laid before them; which two or three of these poor Sufferers, being by their tiresome sufferings overcome to do, they have immediately been released from all their miseries, and they appeared in Spectre then to Torture those that were before their fellow-sufferers. The *Witches*, which by their covenant with the Devil are become Owners of Spectres, are oftentimes by their own Spectres required and compelled to give their consent, for the molestation of some, which they had no mind otherwise to fall upon: and cruel depredations are then made upon the Vicinage. In the Prosecution of these Witchcrafts, among a thousand other unaccountable things, the *Spectres* have an odd faculty of cloathing the most substantial and corporeal Instruments of Torture, with Invisibility, while the wounds thereby given have been the most palpable things in the World; so that the Sufferers assaulted with Instruments of Iron, wholly unseen to the standers by, though, to their cost, seen by themselves, have, upon snatching, wrested the Instruments out of the *Spectre's* hands, and every one has then immediately not only *beheld*, but *handled*, an Iron Instrument taken by a Devil from a Neighbor. These wicked *Spectres* have proceeded so far, as to steal several quantities of Money from divers people, part of which Money has, before sufficient Spectators, been dropt out of the Air into the Hands of the Sufferers, while the *Spectres* have been urging them to subscribe their *Covenant* with

* Some of his title-pages are exquisite. *Brontologia Sacra* is the name he gives to a few sermons on remarkable thunderstorms. The titles of several of these occasional publications are, *Nails Fastened, or Proposals of Piety; Adversus Libertinos; An Essay on Evangelical Obedience; Theopolis Americana, An Essay on the Golden Street of the Holy City.*

Death. In such extravagant ways have these Wretches propounded, the *Dragooning* of as many as they can, into their own Combination, and the *Destroying* of others, with lingring, spreading, deadly diseases; till our Country should at last become too hot for us. Among the Ghastly Instances of the *success* which those Bloody Witches have had, we have seen even some of their own Children, so dedicated unto the Devil, that in their Infancy, it is found, the *Imps* have sucked them, and rendered them Venomous to a Prodigy. We have also seen the Devil's first battries upon the Town where the first Church of our Lord in this Colony was gathered, producing those distractions, which have almost ruin'd the Town. We have seen, likewise, the *Plague* reaching afterwards into the Towns far and near, where the Houses of good Men have the Devils filling of them with terrible vexations!

This is the descent, which, it seems, the devil has now made upon us. But that which makes this descent the more formidable, is, The *multitude* and *quality* of Persons accused of an interest in this *Witchcraft*, by the Efficacy of the Spectres which take their name and shape upon them; causing very many good and wise men to fear, that many *innocent*, yea, and some *virtuous* persons, are, by the devils in this matter, imposed upon; that the devils have obtain'd the power to take on them the likeness of harmless people, and in that likeness to afflict other people, and be so abused by Præstigious Dæmons, that upon their look or touch, the afflicted shall be oddly affected. Arguments from the Providence of God, on the one side, and from our charity towards man on the other side, have made this now to become a most agitated Controversie among us. There is an *Agony* produced in the Minds of Men, lest the Devil should sham us with Devices, of perhaps a finer Thread, than was ever yet practised upon the World. The whole business is become hereupon so *Snarled*, and the determination of the Question one way or another, so *dismal*, that our Honourable Judges have a Room for *Jehosaphat's* Exclamation, *We know not what to do!* They have used, as Judges have heretofore done, the *Spectral Evidences*, to introduce their further Enquiries into the *Lives* of the persons accused; and they have thereupon, by the wonderful Providence of God, been so strengthened with *other evidences*, that some of the Witch Gang have been fairly Executed. But what shall be done, as to those against whom the *evidence* is chiefly founded in the *dark world?* Here they do solemnly demand our Addresses to the *Father of Lights*, on their behalf. But in the mean time, the Devil improves the *Darkness* of this Affair, to push us into a *Blind Man's Buffet*, and we are even ready to be *sinfully*, yea, hotly and madly, mauling one another in the *dark*.

THE TARANTULA.—FROM THE "CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER."

What amazing effects follow on the bite of the tarantula! the patient is taken with an extreme difficulty of breathing, and heavy anguish of heart, a dismal sadness of mind, a voice querulous and sorrowful, and his eyes very much disturbed. When the violent symptoms which appear on the first day are over, a continual melancholy hangs about the person, till by dancing or singing, or change of air, the poisonous impressions are extirpated from the blood, and the fluid of the nerves; but this is a happiness that rarely happens; nay, Baglivi, this wicked spider's countryman, says, there is no expectation of ever being perfectly cured. Many of the poisoned are never well but among the graves, and in solitary places; and they lay themselves along upon a bier as if they themselves were dead: like people in despair, they will throw themselves into a pit; women, otherwise chaste enough, cast away all modesty, and throw themselves into every indecent posture. There are some colours agreeable to them, others offensive, especially black; and if the attendants have their clothes of ungrateful colours, they must retire out of their sight. The music with the dancing which must be employed for their cure, continues three or four days; in this vigorous exercise they sigh, they are full of complaints; like persons in drink, they almost lose the right use of their understanding; they distinguish not their very parents from others in their treating of them, and scarce remember any thing that is past. Some during this exercise are much pleased with green boughs of reeds or vines, and wave them with their hands in the air, or dip them in the water, or bind them about their face or neck; others love to handle red cloths or naked swords. And there are those who, upon a little intermission of the dancing, fall a digging of holes in the ground, which they fill with water, and then take a strange satisfaction in rolling there. When they begin to dance, they call for swords and act like fencers; sometimes they are for a looking-glass, but then they fetch many a deep sigh at beholding themselves. Their fancy sometimes leads them to rich clothes, to necklaces, to fineries and a variety of ornaments; and they are highly courteous to the bystanders that will gratify them with any of these things; they lay them very orderly about the place where the exercise is pursued, and in dancing please themselves with one or other of these things by turns, as their troubled imagination directs them.

How miserable would be the condition of mankind, if these animals were common in every country! But our compassionate God has confined them to one little corner of Italy; they are existing elsewhere, but nowhere thus venomous, except in Apulia. My God, I glorify thy compassion to sinful mankind, in thy restraints upon the poisons of the tarantula.

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE—FROM THE "MAGNALIA."

When David was driven from his friends into the wilderness, he made this pathetical representation of his condition, "'Twas as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Among the many worthy persons who were persecuted into an American wilderness, for their fidelity to the ecclesiastical kingdom of our true David, there was one that bore the *name* as well as the *state* of an hunted partridge. What befel him, was, as Bede saith of what was done by Fælix, *Juxta nominis sui Sacramentum.*

This was Mr. Ralph Partridge, who for no fault but the *delicacy* of his good *spirit*, being distressed by the ecclesiastical *setters*, had no defence, neither of *beak* nor *claw*, but a *flight* over the ocean.

The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony.

This Partridge had not only the innocency of the *dove*, conspicuous in his blameless and pious life, which made him very acceptable in his conversation, but also the loftiness of an *eagle*, in the great soar of his intellectual abilities. There are some interpreters who, understanding *church officers* by the *living creatures*, in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse, will have the *teacher* to be intended by the *eagle* there, for his quick insight into remote and hidden things. The church of Duxbury had such an *eagle* in their *Partridge*, when they enjoyed such a *teacher*.

By the same token, when the *Platform of Church Discipline* was to be composed, the Synod at Cambridge appointed three persons to draw up each of

them, "a model of church-government, according to the word of God," unto the end that out of those the synod might form what should be found most agreeable; which three persons were Mr. Cotton, and Mr. Mather, and Mr. Partridge. So that, in the opinion of that reverend assembly, this person did not come far behind the first two for some of his accomplishments.

After he had been forty years a faithful and painful preacher of the gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his work by any bodily sickness, he died in a good old age, about the year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a *weaned spirit*, whereby he signalized himself unto the churches of God. That was this: there was a time when most of the ministers in the colony of Plymouth left the colony, upon the discouragement which the want of a *competent maintenance* among the needy and froward inhabitants gave unto them. Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the *paucity* and the *poverty* of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a *bird wandering from his nest*, that he remained with his poor people till he *took wing* to become a *bird of paradise*, along with the winged *seraphim* of heaven.

EPITAPHIUM.

Avolavit.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS—FROM "CŒLESTINUS."

When the Angel of the Lord encamps round about those that fear Him, the next news is, They that seek the Lord shall want nothing that is good for them. O servant of God, art thou afraid of wants, of straits, of difficulties? The angels who poured down at least 250,000 bushels of manna day by day unto the followers of God in the wilderness; the angel that brought meat unto the Prophet; the angel that showed Hagar and her son how to supply themselves; who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger by sicknesses? The angel who strengthened the feeble Daniel, the angel who impregnated the waters of Bethesda with such sanative and balsamic virtues; who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger from enemies? The angel who rescued Jacob from Laban and from Esau; the angel who fetched Peter out of prison, who can tell what services they may do for thee! The angels which directed the Patriarch in his journeys, may give a direction to thy steps, when thou art at a loss how to steer. The angels who moved the Philistines to dismiss David; the angels who carried Lot out of Sodom; the angels who would not let the lions fall upon Daniel, they are still ready to do as much for thee, when God thy Saviour shall see it seasonable. And who can tell what services the angels of God may do for the servants of God, when their dying hour is coming upon them; then to make their bed for them, then to make all things easy to them. When we are in our agonies, then for an angel to come and strengthen us!

The holy angels, who have stood by us all our life, will not forsake us at our death. It was the last word of a Divine, dying in this, but famous in other countries; O you holy angels, come, do your office. 'Tis a blessed office, indeed, which our Saviour sends his holy angels to do for us in a dying hour. At our dissolution they will attend us, they will befriend us, they will receive us, they will do inconceivable things as a convoy for us, to set us before the presence of our Saviour with exceeding joy. O believer, why art thou so afraid of dying? What! afraid of coming into the loving and the lovely hands of the holy angels! Afraid of going from the caverns of the earth, which are full of brutish people, and where thy moan was, My soul is among lions, and I lie among them that are set on fire, even among the sons of men; and afraid of going to dwell among those amiable spirits, who have rejoiced in all the good they ever saw done unto thee; who have rejoiced in being sent by thy God and theirs, times without number, to do good unto thee; who have rejoiced in the hopes of having thee to be with them, and now have what they hoped for by having thee associated with them in the satisfactions of the heavenly world! Certainly, thou wilt not be afraid of going to those, whom thou hast already had so sweet a conversation with.

It was a good Memento written on the door of a study that had much of Heaven in it: ANGELI ASTANT; *there are Holy Angels at hand.*

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

The motto inscribed on his gravestone, "Reserved for a glorious Resurrection."

The exhortation of the Lord,
With consolation speaks to us,
As to his children his good word,
We must remember speaking thus:

My child, when God shall chasten thee,
His chastening do thou not contemn:
When thou his just rebukes dost see,
Faint not rebuked under them.

The Lord with fit afflictions will
Correct the children of his love;
He doth himself their father still,
By his most wise corrections prove.

Afflictions for the present here,
The vexed flesh will grievous call,
But afterwards there will appear,
Not grief, but peace, the end of all.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

The motto inscribed on her gravestone, "Gone, but not lost."

The dearest Lord of heaven gave
Himself an offering once for me:
The dearest thing on earth I have,
Now, Lord, I'll offer unto Thee.

I see my best enjoyments here,
Are loans, and flowers, and vanities:
Ere well enjoyed they disappear:
Vain smoke, they prick and leave our eyes.

But I believe, O glorious Lord,
That when I seem to lose these toys,
What's lost will fully be restored
In glory, with eternal joys.

I do believe, that I and mine,
Shall come to everlasting rest;
Because, blest Jesus, we are thine,
And with thy promises are blest.

I do believe, that every bird
Of mine, which to the ground shall fall,
Does fall at thy kind will and word;
Nor I, nor it, is hurt at all.

Now my believing soul does hear,
This among the glad angels told:
I know thou dost thy Maker fear,
From whom thou nothing dost withhold!

BENJAMIN TOMPSON.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON, "learned schoolmaster and physician, and y^e^ renowned poet of New England," according to the eulogistic language of his tombstone, was born in 1640, and graduated at Harvard in 1662. He was master of the public

school in Boston from 1667 to 1670, when he received a call and removed to Cambridge. He died April 13, 1714, and is buried at Roxbury.*

He was the author of an *Elegy on the Rev. Samuel Whiting* of Lynn, who died December 11, 1679, which is printed in the Magnalia. He also figures in the same volume among the rhyming eulogists at its commencement, where he turns a compliment with some skill.

Quod patrios Manes revocasti a sedibus altis,
Sylvestres Musæ grates, MATHERE, rependunt.
Hæc nova Progenies, veterum sub Imagine, cœlo
Arte tua terram visitans, demissa, salutat.
Grata Deo pietas; grates persolvimus omnes;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, MATHERE, manebunt.

Is the bless'd MATHER *necromancer* turn'd,
To raise his country's fathers' ashes urn'd?
Elisha's dust, life to the dead imparts;
This prophet, by his more *familiar arts*,
Unseals our *heroes'* tombs, and gives them air;
They rise, they walk, they talk, look wondrous fair;
Each of them in an orb of light doth shine,
In liveries of glory most divine.
When ancient names I in thy pages met,
Like gems on Aaron's costly breastplate set,
Methinks heaven's open, while great *saints* descend,
To wreathe the brows by which their acts were penn'd.

His chief production is a poem entitled *New England's Crisis*. The piece, after an eulogy on certain patriotic women, who turned out to build a wall for the defence of the town, gives a comparison between old times and new in the colony, in which he assigns the palm, as usual in such discussions, at least in poetry, to the days gone by; and then passes to King Philip's war, with which the remainder is occupied.

ON A FORTIFICATION AT BOSTON BEGUN BY WOMEN.

Dux fœmina facti.

A grand attempt some Amazonian Dames
Contrive whereby to glorify their names,
A ruff for Boston Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from side to side, from surf to surf,
Their nimble hands spin up like Christmas pyes,
Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.
The wheel at home counts in an holiday,
Since while the mistress worketh it may play.
A tribe of female hands, but manly hearts,
Forsake at home their pasty crust and tarts,
To knead the dirt, the samplers down they hurl,
Their undulating silks they closely furl.
The pick-axe one as a commandress holds,
While t'other at her awk'ness gently scolds.
One puffs and sweats, the other mutters why
Cant you promove your work so fast as I?
Some dig, some delve, and others' hands do feel
The little waggon's weight with single wheel.
And least some fainting-fits the weak surprize,
They want no sack nor cakes, they are more wise.
These brave essays draw forth male, stronger hands,
More like to dawbers than to marshal bands;
These do the work, and sturdy bulwarks raise,
But the beginners well deserve the praise.

THE PROLOGUE.

The times wherein old Pompion was a saint,
When men fared hardly yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatch'd hutts without the cry of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, content.
When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
And men as well as birds had chirping notes.
When Cimnels were accounted noble bloud;
Among the tribes of common herbage food.
Of Ceres' bounty form'd was many a knack,
Enough to fill poor Robin's Almanack.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold,)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
"Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt."
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since "Your Servant Sir," and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs at religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbour's state.
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants car'd not a rush
For other fare than Jonakin and Mush.
Although men far'd and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dungy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautyes, which still seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak.
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe to,
Without the which the drink will scarsly doe.
From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like;
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls:
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our councells sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace.
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theame is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but bloud and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand;
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.

* Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry, Vol. i. xxxvii.

So that the mirror of the christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd.
Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big-swoln expectant standing by:
Thus the proud ship after a little turn,
Sinks into Neptune's arms to find its urne:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn:
Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

OUR FOREFATHERS' SONG.

This song is stated in the Massachusetts Historical Collections to have been "taken memoriter, in 1785, from the lips of an old lady at the advanced period of 96." It is also found in the Massachusetts Magazine for January, 1791. Both copies are identical. It is of an early date, and has been carried back to the year 1630. Four lines in the stanza before the last appear missing.

New England's annoyances you that would know
them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth shew
them.
The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and
good:
Our mountains and hills and our vallies below,
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow;
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot or a hand.

But when the Spring opens we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made,
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.

And now our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn,
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double, are warmer than single whole cloth-
ing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish;
And is there a mind for a delicate dish
We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch
fish.
Instead of pottage and puddings, and custards and
pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at
noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented, and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut tree chips.

* * * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
By seeking their fellows are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

THOMAS MAKIN.

Thomas Makin was the author of two Latin poems addressed to James Logan, and found among his papers after his death; they are entitled, *Encomium Pennsylvaniæ*, and *In laudes Pennsylvaniæ poema, seu descriptio Pennsylvaniæ*, and bear date in 1728 and 1729. The second is "principally retained," as he phrases it, by Robert Proud, who adds an English translation by himself, in his History of Pennsylvania. Makin was an usher under George Keith,* in 1689, in the Friends' Public Grammar School in Philadelphia, and succeeded him as principal in the following year. He was frequently chosen clerk of the Provincial Assembly, but his school not proving productive, he removed to the interior.† His verses describing the features of town and country appear to have been written for amusement, and belong to the curiosities of literature. We give a brief passage of both the rural and city descriptions.

Hic avis est quædam dulci celeberrima voce,
Quæ variare sonos usque canendo solet.
Hic avis est quædam minima et pulcherrima plumis,
Sugere quæ flores usque volando solet.
Unde fugam muscæ in morem properare videtur,
Tanquam non oculis aspicienda diu.

Hic avis est quædam rubro formosa colore,
Gutture quæ plumis est maculata nigris.
Hic avis est repetens, *Whip, Whip, Will*, voce jocosâ;
Quæ tota verno tempore nocte canit.
Hic et aves aliæ, quotquot generantur ab ovis,
Scribere jam quarum nomina inane foret,
Innumeræ volitare solent hic sæpe columbæ;
Unde frequens multis obvia præda datur.

Hic æstate solet tanquam äere gaudeat alto,
Tollere se ex summis sæpe acipenser aquis.
Qui salit ac resilit toties (mirabile visu)
In cymbas ingens præda aliquando cadit.
Regius hic piscis minimè pretiosus habetur;
Rarior est at ubi, carior est et ibi.

'Tis here the *mocking bird* extends his throat,
And imitates the birds of ev'ry note;
'Tis here the smallest of the feather'd train,
The *humming bird*, frequents the flow'ry plain.

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* George Keith, celebrated both as an advocate and opponent of the Quakers, was born in Aberdeen, and came to East Jersey in 1682, where he was appointed surveyor-general. He was, as we have seen, at the head of a school in Philadelphia in 1689. In 1691, after having made a propagandist tour in New England, he left the sect with a few followers, the seceders calling themselves Christian Quakers. He not long after took orders in the Church of England, officiated about a year in New York and Boston, and travelled through the settlements as a missionary. He returned to England in 1706, and passed the remainder of his life as rector of Edburton in Sussex. He published in 1706 a Journal of Travels from New Hampshire to Caratuck, which was reprinted in 1852 by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, in the first volume of their Collections, and a number of controversial works, which were not deficient in energy.

† Proud's History, ii. 361. Some Account of the Early Poets and Poetry of Pennsylvania, by Joshua Francis Fisher. Penn. Hist. Soc. Coll., vol. ii., pt. 2, p. 78.

Its motion quick seems to elude the eye;
It now a bird appears, and now a fly.

The various *woodpeckers* here charm the sight;
Of mingled red, of beautious black and white.
Here *whip-per-will;* a bird, whose fanci'd name
From its nocturnal note imagined, came.
Here, in the fall, large flocks of pigeons fly,
So numerous, that they darken all the sky.
Here other birds of ev'ry kind appear,
Whose names would be too long to mention here.

Large sturgeons num'rous crowd the Delaware;
Which, in warm weather, leap into the air;
So high, that (strange to tell!) they often fly
Into the boats, which on the river ply!
That royal fish is little valu'd here;
But where more scarce, 'tis more esteemed and dear.

Pulchra duos inter sita stat *Philadelphia* rivos;
Inter quos duo sunt millia longa viæ.
Delawar hic major, *Sculkil* minor ille vocatur;
Indis et *Suevis* notus uterque diu.
Ædibus ornatur multis urbs limite longo,
Quæ parva emicuit tempore magna brevi.
Hîc plateas mensor spatiis delineat æquis,
Et domui recto est ordine juncta domus.
Quinque sacræ hâc ædes una numerantur in urbe,
Altera non etiam distat ab urbe procul.
Ex quibus una alias est quæ supereminet omnes;
Cujus nondum ingens perficiatur opus.
Præcinit hic sacros divina melodia psalmos:
Et vox totius succinit inde chori.
Elevet hoc hominum mentes, et mulceat aures,
Sed cor devotum psallit in aure Dei.
Basis huic posita est excelsæ firma futuræ
Turris, ubi dicunt æra sonora fore.
Hic in gymnasiis linguæ docentur et artes
Ingenuæ; multis doctor & ipse fui.
Una schola hîc alias etiam supereminet omnes
Romano et *Græco* quæ docet ore loqui.

Fair *Philadelphia* next is rising seen,
Between two rivers plac'd, two miles between;
The *Delaware* and *Sculkil*, new to fame,
Both ancient streams, yet of a modern name,
The city, form'd upon a beautious plan,
Has many houses built, tho' late began;
Rectangular the streets, direct and fair;
And rectilinear all the ranges are.
Five houses here for sacred use are known,
Another stands not far without the town.
Of these appears one in a grander style,
But yet unfinish'd is the lofty pile.
Here psalms divine melodious accents raise,
And choral symphony sweet songs of praise:
To raise the mind, and sooth the pious ear;
But God devoted minds doth always hear.
A lofty tow'r is founded on this ground,
For future bells to make a distant sound.
Here schools, for learning, and for arts, are seen;
In which to many I've a teacher been:
But one, in teaching, doth the rest excel,
To know and speak the Greek and Latin well.

JOHN JOSSELYN.

The first mention we have of John Josselyn is from his own words, that he set sail for New England April 26, and arrived at Boston on the 3d of July, 1638. Here he "presented his respects to Mr. Winthrop the governor, and to Mr. Cotton the teacher of Boston church, to whom he delivered, from Mr. Francis Quarles the poet, the translation of the 16, 25, 51, 88, 113, and 137 Psalms into English meter." He returned to England in October of the following year. A storm which occurred on his voyage seems to have made him poetical. He thus discourses:

And the bitter storm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts; and join with the sea's rage.
The sad clouds sink in showers; you would have thought,
That high-swoln-seas even unto Heaven had wrought
And Heaven to seas descended: no star shown;
Blind night in darkness, tempests and her own
Dread terrors lost; yet this dire lightning turns
To more fear'd light; the sea with lightning burns.
The pilot knew not what to chuse or fly,
Art stood amaz'd in ambiguity.

He thus commences the recital of his second voyage.

I have heard of a certain merchant in the west of England, who after many great losses, walking upon the sea bank in a calm sun-shining day; observing the smoothness of the sea, coming in with a chequered or dimpled wave: Ah (quoth he) thou flattering element, many a time hast thou inticed me to throw myself and my fortunes into thy arms; but thou hast hitherto proved treacherous; thinking to find thee a mother of increase, I have found thee to be the mother of mischief and wickedness; yea the father of prodigies; therefore, being now secure, I will trust thee no more. But mark this man's resolution a while after, *periculum maris spes lucri superat.* So fared it with me, that having escaped the dangers of one voyage, must needs put on a resolution for a second, wherein I plowed many a churlish billow with little or no advantage, but rather to my loss and detriment. In the setting down whereof I propose not to insist in a methodical way, but according to my quality, in a plain and brief relation as I have done already; for I perceive, if I used all the art that possibly I could, it would be difficult to please all, for all men's eyes, ears, faith, and judgments are not of a size. There be a sort of stagnant stinking spirits, who, like flies, lie sucking at the botches of carnal pleasures, and never travelled so much sea as is between Heth ferry and Lyon Key; yet notwithstanding (sitting in the chair of the scornful over their whists and draughts of intoxication) I will desperately censure the relations of the greatest travellers. It was a good proviso of a learned man, never to report wonders, for in so doing of the greatest he will be sure not to be believed, but laughed at, which certainly bewrays their ignorance and want of discretion. Of fools and madmen then I shall take no care, I will not invite these in the least to honour me with a glance from their supercilious eyes; but rather advise them to keep their inspection for their fine tongu'd romances and plays. This homely piece, I protest ingenuously, is prepared for such only who well know how to make use of their charitable constructions towards works of this nature, to whom I submit myself in all my faculties, and proceed in my second voyage.

He sailed May 23d, 1663, and returned December 1, 1671—the interval of eight and a half years having been passed in New England. He published, the year after his return, *New England's Rarities Discovered.** In it he gives us a

* New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country; Together with the Physical and Chyrurgical Remedies wherewith the Natives constantly use to cure their Distempers, Wounds, and Sores. Also a Perfect Description of an Indian Squa, in all

glimpse of Boston in 1663. "The buildings are handsome, joining one another as in London, with many large streets, most of them paved with pebble stone; in the high street towards the Common there are fair buildings, some of stone, and at the east end of the town one amongst the rest, built by the shore by Mr. Gibs a merchant, which it is thought will stand him in less than 3000*l.* before it be fully finished. The town is not divided into parishes, yet they have three fair meeting houses or churches, which hardly suffice to receive the inhabitants and strangers that come in from all parts."

He next issued a brief work entitled, *An Account of Two Voyages to New England.**

His books are mainly occupied with a view of the natural history of the country, but he occasionally gives us some hints of the inhabitants, and is uniformly amusing. He also published in 1674, *Chronological Observations of America, from the year of the World to the year of Christ*, 1673.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

THE author of the *Redeemed Captive*, was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 16, 1664, where his grandfather had settled in the year 1638, on his emigration from England. By the aid of his maternal grandfather, William Park, he received a liberal education, and was graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen. In the spring of 1686 he became the first minister of Deerfield. This was a post of unusual peril, as the place, then a frontier settlement, the first houses in which were erected in 1671, had suffered since 1675 continued attacks from the Indians engaged in King Philip's war. It was burnt by these savages after their slaughter of Captain Lathrop and his company, on the 18th of September, 1675, and the site was not again permanently occupied by the whites until 1682. In 1693, depredations recommenced. Attacks were made from time to time on the fort by parties of French and Indians, and on the 29th February (O.S.) 1704, the place was taken, destroyed by fire, some thirty-eight of the townspeople slain, and about one hundred carried into captivity, among whom were Mr. Williams, his wife (who was murdered on the route), and children. They were marched through the wilderness to Montreal, where they arrived about the end of March. They remained in Canada until October 25, 1706, when fifty-seven were removed in a vessel sent from Boston to that city, where they arrived on the 21st of November following. A portion of the remainder had fallen from fatigue or violence on the march or died during their captivity, and some preferred to remain with their Indian captors. Williams with two of his children returned, and in the March following published his work on his captivity,* one of the most interesting productions in our early literature.

He was invited immediately after his arrival to return to Deerfield, and, although the situation was still perilous, ventured on his old field of labor. Here he married a daughter of Captain Allen, of Windsor, Connecticut. The town had been rebuilt after its destruction in 1704, and was again attacked in 1709, but the assailants, finding the inhabitants prepared to give them a warm reception, withdrew. Soon after this Williams was appointed a commissioner in the expedition to Canada, under the command of Col. Stoddard, undertaken to redeem the prisoners yet remaining there. The attempt was successful in several instances, but not in obtaining the daughter of Mr. Williams. The remainder of his life was passed in comparative tranquillity, and he died at Deerfield, June 12, 1729, leaving eight children.

The Redeemed Captive has been frequently reprinted. The last edition (published by Hopkins, Bridgman & Co., Northampton, Mass.) is excellently edited with a life of the writer, to which we have been mainly indebted in the present sketch, and an account of his descendants by one of their number, Dr. Stephen W. Williams. We present a passage from the record of the perilous and painful journey.

We travelled not far the first day; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the spruce-tree to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit they killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an Englishman made his escape; in the morning (March 1), I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her

her Bravery; with a Poem not improperly conferred upon her. Lastly, a chronological table of the most remarkable passages in that country among the English. Illustrated with cuts. By John Josselyn, Gent. London, printed for G. Widdows. 1672.

* An Account of Two Voyages to New England; wherein you have the setting out of a ship with the charges, &c. By John Josselyn, Gent. Menner. distich rendred English by Dr. Heylin.

Heart, take thine ease,
Men hard to please
Thou haply might'st offend,
Though one speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better; there's an end.

London, printed by Giles Widdows, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1674.

* The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion: or a faithful history of remarkable occurrences in the captivity and deliverance of Mr. John Williams, Minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, who in the desolation which befel that plantation by an incursion of the French and Indians, was by them carried away, with his family and his neighbourhood, into Canada. Drawn up by himself.

to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and God for a father and friend; as also, that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done." My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to. After our being parted from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the English, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift; and after that to travel up a small mountain; my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it. No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard that, passing through the above-said river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful. And yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss and the loss of my children was great; our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away, in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us,) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. That Scripture, Job i. 21, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,"—was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified; with some other places of Scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits than on my back. I begged of God to overrule, in his providence, that the corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air and beasts of the earth, a mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbors, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of my neighbors; and before night a girl of about eleven years of age. I was made to mourn, at the consideration of my flock being, so far, a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and so many murdered in so few miles from the town; and from fears what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of His people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the eastward spake to my master about killing me, and taking off my scalp. I lifted up my heart to God, to implore his grace and mercy in such a time of need; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it; assuring him that my death, after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me. We laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us.

Mr. S. G. Drake, of Boston, has preserved in his *Indian Captivities*, and *Book of the Indians*, a number of original narratives, of a character similar to that of Williams, forming a collection of much historical value. These will always retain their place in popular interest, but from their necessary resemblance of subject and treatment to the "Redeemed Captive," do not call for separate notice.

JOHN LEDERER.

John Lederer, the first explorer of the Alleganies, prepared an account of his *Three several Marches from Virginia to the west of Carolina and other parts of the continent, begun in March*, 1669, *and ended in September*, 1670;* in Latin, which was translated by Sir William Talbot, and published in 1672. The address to the reader, by Talbot, informs us,

That a stranger should presume (though with Sir William Berkly's commission) to go into those parts of the American continent where Englishmen never had been, and whither some refused to accompany him, was, in Virginia, looked on as so great an insolence, that our traveller, at his return, instead of welcome and applause, met nothing but affronts and reproaches; for, indeed, it was their part that forsook him in the expedition, to procure him discredit that was a witness to theirs. Therefore no industry was wanting to prepare men with a prejudice against him, and this their malice improved to such a general animosity, that he was not safe in Virginia from the outrage of the people, drawn into a persuasion, that the public levy of that year went all to the expense of his vagaries. Forced by this storm into Maryland, he became known to me, though then ill affected to the man, by the stories that went about of him. Nevertheless, finding him, contrary to my expectation, a modest, ingenious person, and a pretty scholar, I thought it common justice to give him an occasion of vindicating himself from what I had heard of him; which truly he did, with so convincing reason and circumstance as quite abolished those former impressions in me, and made me desire this account of his Travels.

Lederer does not appear in either of his expeditions to have penetrated further than, in his

* The Discoveries of John Lederer, in three several marches from Virginia, to the west of Carolina, and other parts of the continent: begun in March 1669, and ended in September 1670. Together with A general Map of the whole Territory which he traversed. Collected and Translated out of Latine, from his Discourse and Writings, by Sir William Talbot, Baronet. London: printed by J. C., for Samuel Heyrick, 1672.

own words, "to the top of the Apalatœan mountains." His tract contains but twenty-seven quarto pages, a portion of which is filled with accounts of the Indians. His "Conjectures of the Land beyond the Apalatœan Mountains" are curious:

They are certainly in a great error, who imagine that the continent of North America is but eight or ten days' journey over from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean: which all reasonable men must acknowledge, if they consider that Sir Francis Drake kept a west-north-west course from Cape Mendocino to California. Nevertheless, by what I gathered from the stranger Indians at Akenatzy, of their voyage by sea to the very mountains from a far distant north-west country, I am brought over to their opinion who think that the Indian ocean does stretch an arm or bay from California into the continent, as far as the Apalatœan mountains, answerable to the gulfs of Florida and Mexico on this side. Yet I am far from believing with some, that such great and navigable rivers are to be found on the other side of the Apalatœans falling into the Indian ocean, as those which run from them to the eastward. My first reason is derived from the knowledge and experience we already have of South America, whose Andes send the greatest rivers in the world (as the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata, &c.) into the Atlantick, but none at all into the Pacifique Sea. Another argument is, that all our waterfowl, which delight in lakes and rivers, as swans, geese, ducks, &c., come over the mountains from the lake of Canada, when it is frozen over every winter, to our fresh rivers: which they would never do, could they find any on the other side of the Apalatœans.*

FRANCIS KNAPP.

Francis Knapp, the son of George Knapp, of Chilton, in Berkshire, was born in the year 1672, and matriculated at St. John's college, Oxford.† His father, a captain in the British navy, commanded a ninety-gun ship on the American coast in the early part of the last century. The son came to America to take possession of some lands acquired by his grandfather at Watertown, near Boston, where he passed the remainder of his life, engaged in the quiet pursuits of a scholar. He was a composer of music, and the author of a poetical *Epistle to Mr. B.*, reprinted in J. Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems, 1780," and of a poetical address *to Mr. Pope, on his Windsor Forest*, dated June 7, 1715, which appears among the commendatory poems prefixed to the first and subsequent editions of that poet's works. It is claimed by Samuel L. Knapp, in his American Biography, as an American production, but in a note by William Roscoe to his edition of Pope, is said to have been written in Killala, Mayo county, Ireland.

The Epistle in Nichols is a well-penned satire on the author tribe, with an ungenerous fling at Wesley, and a humorous preference of Rymer over Dryden, while the author deprecates an act of parliament which should restrain the race of poetasters.

I grant you, such a course as this might do
To make them humbly treat of what they know,
Not venturing further than their brains will go.
But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd
Of this diversion which frail authors yield?
I should no more on Dunton's counter meet,
Bards that are deeply skill'd in rhyme and feet;
For I am charm'd with easy nonsense more,
Than all the wit that men of sense adore.
With fear I view great Dryden's hallow'd page,
With fear I view it, and I read with rage.
I'm all with fear, with grief, and love possest,
Tears in my eyes, and anguish in my breast,
While I with mourning Anthony repine:
And all the hero's miseries are mine.
If I read Edgar, then my soul's at peace,
Lull'd in a lazy state of thoughtless ease.
No passion's ruffled by the peaceful lay,
No stream, no depth, to hurry me away;
Rymer in both professions harmless proves,
Nor wounds when critic, nor when poet moves.

The lines prefixed to Pope announce a man of wit and taste, by whose presence Watertown should have been the gainer.

Hail, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India poured her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorned our naked land,
The pride of Persia glittered on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand:
Tossed up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dressed the rocky shelves, and paved the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arrived: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wandering shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

In the *New England Weekly Journal* for June 28, 1731, we have met with a poem, hitherto unnoticed, descriptive of Watertown, worthy of Knapp's pen—of which the reader may judge by a few passages, marking an early and true employment of American incidents:—

A NEW ENGLAND POND.

Of ancient streams presume no more to tell,
The fam'd Castalian or Pierian well.
Fresh-pond superior, must those rolls confess,
As much as Cambridge yields to Rome or Greece;

* "A Mapp of Virginia discovered to ye Hills," 1651, makes the distance less than three hundred miles from the southernmost cape of Delaware to "the Sea of China, and the Indies." The author of "A Perfect Description of Virginia," sent from Virginia at the request of a gentleman of worthy note, who desired to know the true state of Virginia as it now stands, reprinted in Vol. ix. of the Second Series Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., has a similar opinion with Lederer as to rivers running west from the Alleganies. Account by John Penington, of Plantagenet's New Albion. Penn. Hist. Memoirs, Vol. iv. pt. 1.

† Wood's Ath. Oxon., Ed. Bliss.

More limpid water can no fountain show,
A fairer bottom or a smoother brow;
A painted world its peaceful gleam contains
The heavenly arch, the bord'ring groves and plains:
Here in mock silver Cynthia seems to roll,
And trusty pointers watch the frozen pole.
Here sages might observe the wand'ring stars,
And rudest swains commence astrologers:
Along the brim the lovely plover stalks
And to his visionary fellow talks:
Amid the wave the vagrant blackbird sees,
And tries to perch upon the imag'd trees;
On flying clouds the simple bullocks gaze
Or vainly reach to crop the shad'wy grass;
From nei'bring hills the stately horse espies
Himself a feeding and himself envies.
Hither pursu'd by op'ning hounds the hare
Blesses himself to see a forest near,
The waving shrubs he takes for real wood,
And boldly plunges in the yielding flood.
On this side willows hem the basin round,
There graceful trees the promontory crown,
Whose mingled tufts and outspread arms compose
A shade delightful to the laurell'd brows;
Here mossy couches tempt to pleasing dreams
The love-sick soul, and ease the weary limbs:—
No noxious snake disperses poison here,
Nor screams of night bird rend the twilight air.
Excepting him who when the groves are still,
Hums am'rous tunes and whispers whip-poor-will,
To hear whose carol elves in circles trip,
And lovers' hearts within their bosoms leap,
Whose savage notes the troubled mind amuse,
Banish despair, and hold the falling dews.
No ghastly horrors conjure tho'ts of woe,
Or dismal prospects to the fancy show.

BIRDS AND FISHES.

Hither ye bards for inspiration come,
Let every other fount but this be dumb.
Which way soe'er your airy genius leads,
Receive your model from these vocal shades.
Wou'd you in homely pastoral excel,
Take pattern from the merry piping quail;
Observe the blue-bird for a roundelay,
The chattering pye or ever babbling jay.
The plaintive dove the soft love verse can teach,
And mimic thrush to imitators preach.
In Pindar's strain the lark salutes the dawn,
The lyric robin chirps the evening on.
For poignant satire mind the mavis well,
And hear the sparrow for a madrigal.
For ev'ry sense a pattern here you have,
From strains heroic down to humble stave.
Not Phœbus' self, altho' the God of verse,
Could hit such fine and entertaining airs;
Nor the fair maids who round the fountain sate,
Such artless heav'nly music modulate.
Each thicket seems a Paradise renew'd,
The soft vibrations fire the moving blood.
Each sense its part of sweet delusion shares,
The scenes bewitch the eye, the song the ears.
Pregnant with scent each wind regales the smell,
Like cooling sheets th' enwrapping breezes feel.
During the dark, if poets' eyes we trust,
These lawns are haunted by some swarthy ghost.
Some Indian prince who, fond of former joys,
With bow and quiver thro' the shadow plies;
He can't in death his native grove forget,
But leaves Elyzium for his ancient seat.
O happy pond, hadst thou in Grecia flow'd,
The bounteous blessing of some watry God,
Or had some Ovid sung this liquid rise,
Distill'd, perhaps, from slighted Virgil's eyes.
Well is thy worth in Indian story known,
Thy living lymph and fertile borders shown,
Thy various flocks the cover'd shore can shun,
Drove by the fowler and the fatal gun.
Thy shining roach and yellow bristly breme,
The pick'rel, rav'nous monarch of the stream,
The perch, whose back a ring of colours shows,
The horny pout, who courts the slimy ooze,
The eel serpentine, some of dubious race,
The tortoise with his golden spotted case;
Thy hairy musk rat, whose perfume defies
The balmy odour of Arabian skies;
The throng of Harvard know thy pleasures well,
Joys too extravagant, perhaps, to tell;
Hither ofttimes the learned tribe repair,
When Sol returning warms the glowing year.

BENJAMIN COLMAN.

Benjamin Colman was born in Boston, Oct. 19, 1673. He entered "young and small" into the school of Ezekiel Cheever, by whom he was prepared for Harvard college, where he was graduated in 1692. He began to preach in the following year at Medford, near Boston, and in 1695, embarked for England. The mother country was then at war with France, and the ship was attacked by a French privateer. Mr. Colman took a gallant part in her defence, and "was exposed all the while on the quarter-deck, where four out of seven were wounded, and one mortally. He was much praised for his courage when the fight was over; but though he charged and discharged like the rest, yet he declared he was sensible of no courage, but of a great deal of fear, and when they had received two or three broadsides, he wondered when his courage would come, as he had heard others talk. In short, he fought like a philosopher and a Christian."* The vessel was captured, and all on board taken to France, where Mr. Colman was for some time imprisoned, until an exchange of prisoners between the two belligerents enabled him to visit England, where he preached several times with great success, and gained the friendship of Bates, Calamy, Howe, and other leading dissenting ministers. He was urged to remain in London, but in 1699 receiving a call from a number of leading citizens of Boston, who had built the Brattle street church, to become their first minister, he accepted it, and consequently returned to Boston, where he arrived "after a long eight weeks' sick passage," on the first of November. The congregation was formed in opposition to the Cambridge platform, and the remaining churches of Boston refused, for some years, to hold communion with its minister.† He continued his connexion with the congregation until his death in 1747, preaching to them on the last Sunday of his life. He was held in great esteem as a pulpit orator, received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow in 1731, and a large number of his sermons were published. In 1724 he was elected president of Harvard college, but declined the office. He was, however, a good friend to the institution, and also to Yale, procuring for both many donations from his English as well as American friends. He was thrice married and left a numerous family. The Rev. Ebenezer Turell, who married his daughter in 1749, published a life of her father, from

* Life by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, p. 6.
† Eliot's Biog. Dict.

which the materials of this sketch have been derived. It forms a quarto volume of over two hundred pages, and deserves high commendation among American biographies. Dr. Colman wrote a short poem, *Elijah's Translation*, on the death of the Rev. Samuel Willard, 1707, and a few occasional verses and poetical epistles are preserved in his life. He also wrote a tract in favor of inoculation for the small-pox, in 1721.

ELIJAH'S ASCENSION.

'Twas at high noon, the day serene and fair,
Mountains of lum'nous clouds rolled in the air,
When on a sudden, from the radiant skies,
Superior light flashed in Elisha's eyes;
The heavens were cleft, and from th' imperial throne
A stream of glory, dazzling splendor shone:
Beams of ten thousand suns shot round about,
The sun and every blazoned cloud went out:
Bright hosts of angels lined the heavenly way,
To guard the saint up to eternal day.
Then down the steep descent, a chariot bright,
And steeds of fire, swift as the beams of light.
Winged seraphs ready stood, bowed low to greet
The favorite saint, and hand him to his seat.
Enthroned he sat, transformed with joys his mien,
Calm his gay soul, and like his face serene.
His eye and burning wishes to his God,
Forward he bowed, and on the triumph rode.
Saluted, as he passed the heavenly cloud,
With shouts of joy, and hallelujahs loud.
Ten thousand thousand angel-trumpets sound,
And the vast realms of heaven all echoed round.

TO URANIA ON THE DEATH OF HER FIRST AND ONLY CHILD.

Why mourns my beauteous friend bereft?
Her Saviour and her heaven are left:
Her lovely babe is there at rest,
In Jesus' arms embraced and blest.
Would you, Urania, wish it down
From yon bright Throne and shining Crown?
To your cold arms and empty breast,
Could Heaven indulge you the request;
Your bosom's neither warm nor fair,
Compared with Abraham's: leave it there.
He the famed father of the just,
Beheld himself but earth and dust,
Before the will of God most high,
And bid his darling Isaac die.
When Heaven required in sacrifice
The dear desire of his eyes;
And more to prove his love commands
The offering from the Father's hands;
See how th' illustrious parent yields,
And seeks Moriah's mournful fields.
He bound his lovely only child
For death; his soul serene and mild,
He reached his hand, and grasped the knife,
To give up the devoted life.
Less Heaven demands of thee, my friend;
And less thy faith shall recommend.
All it requires is to resign,
To Heaven's own act and make it thine,
By silence under discipline.
The least we to our Maker owe!
The least, Urania, you did vow!
The least that was your Saviour's claim,
When o'er your babe his glorious Name
Was called in awful Baptism! Then
You gave it back to Heaven again.
You freely owned that happy hour,
Heaven's right, propriety, and power,
The loan at pleasure to resume,
And call the pretty stranger home.
A witness likewise at its birth
I stood, that hour of joy and mirth:
I saw your thankful praises rise,
And flow from pleased, uplifted eyes
With raised devotion, one accord,
We gave the infant to its Lord.
And think, Urania, ere that day,
While the fair fruit in secret lay,
Unseen, yet loved within the womb
(Which also might have been its tomb).
How oft, before it blest your sight,
In secret prayers, with great delight,
You did recognize Heaven's right.
Now stand by these blest acts, my friend;
Stand firmly by them to the end.
Now you are tried, repeat the act;
Too just, too glorious to retract.
Think, dear Urania, how for thee,
God gave his only Son to be
An offering on the cursed tree.
Think, how the Son of God on earth
(The spotless Virgin's blessed birth),
Our lovely babes took up and blest,
And them high heirs of Heaven confest!
Think, how the blest of Woman stood,
While impious hands, to the cursed wood,
Nailed down her only Son and God!
Learn hence, Urania, to be dumb!
Learn thou the praise that may become
Thy lighter grief, which Heaven does please
To take such wondrous ways to ease.
Adore the God who from thee takes
No more than what he gives and makes:
And means in tenderest love the rode
To serve to thy eternal good.

WILLIAM BYRD.

In 1841, Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, prepared for the press and published a volume entitled *The Westover Manuscripts*.* It was the production of a gentleman once much celebrated in the Old Dominion, whose story cannot be better told for our purpose than in the distinguished recital of the inscription upon the monument which covers his remains in the garden of his once splendid Estate of Westover, on the north bank of James River. "Here lieth the Honorable William Byrd, Esq., being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent early to England for his education; where, under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favoured with his particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the Low Countries, visited the court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver general of his majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England, and

* The Westover Manuscripts: containing the History of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and North Carolina; a Journey to the Land of Eden, A.D. 1733; and a Progress to the Mines. Written from 1728 to 1736, and now first published. By William Byrd, of Westover. Petersburg: Printed by Edmund and Julian C. Ruffin. 1841. Large 8vo. pp. 143.

being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the council of this colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An. ætat. 70."

The gentleman thus described, a man of pleasure and literature, at the age of fifty-four, set out with a select party, composed of two fellow Virginian commissioners, Richard Fitz-William and William Dandridge; two surveyors, William Mayo, and the mathematical professor of William and Mary, Alexander Irvin; with the Reverend Peter Fountain* as chaplain, and a party of seventeen woodmen and hunters, for the purpose of meeting a similar body of commissioners of North Carolina to draw the boundary line between the two states. There were two expeditions for this purpose, one in the spring, the other in the fall of the year 1728. Col. Byrd conducted the Virginia party gallantly and safely through its perils on what was then a tour of discovery, and on his return to his seat at Westover caused his notes of the journey to be fairly copied, and revised them with his own hand. As now printed they form one of the most characteristic and entertaining productions of the kind ever written. They have that sharp outline in description and freshness of feeling in sentiment which marks the best Virginia tracts of Captain John Smith and his fellows a century earlier; with a humor of a more modern date derived from a good natural vein and the stores of experience of a man acquainted with books, and of society in intimacy with what was best in the old world and the new; and moreover of that privileged license of fortune which permits a man to please others by first pleasing himself. Col. Byrd is a little free in his language at times, but that belongs to the race of hearty livers of his century. There are touches in the Journal worthy of Fielding; indeed it is quite in the vein of his exquisite Journey from London to Lisbon.

The business of the expedition is narrated in a clear, straightforward manner. It had its difficulties in encounters with morasses, pocosons, and slashes, beginning with the Dismal Swamp; and there was occasionally a rainy day and sometimes a prospect of short commons. But it was free from any serious disasters, and, at the worst, seems never to have overpowered the good humor of its leader; showing that however daintily he may have been brought up, there is nothing like the spirit of a gentleman and a scholar in encountering hardships. A good portion of this pleasant narrative is taken up with accounts of the scenery, the Indians, and the large stock of game and "varmint" which gave employment to the hunters of the party, and doubtless furnished the staple of the highly-flavored stories of the "Manuscripts" over the camp kettle at night. In the early parts no little wit is expended upon the traditional traits of character of the North Carolinians, who fare no better in Byrd's hands than the Yankees or the Dutchmen in the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. The inhabitants of the vicinity of Coratuck inlet seem to have furnished some extraordinary specimens of humanity in those days—one in particular of a marooner whose sole dress was his beard, and whose subsistence was "chiefly upon oysters, which his handmaid made a shift to gather from the adjacent rocks." To which he adds, "thus did these wretches live in a state of nature, and were mere Adamites, innocence only excepted." The disputed ground of the boundary was then a refuge for runaway debtors, of whom we are told: "Nor were these worthy borderers content to shelter runaway slaves, but debtors and criminals have often met with the like indulgence. But if the government of North Carolina has encouraged this unneighbourly policy in order to increase their people, it is no more than what ancient Rome did before them, which was made a city of refuge for all debtors and fugitives, and from that wretched beginning grew up in time to be mistress of a great part of the world. And, considering how fortune delights in bringing great things out of small, who knows but Carolina may, one time or other, come to be the seat of some other great empire?"

As for religion, these careless settlers seem to be quite without it, as recorded by Col. Byrd, on occasion of a Sunday service when part of his company were in the perils of the Dismal Swamp: "In these sad circumstances, the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain, for his part, did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland." Arriving at Edenton we are told: "I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan world, where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue, or any other place of public worship whatsoever. What little devotion there may happen to be is much more private than their vices. The people seem easy without a minister, as long as they are exempted from paying him. Sometimes the Society for propagating the Gospel has had the charity to send over missionaries to this country; but unfortunately the priest has been too lewd for the people, or, which oftener happens, they are too lewd for the priest. For these reasons these reverend gentlemen have always left their flocks as arrant heathen as they found them. Thus much however may be said for the inhabitants of Edenton, that not a soul has the least taint of hypocrisy, or superstition, acting very frankly and above-board in all their excesses." There is also a hint for the Virginian clergy, which his friend Fountain could have stood in no need of: "We christened two of our landlord's children, which might have remained infidels all their lives, had not we carried Christianity home to his own door. The truth of it is, our neighbours of North Carolina are not so zealous as to go much out of their way to procure this benefit

* The son of the Rev. James Fontaine, a Huguenot refugee, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who settled in Ireland and prepared an Autobiography for "the use of all his children," which is printed with valuable illustrative matter in the "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family," in a second edition, New York, 1853, by Ann Maury, one of his numerous descendants. The volume includes a sermon and several letters by the clergyman of Westover.

for their children: otherwise, being so near Virginia, they might, without exceeding much trouble, make a journey to the next clergyman, upon so good an errand. And indeed should the neighbouring ministers, once in two or three years, vouchsafe to take a turn among these gentiles, to baptize them and their children, it would look a little apostolical, and they might hope to be requited for it hereafter, if that be not thought too long to tarry for their reward." The terms of expression in these sentences show the ready wit, and there is here and there a moderate allowance for poetry in sight of the natural beauties of the country; when he speaks apologetically for marrying the vines to the trees, and pitches the tent "on the western banks of the Mayo for the pleasure of being lulled to sleep by the cascade,"—when a churl would have taken the other side. But he does not affect that kind of writing, though the material for it is there. He is more inclined to such illustrations as this: "In this fine land, however, we met with no water, till at the end of three miles we luckily came upon a crystal stream, which, like some lovers of conversation, discovered every thing committed to its faithless bosom." His naming of places is by their fanciful characteristics, as a "noisy impetuous stream" he calls Matrimony Creek; one hill a Pimple and a larger elevation a Wart. He is a vivid describer of a wild beast or an Indian. His description of the savage scalping makes the flesh creep:—"Those that are killed of the enemy, or disabled, they scalp, that is, they cut the skin all around the head just below the hair, and then clapping their feet to the poor mortal's shoulders, pull the scalp off clean and carry it off in triumph." Of the frequent Natural History stories we may take that on Bruin, how he eats and is eaten.

Our Indian killed a bear, two years old, that was feasting on these grapes. He was very fat, as they generally are in that season of the year. In the fall, the flesh of this animal has a high relish, different from that of other creatures, though inclining nearest to that of pork, or rather of wild boar. A true woodsman prefers this sort of meat to that of the fattest venison, not only for the *haut gout*, but also because the fat of it is well tasted, and never rises in the stomach. Another proof of the goodness of this meat is, that it is less apt to corrupt than any other with which we are acquainted. As agreeable as such rich diet was to the men, yet we who were not accustomed to it, tasted it at first with some sort of squeamishness, that animal being of the dog kind; though a little use soon reconciled us to this American venison. And that its being of the dog kind might give us the less disgust, we had the example of that ancient and polite people, the Chinese, who reckon dog's flesh too good for any under the quality of a mandarin. This beast is in truth a very clean feeder, living, while the season lasts, upon acorns, chestnuts and chinquapins, wild honey and wild grapes. They are naturally not carnivorous, unless hunger constrain them to it, after the mast is all gone, and the product of the woods quite exhausted. They are not provident enough to lay up any hoard, like the squirrels, nor can they, after all, live very long upon licking their paws, as Sir John Mandevil and some other travellers tell us, but are forced in the winter months to quit the mountains, and visit the inhabitants. Their errand is then to surprise a poor hog at a pinch to keep them from starving. And to show that they are not flesh-eaters by trade, they devour their prey very awkwardly. They do not kill it right out, and feast upon its blood and entrails, like other ravenous beasts, but having, after a fair pursuit, seized it with their paws, they begin first upon the rump, and so devour one collop after another, till they come to the vitals, the poor animal crying all the while, for several minutes together. However, in so doing, Bruin acts a little imprudently, because the dismal outcry of the hog alarms the neighbourhood, and it is odds but he pays the forfeit with his life, before he can secure his retreat. But bears soon grow weary of this unnatural diet, and about January, when there is nothing to be gotten in the woods, they retire into some cave or hollow tree, where they sleep away two or three months very comfortably. But then they quit their holes in March, when the fish begin to run up the rivers, on which they are forced to keep Lent, till some fruit or berry comes in season. But bears are fondest of chestnuts, which grow plentifully towards the mountains, upon very large trees, where the soil happens to be rich. We were curious to know how it happened that many of the outward branches of those trees came to be broken off in that solitary place, and were informed that the bears are so discreet as not to trust their unwieldy bodies on the smaller limbs of the tree, that would not bear their weight; but after venturing as far as is safe, which they can judge to an inch, they bite off the end of the branch, which falling down, they are content to finish their repast upon the ground. In the same cautious manner they secure the acorns that grow on the weaker limbs of the oak. And it must be allowed that, in these instances, a bear carries instinct a great way, and acts more reasonably than many of his betters, who indiscreetly venture upon frail projects that will not bear them.

The practical suggestions for the investigation of the country are acute and valuable—nor should his simple expressions of thankfulness to God be forgotten.

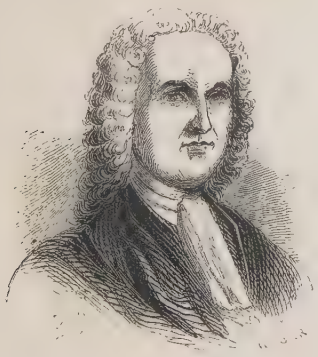
On the twenty-second day of November he closes the Diary with this satisfactory review of the affair:—

Thus ended our second expedition, in which we extended the line within the shadow of the Chariky mountains, where we were obliged to set up our pillars, like Hercules, and return home. We had now, upon the whole, been out about sixteen weeks, including going and returning, and had travelled at least six hundred miles, and no small part of that distance on foot. Below, towards the seaside, our course lay through marshes, swamps, and great waters; and above, over steep hills, craggy rocks and thickets, hardly penetrable. Notwithstanding this variety of hardships, we may say, without vanity, that we faithfully obeyed the king's orders, and performed the business effectually, in which we had the honour to be employed. Nor can we by any means reproach ourselves of having put the crown to any exorbitant expense in this difficult affair, the whole charge, from beginning to end, amounting to no more than one thousand pounds. But let no one concerned in this painful expedition complain of the scantiness of his pay, so long as his majesty has been graciously pleased to add to our reward the honour of his royal approbation, and to declare, notwithstanding the desertion of the Carolina commissioners, that the line by us run shall hereafter stand as the true boundary betwixt the governments of Virginia and North Carolina.

There are two other sketches of Old Virginia travel in the volume of the Westover Manuscripts; —one of a *Progress to the Mines* in the year 1732, and another in the following year of *A Journey to the Land of Eden*, which possess the same pleasant characteristics of adventure, personal humor, and local traits.

JAMES LOGAN.

James Logan, the founder of the Loganian Library of Philadelphia, was a man of note in his literary and scientific accomplishments and writings. He was born in Ireland in 1674; was a good scholar in the classics and mathematics in his youth, was for a while a teacher, then engaged in business, when he fell in with Penn, and came over with him to America as his secretary in 1699. He rose to the dignities of Chief Justice and President of the Council. He continued the administration of Penn to the satisfaction of the colony. As a testimony of the respect in which he was held by the Indians, the chief, Logan, celebrated for his speech presented in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, was named after him.



James Logan.

In 1735, he communicated to Peter Collinson, of London, an account of his experiments on maize, with a view of investigating the sexual doctrine, which was printed in the Philosophical Transactions.* This was afterwards enlarged, and printed in a Latin essay at Leyden, in 1739, with the title *Experimenta et Meletemata de Plantarum Generatione*, and republished in London, with an English translation, by Dr. Fothergill, in 1747. He also published at Amsterdam, in 1740, *Epistola ad Virum Clarissimum Joannem Albertum Fabricium*, and at Leyden, in 1741, *Demonstrationes de Radiorum Lucis in Superficies sphericas ab Axe incidentium a primario Foco Aberrationibus.*

He passed his old age in retirement, at his country seat named Stenton, near Germantown, penning the translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, to which he added extensive familiar notes. The first edition, a very neat specimen of printing,† was published by his friend Franklin in 1744, with this preface:—

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

This version of Cicero's tract *De Senectute* was made ten years since, by the honorable and learned Mr. Logan, of this city; undertaken partly for his own amusement (being then in his 60th year, which is said to be nearly the age of the author when he wrote it), but principally for the entertainment of a neighbor, then in his grand climacteric; and the notes were drawn up solely on that neighbor's account, who was not so well acquainted as himself with the Roman history and language; some other friends, however (among whom I had the honor to be ranked), obtained copies of it in MS. And, as I believed it to be in itself equal at least, if not far preferable to any other translation of the same piece extant in our language, besides the advantage it has of so many valuable notes, which at the same time they clear up the text, are highly instructive and entertaining, I resolved to give it an impression, being confident that the public would not unfavorably receive it.

A certain freed-man of Cicero's is reported to have said of a medicinal well, discovered in his time, wonderful for the virtue of its waters in restoring sight to the aged, *That it was a gift of the bountiful Gods to men, to the end that all might now have the pleasure of reading his Master's works.* As that well, if still in being, is at too great a distance for our use, I have, gentle reader, as thou seest, printed this piece of Cicero's in a large and fair character, that those who begin to think on the subject of OLD AGE (which seldom happens till their sight is somewhat impaired by its approach), may not, in reading, by the pain small letters give to the eyes, feel the pleasure of the mind in the least allayed.

I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish, that this first translation of a classic in this Western World,* may be followed with many others, performed with equal judgment and success; and be a happy omen, that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American muses.

This was reprinted in London in 1750, at Glasgow in 1751, and in 1778, with Franklin's name falsely inscribed on the title-page. Buckminster reviewed this translation at length in the Monthly Anthology,† with his accustomed scholarship, and has given it the praise of being the best translation previous to that of Melmoth. The notes, biographical and narrative, are entertaining, and are taken from the original classics, of which Logan had a great store in his library. Buckminster suggests that "from their general complexion, it would not be surprising if it should prove that Dr. Franklin himself had occasionally inserted some remarks. There is sometimes much quaintness and always great freedom in the reflexions, which, perhaps, betray more of Pagan than of Christian philosophy."‡

Besides these writings, Logan made *A Translation of Cato's Distichs into English verse*, which was printed at Philadelphia. He left behind him in MS. part of an ethical treatise entitled, *The Duties of Man as they may be deduced from Nature;* fragments of *A Dissertation on the Writings of Moses; A Defence of Aristotle and the Ancient Philosophers;* Essays on Languages and the Antiquities of the British Isles; a trans-

* Miller's Retrospect, i. 134.

† M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age: with Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin. 1744. 4to. pp. 159.

* It had been preceded by Sandys, in his translation of Ovid, *ante*, 1.

† V. 281, 340, 391. Memoirs by Mrs. Lee, 234.

‡ Monthly Anthology, v. 395.

lation of Maurocordatus περι καθηκοντων, and of Philo Judæus's *Allegory of the Esseans.**

Like Franklin, Logan was a diligent correspondent with the learned scientific men of Europe. Among his correspondents, says Mr. Fisher, who speaks from acquaintance with his papers, were, "in this country, Cadwallader Colden, Governor Burnet, and Colonel Hunter, the accomplished friend of Swift;† and in Europe, Collinson, Fothergill, Mead, Sir Hans Sloane, Flamsteed, Jones the mathematician, father of the celebrated Sir William Jones, Fabricius, Gronovius, and Linnæus; the last of whom gave the name of Logan to a class in botany."

Logan was a man of general reading in the ancient and modern languages, and had formed for himself a valuable library. He was making provision, at the time of his death, which occurred October 31, 1751, to establish this collection of books as a permanent institution, and confer it upon the city, and had erected a building for the purpose. His heirs liberally carried out his intentions, and founded the Loganian Library at Philadelphia. It consisted at first of more than two thousand volumes which Logan had collected, chiefly Greek and Latin classics, and books in the modern languages of the European continent. A large collection of books was afterwards bequeathed by Doctor William Logan, a younger brother of the founder, who was for some time librarian. The library remained unopened for some time after the Revolution, when the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1792, annexed it to the library company established by Franklin and his associates. It then contained nearly four thousand volumes. The collection has been kept separate. It received a handsome accession of five thousand volumes, by the bequest of William Mackenzie, a Philadelphian, in 1828.

John Davis, in his Travels in America, speaks of his visit to the Loganian Library in 1798, in terms which remind us of the corresponding compliment to Roscoe and the Liverpool Athenæum in the *Sketch Book*. "I contemplated with reverence the portrait of James Logan, which graces the room—*Magnum et venerabile nomen.* I could not repress my exclamations. As I am only a stranger, said I, in this country, I affect no enthusiasm on beholding the statues of her Generals and Statesmen. I have left a church filled with them on the shore of Albion that have a prior claim to such feeling. But I here behold the portrait of a man whom I consider so great a benefactor to literature, that he is scarcely less illustrious than its munificent patrons of Italy; his soul has certainly been admitted to the company of the congenial spirits of a Cosmo and Lorenzo of Medicis. The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the Ilyssus and Tiber, delight, by the kindness of a Logan, the votaries to learning on those of the Delaware."*

We take a single passage, characteristic of our philosopher's pursuits, from his translation of Cicero:—

THE INTELLECTUAL DELIGHT OF AGE.

For how solid, how sincere, think you, must that pleasure be to the mind, when, after it has happily worked through the ruffling tides of those uneasy passions, lust, ambition, emulation, contention, and every strong impetuous desire, it finds itself arrived at its harbor, and like a veteran discharged from the fatigues of war, got home, and retired within itself into a state of tranquillity? But if it has the further advantage of literature and science, and can by that means feed on, or divert itself with some useful or amusing study, no condition can be imagined more happy than such calm enjoyments, in the leisure and quiet of old age. How warm did we see Gallus, your father's intimate friend, Scipio, in pursuit of his astronomical studies to the last? How often did the rising sun surprise him, fixed on a calculation he began over night? And how often the evening, on what he had begun in the morning? What a vast pleasure did it give him, when he could foretell to us, when we should see the sun or moon in an eclipse? And how many others have we known in their old age delighting themselves in other studies? which, though of less depth than those of Gallus, yet must be allowed to be in themselves ingenious and commendable? How pleased was Nævius with his poem of the Punic war? And how Plautus, with his Truculentus and Pseudolus? I remember even old Livius, who had his first dramatic piece acted six years before I was born, in the consulship of Cento and Tuditanus, and continued his compositions till I was grown up towards the state of manhood. What need I mention Licinius Crassus's studies in the pontifical and civil law? Or those of Publius Scipio, now lately made supreme pontiff? And all these I have seen, not only diverting themselves in old age, but eagerly pursuing the several studies they affected. With what unwearied diligence did we behold Marcus Cethegus, whom Ennius justly enough called the soul of persuasion, applying himself at a great age to oratory, and the practice of pleading? Upon all which let me ask you, what gratifications of sense, what voluptuous enjoyments in feasting, wine, women, or play, and the like, are to be compared with those noble entertainments? Those pure and serene pleasures of the mind, the rational fruits of knowledge and learning, that grafted on a good natural disposition, cultivated by a liberal education, and trained up in prudence and virtue, are so far from being palled in old age, that they rather continually improve, and grow on the possessor. Excellent, therefore, was that expression of Solon, which I mentioned before, when he said, *that daily learning something, he grew old:* for the pleasures arising from such a course, namely, those of the mind, must be allowed incomparably to exceed all others.

* A Sketch of Logan's Career, by J. Francis Fisher, in Sparks's Life of Franklin, vii. 24—27. A volume of Memoirs of Logan, by W. Armistead, was published in London in 1852. 12mo. pp. 192.

† When Swift was in London in 1708 and '9, "there was," says Sir Walter Scott in his memoirs of that personage, "a plan suggested, perhaps by Col. Hunter, governor of Virginia, to send out Dr. Swift as bishop of that province, to exercise a sort of metropolitan authority over the colonial clergy." Vol. i. of works, 98. He was appointed Governor of Virginia in 1708, and was taken by the French on his voyage thither. There is an amusing letter of Swift's to Hunter, in Paris, dated January 12, 1708–9. Colonel Hunter arrived in America as Governor of New York in 1710. In 1719 he returned to England, and on the accession of George II. was continued Governor of New York and the Jerseys. He obtained, on account of his health, the government of Jamaica, where he died in 1734. He was the author of a celebrated "Letter on Enthusiasm," ascribed to Swift; and a farce, entitled Androboros, has been attributed to him. Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes of 18th Century, vi. 89. 90. Reed's Biog. Dram. i. 250. Bancroft, iii. 64.

* Travels, 40.

ROGER WOLCOTT.

Roger Wolcott was born at Windsor, Conn., Jan. 4, 1679. Owing to the unsettled state of the country, and the constant incursions of Indians, it was impossible to maintain a school or clergyman at that time in the little town, and Wolcott was consequently deprived of the advantages of early education. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a mechanic. On becoming his own master, at twenty-one, he was enabled to

establish himself on the banks of the Connecticut, where, by diligence and frugality, he succeeded in acquiring a competence. In 1711 he was appointed a commissary of the forces of the colony in the attack on Canada, and he bore the commission of major-general at the capture of Louisbourg, in 1745. He was also prominent in the civil service of the colony, and after passing through various judicial and political grades of office, was chosen governor from 1751 to 1754. He died May 17, 1767, at the advanced age of 88. He wrote *A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honorable John Winthrop, Esq., in the Court of King Charles the Second, Anno Dom.* 1662, *when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut*, a narrative and descriptive poem of 1500 lines, which has been printed in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a small volume of verse, in 1725, entitled, *Poetical Meditations, being the improvement of some Vacant Hours.** It is prefaced by a rambling dissertation, chiefly on titles to land, by the Reverend Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester, in which he expresses the opinion, that "the darling principle of many, viz. that native right† is the only valuable title to any lands in the country, is absurd and foolish, and may with reason be look't upon as one of our vulgar errors." This dissertation fills fifty-six pages, the poems which it preludes occupying but seventy-eight, and these are flanked at the close by the advertisement of Joseph Dewey, clothier, who, "having been something at charge in promoting the publishing the foregoing meditations," takes the liberty to advertise his country people touching certain rules which ought to be observed in the making and working of cloth.

Wolcott's verses are rude, but possess some force. The lines we give are one of the briefest of his "Meditations:"

Proverbs xviii. 14.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO CAN BEAR?

Money answers everything
But a Guilty Conscience sting,
Whose immortal torments are
Quite insupportable to bear.
Nor the silver of Peru,
Nor the wealth the East do shew,
Nor the softest bed of down,
Nor the jewels of a crown,
Can give unto the mind a power
To bear its twinges half an hour.
When God's iron justice once
Seizeth on the conscience,
And in fearful, ample wise,
Lays before the sinner's eyes,
His life's horrible transgressions,
In their dreadful aggravations;
And then for his greater aw,
In most ample forms doth draw
All the curses of his law;
Then the worm begins to knaw,
And altho' it every hour
Doth the very soul devour,
Yet it nothing doth suffice;
Oh! this worm that never dies—
Oh! the multitude of thought
Into which the sinner's brought;
Looking up, he sees God's power,
Through his angry face doth lour;
And hath for his ruin join'd
Ten thousand chariots in the wind,
All prepar'd to glorify
The strong arm of the Most High,
By inflicting punishments
Equal to his vengeance.
Looking down, he amply seeth
Hell rowling in her flames beneath;
Enlarg'd to take his soul into
Its deep caverns full of wo:
Now the sinner's apprehension
Stretcheth large as hell's dimensions,
And doth comprehensively
Fathom out eternity.
The most extreme and vexing sense
Fasteneth on the conscience.
Fill'd with deepest agony,
He maketh this soliloquy:
View those torments most extreme,
See this torrid liquid stream,
In the which my soul must fry
Ever, and yet never dy.
When a thousand years are gone,
There's ten thousand coming on;
And when these are overworn,
There's a million to be born,
Yet they are not comprehended,
For they never shall be ended.

Now despair by representing
Eternity fill'd with tormenting,
By anticipation brings
All eternal sufferings
Every moment up at once
Into actual sufferance.
Thus those pains that are to come,
Ten thousand ages further down,
Every moment must be born
Whilst eternity is worn.
Every moment that doth come,
Such torments brings; as if the sum
Of all God's anger now were pressing,
For all in which I liv'd transgressing.
Yet the next succeeding hour,
Holdeth forth his equal power;
And, succeeding with it, brings
Up the sum of sufferings.
Yet they are not comprehended,
For they never shall be ended.

For God Himself, He is but one,
Without least variation;
Just what He was, is, is to come,
Always entirely the same.

* Poetical Meditations, being the improvement of some Vacant Hours, by Roger Wolcott, Esq., with a preface by the Reverend Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester. New London: printed and sold by T. Green, 1725.

† That of the aborigines.

Possessing His Eternity
Without succession instantly,
With whom the like proportion bears,
One day as doth a thousand years.
He makes the prison and the chain,
He is the author of my pain.
'Twas unto Him I made offence,
'Tis He that takes the recompence,
'Tis His design, my misery
Himself alone shall glorify;
Therefore must some proportion bear
With Him whose glory they declare.
And so they shall, being day and night
Unchangeable and infinite.

These very meditations are
Quite unsupportable to bear:
The fire within my conscience
Is grown so fervent and intense
I cannot long its force endure,
But rather shall my end procure;
Griesly death's pale image lies
On my ghastly, piercing eyes.
My hands, made for my life's defence,
Are ready to do violence
Unto my life: And send me hence,
Unto that awful residence.
There to be fill'd with that despair,
Of which the incipations are,
A wounded spirit none *can bear.*

But, oh! my soul, think once again.
That there is for this burning pain,
One only medicine Soveraign.
Christ's blood will fetch out all this fire,
If that God's Spirit be the applyer.
Oh! then my soul, when grief abounds,
Shroud thyself within these wounds;
And that thou there may'st be secure,
Be purified as he is pure.

And oh! my God, let me behold Thy Son,
Impurpled in his crucifixion,
With such an eye of faith that may from thence
Derive from Him a gracious influence,
To cure my sin and wounded conscience.
There, there alone, is healing to be had:
Oh! let me have that Balm of Gilead.

CADWALLADER COLDEN.

Cadwallader Colden, who heads with honor the ranks of the authors of the State of New York, unless we except the previous compositions in the Dutch language, the political tract of Van der Donck, the satire of the Breeden Raedt, and an account of the Maquaas Indians, in Latin, by Megapolensis,* was the son of the Rev. Alexander Colden, of Dunse, Scotland, where he was born February 17, 1688. He was prepared, by the private instructions of his father, for the University of Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1705. He devoted the three following years to medical and mathematical studies, when he emigrated to Pennsylvania and practised physic with great success in Philadelphia until 1715. At that time he visited London, and there became acquainted with Halley, the astronomer, who was so well pleased with a paper on Animal Secretions, written by Colden some years before, that he read it before the Royal Society, by whom the production was received with equal favor. In 1716 he returned to America, having in the meantime married in Scotland a young lady of the name of Christie.

He settled in New York in 1718, where he soon abandoned his profession for the service of the State, filling in succession the offices of surveyor-general of the province, master in chancery, member of the council, and lieutenant-governor. In 1756 he removed with his family to a tract of land on the Hudson, near Newburgh, which he named Coldenham. He was appointed lieutenant-governor of the province in 1760, and retained the office until his death, September 21, 1776, having been several times called upon to act as governor in consequence of the death or retirement of various occupants of the office.

* Adrian Van der Donck, a graduate of the University of Leyden, was appointed by the patroon of Rensselaerwick sheriff of his colony, and came to New Netherlands in 1642. In 1648 we find a grant of land made to him as Yonker Van der Donck, at Yonkers on the Hudson, Yonker being the usual title of gentleman. His name appears as one of the eleven signers of a tract of fifty pages quarto, published at the Hague in 1650, entitled, *Vertoogh van Nieuw Nederlandt;* Representation from New Netherland, concerning the situation, fruitfulness, and poor condition of the same. It is addressed to the West India Company as a petition for changes in the government of Kieft and Stuyvesant. It has been translated by Mr. Henry C. Murphy for the New York Historical Society, and published by them and also by Mr. James Lenox of this city, in a quarto edition for private circulation. In consequence of its attacks on the government Van der Donck was denied access to the colonial records during the preparation of his Description of New Netherlands, a work the translation of which occupies 106 pages of the New York Historical Society's Collections, 1841. It contains an account of the rural products, animals, and inhabitants of the Colony. The date of the first edition is unknown. The second appeared at Amsterdam in 1656, by Evert Nieuwenhof, who introduces the work with a poetical preface. The *Breeden-Raedt* (Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces, by J. A., G. W. C., Antwerp, 1649), is a coarse but to some extent amusing satire, growing out of the disaffection to the Colonial Government. The Rev. Johannes Megapolensis, the "Dominie" of the colony of Rensselaerwick, where he officiated from his arrival in New Netherlands August, 1642, wrote in 1644, and published in 1651, a tract on the Maquaas Indians,—a translation of which was published in Hazard's Historical Collections (Phila. 1792), vol. i. p. 517, where it occupies eight quarto pages. Megapolensis's activity as a missionary among the Indians furnished him with excellent opportunities for observing their peculiarities. In 1649 he became pastor of the Church of New Amsterdam. His name appears frequently in the city annals down to the time of the surrender to the English.

Colden was the author of the *History of the Five Indian Nations.** The object of this work was to call attention to the importance of Indian affairs in reference to commerce. It contains a brief history of the intercourse between the aborigines and the Europeans from the settlement of the country to the period of its publication in 1727. It was reprinted at London in 1747, with the addition of a number of treaties and other documents, and the remarkable transfer by the London publisher of the dedication from Governor Burnet to General Oglethorpe,† a liberty at which Colden was justly indignant. A third edition, in two neat 12mo. volumes, appeared at London in 1755 He also wrote a philosophical treatise, published in 1751, entitled, *The Principles of Action in Matter.* He printed in 1742, a tract on a fever which had recently ravaged the city of New York, in which he showed how greatly the deadly effects of disease were enhanced by filth, stagnation, and foul air, pointing out those portions of the city which most needed purification. The corporation voted him their thanks, and carried out many of his sanitary suggestions with good effect. Colden took a great interest in the study of botany, and was the first to introduce the Linnæan system in America, a few months after its publication in Europe. His acquaintance with Kalm, the Swedish traveller, a pupil of the great naturalist, may have aided him in the prosecution of his inquiries. His essay *On the Virtues of the Great Water Dock* led to a correspondence with Linnæus, who included an account of between three and four hundred American plants, furnished by Colden, and about two hundred of which were described for the first time in the *Acta Upsala*, and afterwards bestowed the name of *Coldenia* on a plant of the tetrandrous class, in honor of his American disciple. Colden maintained an active correspondence from the year 1710 to the close of his life, with the leading scientific men of Europe and America. Franklin was among the most constant as well as celebrated of these correspondents, and it was to this friend that Colden communicated one of his most valuable inventions, that of the art of stereotyping. The letter is dated October, 1743. It is probable that Franklin may have conversed on the subject in France, and that thus the hint of the process was communicated to the German, Herhan, who in the commencement of the present century carried it into successful practice in Paris, and obtained the credit of being its originator.

In the correspondence of Jefferson there is a letter, in which, writing to Francis Hopkinson, he says, "Many years ago Cadwallader Colden wrote a very small pamphlet on the subjects of attraction and impulsion, a copy of which he sent to Monsieur de Buffon. He was so charmed with it, that he put it into the hands of a friend to translate it, who lost it. It has ever since weighed on his mind, and he has made repeated trials to have it found in England."*

The unpublished Colden Papers,† embracing a large Correspondence and a number of treatises and notes on historical and philosophical topics, now form part of the valuable manuscript Collections of the New York Historical Society. The value of these papers as records of the ante-revolutionary period has been tested by Mr. Bancroft, who acknowledges his indebtedness to this source in the preface to the sixth volume of his History.

THOMAS PRINCE.

Thomas Prince, a grandson of John Prince, of Hull, who emigrated to America in 1633, was

born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, May 15, 1687. He graduated at Harvard in 1707, and in 1709 visited Europe, and preached for several years at Combs in Suffolk. He was urged to remain longer, but returned to Boston in July, 1717, and was ordained pastor of the Old South Church, as colleague of his class-mate, Dr. Sewall, October 1, 1718, where he remained until his death, October 22, 1758.

He commenced in 1703, and continued during his life, to collect documents relating to the history of New England. He left the valuable collection of manuscripts thus formed, to the care of the Old South Church. They were deposited in an apartment in the tower, which also contained a valuable library of the writings of the early New England Divines, formed by Mr. Prince, where they remained until the manuscripts were destroyed by the British, during their occupation of the city in the revolutionary war. The books were preserved, and are now deposited in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Prince was the author of a *Chronological History of New England, in the form of annals*, the first volume of which was published in a duodecimo form in 1736, and two numbers of the second in 1755. He unfortunately commenced with an epitome of history from the creation, on which he bestowed much time, which might have been better employed on his specific object, that of presenting a brief narrative of occurrences in New England, from 1602 to 1730. His work unfortunately does not come down later than the year 1633.

* The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada, which are dependent on the Province of New York in America, and are the Barrier between the English and the French in that part of the world, with particular accounts of their religion, manners, customs, laws, and forms of government; their several battles and treaties with the European nations; their wars with other Indians; and a true account of the present state of our trade with them. In which are shewn the great Advantage of their Trade and Alliance to the British nation, and the Intrigues and attempts of the French to engage them from us; a subject nearly concerning all our American Plantations, and highly meriting the attention of the British nation at this juncture. To which are added, Accounts of the several other Nations of Indians in North America, their numbers, strength, &c., and the Treaties which have been lately made with them. 3rd edit., London, 1755.

† Rich, Bibl. Amer. The additions seem also to have been without the author's sanction. "I send you herewith," Franklin writes to Colden from Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1747, "The History of the Five Nations. You will perceive that Osborne, to puff up the book, has inserted the charters, &c., of this province, all under the title of 'The History of the Five Nations.'"—Sparks's Franklin, vii. 18.

* Jefferson's Works, i. 392.

† Biographical Sketches of Colden, by J. W. Francis.—Am. Med. & Philos. Reg., Jan. 1811. Redfield's Family Magazine, 1838, v. 334. O'Callaghan's Doc. Hist. N. Y., 4to. iii. 495.

He also prepared, in 1727, an account of the English Ministers at Martha's Vineyard, which was annexed to Mayhew's Indian Converts, and published a large number of funeral and other sermons. He was pronounced by Dr. Chauncy the most learned scholar, with the exception of Cotton Mather, in New England, and maintained a high reputation as a preacher, and as a devout and amiable man. Six of his manuscript sermons were published after his death, by Dr. John Erskine, of Edinburgh.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

At an early period in the settlement of Virginia attempts were made to establish an institution of learning. In 1619, the treasurer of the Virginia company, Sir Edmund Sandys, received from an unknown hand five hundred pounds, to be applied by the company to the education of a certain number of Indian youths in the English language and in the Christian religion. Other sums of money were also procured, and there was a prospect of being able to raise four or five thousand pounds for the endowment of a college. The king favored the design, and recommended to the bishops to have collections made in their dioceses, and some fifteen hundred pounds were gathered on this recommendation. The college was designed for the instruction of English as well as Indian youths. The Company appropriated ten thousand acres of land to this purpose at Henrico, on the James river, a little below the present site of Richmond. The plan of the college was to place tenants at halves on these lands, and to derive its income from the profits. One hundred tenants was the number fixed upon, and they calculated the profits of each at five pounds. George Thorpe was sent out with fifty tenants, to act as deputy for the management of the college property; and the Rev. Mr. Copeland, a man every way qualified for the office, consented to be president of the college as soon as it should be organized. Mr. Thorpe went out in 1621, but had hardly commenced operations when, with nearly all his tenants, he was slain by the Indians in the great Massacre of 1622, and the project of a college was abandoned.*

The early American colleges grew out of the religious feelings of the country, and the necessity of a provision for a body of educated clergy. We have seen this at Harvard, and it was the prevalent motive for a long time at Yale. In the act of the Assembly of Virginia, in 1660, previous to the foundation of William and Mary, express allusion is made to the supply of the ministry and promotion of piety, and the lack of able and faithful clergy. The attempt at this time to found a college failed from the royal governor's discouragement to the enterprise. It was the state policy. In his Answers to Questions put by the Lords of Plantations in 1671, Sir William Berkeley "thanks God that there are no free schools nor printing" in the colony, and hopes "there will not be these hundred years."†

In 1692, a charter was obtained from the Government in England, through the agency of the Rev. James Blair, and the assistance of Nicholson, the lieut.-governor of the colony.* The new institution took its name from the royal grantors, who appropriated funds, land, and a revenue duty on tobacco for its support. Buildings were erected, and Blair became its president. The first building erected at Williamsburgh was burnt in 1705. By the bounty of Queen Anne, and the assistance of the House of Burgesses, and the exertions of Governor Spotswood, it was not long after restored. In the square in front of this building still stands, in a mutilated condition, though with evidence of its old elegance, a statue of Lord Botetourt, ordered by the colony, in 1771, in gratitude for his administration of the government.

William and Mary College.

In 1718, a thousand pounds were granted to the college for the support (as the grant runs) of as many ingenious scholars as they should see fit. A part of this was laid out for the Nottoway estate, out of the income of which several scholars were supported who were designated students on the Nottoway foundation. This estate was sold in 1777. The remainder of the grant supported the Assembly scholarship.

Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who died in 1691, left his whole estate, after his debts and legacies should be disposed of by his executors, for such pious uses as in their discretion they should think fit, but recommended that it should be expended for the advancement of the Christian religion. The executors, who were the Earl of Burlington, Sir Henry Ashurst, and John Marr, laid out £5,400 for the purchase of the property known as the Brafferton estate, the yearly rent of which was to be applied towards "the propagating the Gospel among infidels." Of this income, £90 was appropriated to New England—

* Stith's Hist. of Va. 162.

† Answers of Sir William Berkeley to the inquiries of the Lords of the Committee of Colonies. From Virg. Pap. 75 B. p. 4. Printed in Chalmers's Political Annals, p. 328, paragraph 23:—

"23. The same course is taken here, for instructing the people, as there is in England: Out of towns every man instructs his own children according to his own ability. We have forty-eight parishes, and our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener, and preach less. But as of all other commodities, so of this, the worst are sent us, and we have few that we can boast of, since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers worthy men hither. Yet, I thank God, there are no free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects, into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government; God keep us from both!

"WILLIAM BERKELEY.

"VIRGINIA, 20 *June*, 1671."

* Beverley, Hist. Va. 88.

one half for the support of two missionaries among the Indians, and the other to be given "to the President and Fellows of Harvard College for the salaries of two ministers to teach the said natives, in or near the said college, the Christian religion." The remainder of the income of the estate was given to the College of William and Mary, on condition of supporting one Indian scholar for every fourteen pounds received. A house was built for this purpose on the grounds at Williamsburgh, as a school for Indian boys and their master, which still bears upon it the date of 1723. It was called, after the estate, Brafferton—the title of the incumbent was Master of the Indian School. The experience with the Indians of the south does not appear to have varied much from that of Eliot and his friends in the north. Indians, however, were taught in it as late as 1774. Hugh Jones, the chaplain of the Assembly, who was also mathematical professor at the college, in his volume entitled, "The Present State of Virginia," says of this attempt—"The young Indians, procured from the tributary or foreign nations with much difficulty, were formerly boarded and lodged in the town, where abundance of them used to die, either through sickness, change of provision and way of life; or, as some will have it, often for want of proper necessaries and due care taken with them. Those of them that have escaped well, and been taught to read and write, have, for the most part, returned to their home, some with and some without baptism, where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites. A few of them have lived as servants among the English, or loitered and idled away their time in laziness and mischief. But 'tis a great pity that more care is not taken about them after they are dismissed from school. They have admirable capacities when their humors and tempers are perfectly understood."*

Colonel William Byrd, in 1728, laments the "bad success Mr. Boyle's charity has hitherto had towards converting any of these poor heathens to Christianity. Many children of our neighboring Indians have been brought up in the college of William and Mary. They have been taught to read and write, and have been carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion till they came to be men. Yet, after they returned home, instead of civilizing and converting the rest, they have immediately relapsed into infidelity and barbarism themselves." Of the efforts of Colonel Spotswood in this behalf, Byrd preserves the following epigram:—

Long has the furious priest assayed in vain,
With sword and faggot, infidels to gain,
But now the milder soldier wisely tries
By gentler methods to unveil their eyes.
Wonders apart, he knew 'twere vain t'engage
The fix'd preventions of misguided age.
With fairer hopes he forms the Indian youth
To early manners, probity and truth.
The lion's whelp thus, on the Lybian shore,
Is tamed and gentled by the artful Moor,
Not the grim sire, inured to blood before.*

The old story of the fading race, and pretty much the same whether related by South American Jesuits, Virginia cavaliers, or New England zealots. Philip Freneau has pointed the moral in his poem of the Indian Student, who,

laid his Virgil by
To wander with his dearer bow.

Though little good may have been effected for the Indians, the scheme may have brought with it incidental benefit. The instruction of the Indian was the romance of educational effort, and acted in enlisting benefactors much as favorite but impracticable foreign missions have done at a later day. It was a plan of a kindred character with this in Virginia which first engaged the benevolent and philosophic Berkeley in his eminent services to the American colleges. One of these institutions, Dartmouth, grew out of such a foundation.

The first organization of the college was under a body of Visitors, a President, and six Professors. The Visitors had power to make laws for the government of the college, to appoint the professors and president, and fix the amount of their salaries. The Corporation was entitled The President and Master, or Professors of William and Mary College. There were two Divinity Professorships—one of Greek and Latin, one of Mathematics, one of Moral Philosophy, and Boyle's Indian professorship was a sixth. The college had a representative in the General Assembly. In its early history it was a subject of complaint that it was too much a school for children, the rudiments of Latin and Greek being taught there. The old colonial administration lent its picturesque dignity to the college. As a quit-rent for the land granted by the Crown, two copies of Latin verses were every year presented to the Royal Governor. This was done sometimes with great ceremony, the students and professors marching in procession to the palace, and formally delivering the lines. At the Revolution, the endowments of the college underwent great changes. The war put an end to the colonial revenue taxes for the college support; the Brafferton fund in England disappeared; and after the peace the loss of the old Church and State feeling was shown in an act of the visitors abolishing the two Divinity Professorships, and substituting others for them. On the breaking out of the Revolution, one half of the students, among whom was James Monroe, entered the army.

The French troops occupied the College buildings, or a part of them, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and while they had possession, the president's house was burnt. The French

* P. 92. The whole title of this work sufficiently describes its contents:—The Present State of Virginia: giving a particular and short account of the Indian, English, and Negro inhabitants of that colony. Shewing their Religion, Manners, Government, Trade, Way of Living, &c., with a description of the Country, from whence is inferred a short View of Maryland and North Carolina. To which are added, Schemes and Propositions for the better Promotion of Learning, Religion, Inventions, Manufactures and Trade in Virginia, and the other Plantations. For the Information of the Curious and for the Service of such as are Engaged in the Propagation of the Gospel and Advancement of Learning, and for the Use of all Persons concerned in the Virginia Trade and Plantation. Gen. ix. 27, God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his Servant. By Hugh Jones, A.M., Chaplain to the Honourable Assembly, and lately Minister of James-Town, &c., in Virginia. London: Printed for J. Clarke, at the Bible, under the Royal Exchange. MDCCXXIV. 8vo. pp. 152.

* Westover Manuscripts, 86-7.

government promptly paid for rebuilding it. The college building was occupied as a hospital at the same time, and much damaged and broken up, but the United States government has never made any remuneration.

The following is a complete list of the college Presidents, in the order of their succession, with the periods of their incumbency:—The Rev. James Blair, from the foundation to his death, in 1743; the Rev. William Dawson till 1752; William Stith till 1755; Thomas Dawson till 1761; William Yates till 1764; James Horrocks till 1771; John Camm till 1777; James Madison, till his death, in 1812; John Bracken till 1814; John Augustine Smith till 1826; the Rev. W. H. Wilmer, till his death, in 1827; the Rev. Adam Empie till 1836; Thomas R. Dew, till his death, in 1846; Robert Saunders till 1848; Benjamin S. Ewell till 1849; Bishop John Johns till 1854; and Benjamin S. Ewell, the present occupant.

James Blair

Dr. Blair was a Scotchman by birth, was educated in Scotland, and took orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church. He went to England towards the close of the reign of Charles II., and was persuaded by the Bishop of London to emigrate to Virginia about the year 1685, and was probably employed as a missionary, as there is no record of his having been connected with any parish till as late as 1711, when he was made Rector of Bristow parish in Williamsburgh.

In 1689, the Bishop of London appointed him his Commissary in the colonies of Virginia and Maryland, which office he continued to hold till his death. In virtue of this office, he had a seat in the Council of State, and received £100 per annum as Councillor. Through his exertions, a subscription of £2,500 was raised towards the endowment of a college, and he was sent to England by the General Assembly in 1692, for the purpose of soliciting a charter. The charter was obtained, and he appointed President in the charter itself. This office he held till the day of his death, a period of fifty years. He died in March, 1743, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He appears to have been a man of great energy and perseverance. He had to contend with great discouragements and difficulties during the whole of his course. He was opposed and thwarted in his plans for the establishing and improvement of the college by the royal governors, by the council, and even by the clergy at times; but he persevered through all discouragements. He must also have been a man of great purity of character, for in all the contests in which he was engaged, his adversaries never reproached him with any immorality. At one time a large majority of the clergy were arrayed against him. They accused him of exercising his office in a stern and haughty manner, but with nothing further. The clergy were many of them men of very questionable character—the very refuse of the Established Church in England; and these were not a little offended at the strictness of the discipline he attempted to enforce.

Dr. Blair has left behind him three volumes of Sermons, from texts selected from the Sermon on the Mount. They are written in a lucid and simple style, and are remarkable for their good sense and practical character. Waterland edited the Third Edition of these Sermons, printed in London in 1741, and wrote a preface containing a brief sketch of the author's life. He highly commends the Sermons as both sound in doctrine and felicitous in style. Such a commendation from such an author is no small praise. There is still extant another small work, which Dr. Blair took part in compiling. It is entitled *The State of his Majesty's Colony in Virginia;* by Hartwell, Blair, and Chilton: and gives an account of the soil, productions, religion, and laws of the colony, with a particular account of the condition of William and Mary College. It was printed in 1727, but it bears strong internal marks of having been drawn up about the year 1699.

Dr. Blair was more than sixty years a clergyman, fifty-eight of which he spent in Virginia. He was Commissary fifty-four years, and President of the college fifty years. His remains were deposited in the churchyard at Jamestown, and an inscription, alluding to his life and services, was engraved on his tombstone. But the stone has been broken, and the inscription is so damaged that it cannot now be deciphered. He left the whole of his library, consisting mostly of works on divinity, to the college. These books are still in the college library, and many of them contain notes in his handwriting.

Of the successor of Dr. Blair but little is known, further than that he was educated at Oxford, and was accounted an able scholar. Stith is only known from the History of Virginia, which he began, but carried down no further than to 1624. Thomas Dawson, the fourth President, was also the Commissary of the Bishop of London. Yates was a clergyman in the colony when he was called to the Presidency of the college.

James Horrocks, if we may judge from certain papers of his, drawn up in consequence of a dispute between the Visitors and the Faculty, in relation to the extent of their powers respectively, was an able and vigorous writer.

Several clergymen of the province succeeded Stith in the Presidency. Lord Botetourt, who

arrived as the royal governor in 1768, took much interest in its affairs. He instituted prizes of gold medals for the best Latin oration, and for superiority in the mathematics, and attended the morning and evening prayers.*

James Madison, in 1788 chosen Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, was a Virginian by birth, and a graduate of the college. He was for several years Professor of Mathematics, both before and after his occupation of the Presidency. He also gave lectures in natural, moral, and political philosophy—first introducing the study of political economy, which has since been pursued in the college with much distinction. Bishop Madison was a man of amiable character. His lectures on Natural Philosophy were much thought of. They have not been published. He was a contributor to the Philosophical Transactions. His delivery as a preacher was perfectly toned.

During the Presidency of Dr. John Augustine Smith, an effort was made to remove the college to Richmond. The discipline had become somewhat relaxed, and President Smith met with considerable opposition in his measures to restore it. Previously to his holding the office, Dr. Smith had been a lecturer on anatomy in New York, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1809, he edited the New York Medical and Physical Journal, in which he published a reply to the work of Dr. Smith, of Princeton, on the Unity of the Race. Since his retirement from the Presidency, he has become a resident of New York, where he has occasionally delivered metaphysical and scientific lectures, which are included in his volume, *Prelections on some of the more important subjects connected with Moral and Physical Science.*

Thomas R. Dew, at the age of twenty-three had occupied the chair of moral science in the college, of which he was a graduate. He published a volume on Slavery, in which he held the views urged by Calhoun, and a volume of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History. He died suddenly at Paris, of an affection of the lungs, on a second visit to Europe, in the summer of 1846.

Of the Professors, none was more distinguished than William Small, who was Mr. Jefferson's tutor in mathematics. He was not only an eminent mathematician, but, as Mr. Jefferson informs us, was possessed of a philosophic mind, and of very extensive and accurate information on a great variety of subjects. He went to England some time before the Revolution, and never returned, but became a distinguished mathematician in England.

The Professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Belles Lettres, and Rhetoric, is at present, in 1855, held by the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten, formerly President of Washington College, at Hartford. He has in preparation an Historical Account of the College, an undertaking rendered difficult by meagre and imperfect records; but his work will be an important one, from the consideration of the men and times which will pass under his view, and from the circumstance, that what may be known of the institution has never hitherto been properly narrated. It is to his kind assistance, that we are indebted for much of the information here presented.

Since the Law Department was added to the college, there have been some eminent professors of law. Wythe, Nelson, St. George, and Beverly Tucker are among these.

Four Presidents of the United States, viz. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, were educated in the college. Chief Justice Marshall and General Scott were also students of William and Mary.

The secret literary society of the Phi Beta Kappa originated at William and Mary, about 1775. The affiliated society of Harvard derived its charter from that source. The original, however, was interrupted by the Revolutionary war.

When the college broke up in 1781, the records of the society were sealed up and placed in the hands of the college steward. Subsequently they came into the possession of the Historical Society of Virginia. On examination, it was found that one of the old members, William Short, of Philadelphia, still survived in 1850. It was also discovered that he was President of the Society when it had been interrupted. Measures were immediately taken to revive it in the college, with Mr. Short as the connecting link with the original society, and it is now in active operation, with the old records restored to the college.

* Miller's Retrospect, ii. 373.

YALE COLLEGE.

This institution dates its formal beginning from the year 1700. As early as 1647, the people of New Haven, at the instance of the Rev. John Davenport, who was eminent for his zeal in the cause of education, undertook the enterprise of establishing a college in that colony, but postponed it in deference to the interests of Cambridge. In 1700 a meeting of ministers of Connecticut, representing, by general understanding, the churches and people of the colony, took place at New Haven, for the purpose of forming a college association. This was arranged to consist of eleven clergymen, living within the colony. The original parties* shortly met again at Branford, when each member brought a number of books and laid them upon a table, with the declaration, "I give these books for the founding a college in this colony." About forty folios were thus deposited. An application for a charter was made and granted by the General Court in 1701. It had been at first proposed that the objects of the college should be especially theological. This plan, however, was modified to the design of "instructing youth in the arts and sciences, who may be fitted for public employments both in Church and Civil State," though the religious instruction for a long while practically predominated. The creed of the Saybrook platform was adopted in 1708 by the agency of the trustees, and made binding upon the officers of the college.

Abraham Pierson was made the first rector of

* They were James Noyes, of Stonington; Israel Chauncy, of Stratford; Thomas Buckingham, of Saybrook; Abraham Pierson, of Killingworth; Samuel Mather, of Windsor; Samuel Andrew, of Milford; Timothy Woodbridge, of Hartford; James Pierpont, of New Haven; Noadiah Russell, of Middletown; Joseph Webb, of Fairfield. To these Samuel Russell, of Branford, was afterwards added.

the college, and instructed the students in his house at Killingworth. The first Commencement was held at Saybrook, in 1702, with advanced scholars, several of them from Harvard, of which college Pierson was also a graduate. He continued to receive his pupils at Killingworth, till his death in 1707. He prepared a text-book for the students in Natural Philosophy. The collegiate school, as it was called, was now set up at Saybrook, under the care of tutors, where the commencements continued to be held, though the Rev. Samuel Andrew, of Milford, rector *pro tem.*, instructed the senior class at his home. New Haven and Hartford, too, had their claims for the seat of the college. There was much agitation of the matter, but it was finally carried in favor of New Haven, in 1716.* The first Commencement in New Haven was held in 1717.

Elihu Yale.

Elihu Yale, a native of the place, who had left it in his boyhood, became possessed of great wealth in the East Indies, and was created Governor of Fort St. George, and had married, moreover, an Indian fortune. On his return to London, he contributed books and merchandise to the college of his native town. The trustees now took advantage of this prominent opportunity to name the new college house after so liberal a benefactor, and *Yale College* soon became the name of the institution itself. Yale "was a gentleman," says President Clap, in his history of the college, "who greatly abounded in good humour and generosity, as well as in wealth.† The following is a copy of his epitaph in the church-yard at Wrexham, Wales.

Under this tomb lyes interr'd Elihu Yale
of Place Gronow, Esq.; born 5th April, 1648,
and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged 73 years.
Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd: at London dead.
Much Good, some Ill he did: so hope all's Even,
And that his soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heav'n.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain Exit to prepare,
For only the Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Under an engraved picture of Governor Yale, sent to the college at an early period, was the following inscription in manuscript:—

Effigies clarissimi viri D. D. Elihu Yale
Londinensis, Armigeri.
En vir! cui meritas laudes ob facta, per orbis
Extremos fines, inclyta fama dedit.
Æquor arans tumidum, gazas adduxit ab Indis,
Quas Ille sparsit munificante manu:
Insecitiæ tenebras, ut noctis luce corusca
Phœbus, ab occiduis pellit et Ille plagis.
Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses
Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres.

which the poet Percival has thus imitated.

Behold the man, for generous deeds renown'd,
Who in remotest regions won his fame:
With wise munificence he scattered round
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.
From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly,
As flies the night before the dawning rays:
So long as grateful bosoms beat, shall high
Yale's sons and pious fathers sing his praise,*

Jeremiah Dummer, of Boston, the agent of Massachusetts in England, in 1714, had been an earlier generous donor to the library. He gave, or procured, some eight hundred valuable volumes. The names of his friends who were associated with him in the gift, impart to it additional value. They were among the most distinguished men of that day, and include Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Richard Steele, Burnet, Woodward, Halley, Bentley, Kennet, Calamy, Edwards, and Whiston, who gave copies of their writings to the collection.

When the college was thus established at New Haven, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, of Stratford, was chosen its Rector, and, as a compensation to the people of the place he was leaving, the trustees of Yale bought their minister from them, paying for his house and lot, and giving them to the town. A new difficulty now presented itself. The orthodox Rector, with a tutor and two neighboring clergymen, announced, in 1722, their intention to give up New England theology for Episcopal ordination in England. The discovery was made at the time of Commencement, shortly after which occasion, Gov. Saltonstall held a personal dispute on the subject with the recusant Rector and one of his most distinguished associates, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of New Haven. The trustees met, and voted that they "do excuse the Rev. Mr. Cutler from all further service, as Rector of Yale College." The connexion was at an end. Mr. Cutler, with his friend Johnson, afterwards President of Columbia College, and several other of the New England clergy, went to England, where he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Oxford; he returned to America, and was rector, till his death, in 1765, of Christ Church, in Boston. He was a loss to Yale, from his strength of mind and his acquirements in Oriental literature. He was, says President Stiles, in his Diary, "a good logician, geographer,

* Wethersfield had its pretensions, and a number of students having been educated there, under the care of Elisha Williams, a commencement was held there and degrees conferred, which were afterwards ratified at New Haven. To remove the library from Saybrook to New Haven process was issued and the sheriff resisted. Important papers, and two hundred and fifty valuable volumes were lost to the college in the struggle. —*Baldwin's Hist. of Yale*, 1st Ed. p. 35.

† History of Yale College, 30.

* Kingsley's Sketch of Yale College. Am. Quar. Reg. viii. 19. Sketches of Yale College, with numerous anecdotes. 1843, p. 28.

and rhetorician. In the philosophy and metaphysics and ethics of his day, he was great. He spoke Latin with great fluency and dignity, and with great propriety of pronunciation. He was a man of extensive reading in the academic sciences, divinity, and ecclesiastical history; and of a commanding presence and dignity in government. He was of a lofty and despotic mien, and made a grand figure at the head of a college."*

Mr. Andrew, of Milford, one of the trustees, again took the management, as head of the college, *pro tempore*, till 1726, when the Rev. Elisha Williams, of Wethersfield, became Rector, which he continued till 1739. It was during this time that Berkeley, afterwards the Bishop of Cloyne, made his celebrated donations to the college, which, with great liberality, he took under his particular favor. He had become acquainted, at Newport, R. I., with one of the trustees, the Rev. Jared Eliot, and with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, who called his attention to the wants of the college. On his return to England, in 1732, he gave to the college a deed of his house and farm in Newport, for the assistance of the three best scholars in Latin and Greek who should reside at college for nine months of each of the three years between the first and second degrees. To determine the priority in scholarship, a special examination is to be held annually, by the President and senior Episcopal missionary within the colony. If these do not agree, the choice is to be determined by lot. The persons selected are to be called "scholars of the house." Any surplus which may remain by vacancies is to be expended in Greek and Latin books, to be distributed as prizes to undergraduates. Such were the provisions of the settlement. The property does not yield any considerable income, having been leased for a long term at a time when money was of more value than it is now. There have been a number of successful applicants for "the dean's bounty," who have afterwards become distinguished. Of these may be mentioned, Dr. Wheelock, the first President of Dartmouth; the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of the College of New Jersey; the Hon. Jared Ingersoll, Presidents Daggett and Dwight, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, and the Hon. Abraham Baldwin. The Berkeleian prizes have also reflected honor on the college.† Berkeley also procured a choice collection of books for the college—contributing in all nearly a thousand volumes, including a set of the Christian Fathers, a large representation of the Greek and Latin Classics, and other well chosen works, among which were Ben Jonson, Dryden and Pope, Butler and Wycherley. When Rector Clap arranged the general collection, in 1742, he tells us, "in honour to the Rev. Dr. Berkeley for his extraordinary donation, his books stood by themselves, at the south end of the library."‡

The career of Rector Williams was more varied than falls to the lot of most college Presidents. He was born in Massachusetts, and was a graduate of Harvard. He passed from his parish duties at Wethersfield to the Presidency of Yale. Compelled to retire from the latter by ill health, he became member of the Connecticut House of Representatives and a Judge. In 1745 he revived his clerical functions to become army chaplain in the Cape Breton expedition. The next year he was appointed colonel of a regiment in the expedition against Canada. Going to England to secure his half-pay, he married there and returned to die at Wethersfield in 1755, at the age of sixty-one. President Stiles, in his Literary Diary, speaks of him as "a good classical scholar, well read in logic, metaphysics and ethics, and in rhetoric and oratory. He presided at commencement with great honor. He spoke Latin freely, delivered orations gracefully and with animated dignity."

Williams was succeeded, in the year 1740, by the Rev. Thomas Clap, who was withdrawn from the ministry of Windham, the college as before buying his time from the townspeople. The compensation for loss of services was referred to three members of the General Assembly, who "were of opinion, that inasmuch as Mr. Clap had been in the ministry at Windham fourteen years, which was about half the time ministers in general continue in their public work; the people ought to have half as much as they gave him for a settlement; which, upon computation, was about fifty-three pounds sterling."* Clap entered vigorously upon the duties of the college, drew up a body of laws, the books were catalogued, and a new charter obtained, by which the Rector and Trustees became entitled President and Fellows.

In 1747, a part of the means for erecting a new college building, to accommodate the increasing number of students, was raised by a lottery. The preaching of Whitefield having agitated the popular faith, a theological professorship was founded, which took its name from its first contributor, the Hon. Philip Livingston, of New York. A new confession was made of the college faith, according to the Assembly's Catechism, Dr. Ames's Medulla and Cases of Conscience, and the Rev. Naphtali Daggett, from Long Island, was appointed Professor of Divinity in 1755. In 1763, the question whether the Legislature of the State had a right to exercise visitatorial power over the college was much agitated. President Clap argued that the legislature, not being the founders, had no such power, and successfully maintained this position. Difficulties in the discipline and administration of the college led to the resignation of President Clap in 1766. His death occurred a few months after. He was a man of piety, and a diligent head of his college, which greatly increased under his administration of twenty-seven years. He had been educated by Dr. M'Sparran, the missionary clergyman of Rhode Island. His literary accomplishments were large. He excelled especially in the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy —and constructed the first orrery or planetarium in America. He published a letter to Jonathan Edwards, on the Whitefield matter. His other publications were an essay *on the Religious Constitution of Colleges*, 1754; a *Vindication of the Doctrines of the New England Churches*, in 1755; an *Essay on the Nature and Foundation*

* Appendix to Holmes's Stiles, 387.
† Prof. Kingsley's Sketch of the History of Yale College. Am. Quar. Register. viii. 211. List of Scholars of the House in Yale Lit. Mag. xvii. 190.
‡ Clap's History, 43.

* Clap's History of Yale College, 41.

of Moral Virtue and Obligation, in 1765; and a History of Yale College in 1766.* His *Conjectures on the Nature and Motion of Meteors above the Atmosphere*, was issued posthumously in 1781. He made collections for a History of Connecticut. His manuscripts, then in the possession of his daughter, the wife of General Wooster, were plundered in Tryon's expedition against New Haven, and thrown overboard into Long Island Sound. A few were picked up after some days by boatmen, but most were lost.

President Stiles has left a minute literary character of him, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the extent of his attainments; his knowledge of Newton's Principia; his study of moral philosophy in Wollaston, and of the ancient and modern powers of Europe. Stiles, warming with the recollections of his predecessor, describes his habits of reading, by subjects rather than volumes —and his aspect, "light, placid, serene, and contemplative," adding, "he was a calm, still, judicious great man."†

In 1767, Professor Daggett was chosen President *pro tempore*, and continued in this position until 1777, when Dr. Ezra Stiles was elected President, Pres. Daggett continuing in his Chair of Divinity. The latter was a man of worth and usefulness. When the British took possession of New Haven in 1779, he was taken by the enemy wounded, with his musket in his hand, resisting their advance. He was unhandsomely treated with violence and personal injury by his captors.‡ His college Presidency is memorable in our narrative for the presence in the college as pupils, of Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow.

Of Stiles and of Dwight, who succeeded with so much distinction to the college, something is said on other pages of this book. The Presidency of the former extended from 1777 to 1795; of Dwight, from that date till 1817. The college increased greatly in influence and resources at these periods, after the interruption of the Revolution. The personal influence of these men was great. Dwight enlarged the scope of studies by furthering the claims of general literature, in which he was himself so accomplished a proficient. The Professorships of Kingsley and Silliman were instituted during Dwight's administration.

Jeremiah Day held the presidency from 1817 till his retirement in 1846. He was born in New Preston, Connecticut, in 1773, and in 1795 had succeeded Dwight in the conduct of his school at Greenfield Hill. He was a graduate of Yale, and in 1801 had received the appointment of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, which he held till his election to the government of the college. He has published several mathematical treatises for students, which have been widely circulated, and in 1838, *An Inquiry Respecting the Self-Determining Power of the Will; or, Contingent Volition.* 12mo. And in 1841, *An Examination of Pres. Edwards's Inquiry on the Freedom of the Will.* 12mo.

Alexander Metcalf Fisher was the successor to President Day in his Professorship. He was a young man of high promise, and had already made important contributions to mathematical and physical science. His sudden death, at the age of twenty-eight, in the shipwreck of the Albion on the coast of Ireland, in 1822, when he was on his voyage to Europe for the collection of scientific material, and for self-improvement, has lent additional interest to his memory.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey succeeded to President Day. He was born in New York in 1801, the son of a merchant, and a nephew on the mother's side of President Dwight. His education was at Yale and the Theological Seminary at Princeton. After this he passed several years in Europe, extending his studies of the Greek language and literature in Germany. On his return he was appointed Professor of Greek at Yale in 1831, and discharged the duties of the position for twenty years, giving to the public during this period his editions of the Greek tragedians, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Antigone* and *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Alcestis* of Euripides. He has also edited the *Gorgias* of Plato. His inauguration discourse in 1846, on the subject of college education, was a philosophical view of the subject, asserting the claims of a classical education. In his *Historical Discourse*, delivered before the graduates of Yale in 1850, on the completion of the third semi-centennial period, he has sketched the development of the college, in its studies, with an able pen. In the sphere of philosophical discourse he has a thoroughly disciplined mind.

The college has been distinguished by the long periods of service maintained by its officers and professors. The terms of four of its presidents, Clap, Stiles, Dwight, and Day, cover a period of nearly a hundred years. Kingsley was tutor and professor for more than fifty years. The connexion of Benjamin Silliman with the instruction of the college, dates from 1799; of Chauncey Allen Goodrich, from 1812; of Olmsted, from 1815; of President Woolsey, from his tutorship in 1823.

Professor James L. Kingsley was long a representative man of the college. He had taught in nearly every one of its departments, and identified himself with each step of its development. Born in Connecticut, he was a graduate of the college of the class of 1799, the same year with Moses Stuart. Two years afterwards he was appointed tutor, and in 1805, professor of the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin Languages and of Ecclesiastical History, discharging with ability the various duties of these offices as required, till with the improved adjustment of the college instruction, he entered in 1831 upon a distinct professorship of the Latin Language and Literature, continuing for some time to give instruction in Hebrew. He resigned his post in 1851, exactly half a century after his first appointment from the college, and was then honored with the title of Emeritus Professor, till his death, shortly after, in August, 1852. He was a close and accurate scholar, well versed in Greek and Hebrew, and an adept in Latin. "I doubt," said President Wool-

* The Annals or History of Yale College, in New Haven, in the Colony of Connecticut, from the first founding thereof in the year 1700, to the year 1766: with an Appendix, containing the present state of the College, the Method of Instruction and Government, with the Officers, Benefactors, and Graduates. By Thomas Clap, A.M., President of the said College. New Haven: Printed for John Hotchkiss and B. Mecom, 1766. 8vo.

† Appendix to Life of Stiles, by Holmes, 396.

‡ Baldwin's Hist. Yale Col. 103.

sey in an address at his funeral, "if any American scholar has ever surpassed him in Latin style." He first introduced into use in America, about 1805, as a text-book, the two volumes of the *Græca Majora*, with which most American students have been at some time familiar. His encouragement of mathematical science was also of importance. His familiarity with American history, particularly of his own state, was great; and he had given to the college annals, and the large opportunities of biographical study offered by the Triennial Catalogues, in the preparation of which he was concerned, an attention inspired by taste and habit. The *Historical Discourse*, which he delivered in 1838, *On the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Settlement of the Town and Colony of New Haven*, and his *Sketch of the History of Yale College*, published in 1835, in the American Quarterly Register, are proofs of this. He was, besides, the author of *The Life of President Stiles*, in Sparks's American Biography, of a Eulogy on Professor Fisher, and of various critical articles in the North American Review, the Christian Spectator, the New Englander, the American Journal of Science, the Biblical Repository, and other periodicals. His successor in the Professorship of Latin, Thomas A. Thacher, in a Commemorative Discourse, in October, 1852, speaks of his genuine love of his classical studies, of his fondness for biographical anecdote, and of his intimacy with English literature.*

Professor Benjamin Silliman was born in 1779, in Trumbull, in Connecticut. He was a graduate of the college, of the year 1796, for a time studied the law, in 1799 became a college tutor, and has since been prominent in its faculty,—his Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology dating from 1804. He visited Europe the following year, to procure books and apparatus for the college, and was abroad fifteen months. In 1810, he published an account of this tour in his *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, and two passages on the Atlantic, in the years* 1805 *and* 1806. Nearly fifty years later, he crossed the Atlantic again, and has contrasted his observations after this interval in the two volumes which he published in 1853, with the title, *A Visit to Europe in* 1851. Another record of his travels is his *Remarks made in a Short Tour between Hartford and Quebec in the autumn of* 1819. In the course of his college engagement, he has published *Elements of Chemistry in the order of the Lectures in Yale College*, in 1830; and has edited Henry's Chemistry and Bakewell's Geology. His lectures on Chemistry, to which the public have been admitted, at Yale, and which he has delivered in the chief cities of the country, have gained him much reputation, which has been extended at home and abroad by his *American Journal of Science*, of which he commenced the publication in 1818.

Denison Olmsted succeeded to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in 1825, which he held till 1836, when a new distribution of the duties took place, under which he entered upon his present Professorship of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. He was born at East Hartford, the son of a farmer, in 1791, became a graduate of the college in 1813, then a tutor, when in 1817 he was appointed to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina, which he held for seven years. At that time he commenced, with the support of the legislature, the Geological Survey of the State, the first survey of the kind in the country, and published papers on the Gold Mines of North Carolina, and Illuminating Gas from cotton seed, in the American Journal of Science, to which he has been a frequent contributor. His chief writings have been *Thoughts on the Clerical Profession*, a series of Essays, in 1817; his *Introduction to Natural Philosophy*, in 1832; an *Introduction to Astronomy*, in 1839, the substance of which he embodied in a volume, *Letters on Astronomy addressed to a Lady*, in 1840; *Rudiments of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*, 1843, a work of such clearness and simplicity that it has been published in raised letters for the use of the blind, by the Massachusetts Asylum, and has been found well adapted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb; a Life of Mason, the young astronomer, and materials for several volumes of miscellanies in his contributions to the leading reviews, consisting of Moral Essays, Biographical Sketches, one of the earliest being Pres. Dwight, in the *Port Folio* of 1817, Addresses, and Scientific Memoirs.

Connected with the labors of this chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, was a young man, a graduate of the College, whose career, soon cut short by the fatal malady of consumption, was yet long enough to make a name for himself, and confer lasting honor on the institution. This was Ebenezer Porter Mason, who died in 1840, at the age of twenty-two, the story of whose precocious childhood, early mature development, and scientific acquirements, has been narrated with many sound reflections by the way, in an interesting volume by Prof. Olmsted, with whom he was associated.* Mason was born at Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1819; he died in 1840, at the house of a relative near Richmond, Virginia. His attention was awakened in his childhood to books of science. He studied with interest when he was nine years old the treatises in the Library of Useful Knowledge. At the age of thirteen he read the Æneid, and made excellent translations from it in heroic verse. His original verses written shortly after this time, if they display ingenuity rather than poetic conception, show the general powers of his mind and his literary tastes. Science, however, was to be his

* "He enjoyed a kind of personal acquaintance with Addison and Johnson and Milton and Shakespeare, and many others, whose writings he relished the more from his habit of giving a personal existence to the writers. He took an interest in their history; and when he visited England the streets and corners of the capital seemed to be peopled, almost, with the old worthies of his library, from Johnson, with his ghost in Cock-lane, to Milton, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. One could easily have imagined, at times, from observing the heartiness of the pleasure he derived from the more elegant writers of past times, both classical and later, that he might even join in Walter Pope's wish, and ask for retirement from the world, to live in intellectual converse,

"With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more,
Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before."

Discourse, p. 46.

* Life and Writings of Ebenezer Porter Mason; interspersed with hints to Parents and Instructors on the training and education of a Child of Genius, By Denison Olmsted. New York, Dayton and Newman, 1842. 12mo. pp. 252.

Yale College.

peculiar vocation, and astronomy that branch which he was especially to cultivate. His skill and manual tact in constructing instruments and recording observations, while a College student, were very remarkable. On the completion of his course in 1839, he became a Resident Graduate; and in the short interval which remained before his death, found time in narrow circumstances, with rapidly failing health, to pursue and publish his *Observations on Nebulæ*,* a paper which gained the admiration of Sir John Herschel, who has thus spoken of the composition and its author:—"Mr. Mason, a young and ardent astronomer, a native of the United States of America, whose premature death is the more to be regretted as he was (so far as I am aware) the only other recent observer who has given himself with the assiduity which the subject requires, to the exact delineation of Nebulæ, and whose figures I find at all satisfactory."† He also prepared a college treatise on *Practical Astronomy*. In the autumn of 1840, he was engaged in the difficult public service of Prof. Renwick's North Eastern Boundary Survey. He returned to his friends to die before the year closed.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son.

The Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich was elected professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in 1817, and discharged the duties of this office until 1839, when he was transferred to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology, in which office he still continues. He was for several years editor of the Quarterly Christian Spectator, and is extensively and favorably known by his works of Greek elementary instruction, his Collection of Select British Eloquence, and his revised and enlarged edition of Webster's Dictionary.

In 1841, a Professorship of the Arabic and Sanskrit languages and literature was established in the college, and Prof. Edward E. Salisbury was appointed to the chair. His *Inaugural Discourse* (New Haven, 1843, 8vo. pp. 51) is a learned and comprehensive survey of the wide and important field of Oriental literature. He has for many years been the Secretary of the American Oriental Society, and the editor of its journal, to which he has contributed many valuable papers. This work has reached its fourth volume, and is highly creditable to American scholarship. In 1854 the professorship was divided, Prof. Salisbury retaining the Arabic, and resigning the Sanskrit. To the latter professorship Mr. William D. Whitney, an eminent Sanskrit scholar, was then appointed.

The Medical establishment was organized in 1813, and has enjoyed the services of many eminent men as instructors from that time to the present. The number of professors is now six.

The Theological department of the college was organized in 1822, the Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor being associated as Professor of Didactic Theology with the Rev. Eleazar T. Fitch, who, in 1817, succeeded Dr. Dwight as Professor of Divinity. These gentlemen have long been well known by their lectures and published works. In 1824, Josiah Willard Gibbs was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature, which office he still holds. He is the author of a valuable Lexicon of the Hebrew Language, and of very many contributions to general philology.

The Law School, which was commenced about 1820, was not definitely connected with the college until 1830; and the degree of LL.B. was first conferred here in 1843. The school is conducted by two professors—Clark Bissell, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and Henry Dutton, Governor of that State.

* In the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society for 1840.

† Sir John F. W. Herschel's Results of Astronomical Observations, 1834-8, at the Cape of Good Hope, p. 7.

In 1847 was established the department of Philosophy and the Arts. By this it was intended to provide means by which some of the collegiate studies, such as philosophy, philology, pure mathematics, and the like, might be prosecuted by graduates under systematic instruction, and others, not graduates, who should be properly qualified, might be trained to fulfil in a creditable manner the office of the civil engineer, of the scientific miner and geologist, of the scientific agriculturist, and the like; thus furnishing society with a body of highly educated men in its various departments, and introducing, in fact, new liberal professions among the learned pursuits. In this new department are included the professorships of chemistry applied to agriculture, chemistry applied to the arts, and of civil engineering. The first professor of agricultural chemistry was John Pitkin Norton, a young man of high promise, and thoroughly qualified for the place. He discharged the duties of his office with great zeal and success, and by lectures at home and abroad, and by his essays and treatises, accomplished much good during his brief life. In the midst of his usefulness he was arrested by fatal illness, and died Sept. 5th, 1852, at the age of thirty. His successor is Prof. John A. Porter. Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., was appointed to the chair of chemistry applied to the arts, and still continues in office. Prof. Wm. A. Norton is the professor of civil engineering.

In 1850 the Silliman professorship of natural history was established, and James D. Dana was appointed to the office. He is the author of a comprehensive treatise on Mineralogy, which has passed through four editions, and also of a work on the Geology and Mineralogy of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, and of a work on the Zoophytes and Crustacea collected during that cruise. His contributions to the American Journal of Science, of which he is one of the editors, are numerous and valuable.*

Yale College is connected with the history of religion in the country, as having educated more than 1500 clergymen, and as having been the scene of numerous revivals of religion. "In the space of ninety-six years from the great revival of 1741, the college," says Prof. Goodrich, "has been favored with twenty distinct effusions of the Holy Spirit, of which three were in the last century and seventeen in the present."†

The benefactors to the college deserve a passing mention. Dwight in his letters remarks that they have been men of moderate fortunes.‡ Among these, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott gave two thousand dollars to the library. Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, a graduate of the college, founded a fund of five hundred dollars, the interest of which is to be expended in the purchase of books on mechanical and physical science. Dr. Alfred E. Perkins, also a graduate, bequeathed ten thousand dollars as a permanent fund to the library in 1834. Dr. Jedediah Morse and Mr. S. F. B. Morse were contributors of a valuable collection of books to the library in 1823. Among the donors to the philosophical apparatus, the name of Dr. Isaac Watts occurs for a pair of globes.

Yale Library.

The college library, with the collections of the societies, deposited in different departments, in the costly and ornamental library building of Portland sandstone, numbered in 1854 some 54,000 volumes. The library is rich in old New England theology, and in general history and metaphysics. Its American antiquarian treasures include a unique newspaper collection of contemporary papers relating to the Stamp Act, made by President Stiles, and the extensive series of his MS. Journals and commonplace books, of an historical as well as personal interest. The library has the collection of papers made by Trumbull for his History of Connecticut. An addition of much value was made in 1854, being the entire library of the late Prof. Thilo, of Halle, consisting of above 4000 volumes, chiefly in ecclesiastical history and kindred departments.

The library possesses four of the original sculptures of Nineveh, sent to America by the Rev. W. F. Williams, American missionary at Mosul.

There have been but three specially appointed librarians, the duty before 1805 having been discharged by tutors—Professor Kingsley, Josiah Willard Gibbs, and the present incumbent, Edward C. Herrick. In the Trumbull Gallery, the College possesses a constant means of attraction to visitors. There are collected a valuable series of Revolutionary paintings by the artist from whom the building has been named, and beneath which he lies buried, with many other works of interest, portraits of the college presidents, and illustrious men of the state, including the celebrated family group of Dean Berkeley and his friends, painted by Smibert.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale was organized in 1780. Its catalogue shows a list of honored names, from the poets Trumbull and Barlow to the present day. Its orators and poets

* During the last ten years no one in America has made so many important contributions to natural history. His reports of the Exploring Expedition are,

1. Report on Zoophytes. 1846. pp. 470 4to. Atlas of 61 plates folio. 239 new species of Zoophytes figured.
2. Report on Geology. 1849. pp. 756 4to. Atlas of 21 folio plates of fossils.
3. Report on Crustacea. 1854. 2 vols. of 1620 pages in all. Atlas of 96 plates folio: 680 species figured; 658 of them new.

Of these and the other reports, the government have, in their folly, published only a hundred copies each.

† Narrative of Revivals of Religion in Yale College. Am. Quar. Reg. x. 289.

‡ Travels in New England and New York, i. 207.

have included, among others, Edward Everett, T. S. Grimke, Gardner Spring, James Kent, Albert Barnes, Horace Bushnell, Edward Robinson, Daniel Lord, J. G. Percival, Elizur Wright, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wm. H. Seward.

The college societies, the Linonian and the Brothers in Unity, are supported with spirit. To the last, literary men are indebted for the first edition of the *Alphabetical Index to subjects treated in Reviews*, prepared by William Frederick Poole, its librarian.

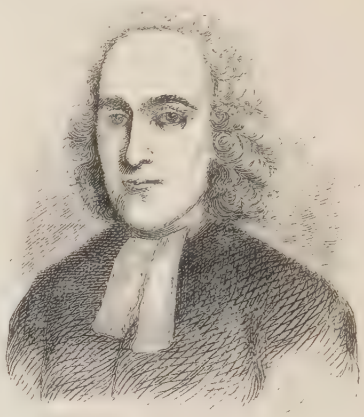
The *Yale Literary Magazine*, contributed to by undergraduates, was commenced in 1836,* and has been well sustained since, being by far the longest-lived publication of its kind. Its series of portraits and lives of the Presidents and Professors are valuable; while it has published original articles of merit from the pens of Colton, Bristed, Thompson, Mitchell, Finch, and others.

Comparing the catalogues of the two oldest colleges, Harvard and Yale, we find, that up to the close of 1854, in the former institution there had been, from the year 1642, 6,612 alumni, of whom 2,273 were then survivors; and of Yale, from 1702 to the close of 1853, there had been 6,212 graduates, of whom 3,065 were living—so that in point of number of living alumni the latter institution stands at the head of the colleges of the country.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the first metaphysicians of his age, and the last and finest product of the old Puritanism of America, was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1703. His family and culture were strictly evangelical. Four generations back, on his father's side, his ancestor was a clergyman of the Established Church in London, in the time of Elizabeth. His son emigrated to Hartford, in Connecticut, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a merchant, as was also his son Richard, who superadded to that worldly calling a life of eminent piety. The next in descent was the Rev. Timothy Edwards, the father of our author. He was a graduate of Harvard, and the first minister of East Windsor. In the old French war, he accompanied an expedition as chaplain on its way to Canada. He married the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, with whom he lived more than sixty-three years—his widow surviving him twelve years, when she died in her ninety-ninth year. This lady, the mother of Jonathan Edwards, is spoken of as possessed of superior force of understanding and refinement of character. The father was a man of learning and devotion to his ministry.

It is impossible to study the portrait of Jonathan Edwards without noticing an air of purity, a tinge perhaps of feminine character, a look of thorough earnestness, and an expression of native delicacy. Energy and reserve seem to be happily blended in his countenance.† On reading the narrative of his youthful studies and early developements of intellect and piety, we see an exube-



Jonathan Edwards

rance in both which indicate a richly endowed nature. Education, whatever it may be with such a man, is simply the mould to be filled by his genius. In other places, in other relations, he would always be a man of mark. In the field of the belles lettres, if he had cultivated them, he would have shone as an acute critic and poet; among men of science, as a profound and original observer; among wits, as a subtle philosopher. As it was, born in New England, of the ghostly line of Puritanism, all his powers were confined to Christian morals and metaphysics.

The religious element was developed in him very early. At the age of seven or eight, in a period of religious excitement in his father's congregation, he attained a height of devotional fervor, and built a booth in a retired swamp for secret prayer, with some of his school companions. His account of his "early religious life is pure and fervent, recalling the sublime imagination of Sir Thomas Browne of those who have understood Christian annihilation, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, and have had already an handsome anticipation of heaven." Nature at that time was transfigured before him. It was the thorough consecration of a mind of the strongest powers and finest temper. His love of nature was a trait of his boyhood. Before the age of twelve he had written a minute account of the habits of a forest spider. When the world gained a great metaphysician it perhaps lost an admirable natural historian.

Edwards entered Yale College in his thirteenth year, when he fell in with Locke's Essay on the

* Three or four college magazines had previously been published here, as the *Literary Cabinet* in 1807, the *Athenæum* in 1814, &c. In 1831 appeared *The Student's Companion, by the Knights of the Round Table*, the two hundred pages of which were written almost exclusively by David Francis Bacon.

† "In his youth he appeared healthy, and with a good degree of vivacity, but was never robust. In middle life, he appeared very much emaciated, by severe study, and intense mental application. In his person he was tall of stature—about six feet one inch—and of a slender form. He had a high, broad, bold forehead, and an eye unusually piercing and luminous; and on his whole countenance, the features of his mind—perspicacity, sincerity, and benevolence—were so strongly impressed, that no one could behold it, without at once discovering the clearest indications of great intellectual and moral elevation."—Life by Sereno E. Dwight,

Understanding, which he read with great zest. It was always his habit to think and write as he read, so that his pen, as his biographer remarks, was always in his hand. This course adds to the exactness and labor of study, and begets a habit which, amidst the infinite riches of human learning, is not readily expended. It is not surprising, therefore, that Edwards afterwards came to devote nearly two thirds of the day to study. He was graduated at the college with the highest honor, and continued to reside in the institution two years, for the study of the ministry. His first clerical occupation was in New York, where he preached to a congregation of Presbyterians in 1722, in his nineteenth year. His meditations at this time were full of ardor and humility. "The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations," says he, "appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun." He records his frequent retirement "into a solitary place on the banks of Hudson's river, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things and secret converse with God; and had many sweet hours there." Before he had completed his twentieth year, he had solemnly arranged a series of seventy resolutions, which were to be the guiding principles of his life. These relate to the absolute performance of duty without regard to immediate motive or difficulty; to the intensity of occupation,—"to live with all my might while I do live"—to regard the various moral duties, to practise the minor moralities, "in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity." The fifty-first resolution, dated July 8, 1723, is a singular expression at once of submission and of strength of will:—"that I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned." A private religious Diary which he wrote, commences Dec. 18, 1722, and closes June 11, 1726. One entry marks the student, and the comparative isolation of the man from the world:—"I am sometimes in a frame so listless, that there is no other way of profitably improving time but conversation, visiting, or recreation, or some bodily exercise. However, it may be best, in the first place, before resorting to either of these, to try the whole circle of my mental employments." This was dangerous theory and practice with his delicate constitution.

From New York, where he resided eight months, he returned to a tutorship in Yale, where he remained till he became associated, in 1726, on his ordination, with his grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, in his ministry at Northampton, In July of this year he married Miss Sarah Pierrepont, the daughter of a clergyman of strong clerical connexions, and a young lady of eighteen, of unusual beauty. The spiritual description of her gentle habits, written by Edwards, apparently on reports of her excellence brought to him when she was but thirteen years of age, is the unconscious admiration of the lover in the saint. "They say," writes on a blank leaf the pure-minded young man of twenty, "there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him—that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."*

His preaching at Northampton was devoted to an awakening of zeal and restoration of strict devotional conduct, which had somewhat declined. His course was attended at the outset with success; a revival, a class of religious exercises for which the town had been celebrated, in 1735, adding largely for the time to his congregation. An account of these scenes was published in "A Narrative of Surprising Conversions," by Edwards, reissued in London, with a preface by Dr. Watts. Other solemnities of the kind attended his ministry at Northampton. To mark the distinctions of what he considered true religion, he wrote the discriminating *Treatise on Religious Affections.*

Whether the discipline attempted by Edwards was overstrained or impolitic, or the system of theology which he pursued was more logical than practicable, serious differences arose with the people, which eventually, after he had preached at Northampton for twenty-three years, compelled his retirement. One point of difficulty was his change in the test for the Communion. This rite had been regarded as a means to conversion rather than the end; and persons admitted to membership under it without a distinct profession. In opposing this view, which had been deliberately established by his grandfather and predecessor, and enforcing his convictions, Edwards was governed by the logical morality of his early resolutions. He issued his work, "An Humble Enquiry into the Rules of the Word of God, concerning the Qualifications requisite to a complete standing and full communion in the Visible Christian Church." The townspeople

* Life by Dwight, p. 114.

instigated controversial replies and held meetings of disapproval; the result, after a great deal of unhappy agitation, was Edwards's dismission, in 1750, by an Ecclesiastical Council. He was installed the next year minister at Stockbridge, Mass., and missionary to the Indians then in that vicinity. It was at this post, where he continued six years, that he wrote, in the midst of cares and anxieties, in the short time of four months and a half, his "Essay on the Freedom of the Will."* This work is written with great compactness, never swerving from the line of the argument. While men will continue to act as if they were free, Edwards will still convince them that they are bound by the iron hand of necessity.

With metaphysicians it has always taken the highest reputation. Its worth has been pronounced by "mouths of wisest censure."

"In the New World," said Dugald Stewart, "the state of society and of manners has not hitherto been so favourable to abstract science as to pursuits which come home directly to the business of human life. There is, however, *one* metaphysician of whom America has to boast, who, in logical acuteness and subtlety, does not yield to any disputant bred in the Universities of Europe. I need not say that I allude to Jonathan Edwards. But at the time when he wrote, the state of America was more favourable than it now is, or can for a long period be expected to be, to such inquiries as those which engaged his attention; inquiries, by the way, to which his thoughts were evidently turned, less by the impulse of speculative curiosity than by his anxiety to defend the theological system in which he had been educated, and to which he was most conscientiously and zealously attached. The effect of this anxiety in sharpening his faculties, and in keeping his polemical vigilance constantly *on the alert*, may be traced in every step of his argument."†

Hazlitt, whose "Principles of Human Action" show him to have been a close and original student of mental phenomena, and whose knowledge of metaphysical authors entitles him to an authoritative opinion on the subject, says of the "Treatise on the Will" and its author: "Having produced *him*, the Americans need not despair of their metaphysicians. We do not scruple to say, that he is one of the acutest, most powerful, and of all reasoners the most conscientious and sincere. His closeness and candour are alike admirable. Instead of puzzling or imposing on others, he tries to satisfy his own mind. * * Far from taunting his adversaries, he endeavours with all his might to explain difficulties. * * His anxiety to clear up the scruples of others is equal to his firmness in maintaining his own opinion."‡

A manuscript note, by Judge Egbert Benson, attached to the copy of *The Freedom of the Will*—the original Boston edition of 1754, with the subscribers' names appended, preserved in the New York Society Library—records a remark of Hamilton on this book. "The conversation led to the question whether he had ever read the work of Edwards on the Will? He told me he had. I then asked him what he thought of it. He replied, that he presumed nothing ever came from the human mind more in proof that man was a *reasoning* animal. It is unrelaxed logical statement throughout—from the first page to the last a consecutive series of arguments, the only digression from the main propositions being qualifications of the sense, expressed in the same brief, rigid style. Its chief aim is to maintain a point of Calvinism against the attacks and tenets of the Arminians."

On the death of Burr, the President of Princeton College, in 1757, Edwards was chosen to succeed him. Burr was the father of the celebrated and unscrupulous Aaron Burr, and the son-in-law of Edwards; so that the maternal grandfather of the unhappy politician was the exemplary divine. Burr, with little of his morality, may have inherited a great deal of his subtlety.

Edwards's letter to the Trustees, dated Stockbridge, Oct. 19th, when he meditated acceptance of the post, enters curiously into the physiology of his condition:—"I have a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor, with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college." He had, up to this time, for many years spent fourteen hours a day in study. Yet, with a feeble frame from childhood, by temperance and method, he could endure these labors, and find himself, at the age of fifty-four, "as well able to bear the closest study," he says, "as I was thirty years ago." It is, perhaps, difficult under these circumstances to determine whether he was sustained or worn out by literature. The occupation in his study, which "swallowed up his mind," was, he tells us in the same sentence, "the chief entertainment and delight of his life." The enjoyments of the scholar, if they caused, also compensated the unpleasant dyspeptic symptoms which the philosopher somewhat pedantically recounted.

In January, 1758, Edwards was installed at Princeton. In the same month his father died, at the venerable age of eighty-nine. The small-pox then prevailing in the vicinity, Edwards was inoculated, a course for which he took not only the advice of his physician but the consent of his college corporation. A fever set in, in consequence of this act of precaution, which caused his death in his fifty-fifth year, March 22, 1758. His daughter, Mrs. Burr, died suddenly about a fortnight after, and his wife in October of the same year.

Edwards left a family of ten children, one of whom, bearing his father's name, became a Doctor of Divinity and President of Union College.

His second son, Pierrepont, was Judge of the United States Court for the District of Connecticut. He died at Bridgeport in 1826, at the age of 76. One of his sons became Governor of Con-

* A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the modern prevailing Notions of that Freedom of Will, which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame. By Jonathan Edwards, A.M., Pastor of the Church in Stockbridge. Rom. ix. 16: It is not of him that willeth. Boston, N. E. Printed and sold by S. Kneeland, in Queen-st. 1754.

† Dugald Stewart's Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy, 203. 1820. 4to.

‡ Ed. Rev. L. p. 181.

necticut, another is the Hon. Ogden Edwards of New York.

The tributes to Edwards's powers of mind and devout life, in addition to those we have quoted, by Chalmers Robert Hall, Mackintosh, Isaac Taylor, and others, leave nothing unsaid, in the way of eulogy, of his metaphysical ability.* His practical devotional style was, while argumentative, warm and affectionate, dwelling on the elevated poetry of the scriptures. Dr. Alexander has described his character as a preacher. "He was commanding as a pulpit teacher, not for grace of person; he was slender and shy; not for elocution; his voice was thin and weak; for any trick of style; no man more disdained and trampled on it: —but from his immense preparation, long forethought, sedulous writing of every word, touching earnestness and holy life. He was not a man of company; he seldom visited his hearers. Yet there was no man whose mental power was greater. Common consent set him at the head of his profession. Even in a time of raptures and fiery excitement he lost no influence. The incident is familiar of his being called on a sudden to take the place of Whitefield, the darling of the people, who failed to appear when a multitude were gathered to hear him. Edwards, unknown to most in person, with unfeigned reluctance, such as a vainer man might feel, rose before a disappointed assembly and proceeded with feeble manner to read from his manuscript. In a little time the audience was hushed; but this was not all. Before they were aware, they were attentive and soon enchained. As was then common, one and another in the outskirts would arise and stand; numbers arose and stood; they came forward, they pressed upon the centre; the whole assembly rose; and before he concluded sobs burst from the convulsed throng. It was the power of fearful argument. The sermon is known to be in his works."†

Edwards, in most of his writing, beyond exactness, paid little attention to style; and judging by the anecdote related by his eldest son, that his acquaintance with Richardson's novel of Sir Charles Grandison, about the time of his leaving Northampton, led him to think of its amendment,‡ he must have been, in early life, unacquainted with the best English models.

The works of President Edwards were collected in ten volumes in New York in 1829. The first is occupied by a Life, written by Sereno E. Dwight, which includes the diaries; the Treatises on the Will and the Affections form portions of separate volumes; there are several series of discourses, doctrinal and practical, and the tenth volume is taken up with Edwards's Memoirs of the Missionary Brainerd, which was first published in 1749.

* They are enumerated by Dr. Samuel Miller in his life of Edwards, in Sparks's Biog., vol. viii. of the first series, 171–187. The reference to Chalmers is his Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, i. 318–322. To Robert Hall, his Works, iii. 4, 65, 79. To Mackintosh, his Memoirs, i. 22, and Progress of Ethical Philosophy, 108. Isaac Taylor prefixed an "Essay on the application of Abstract Reasoning to the Christian Doctrines," to an edition of the Treatise on the Will.

† MS. Centennial Discourse at the College of New Jersey, by the Rev. James W. Alexander. The text of Edwards's sermon was Deut. xxxii. 32. It is the fifteenth sermon of the fourth vol. of the New York edition of his works of 1844, p. 313.

‡ Life by Dwight, 601.

CHARLES CHAUNCY.

Charles Chauncy, a great-grandson of Charles Chauncy, the second president of Harvard College, was born in Boston, on the first day of the year 1705. At the age of seven he lost his father, a merchant of Boston, and son of the Rev. Isaac Chauncy. He entered Harvard at the early age of twelve, and was graduated with high honor in 1721. In 1727, he was ordained a colleague with the Rev. Mr. Foxcroft, in the pastoral charge of the first church in his native town—a connexion which continued for forty years, until the death of Mr. Foxcroft, after which he remained in sole charge of the congregation for ten years. He was then assisted by the Rev. John Clarke, until his death, on the tenth of February, 1787. Dr. Chauncy enjoyed a great reputation as a scholar and theological writer.

The straightforward tendency of his mind, and his great dislike of anything tending to parade or affectation, combined with his aversion to Whitefield and the French school of preaching, led him to adopt a studied plainness in the composition and delivery of his sermons.* He was wont to say he besought God that he might never be an orator, on which a wit remarked that his prayer had been fully granted.† His strange want of appreciation of poetry, shown by his expressed wish that some one would translate Paradise Lost into prose, that he might understand it,‡ shows that he had little sympathy with imaginative or rhetorical effort. His voice was feeble, and his delivery quiet. He was uncompromising in his exposure and denunciation of every departure from the strict rules of integrity, either by public bodies or by private individuals, his own affairs being regulated with the utmost exactness. "During the period," says Otis, "that some great losses were experienced by the fluctuation of paper money, he preached the election sermon, in 1747, before the governor and legislature; on which occasion, he spoke in very plain terms of their duty, as honest men and legislators, and said, that if their acts were unjust, they would one day be called upon to answer for them. The discourse gave some dissatisfaction, and a discussion arose whether it should be printed. To a person who came to tell him of this difficulty, he answered, 'It shall be printed, whether the General Court print it or not; and do you, sir, say from me, that if I wanted to initiate and instruct a person into all kinds of iniquity and double-dealing, I would send him to our General Court!'" It was "printed by Order of the Honorable House of Representatives," with a motto on the title from Deuteronomy xvi. 20—"That which is altogether just shalt thou follow." He was an active controversialist, publishing in 1742 and 1743 sermons *On the Various Gifts of Ministers*, *On Enthusiasm*, and on the *Outpourings of the Holy Ghost*, directed against Whitefield. These were followed by *An Account of the French Prophets*, and *Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England*. In the preparation of the last named work, which

* "As a preacher, he was plain to a degree which has become unfashionable in the present age."—Funeral Sermon by the Rev. John Clarke, D.D.

† Tudor's Life of Otis, 149.

‡ Ib.

forms an octavo volume, he travelled several hundred miles to collect facts,* tending to show the dangers of the appeals to excitement practised by Whitefield and the revival school. In 1762 he published a sermon on *The Validity of Presbytarian Ordination;* in 1765 *Twelve Sermons on Seasonable and Important Subjects*, the chief of which was justification by faith; in 1767, *Remarks on a Sermon of the Bishop of Landaff*, and in 1771, a complete view of Episcopacy, as exhibited from the Fathers of the Christian Church, until the close of the second century, in which he endeavored to prove that that form of government was not sanctioned by the usage of the primitive church. With these views he was, as might be expected, a participant in the hotly waged controversy on the proposed introduction of bishops into the colonies by the English government, publishing in answer to Dr. Chandler's "Appeal to the Public," on the Episcopal side, *An Appeal to the Public, answered in behalf of Non-Episcopal Churches.* Chandler answered by "The Appeal Defended," Chauncy responded, and Chandler again in turn replied.

Dr. Chauncy's printed sermons are in all about sixty in number. His last works were *The Mystery hid from Ages, or the Salvation of all Men*, which he considered the most valuable of his writings,† *Dissertations upon the Benevolence of the Deity*, both printed in 1784, and a volume on *The Fall of Man, and its Consequences*, which appeared in 1785.

He took a warm interest in the success of the American cause during the Revolution, and was wont to say that if the national arms were insufficient, angels would be sent to fight for the cause of freedom.

THOMAS CHALKLEY.

Thomas Chalkley informs us in the opening line of his "Life, Labours, Travels, &c.," that he was "born on the third day of the third month, 1675, in Southwark," London. He gives a touching picture of the persecutions to which his sect of Friends were exposed, even from their tender years:

"When between eight and ten years of age, my father and mother sent me near two miles to school, to Richard Scoryer, in the suburbs of London. I went mostly by myself to the school; and many and various were the exercises I went through, by beatings and stonings along the streets, being distinguished to the people, by the badge of plainness which my parents put upon me, of what profession I was: divers telling me, "it was no more sin to kill me than it was to kill a dog."

He relates his spiritual experiences at great length, commencing with his tenth year. At the age of twenty he was pressed on board a man-of-war. He passed the night in the hold, having nothing to lie upon but casks, and among wicked men; "and as we were shut up in darkness, so was their conversation dark and hellish." On being asked, in the morning, "if he was willing to serve his Majesty," he answerd, that he was willing to serve him in his business, and according to his conscience; "but as for war and fighting, Christ had forbid it in his excellent Sermon on the Mount; and for that reason I could not bear arms nor be instrumental to destroy or kill men." "Then," he continues,

"The lieutenant looked on me and on the people, and said: 'Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? He swears he will not fight.' The commander of the vessel made answer: 'No, he will neither swear nor fight.' Upon which they turned me on shore. I was thankful that I was delivered out of their hands; and my tender parents were glad to see me again."

At the expiration of his apprenticeship to his father, of seven years, he "went to his calling, and got a little money (a little being enough) which I was made willing to spend freely in the work and service of my great Master, Christ Jesus." He was soon after "concerned" to travel and preach about England, and after a few months passed in this manner, and a brief return to his calling, he "found himself engaged in the love of the gospel, to visit friends in America." After a long passage, he landed at the mouth of the Patuxent river, in Maryland, in January, 1698. Next followed a year of travel, during which he visited New England and Virginia, where he found an aged friend "who was ninety-two years of age, and had then a daughter two years old." A note informs us that he saw this vigorous veteran, some time after, "weeding Indian corn with a hoe, at the age of 106. He died a year after having seen the child of his fourscore and ten years married." After "several good and open meetings in Virginia," friend Chalkley "found himself clear of America," and returned to England.

He soon after married Martha Betterton, he being in his twenty-fourth and she in her twenty-first year. As she "had an excellent gift of the ministry given her," the step confirmed him the more in his vocation of preacher, and after a journey in Ireland, he decided to remove permanently to America. Settling his wife in Philadelphia on his arrival, he visited Barbadoes, and on his return, "went through Maryland and visited friends in Virginia and North Carolina, to the river Pamlico, where no travelling Friends that ever I heard of, were before." He describes an incident of his journey with great beauty:

"In going to and coming from this place, we lay two nights in the woods, and I think I never slept better in all my life. It was the eighth hour in the evening, when I laid down on the ground, one night, my saddle being my pillow, at the root of a tree; and it was four o'clock in the morning when they called me. When I awoke, I thought of good Jacob's lodging he had on the way to Padan Aram, when he saw the holy visions of angels, with the ladder, whose top reached to heaven. Very sweet was the love of God to my soul that morning, and the dew of the everlasting hills refreshed me: and I went on my way praising the Lord, and magnifying the God of my salvation."

After a horseback journey of about a thousand

* "I have been a circle of more than three hundred miles, and had, by this means, an opportunity of going through a great number of towns in this and the neighbouring government of Connecticut, and of having personal conversation with most of the ministers, and many other gentlemen in the country."—Preface, xxix.

† Clarke's Funeral Sermon

miles, in this manner, he passed a few months at home, "following my business in order to the maintenance of my family." He next visited Rhode Island, which he found in the midst of troubles with the Indians, where he exhorted Friends to maintain their non-resistance principles, and says that those who did so were unmolested by the savages.

"After thoroughly visiting friends in those parts," he returned through Connecticut and Long Island to Philadelphia, but was soon off again to Maryland. He thus continued travelling about, "rising early, and laying down late; many days riding forty, fifty, and sixty miles a day, which," he naively adds, "was very laborious, and hard for my flesh to endure, being corpulent and heavy from the twenty-seventh year of my age;" with occasional intervals of rest at home, until the middle of the year 1707, when he again visited Barbadoes, and sailing thence for England, was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, but without sustaining personal injury. Upon leaving Ireland, he journeyed through Great Britain, and after a visit to Holland and Germany, returned to Philadelphia.

On a subsequent voyage, from the Bermudas, in consequence of a long continuance of calms, the stock of provisions became scanty. The vessel being consigned to Chalkley, and under his care, the crew began to upbraid him for the scarcity, and "tell dismal stories about eating one another."

"To stop their murmuring," he says, "I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that ma le me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of till we got into the capes of Delaware."

Chalkley's journal was continued to within a few days of his death—an event which found him occupied in the work of his itinerant ministry at Tortola, one of the Friendly Islands. "Our ancient worthy friend," as Israel Pemberton tenderly calls him, in the Testimony of the Monthly Meeting prefixed to his journal, died after a few days' illness, of a fever, in the month of October, 1749.

The journal, of which we have endeavored to convey a fair idea to our readers, was published with a collection of the author's writings, in Philadelphia, in 1747. A reprint, in an octavo volume of 556 pages, appeared at New York, in 1808. His works form about one third of its contents. They consist of a series of religious tracts, the chief of which are entitled: *God's Great Love unto Mankind through Jesus Christ our Lord; A Loving Invitation to Young and Old, in Holland and elsewhere, to seek and love Almighty God, and to prepare in time for their Eternal Welfare; Observations on Christ's Sermon on the Mount; Christ's Kingdom Exalted;* and *Youth Persuaded to Obedience, Gratitude, and Honor to God and their Parents.* To these are joined a few productions of a controversial nature; but even these, as their titles show, are pervaded by the usual kindly spirit of their writer.*

He introduced the first named of these in a few brief but happily penned sentences:

"In sincerity and unfeigned love, both to God and man, were these lines penned. I desire thee to peruse them in the same love, and then, peradventure, thou mayest find some sweetness in them. Expect not learned phrases, or florid expressions; for many times heavenly matter is hid in mean sentences, or wrapped up in mean expressions. It sometimes pleases God to reveal the mysteries of his kingdom (through the grace of his son our Lord Jesus Christ,) to babes and sucklings; and he oftentimes ordains praise out of their mouths; one of which, reader, I desire thou mayest be. My intent in writing these sheets is that they, through the help of God's grace and the good spirit of Christ, may stir up true love in thee; first to God and Christ, and then to man; so thou wilt be fit to be espoused to him, who is altogether lovely, (that is Christ) which is the desire of him who is thy friend, more in heart than word,

"T. Chalkley."

By a bequest in his will, the good Quaker founded the Library of the Four Monthly Meetings of Friends at Philadelphia.

AQUILA ROSE.

Benjamin Franklin narrates, in his Autobiography, that on his first visit to Samuel Keimer, the printer, he found him "composing an *Elegy* on Aquila Rose, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a pretty poet." This brief sentence comprises nearly all that is known of the person spoken of beyond the few facts to be gleaned from his own writings, and the commendatory verses of a few friends, both comprised in a pamphlet of 56 pages, entitled, *Poems on several occasions, by Aquila Rose: to which are prefixed, some other pieces writ to him, and to his memory after his decease. Collected and published by his son,* Joseph Rose, *of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: printed at the New Printing Office, near the Market.* 1740.

Joseph Rose was probably "the son of Aquila Rose," whom Franklin took as an apprentice, as stated in his Autobiography.

The pamphlet contains the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

The good reception the poetical manuscript writings of my deceased father, Aquila Rose, have

* Some Truly Tender Scruples of Conscience, about that form of prayer called the Common Prayer, and Forcing a Maintenance not warrantable from the Holy Scripture, for a Minister of the Gospel.

met with in this province, from men of wit and taste, with a desire of some of these to see them printed, induced me to collect what I could. But many of his best pieces were lent out after his decease, by my mother, to persons who have forgot to return them: And perhaps the publishing these few will put them in mind of sending them to me.

JOSEPH ROSE.

This is followed by an introductory poem "to the Memory of Aquila Rose, Deceas'd," which informs us that,

Albion his birth, his learning Albion gave;
To manhood grown, he cross'd the stormy wave;
More Arts, and Nature's wond'rous ways to find,
Illuminate and fortify his mind:
And to divert his eyes from cross affairs:
For love disast'rous fill'd his breast with cares.
In Britain, he would say, he once was bless'd,
And all the joys of love and life possess'd:
But some strange power, who envied his repose,
Chang'd his enjoyments to combining woes;
Forc'd him to quit his former peaceful way,
And prove his fortune o'er a foamy sea.
Dear native land, he sadly said, farewell,
And those soft shades where love and Silvia dwell:
Blow soft, ye gales, and waft me from the shore,
I fly from love, and Silvia see no more.
Long, then, the wand'rer sail'd from land to land,
To servile business of rough seas constrain'd:
Yet not the less, where'er their vessel steer'd,
Strangers admir'd him, as his mates rever'd.
Rose well some post of eminence could grace,
Who, clad in tar, supplies a sailor's place.

* * * * * * * *

He travels till our western tract he trode,
Which, as he found a home, here made his last abode.

He has a fit of sickness on his arrival, and is, consequently, somewhat dispirited, but cheerfulness returns with health.

Then, lively, from his languid bed he rose,
Free'd of his pangs and melancholy woes;
Industrious arts his active hands could use;
He would the bread of slothful means refuse,
Them to his proper livelihood he join'd,
Where leaden speech unloads the lab'ring mind,
And graven words to distant ages tell
What various things in times foregone befell:
As Mercury cuts through the yielding sky,
So thro' the work his nimble fingers fly:
His novel skill spectators thronging drew,
Who haste the swift compositor to view;
Not men alone, but maids of softer air
And nicer fancies, to the room repair:
Pleas'd with such mild impediments he frames,
As they request, their dear enchanting names,
To grace a book, or feast a lover's eye,
Or tell companions of their fancied joy.
With complaisance he still dismiss'd the train,
None ever sought his courtesy in vain:
Each transient fair one took her name away,
But thee, Maria—'Twas thy doom to stay;
'Twas soon revers'd, the work of his quick hand,
Short did thy name so gaily printed stand;
Both hearts consent new letters to compose,
And give to thine the pleasing name of ROSE.
Now here the bard by his own choice was ty'd,
(Renouncing further rambling) to a bride;
Albion for Pennsylvania he resigns,
And now no more at Silvia's loss repines;

Next—

He counsels with himself what means to use,
To live with credit, and what baits refuse;
First, clerk to our Provincial Senate rais'd,
He found, besides the stipend, he was praised.
And now a greater task he takes in hand,
Which none but true proprietors understand.
What pity 'tis they seldom live to taste
The fruits of those pure spirits that they waste!
For works so hard and tedious, was it known
A poet e'er did poetry disown?
Or for a distant livelihood give o'er
Those instant pleasures that he felt before?
Yet so Aquila did—the rustic toil,
To make firm landings on a muddy soil,
Erect a ferry over Schuylkil's stream,
A benefit to thousands—death to him!

* * * * * * * *

Look on the stream as it pacific flows,
Which, largely bending, more the prospect shows,
A summer sight, none lovelier can be seen,
And on the shore a varied growth of green:
The poplars high, erect their stately heads,
The tawny water-beach more widely spreads;
The linden strong in breadth and height, is there,
With mulberry-leaves—And trees with golden hair,
These of a smaller stem, like filberds seem,
But flatter-leaf'd, and always love the stream.
Here grows the jagged birch; and elm, whose leaves
With sides ill-pair'd the observing eye perceives;
Yet nobly tall and great, it yields a shade
In which cool arbours might be fitly made:
Such is the linden, such the beech above,
Each in itself contains a little grove.
Here hickories, and oaks, and ashes rise,
All diff'ring, but much more in use than size;
And walnuts, with their yellow bitter dyes.
The fragrant sassafras enjoys a place;
And crabs, whose thorns their scented blossoms grace:
Parsimmons vex the ground, so thick they shoot,
But pleasant is their late autumnal fruit.
Tedious to name the shrubby kinds below,
That mingled for defence, in clusters grow.
Two plants remain, with flow'rs unlike, both fair.
And both deserve th' ingenious florist's care;
The wild *althea*, red, and white, and cream,
And scarlet *cardinal*, with dazzling gleam:
These tempt the humming bird, whose misty wings
Support him as he sucks the flow'r and sings;
Low is his voice, and simple notes but few;
And oft his little body's lost to view;
When he the creeper's blossom tries to drain,
The blossom will his beak and tail contain;
But his gay-colored plumage forms a show
As mixt and vivid as the sky's fair bow.
So great variety no tract can boast,
Of like dimensions, as this narrow coast.
The botanist might here find exercise;
And every curious man regale his eyes.
The grass shines glist'ning of a lively green:
And northward hence the Quarry-hill is seen,
Whose top of late with verd'rous pines is crown'd;
With forest trees of various kinds around.
And often here, the clearness of the stream
And cover'd gravel-banks, invite to swim:
But anglers most their frequent visits pay,
To toss old-wives, and chubs, and perch to day;
And sometimes find the tasteful trout their prey.
Others with greater pains their big hooks bait;
But for the nobler bite they seldom wait;
The time to know their good success adjourn,
And fail not by next morning to return;

Then, hook'd, the weighty rock-fish draw to shore
By lines to bushes ty'd, or those they moor.
* * * * * *
He saw his causeways firm above the waves,
And nigh the deeps unless a storm outbraves;
When gusts unusual, strong with wind and rain,
Swell'd Schuylkil's waters o'er the humble plain,
Sent hurrying all the moveables afloat,
And drove afar, the needful'st thing, the boat.
'Twas then, that wading thro' the chilling flood,
A cold ill humour mingled with his blood.
* * * * * *
Physicians try'd their skill, his head relieved,
And his lost appetite to strength retriev'd:
But all was flatt'ry—so the lamp decays,
And near its exit gives an ardent blaze.

From the title to another poem to the memory of the author in the same collection by Elias Bockett, we learn that Rose died on the twenty-second of August,* 1723, at the age of twenty-eight. The verses collected by his son occupy twenty-six moderate-sized pages only. They display skill and ease in versification:—

TO HIS COMPANION AT SEA.

Debarr'd, my friend, of all the joys
The land, and charming sex can give,
Nor wind, nor wave, our peace destroys;
We'll laugh, and drink, and nobly live.

The gen'rous wine imparts a heat
To raise and quicken every sense.
No thoughts of death our bliss defeat,
Nor steal away our innocence.

Secure, should earth in ruins lie,
Should seas and skies in rage combine;
Unmov'd, all dangers we'll defie,
And feast our souls with gen'rous wine.

For, should a fear each sense possess,
Of chilly death and endless fate,
Our sorrow ne'er can make it less;
But wine alone can dissipate.

Then fill the glass; nay, fill a bowl,
And fill it up with sparkling wine;
It shall the strongest grief controul,
And make soft wit with pleasure join.

To this we may add a copy of verses, written in 1720, proving the antiquity of the now prevalent American custom of New Year's Carriers' Addresses:—

PIECE, WROTE BY HIM FOR THE BOYS WHO CARRIED OUT THE WEEKLY NEWS-PAPERS TO THEIR MASTER'S CUSTOMERS IN PHILADELPHIA; TO WHOM COMMONLY, EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY, THEY PRESENT VERSES OF THIS KIND.

Full fifty times have roul'd their changes on,
And all the year's transactions now are done;
Full fifty times I've trod, with eager haste,
To bring you weekly news of all things past.
Some grateful thing is due for such a task,
Tho' modesty itself forbids to ask;
A silver thought, express'd in ill-shap'd ore,
Is all I wish; nor would I ask for more.
To grace our work, swift Merc'ry stands in view;
I've been a *Living Merc'ry* still to you.
Tho' ships and tiresome posts advices bring,
Till we impress it, 'tis no current thing.
C——n may write, but B——d's art alone
Distributes news to all th' expecting town.
How far remov'd is this our western shore,
From those dear lands our fathers knew before;
Yet our bold ships the raging ocean dare,
And bring us constant news of actions there.
Quick to your hands the fresh advices come,
From England, Sweden, France, and ancient Rome.
What Spain intends against the barbarous Moors,
Or Russian armies on the Swedish shores.
What awful hand pestiferous judgments bears,
And lays the sad Marseilles in death and tears.
From George alone what peace and plenty spring,
The greatest statesman and the greatest king.
Long may he live, to us a blessing giv'n,
Till he shall change his crown for that of heav'n.
The happy day, *Dear Sir*, appears ag'in,
When human nature lodg'd a God within.
The angel now was heard amongst the swains;
A God resounds from all the distant plains:
O'erjoyed they haste, and left their fleecy care,
Found the blest Child, and knew the God was there.
Yet whilst, with gen'rous breath, you hail the day,
And, like the shepherds, sacred homage pay,
Let gen'rous thought some kindly grace infuse,
To him that brings, with careful speed, your News.

* Keimer gives another date. Antiquaries must choose between them.

SAMUEL KEIMER.

When Franklin first arrived in Philadelphia he was taken, it will be remembered, by old Mr. William Bradford, to the office of Keimer, then just commencing business, and engaged upon a performance of his own, which he literally composed at the stand, setting up the types as the ideas came to his mind. This was an Elegy on the young printer, Aquila Rose, of whom we have just given some account; and which it was the lot of Benjamin Franklin to print off when its author had finished it. The Elegy has long since become a great literary curiosity, and it cost us some pains to find any reprint of it; but our intention to do justice to the literary associates of Franklin was at last assisted by a reference to Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, where we found the woful ballad reproduced from its original hand-bill form of the year 1723, after a sleep of more than a hundred years, in 1828.* As it is curious as a quaint specimen of printing in the Franklin connexion, besides being a picture of the times, it should be mentioned that it was "ornamented with the usual symbols of death—the head and bones and hour-glass," and that it was "printed in the High-street," for the price of twopence. The italics and capitals are, it strikes us at this day, somewhat capricious. We have preserved them as they occur.

Keimer, coming from the old world, was a character. He had been, Franklin tells us, "one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations," a stock in trade upon which he was disposed to set up in America as the evangelist of a new religion. Franklin was in the habit of arguing with him on the Socratic method, and was so successful that he gained his respect, and an invitation to join him in the partnership of the new doctrines. What they were, the world has never fully learned. It is only known from the Autobiography that "Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere

* Hazard's Penns. Reg., Nov. 1828, 263.

in the Mosaic law it is said, *Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.* He likewise kept the seventh day Sabbath; and these two points were essential with him." His Socratic friend from Massachusetts saw the weakness of his associate, and ingeniously proposed, as an addition, abstinence from animal food, a trial of which, in a short time, broke down both the man and his system.

Keimer, after awhile, left for the West Indies, where we hear of him in 1734 as the editor of the *Barbadoes Gazette*, in which capacity he found himself in the society of a very gentlemanly company of people, who sometimes forgot to pay the printer,* and, somewhat too recklessly ventilating his opinions, was bound over to keep the peace for six months for publishing a libel. A collection of papers from this journal was, in 1741, printed in London, with the title, *Caribbeana*, in two quarto volumes, arranged in a stiff imitation of the Tatler. There is now and then a tolerable passage, but the mass is a lamentable series of stale, unimportant politics, slightly alleviated by compliments to reigning toasts and beauties, who can no longer by their presence give zest to the dulness of their admirers. This is the last we see of Keimer; but his ghost still walks the earth in vagrant and unsettled members of his craft, equally ready to print other people's ideas and their own, quite as capable of handling the pen as the composing stick, and lucky if their crude tendencies to spiritualism are restrained by as exacting a corporeal system.

* His complaint on one of these occasions has been preserved by Thomas in the History of Printing (ii. 388).

From the Barbadoes Gazette of May 4, 1734.

To those wou'd-be-thought Gentlemen, who have long taken this paper, and never paid for it, and seem never to design to pay for it.

The Sorrowful Lamentation of Samuel Keimer, Printer of the Barbadoes Gazette.

What a pity it is that some modern bravadoes,
Who dub themselves gentlemen here in Barbadoes,
Should time after time, run in debt to their printer,
And care not to pay him in Summer or Winter!
A saint by the hairs of his beard, had he got 'em,
Might be tempted to swear [instead of P—x rot 'em.]
He ne'er found before, such a parcel of wretches,
With their flams, and such shuffles, put offs and odd fetches.
If this is their honesty, that be their honour,
Amendment seize one; for the last,—fie upon her.
In Penn's wooden country, type feels no disaster,
Their printer is rich and is made their Post Master;*
His father,† a printer, is paid for his work,
And wallows in plenty just now at New York,
Tho' quite past his labour, and old as my grannum,
The government pays him pounds sixty per annum.
In Maryland's province, as well as Virginia,
To justice and honour, I am, sirs, to win ye,
Their printer‡ I'm sure can make it appear,
Each province allows two hundred a year,
By laws they have made for Typograph's use,
He's paid 50 thousand weight country produce.
And if you enquire but at South Carolina,§
[Oh, methinks in that name there is something divine, ah!]
Like patriots they've done what to honour redounds,
They gave him (their currency) 50 score pounds.
E'en type at Jamaica, our island's reproach,
Is able to ride in her chariot or coach.
But alas your poor type prints no figures like Nullo,
Curs'd, cheat'd, abus'd by each pitiful fellow.
Tho' working like slave, with zeal and true courage,
He can scarce get as yet ev'n salt to his porridge.
The reason is plain;—those act by just rules—
But here knaves have bit him, all Mac-abite fools.

* Andrew Bradford, of Phila.
† William Bradford, of New York.
‡ William Parks, who printed for both colonies.
§ Lewis Timothy then printed for the Government of South Carolina.

AN ELEGY,

On the much Lamented DEATH of the INGENIOUS and WELL-BELOVED

A Q U I L A R O S E,

CLERK to the Honourable Assembly at *Philadelphia*, who died the 24th of the 4th month, 1723. Aged 28.

What Mournful Accents thus accost mine Ear,
What doleful *ecchoes* hourly thus appear?
What Sighs from melting Hearts proclaim aloud,
The Solemn Mourning of this numerous Crowd?
In Sable CHARACTERS the News is Read,
Our Rose is wither'd and our Eagle's fled
In that our dear Aquila Rose is dead,
Cropt in the Blooming of his precious Youth!
Who can forbear to weep at such a Truth!
Assist ye *Philadelphians* with Consent,
And join with me to give our Sorrows Vent,
That having wept till Tears shall trickling glide,
Like Streams to *Delaware* from *Schuylkil* Side,
My painful Muse being ens'd may then rehearse,
Between each Sob, in *Elegiack* Verse,
(And in soft Numbers warble forth Desire,)
To breath his Worth, warm'd with Angelic Fire.
But why do my ambitious Thoughts presume
To span the glorious *Sun*, or grasp the *Moon*;
The Task confounds!—But yet I dare begin
To cast my Mite an humble Off'ring in,
That noble Bards in strains more lofty, may
Conjoin'd, our great and heavy Loss display,
To distant Climes where his Great Worth was known,
That they to us may eccho back a Groan.
For there are bright Youths, who when they hear
The dismal Tydings, so his Worth revere,
In melting florid Strains will then rehearse
The Praise of Him who constitutes our Verse.
Belov'd he was by most, his very Name,
Doth with deep Silence his great Worth proclaim
As if Kind Heaven had Secrets to disclose,
By Royal Terms of *Eagle* and a *Rose*,
The Arms most near akin to *England's* Crown
Each Royal Emblem this sweet Truth does own.
And lively noble Images affords,
One's Queen of *Flowers*, the *Other* King of Birds.
His Qualities, will next bespeak his Fame,
A Lovely POET, whose *sweet* fragrant Name,
Will last till circling Years shall cease to be,
And sink in vast profound Eternity.
His flowing Members and his lofty Rhime,
Have breath'd, and spoke his Thoughts, thro' every Line,
So warm'd my Soul (and oft inspired my Tongue,)
As if a *Cherub* or a *Seraph* sung.
A gen'rous Mind tow'rds all his Friends he bore,
Scarce one he lost, but daily numb'red more.
Some say he'd Foes; his Foes I never knew;
Who spoke ill of him, mostly spoke untrue.
Courteous, and humble, pleasant, just and wise,
No Affectation vain did in him rise.
Sincere and plain, (I make not any Doubt)
He was the same *Within Side* as *Without*.
He loved plain Truth, but hated formal Cant
In those who Truth and Honesty did want.
A curious Artist at his Business, he
Could *Think*, and *Speak*, *Compose*, *Correct* so free,
To make a *Dead* man speak, or *Blind* to see.
Of different learned Tongues, he somewhat knew.
The *French*, the *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew* too.
Firm to his Vows, a tender *Husband* prov'd
And Father-like, his Princely Babe he lov'd.
Our Wise and Great Vice Roy did him respect,
Our learned Mayor (I know) DID him affect;
Our grave *Assembly* voted him most fit,

Their wise Debates in Writing to commit,
By which great Honour they did clearly shew,
To *Write*, as well as *Print*, he fully knew,
And what was still more Great, and worthy Note,
(It's said) they gave him too a Casting Vote.
But stop my Muse, and give thy Sorrows vent,
Such Sorrows which in Hearts of Friends are pent,
Search deep for Sighs and Groans in Nature's Store,
Then weep so long, till thou canst weep no more,
Next Summer all thy Strength, and others call,
To tell his Death, and solemn Funeral.
While on his Death-Bed, oft, *Dear Lord*, he cry'd,
He sang, and sweetly like a Lamb he dy'd.
His Corps attended was by Friends so soon
From Seven at Morn, till One a-clock at Noon,
By Master-Printers carried towards his Grave,
Our *City Printer* such an Honour gave,
A Worthy Merchant did the Widow lead,
And then both mounted on a stately steed,
Next *Preachers, Common Council*, Aldermen,
A *Judge* and *Sheriff* grac'd the solemn Train,
Nor fail'd our Treasurer, in respect to come,
Nor staid the Keeper of the ROLLS at home,
Our aged Post Master here now appears,
Who had not walked so far for twice Twelve Years.
With Merchants, Shopkeepers, the Young and Old,
A numerous Throng not very easy told,
The *Keeper of the* SEAL did on Him wait,
Thus was he carry'd like a King, in State,
And what still adds a further Lustre to't,
Some rode well mounted, others walk'd afoot,
Church-Folks, Dissenters, here with one Accord,
Their kind Attendance readily afford,
To shew their Love, each differing Sect agree
To grace his Funeral with their Company,
And what was yet more grateful, People cry'd
Belov'd he liv'd, See how belov'd he dy'd.
When to the crowded Meeting he was bore,
I wept so long till I could weep no more,
While *beauteous* LIGHTFOOT did, like *Noah's* Dove,
Sweetly display God's *Universal Love;*
His Words like Balm (or Drops of Honey) laid,
To heal those Wounds Grief in my Heart had made.
Three other Preachers did their Task fulfil,
The Loving *Chalkley* and the Lowly Hill,
The famous *Langdale* did the Sermons end
For this our highly honour'd, worthy Friend.
And now with Joy, with holy joy we'll leave,
His Body resting in his peaceful Grave,
His Soul, in the blest Arms of ONE above,
Whose brightest Character is that of LOVE.
A GOD that's slow to mark, what's done amiss!
Who would not serve so dear a God as this?
In whose kind, gracious lovely arms we'll leave him;
For HE who bought him, has most Right to have him.

GEORGE WEBB

Is another of Franklin's early literary associates in Philadelphia, whose characters live in the pages of the Autobiography. Franklin found him, on his return from England, a youth of eighteen, apprenticed to his former master Keimer, who had "bought his time" for four years. Webb was a runaway adventurer from England, and gave this account of himself, as Franklin has related it:—"That he was born in Gloucester, educated at a grammar-school, and had been distinguished among the scholars for some apparent superiority in performing his part when they exhibited plays; belonged to the Wits' Club there, and had written some pieces in prose and verse, which were printed in the Gloucester newspapers. Thence was sent to Oxford; there he continued about a year, but not well satisfied; wishing, of all things, to see London, and become a player. At length, receiving his quarterly allowance of fifteen guineas, instead of discharging his debts, he went out of town, hid his gown in a furze-bush, and walked to London: where, having no friend to advise him, he fell into bad company soon spent his guineas, found no means of being introduced among the players, grew necessitous, pawned his clothes, and wanted bread. Walking the street very hungry, and not knowing what to do with himself, a crimp's bill was put into his hand, offering immediate entertainment and encouragement to such as would bind themselves to serve in America. He went directly, signed the indentures, was put into the ship and came over; never writing a line to his friends to acquaint them what was become of him. He was lively, witty, good-natured, and a pleasant companion; but idle, thoughtless, and imprudent to the last degree."

Webb was afterwards enabled to raise himself out of his apprenticeship into a partnership with Keimer, and he became a member of Franklin's conversation club, the *Junto;* and in 1731 perpetrated a copy of verses, entitled *Batchelors' Hall*, descriptive of a place of entertainment in the suburbs, which was published with the honorable title of "A Poem," with a motto from Cicero on the title-page, and two complimentary effusions in verse by J. Brientnall and J. Taylor, who showed themselves hopeful of the American muse on the occasion.

Taylor at the time kept a mathematical school in the city, and published an almanac,* which preceded Franklin's. He published in 1728 a poetical piece entitled *Pennsylvania.* He was alive in 1736, in an extreme old age.

What further became of Webb we know not. We are content with this look at him through the Franklin microscope.

BATCHELORS' HALL: A POEM.

O spring, thou fairest season of the year,
How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing landskips meet the gazing eye!
How beauteous nature does with nature vie:
Gay scenes around the fancy does invite,
And universal beauty prompts to write.
But chiefly that proud Dome on Delaware's stream,
Of this my humble song the nobler theme,
Claims all the tribute of these rural lays,
And tunes e'en my harsh voice to sing its praise.

Say, goddess, tell me, for to thee is known,
What is, what was, and what shall e'er be done;

* The first book printed in Pennsylvania was "An Almanac for the Year of the Christian Account 1687. By Daniel Leeds, Student in Agriculture. Printed and sold by William Bradford, near Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, pro anno 1687." Leeds left the colony not long after in dudgeon with the Quakers, as we may infer from his pamphlet published by Bradford, in New York, in 1699: "A Trumpet sounded out of the Wilderness of America, which may serve as a warning to the government and people of England to beware of Quakerism; wherein is shown how in Pennsylvania and thereaway, where they have the government in their own hands, they hire and encourage men to fight; and how they persecute, fine, and imprison, and take away goods for conscience' sake." —Fisher's Early Poets, Pa.

Why stands this dome erected on the plain?
For pleasure was it built, or else for gain?
For midnight revels was it ever thought,
Shall impious doctrines ever here be taught?
Or else for nobler purposes design'd,
To cheer and cultivate the mind,
With mutual love each glowing breast inspire,
Or cherish friendship's now degenerate fire.
Say, goddess, say, do thou the truth reveal,
Say, what was the design, if good or ill?

Fired with the business of the noisy town,
The weary Batchelors their cares disown;
For this loved seat they all at once prepare,
And long to breathe the sweets of country air;
On nobler thoughts their active minds employ,
And a select variety enjoy.
'Tis not a revel, or lascivious night,
That to this hall the Batchelors invite;
Much less shall impious doctrines here be taught,
Blush ye accusers at the very thought:
For other, O far other ends designed,
To mend the heart, and cultivate the mind.
Mysterious nature here unveil'd shall be,
And knotty points of deep philosophy;
Whatever wonders undiscover'd are,
Deep hid in earth, or floating high in air,
Though in the darkest womb of night involv'd,
Shall by the curious searcher here be solv'd.
Close to the dome a garden shall be join'd,
A fit employment for a studious mind:
In our vast woods whatever samples grow,
Whose virtues none, or none but Indians know,
Within the confines of this garden brought,
To rise with added lustre shall be taught;
Then cull'd with judgment each shall yield its juice,
Saliferous balsam to the sick man's use:
A longer date of life mankind shall boast,
And death shall mourn her ancient empire lost.

But yet sometimes the all-inspiring bowl
To laughter shall provoke and cheer the soul;
The jocund tale to humor shall invite,
And dedicate to wit a jovial night.
Not the false wit the cheated world admires
The mirth of sailors, or of country squires;
Nor the gay punster's, whose quick sense affords
Nought but a miserable play on words;
Nor the grave *quidnunc's*, whose inquiring head
With musty scraps of journals must be fed:
But condescending, genuine, apt, and fit,
Good nature is the parent of true wit;
Though gay, not loose; though learned, yet still clear;
Though bold, yet modest; human, though severe;
Though nobly thirsting after honest fame,
In spite of wit's temptation, keeping friendship's name.

O friendship, heavenly flame! by far above
The ties of nature, or of dearer love:
How beauteous are thy paths, how well designed,
To soothe the wretched mortal's restless mind!
By thee inspir'd we wear a soul sedate,
And cheerful tread the thorny paths of fate.

Then music too shall cheer this fair abode,
Music, the sweetest of the gifts of God;
Music, the language of propitious love;
Music, that things inanimate can move.
Ye winds be hush'd, let no presumptuous breeze
Now dare to whistle through the rustling trees;
Thou *Delaware* a while forget to roar,
Nor dash thy foaming surge against the shore:
Be thy green nymphs upon thy surface found,
And let thy stagnant waves confess the sound;
Let thy attentive fishes all be nigh;
For fish were always friends to harmony;
Witness the dolphin which Arion bore,
And landed safely on his native shore.

Let doting cynics snarl, let noisy zeal
Tax this design with act or thought of ill;
Let narrow souls their rigid morals boast,
Till in the shadowy name the virtue's lost;
Let envy strive their character to blast,
And fools despise the sweets they cannot taste;
This certain truth let the inquirer know,
It did from good and generous motives flow.

JOSEPH BRIENTNALL

Was another member of the "Junto," whom Franklin has sketched in a few words:—"A copier of deeds for the scriveners,—a good-natured, friendly, middle-aged man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in making little knick-knackeries, and of sensible conversation."

When Keimer, through the treacherous friendship of the Oxford scapegrace Webb, became acquainted with Franklin's plan of starting a newspaper, and anticipated the project; Franklin, whose plans were not fully ripe, threw the weight of his talent into the opposition journal of Bradford, *The Weekly Mercury*, where he commenced publishing the series of Essays, in the manner of the Spectator, entitled, *The Busy-Body*.* The first, fifth, and eighth numbers were Franklin's, and they were afterwards continued for some months by Brientnall. A more practical satisfaction soon followed, when Keimer's paper fell into Franklin's hands, and became known as the *Philadelphia Gazette*, of 1729. As a specimen of Brientnall we take his lines prefixed to Webb's "Batchelors' Hall:"

The generous Muse concern'd to see
Detraction bear so great a sway,
Descends sometimes, as now to thee,
To chase ill fame and spite away.

Censorious tongues, which nimbly move,
Each virtuous name to persecute,
Thy muse has taught the truth to prove,
And be to base conjectures mute.

Let every deed that merits praise,
Be justly crown'd with spritely verse;
And every tongue shall give the bays
To him whose lines they, pleas'd, rehearse.

Long stand the dome, the garden grow,
And may thy song prove always true:
I wish no greater good below,
Than this to hear, and that to view.

JAMES RALPH.

The exact birthplace of this writer, who attained considerable distinction by his political pamphlets and histories in England, and whose memory has been embalmed for posterity in the autobiography of Franklin and the Dunciad of Pope, has never been precisely ascertained. We first hear of him in the company of Franklin at Philadelphia, as one of his young literary cronies whom the sage confesses at that time to have in-

* It was evidently considered a prominent feature of the small sheet in which it appeared.

doctrinated in infidelity. In those days Ralph was "a clerk to a merchant," and much inclined to "give himself up entirely to poetry. He was," adds Franklin, "ingenious, genteel in his manners, and extremely eloquent; I think I never knew a prettier talker." He embarked with Franklin, as is well known, on his first voyage to England, leaving a wife and child behind him, as an illustration of his opinions, and the two cronies spent their money in London together, "inseparable companions" in Little Britain. Ralph rapidly went through all the phases of the old London school of preparation for a hack political pamphleteer. He tried the playhouse, but Wilkes thought he had no qualifications for the stage; he projected a weekly paper on the plan of the Spectator, but the publisher Roberts did not approve of it; and even an attempt at the drudgery of a scrivener with the Temple lawyers was unsuccessful. He managed, however, to associate with his fortunes a young milliner who lodged in the house with the two adventurers; but he was compelled to leave her, and go into the country for the employment of a schoolmaster, and Franklin took advantage of his absence to make some proposals to the mistress which were rejected, and which Ralph pleaded afterwards as a receipt in full for all his obligations, pecuniary and otherwise, to his friend. While in the provinces, where, by the way, he called himself Mr. Franklin, he found employment in writing an epic poem which he sent by instalments to his friend at London, who dissuaded him from it, and backed his opinions with a copy of Young's satire on the folly of authorship, which was then just published. He continued scribbling verses, however, till, as Franklin says, "Pope cured him." His first publication appears to have been *Night*, a poem, in 1728, which is commemorated in the couplet of the Dunciad:

Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—answer him ye owls:*

a compliment which was paid not so much to that poem, whatever its demerits, as to a poetical squib which Ralph had published, entitled *Sawney*, reflecting unpleasantly on Pope, Swift, and Gay. Night was followed in 1729 by the Epic *Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty*. It is an octavo volume in three books, a story of love and war of a Peruvian chieftain whose mistress is captured by the Spaniards, and recovered again, while the hero falls in a grand battle. Of this work the curious reader of Franklin may be pleased with a specimen, and we accordingly quote a passage from a copy in the Harvard College library, the only one we have met with.

'Tis hard for man, bewilder'd in a maze
Of doubtful reas'nings, to assign the cause
Why heav'n's all-ruling pow'r supremely just
And good, shou'd give Iberia's cruel sons
Unbounded leave to travel o'er the globe,
And search remotest climes; to stretch their sway
Through all the western world; to exile Peace
And Liberty, with all their train of joys
From the afflicted lands; and proudly vex
Th' unhappy nations with oppressive rule.
In ages past, as time revolv'd the year,
'Twas all a round of innocent delights;
The fearless Natives rarely heard of war
And its destructive ills; Famine, Disease,
And all the various plagues of other realms,
Were there unknown; life was a constant scene
Of harmless pleasures; and, when full of days,
The woodland hunter and the toiling swain
Like ripen'd fruit that, in the midnight shade,
Drops from the bough, in peace and silence sank
Into the grave. But when the Spanish troops,
In search of plunder, crowded on the shore,
And claimed, by *right divine*, the sovereign rule,
Another scene began; and all the woes,
Mankind can suffer, took their turn to reign.

A Pindaric ode in blank verse, *The Muse's Address to the King*, was another of Ralph's poetical attempts. The year 1730 produced a play, *The Fashionable Lady, or Harlequin's Opera*, performed at Goodman's Fields, followed by several others, *The Fall of the Earl of Essex*, *Lawyer's Feast*, and *Astrologer*. Pope, not the fairest witness, says that he praised himself in the journals, and that upon being advised to study the laws of dramatic poetry before he wrote for the stage, he replied, "Shakspeare writ without rules."* His ability at writing, however, and making himself useful, gained him the support of Dodington, and secured him a puff in that politician's Diary. He wrote in the newspapers of the day, the London Journal, the Weekly Medley, and published *The Remembrancer* in the use of his patron. His *History of England during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I.; with an Introductory Review of the reigns of the Royal Brothers Charles II. and James II.; in which are to be found the seeds of the Revolution*, was published in two huge folios, 1744–6, and he is said to have had in it Dodington's assistance. He was also the author of two octavo volumes on *The Use and Abuse of Parliaments from* 1660 *to* 1744, and a *Review of the Public Buildings of London*, in 1731, has been attributed to him. Charles James Fox has spoken well of his historical "acuteness" and "diligence," and noticed his "sometimes falling into the common error of judging by the event."† His last production in 1758, for which his active experiences had fully supplied him with material, was entitled *The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade Stated, with regard to Booksellers, the Stage and the Public.* "It is," says Drake, "composed with spirit and feeling; enumerating all the bitter evils incident to an employment so precarious, and so inadequately rewarded; and abounds in anecdote and entertainment."‡ Having thus recorded what he had learnt of this profession, and obtained a pension too late to enjoy it long, he died of a fit of the gout at Chiswick, Jan. 24, 1762.§

* Book iii. 165–6. His name is also mentioned, Book i. 216.

* Note to the Dunciad, Bk. iii. v. 165. This is Pope's own note, not Warburton's, as Chalmers alleges.

† History of James II. 4to. 179.

‡ One of the anecdotes of Ralph is particularly amusing. We once read it among some manuscript notes by Mrs. Piozzi, to a copy of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Garrick wishing to invite Ralph to a dinner party at his house, told his servant to carry him a card. The Milesian mistaking the order, went after him with Mr. Garrick's respects, who had sent a cart to bring him to dinner. It is needless to add he was missing at the table. Upon the host making inquiry it was found that Mr. Ralph had expressed his disapproval of the conveyance.

§ Franklin's Autobiography. Chalmers's Biog. Dict. Drake's

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, whose very name, since it was consecrated by the poet Chaucer, is freshly suggestive of freedom, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. He was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations, the fifteenth child of his father out of a family of seventeen, fourteen of whom were born in America, and of these ten were the children of his mother, the second wife, and all grew up to years of maturity and were married. His father was a non-conformist emigrant from England, who came to Boston about

Birthplace of Franklin.

1685, a man of strength and prudence of character; descended from a family which, though it could claim no other nobility than in nature's heraldry of honest labor, had shown considerable persistency in that; holding on to a small freehold estate of thirty acres in Northamptonshire for a period of three hundred years, the eldest son steadily pursuing the business of a smith. Franklin was not averse to these claims of antiquity. In his Autobiography he mentions having examined the registers at Ecton, and "found an account of the family marriages and burials from the year 1555 *only*." An uncle who died four years before his illustrious nephew was born, heralded the rising instincts of the race by his struggles out of the smithery into a legal education, and a position of considerable influence in the county. There was also some taste for literature making its appearance from another uncle, Benjamin, our Franklin's godfather, who lived to an old age in Boston, and left behind him, in 1728, two quarto volumes of manuscript poems, occasional family verses, acrostics, and the like. One of these compositions, sent to the young Benjamin at the age of seven, on some demonstration of precocity, turned out to be prophetic.

SENT TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1713.

'Tis time for me to throw aside my pen,
When hanging sleeves read, write, and rhyme like men.
This forward spring foretells a plenteous crop;
For, if the bud bear grain, what will the top!
If plenty in the verdant blade appear,
What may we not soon hope for in the ear!
When flowers are beautiful before they're blown,
What rarities will afterward be shown!
If trees good fruit un'noculated bear,
You may be sure 't will afterward be rare.
If fruits are sweet before they've time to yellow,
How luscious will they be when they are mellow!
If first year's shoots such noble clusters send,
What laden boughs, Engedi-like, may we expect in the end!

In 1710 he had written this Acrostic to his nephew.

Be to thy parents an obedient son;
Each day let duty constantly be done;
Never give way to sloth, or lust, or pride,
If free you'd be from thousand ills beside;
Above all ills be sure avoid the shelf
Man's danger lies in Satan, sin, and self.
In virtue, learning, wisdom, progress make;
Ne'er shrink at suffering for thy Saviour's sake.

Fraud and all falsehood in thy dealings flee,
Religious always in thy station be;
Adore the maker of thy inward part,
Now's the accepted time, give him thy heart;
Keep a good conscience, 'tis a constant friend,
Like judge and witness this thy acts attend.
In heart with bended knee, alone, adore
None but the Three in One for evermore.*

Franklin's mother represented a literary name of the old province of Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Peter Folger, of whose little poetical volume, "A Looking Glass for the Times," asserting liberty of conscience, we have already given some account.†

The early incidents of Franklin's life are happily familiar, through the charming pages of the Autobiography, to every American reader. There is not an intelligent school-boy who does not know the story of his escape from the noisome soap and candle manufactory of his father into the printing-office of his brother; his commencement of the literary life, when, like the young Oliver Goldsmith, he wrote ballads for the streets, on the Light-house tragedy and Black-beard the pirate, and desisted from this unprofitable course of poetry when his father told him that "verse makers were generally beggars;" his borrowing books and sitting up in the night to read them; buying others for himself, and finding opportunity to study them, by the savings of time and money in his printing-office dinner of a slice of bread and a glass of water; his stealthily slipping his articles under the door of his newspaper office, the *New England Courant*, at night; his endurance of various slights and humilities, till nature and intellect grew too strong in him for his brother's tyranny, when he broke the connexion of his apprenticeship and betook himself to Philadelphia, where he ate that

Essays, Biog. Crit. & Hist. 1869. i. 94. Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ix. 590.

* Mr. Sparks supplies these passages from the MS. volumes still preserved in Boston. "The handwriting," says he, "is beautiful, with occasional specimens of shorthand, in which Dr. Franklin says his uncle was skilled. The poetical merits of the compositions cannot be ranked high, but frequently the measure is smooth and the rhymes are well chosen. His thoughts run chiefly on moral and religious subjects. Many of the Psalms are paraphrased in metre. The making of acrostics on the names of his friends was a favorite exercise. There are likewise numerous proofs of his ingenuity in forming anagrams, crosses, ladders, and other devices." Appendix to Life of Franklin, Works, i. 549.

† *Ante*, p. 53.

memorable "puffy" roll in the streets, observed as he went along by Miss Read, his future wife; his first sleep in the city in the Quaker meeting; his printing-house work and education; his singular association with Governor Keith, and the notice which he received from Burnet, the Governor of New York, as he journeyed along, marking thus early his career and influence with titled personages, which carried him to the thrones of kings themselves.

That "odd volume of the Spectator," too, which directed his youthful tastes, how often do we meet with its kindly influences in American literature. It turns up again and again in the pages of Freneau, Dennie, Paulding, Irving; and we have had another good look at it lately through the lorgnette of Master Ik Marvel.*

Franklin left Boston at seventeen, in 1723; visited England the following year, worked at his trade, and wrote a treatise of infidel metaphysics, and returned to Philadelphia in 1726. The plan for the conduct of life which he wrote on this voyage homewards, has been lost. Its scope may be readily gathered from his writings. Industry, we may be sure, formed a prominent feature in it, and economy of happiness the next, by which a man should live on as good terms as possible with himself and his neighbors. In his early life, Franklin had exposed himself to some danger by his habit of criticism. More than one passage of his writings warns the reader against this tendency. Though he never appears to have wanted firmness on proper occasions, he settled down upon the resolution to speak ill of no one whatever, and as much good as possible of everybody.

On his return to Philadelphia, he established the club, the Junto, which lasted many years, and was a means not only of improvement but of political influence, as his opportunities for exercising it increased. The steps of Franklin's progress were now rapid. He established himself as a printer, purchased the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, then recently started, and which he had virtually projected in 1729; published the same year a pamphlet, *A Modest Enquiry into the Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency;* married in 1730; assisted in founding the Philadelphia Library in 1731; the next year published his Almanac; was chosen in 1736 clerk of the General Assembly; became deputy postmaster at Philadelphia in 1737; was all this while a printer, and publishing the newspaper, not dividing the duties of his printing office with a partner until 1748; in 1741 published *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America;* invented the stove which bears his name in 1742; proposed the *American Philosophical Society* in 1743; established the Academy, out of which the University of Pennsylvania finally grew, in 1749; in 1752 demonstrated his theory of the identity of lightning with electricity by his famous kite experiment in a field near Philadelphia; on the anticipation of war with France was sent as a delegate to the Congress of Commissioners of the Colonies at Albany in 1754, where he proposed a system of union which in important points anticipated the present Confederation; opposed taxation by parliament; assisted Braddock's Expedition by his energy; was himself for a short time a military commander on the frontier in 1756; was the next year sent to England by the Assembly, a popular representative against the pretensions of the Proprietaries, when Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also appointed him their agent; took part in the *Historical Review of Pennsylvania*, a trenchant volume on the affairs of the Colony, in 1759; wrote a pamphlet, *The Interest of Great Britain Considered* in the retention of Canada, in 1760; received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, and returned to America in 1762. Two years after he returned to England as Colonial agent; pursued his course industriously and courteously for the interests of the old Government, but firmly for the right claimed at home; bore a full *Examination* before Parliament on the relations of America to the Stamp Act, which was published and read with general interest; was confronted by Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General for the crown, as counsel for Hutchinson at the memorable privy council examination of January, 1774; returned again to Philadelphia in 1775; signed the Declaration of Independence in Congress; went ambassador to France in October of the same year, when he was seventy, and displayed his talents in diplomacy and society; returning after signing the treaty of peace in 1785 to America, when he was made President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for three years; was a delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and retaining his full powers of mind and constitutional cheerfulness to the last, died April 17, 1790, in his eighty-fourth year.

The famous epitaph which he wrote in his days of youth, at the age of twenty-three, was not placed over his grave in Philadelphia.

The Body
Of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author.*

* Franklin did not forget the Spectator, the friend of his boyhood, in his last days. In his will he bequeathes to the son of his friend, Mrs. Hewson, "a set of Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, handsomely bound."

* We have already printed, *ante*, p. 22, Woodbridge's epitaph on Cotton, supposed to be the original of this. There is another old New England source in the lines written in 1681, by Joseph Capen, Minister of Topsfield, on the death of John Foster, who, Mr. Sparks tells us, set up the first printing-press in Boston.

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth.
Free from *Errata*, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*.

Davis, in his Travels in America, finds another source for

He directed a simpler inscription in his will:—"I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription,

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.
178—.

be placed over us both."

One of the most memorable incidents in Franklin's life, was his appearance, in 1774, before the Committee of the Privy Council, on the hearing of the Petition of the Massachusetts people, for the recall of Hutchinson and Oliver, whose minatory letters he had been instrumental in publishing, and thereby lighted the torch of Revolution. Franklin had there to meet the assault of Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General of the Crown, who attacked him with the sharpest wit and fiercest insolence. Franklin represented his agency in the matter of procuring and forwarding the letters to America, as a public act, dealing with the public correspondence of public men. Wedderburn inveighed against it as a theft, and betrayal of private confidence. "Into what companies," he exclaimed, "will the fabricator of this iniquity hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or with any semblance of the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye—they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritoires. Having hitherto aspired after fame by his writings, he will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called *a man of letters—homo trium literarum*;"* and, in allusion to Franklin's avowal of his share in the transaction—"I can compare him only to Zanga, in Dr. Young's Revenge—

Know, then, 'twas I,
I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—
I hated, I despised—and I destroy.

I ask, my Lord, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody-minded African, is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily New Englander."*

A distinguished company was present in the Council Chamber; among others, Burke, Priestley, and Jeremy Bentham. The last has described Franklin's quiet endurance of the scene: "Alone in the recess, on the left hand of the president, standing, remaining the whole time like a rock, in the same posture, his head resting on his left hand, and in that attitude abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm."† Priestley‡ says that Lord North was the only one of the council who behaved with decent gravity. To conciliate his fellow Englishmen, Franklin had dressed himself carefully for the occasion in a costly suit of Manchester velvet, and Priestley adds the story of Franklin's triumph:—"Silas Deane told me that, when they met at Paris to sign the treaty between France and America, he purposely put on that suit."§ Verily Franklin had his revenge in the swift pursuing decrees of fate. An epigrammatist of the times declared the end:—

Sarcastic sawney, full of spite and hate,
On modest Franklin poured his venal prate;
The calm philosopher without reply
Withdrew—and gave his country liberty:‖

and the retributive pen of the historian has pointed to the final reputation of the two actors in the scene—the usurping tyrant of the hour and the generous benefactor of the age. "Franklin and Wedderburn parted; the one to spread the celestial fire of freedom among men; to make his name a cherished household word in every nation of Europe; and in the beautiful language of Washington, 'to be venerated for benevolence, to be admired for talents, to be esteemed for patriotism, to be beloved for philanthropy:' the other, childless though twice wedded, unbeloved, wrangling with the patron who had impeached his veracity, busy only in 'getting everything he could' in the way of titles and riches, as the wages of corruption. Franklin, when he died, had nations for his mourners, and the great and the good throughout the world as his eulogists; when Wedderburn died there was no man to mourn; no senate spoke his praise; no poet embalmed his memory; and his King, hearing that he was certainly dead, said only, "then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions.'"¶

The finest study of Franklin is in his Autobiography. Simple in style, it is tinged by the peculiar habit of the author's mind, and shows his humor of character in perfection. Notice, for instance, the lurking tone of admiration of the

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this, in a Latin Epitaph on the London bookseller, Jacob Tonson, published with an English translation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1736. This is its conclusion—

When heaven review'd th' *original text*,
Twas with *erratas* few perplex'd:
Pleas'd with the *copy* was *collated*,
And to a better life *translated*.
But let to life this *supplement*
Be printed on thy *monument*,
Lest the *first page* of *death* should be,
Great editor a *blank* to thee;
And thou who many *titles* gave,
Should want *one title* for this grave.
"Stay passenger and drop a tear;
Here lies a noted Bookseller:
This marble *index* here is plac'd
To tell, that when he found *defac'd*
His *book of life* he died with grief:
Yet he by true and genuine belief,
A new edition may expect,
Far more *enlarg'd* and more *correct*."

* The old Roman joke on a thief—the word of three letters, *fur*. It occurs in Plautus.

Anthrax.—Tun' trium litterarum homo Me vituperas?
Congrio.—Fur, etiam fur trifurcifer.
Aulularia, Act ii. sc. iv. v. 46-7.

which Riley thus Englishes:

Anth.—You, you three-lettered fellow, do you abuse me, you thief?
Congrio.—To be sure I do, you trebly-distilled thief of thieves.
Bohn's Plautus, i. 391.

* Chief Justice Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, vi. 103–4. He introduces this "memorable contest" with the ballad quotation,

The babe that was unborn might rue
The speaking of that day.

† Campbell's Chancellors, vi. 101.

‡ It was in a letter dated Nov. 10, 1802, at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, which appeared in the London Monthly Magazine for February, 1803. It is printed in the appendix to the Priestley Memoirs, 448–454.

§ Mr. Sparks notices the common error in telling this story adopted by Lord Brougham in his sketch of Wedderburn, which makes Franklin to have worn the dress the second time at the signing of the peace of Versailles.—Life of Franklin, 488.

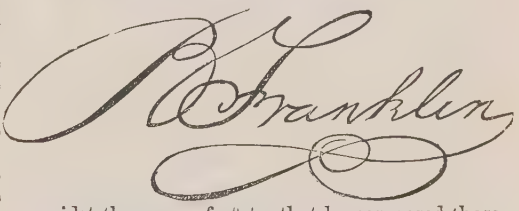
‖ Notes and Queries, No. 116.

¶ Bancroft, vi. 499.

crafty old sophister, in the account of the conversation of old Bradford with Keimer, the printer, on Franklin's first introduction; or the adroitness with which, when he is about being caught in his own web, when he is recommending modesty in proposing critical opinions, and falls himself to amending a couplet of Pope—he ventures his emendation, and recovers his position by adding, "This, however, I should submit to better judgments."

There is a simplicity in this book which charms us in the same way with the humorous touches of nature in the Vicar of Wakefield. Franklin's Boston brother in the printing-office,—irascible, jealous, and mortified on the return of the successful adventurer, who is playing off his prosperity before the workmen, is an artist's picture of life, drawn in a few conclusive touches. So, too, is Keimer as happily hit off as any personage in Gil Blas, particularly in that incident at the break-up of Franklin's system of vegetable diet, which he had adopted; he invites his journeymen and two women friends to dine with him, providing a roast pig for the occasion, which being prematurely served up, is devoured by the enthusiast, before the company arrives; in that effective sketch, in a paragraph of the Philadelphia City Croaker, whose ghost still walks every city in the world, mocking prosperity of every degree,—"a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking." The Autobiography was written in several portions. It was first commenced at Twyford, the country residence of the good bishop of St. Asaph, in 1771, and addressed to his son the Governor of New Jersey, and continued at intervals, till the Revolutionary War occupied the writer's time exclusively. It was again, at the solicitation of his friends James and Vaughan, resumed at Passy, in 1784, and afterwards continued in America. The history of the several editions of this work is curious. It was first, as was the case with Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," published in French, translated from the author's manuscript. This version was re-translated into English, and published for the first time in that language, in London, in 1793. Oddly enough, in another French edition, which appeared in Paris, in 1798, the autobiography was again translated into French, from the English version of the foreign language. The work, as Franklin wrote it, in his native tongue, was first given to the world in the collection of his writings, by his grandson, William Temple Franklin, in 1817. The translation from the French is still in circulation in this country, notwithstanding the publication of Franklin's original; though the authoritative edition of Sparks has of late set an example which will drive all other copies than the genuine one from the market.*

The Autobiography, continued from time to time—the latter portions of it were written as late as the year 1788—concludes with Franklin's arrival in England as agent of the Assembly, against the Proprietaries in 1757. The thirty-three years of his life then unexpired were to be filled with momentous interests; his participation in which as the manager and negotiator of the infant state throws into the shade the literature, which continued, however, to employ him to the end. It was during his last sojourn at Paris,



amidst the cares of state, that he composed those literary essays of such general fame—the *Ephemera*, *Petition of the Cats*, the *Whistle*, and the *Dialogue with the Gout*, written for the amusement of the brilliant friends, including Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon, who enlivened his age and cares at Passy and Auteuil.

While Franklin was a printer in London, he gave vent to his philosophical views by printing a pamphlet entitled *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain, in a Letter to a Friend.* This was in 1725. Though he expresses a dislike of the publication, he recurs to it with some paternal affection both in the Autobiography and in his Correspondence. The essay belonged to the school of Mandeville in obliterating the distinctions between virtue and vice, and readily introduced the young printer, who was not nineteen years of age at that time, to that arch-skeptic, the author of "The Fable of the Bees," who held an entertaining club in Cheapside. The pamphlet was started in the busy brain of the compositor by his setting up Wollaston's "Religion of

* To the old American editions a continuation was added by Dr. Henry Stuber. He was of German parentage, born in Philadelphia, about 1770. He was a pupil of Dr. Kunze, in Greek, Latin, and German, when that divine, afterwards established in New York, was connected with the University of Pennsylvania. He studied medicine, which his health hardly allowed him to practise. Obtaining a situation in one of the public offices of the United States government, he was engaged in the study of the law, when he died early in life. He wrote for the journals of the day; but the only publication by which he will be remembered, is his continuation of the Life of Franklin. Beyond this, the memory of the man had almost perished, when the foregoing particulars were with difficulty collected by Dr. John W. Francis, of this city, who communicated them to Mr. Sparks, by whom they were published in the tenth volume of the Life and Writings of Franklin.

Nature," to which it was intended as a reply. Its argument was a sublimated optimism arguing everything in the world to be right from the attributes of the Deity of wisdom, goodness, and power. The motto was from Dryden:

> Whatever is, is right. But purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links;
> His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
> That poises all above.

One hundred copies only of the work were printed; a few were given to friends; the author became dissatisfied with the production, and burnt the remainder, excepting a copy filled with manuscript notes, by his acquaintance at the time, a surgeon named Lyons, who wrote on the "Infallibility of Human Judgment." This tract has not been printed in any edition of Franklin's works. When Mr. Sparks published his edition in 1840, it was thought to be entirely lost. That editor expressed his belief that "no copy of this tract is now known to be in existence." Sir James Mackintosh searched for it in vain. Since that time a copy has been found in England. James Crossley communicates the fact to the antiquarian publication, *Notes and Queries*.* It is a pamphlet of sixteen closely printed octavo pages. It is addressed to Mr. J (ames) R (alph), and commences with the comprehensive declaration: "I have here, according to your request, given you my present thoughts on the general state of things in the universe;" and concludes with the undeniable assertion, "Truth will be truth, though it sometimes proves mortifying and distasteful."

Poor Richard's Almanac was commenced by Franklin in 1733, and continued for twenty-six years, to 1758. It was put forward as the production of Richard Saunders, Philomath, printed and sold by B. Franklin. Its quaint humor and homespun moralities made its successive issues great favorites with the people, who to their credit have always shown an avidity for popular publications of humor and sagacity, from Cotton Mather's grim moralities down to the felicitous Mrs. Partington, who gets the smallest modicum of wisdom out of the greatest amount of nonsense. About ten thousand copies were sold of it annually, a great number for the times. As in the case of most very popular works, the early editions were literally consumed by its ardent admirers. One of the old copies is now considered a great rarity; and a complete set was found by Mr. Sparks to be unattainable.†

Its greatest popularity was achieved when a number of Poor Richard's aphorisms were collected and prefixed as an harangue to the people, *The Way to Wealth*, to the almanac for 1758. In this concentrated form Poor Richard passed into general circulation as a popular tract in newspapers and broadsheets. Franklin himself attributes the growing plenty of money in Philadelphia after its appearance, to the practice of its economical precepts. Three translations have been made of it in French, where it passes as *La Science du Bonhomme Richard*. It was printed in modern Greek at Didot's press in Paris in 1823.

Poor Richard's matter consists of Mr. Saunders's facetious annual introductions; a bit of homely poetry for the month; with the interspaces of the Calendar, left after the important weather prophecies sprinkled down the page, filled with sententious maxims. Some of these are coarse and homely for the digestion of ploughmen; others show the nicer edge of Franklin's wit and experience. Rhyme lends its aid to reason; and practical morality has work to do which renders her not very dainty in the use of words. Temperance and independence have sturdy advocates in Poor Richard. "It is hard," says he, "for an empty sack to stand upright." "Drink water, put the money in your pocket, and leave the dry belly-ache in the punchbowl." "If you would be reveng'd of your enemy, govern yourself."

> "If you ride a horse sit close and tight,
> If you ride a man, sit easy and light."

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth the writing." "Fish and visiters smell in three days." "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence." The poetry is in a few more lines than the maxims, generally with a home thrust at vanity or vice.

> That all from Adam first begun,
> Since none but Whiston doubts,
> And that his son, and his son's son
> Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts;
> Here lies the only difference now,
> Some shot off late, some soon;
> Your sires i' th' morning left the plough
> And ours i' th' afternoon.

And sometimes a little playful elegance:

> My love and I for kisses play'd,
> She would keep stakes, I was content,
> But when I won, she would be paid,
> This made me ask her what she meant:
> Quoth she, since you are in this wrangling vein,
> Here, take your kisses, give me mine again.

When Paul Jones, in Paris, in 1778, was making application to the French Government for a military vessel to pursue his career at sea, wearied out with the delay of the officials, and the neglect of his letters from the sea-ports, he happened to take up an old number of Franklin's Almanac, and alighted on this sentence of Poor Richard, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He took the advice, proceeded himself to the capital, and pushed his application so successfully, that in gratitude to the oracle he obtained permission to call the ship granted to him the *Bon Homme Richard*.* Its fortunes soon made the French translation of the name as familiar to American ears as the original Poor Richard.

* No. 114, Jan. 3, 1852.

† Most of the numbers were, however, got together after nearly four years' research among public libraries and private collections, by John Doggett, Jr., who, in 1849, commenced the republication of the Poor Richard matter in annual instalments of three years to each number, appended to new astronomical calculations for the current year. He proceeded with this work through three numbers, when it was interrupted by his death. At the sale of his effects, eighteen numbers of Poor Richard were purchased at twelve dollars each. John Doggett was from Dorchester, Mass. He dealt in New York in a virtuoso collection of paintings, engravings, autographs, &c. He commenced a New York Directory in 1842, and continued it till his death in the city, in 1852.

* Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones, i. 184.

Franklin's voluminous correspondence would alone have given him high literary reputation as a letter writer. His essential philanthropy, good humor, wit, and ready resources, are everywhere apparent in this. It is the best part of his conversation, vital for posterity, and we may readily imagine from it how Franklin talked, as with his fine tact he always offers something inspiring, useful, and entertaining to his friends. But it is to the perspicuity, method, and ease of Franklin's philosophical writings that his solid reputation will remain greatly indebted. These qualities cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, the generous encomiast of his scientific brethren, who himself practised every grace which he attributed to others:—"A singular felicity of induction guided all his researches, and by very small means he established very grand truths. The style and manner of his publication on electricity, are almost as worthy of admiration as the doctrine it contains. He has endeavoured to remove all mystery and obscurity from the subject. He has written equally for the uninitiated and for the philosopher; and he has rendered his details amusing and perspicuous, elegant as well as simple. Science appears in his language, in a dress wonderfully decorous, best adapted to display her native loveliness. He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity, by which philosophy is kept aloof from common applications; and he has sought rather to make her a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces."*

The uniform industry of Franklin was immense; and though writing was but an incidental pursuit to one who was not an author by profession, and derived no revenue from his pen, the aggregate of his distinct literary compositions outdistances the labors of many who have worked directly for reputation and the booksellers. As enumerated by Mr. Sparks,† the list of his writings, separate books, articles, or distinct papers, independently of his huge correspondence, amounts to three hundred and four items, thickly sown along his busy years—and he was always busy—from 1726 to 1790. They exhaust every method of doing good practically, which fell within the range of his powers or experience. They are upon topics of individual and social improvement, of the useful arts, which adorn and ameliorate daily life, of the science which enlarges the powers of the mind and increases the comfort of the body, of political wisdom, extending from the direction of a village to the control and prosperity of the state. In every form of purely human endeavor, the genius of Franklin is paramount. There were principles in philosophy and religion beyond his ken, fields of speculation which his telescope never traversed, metaphysic spaces of the soul to the electric powers of which his lightning rods were no conductors. In the parcel allotment of duties in this world, his path lay in the region of the practical. In the words of our great sire to the archangel, he might have professed that

> To know that which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

There he was seldom at fault; cool, wary, political, never betraying himself, never betraying the state: in the language of his American historian, a writer himself skilled in affairs: "Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season."*

We have alluded to Franklin's philosophy as indicative of the religious powers. Here it may be said that he rather lived by them than in them. He appreciated the devout and transcendent labors of such men as Jonathan Edwards, in laying the foundations, and could empty his pockets at the heart-stirring appeals of Whitefield. His friendships, in England and America, were with bishops and divines. The Bishop of St. Asaph, of Sodor and Man, no less than the Methodist Whitefield, were his friends; and he could cast an eye backwards with affection and reverence, from the glittering salons of Paris, to the dark shades of Puritan ancestors. There was a sound vein of piety in his composition, which bore its fruits; nor had French levity, or companionship with the encyclopædists, blunted his religious education. His warning hand, raised to Paine on the eve of his infidel publication, deserves to be remembered, with his appeal to the obligations of that arch-corrupter himself to religion: "Perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors: for among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."† In the same letter, he asserts his belief of a particular Providence, which he once so emphatically announced in the Convention of 1787.‡ At the close of his life, President Stiles, of Yale, drew§ from him an expression of his religious opinions, in which he simply announces his belief in the unity and moral government of the Deity, and the paramount "system of morals and religion" of "Jesus of Nazareth," as "the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see;" but his interpretation of what the latter was, would probably have differed much from that of Dr. Stiles.‖

* Quoted in Sparks's Life, 457.
† Works of Franklin, x. 449.

* Bancroft. N. Y. Hist. Soc. Lecture, Dec. 9, 1852.
† Letter. Sparks, x. 281.
‡ "I have lived," said he, in introducing his motion for daily prayers, "a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"—Sparks's Life, 514.
§ Letter of Franklin, March 9, 1790. Holmes's Life of Stiles, 309.
‖ A single letter in the autobiography betrays Franklin's mode of thinking and feeling in reference to the Scriptures. He is speaking of a poetic contest between Ralph and some others of his companions, and says, of the test proposed: "We excluded all considerations of invention, by agreeing that the task should be a review of the eighteenth Psalm, which describes the descent of *a* Deity." To no habitually reverent mind could the use of the indefinite article occur on mention of that sublime composition. Of his early infidel opinions, he

One of his very last acts, on his death-bed, was to recite to his faithful attendant, Mrs. Hewson, the daughter of his London landlady, the simple and elevated verses of good Doctor Watts.*

The compliments to Franklin, the sage, philosopher, politician, would fill a volume. Perhaps the Latin epigraph, written by the philosopher Turgot, has been the most productive ever paid:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.†

His portrait is frequently graced with similar inscriptions, of which the best is that from Horace, placed by Bishop Shipley in the edition of the Miscellanies of 1779, *Non sordidus auctor Naturæ Verique.*‡

He was equally admired by peasants and kings; Louis XV., "the grand monarch," commanded a return of his thanks to Mr. Franklin "for his useful discoveries in electricity;"§ the court of Louis XVI., its philosophers, wits, and ladies of fashion, hailed him with enthusiasm; Chatham was his eulogist in England, and Washington in America; he had the best men in both hemispheres for his friends and correspondents; towns and counties, and even a state, have been named after him;‖ his portrait and bust are familiar as those of Washington; "Every penny stamp," says Robert C. Winthrop, happily, in his address, *Archimedes and Franklin*, "is a monument to Franklin, earned, if not established by himself, as the fruit of his early labors and his signal success in the organization of our infant post-office." His writings are read with equal zest, though with different emotions, in childhood and age—as the old man goes out of the world repeating to the grandchild at the fireside the apologue of quaint familiar wisdom which he had learnt in his primer.

The genius of Franklin is omnipresent at Philadelphia. It points to his Library, his Philosophical Society, his University, his Hospital, the Institute. At Boston, his benevolence still lives in the provisions of his will, his silver medal for the encouragement of scholarship in the free grammar schools, in gratitude for his own "first instructions in literature," and in a fund to be loaned to young mechanics. At one time it was thought the influence of Poor Richard had produced a too general thrift and parsimony: but these were not the vices of Franklin's instructions, but the virtues of a young state building up its fortunes by economy and endurance. Now these maxims are simply the correctives of rapidly increasing prodigality; the mottoes and incentives to honorable toil and frugality throughout the land. For Franklin having been born in one part of the country, and found that development in another which would probably have been denied him in his birth-place, and having been employed abroad in the service of several states, and afterwards in behalf of them all, is properly the son of the Union and the nation,—and his life, as his fame, belongs to his country.

For extracts from Franklin's writings, passing over the scientific portions, as hardly admitting of separation from the context, and leaving his political papers for the historian, we may properly give several of those essays which have chiefly promoted his popular literary reputation. Of these the *Parable on Persecution* has always been considered one of his most characteristic efforts. It was his habit to call for a Bible and read it as a passage of the Old Testament, till it became public property by its appearance in Lord Kames's Sketches of the History of Man, in 1774, where it appears as "communicated by Benjamin Franklin." Vaughan then placed it in his edition of Franklin. The apologue was soon discovered in Jeremy Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying, who quotes it from "the Jews' books." It then turned up in the dedication of a book published at Amsterdam, in 1680, a translation from the Hebrew into Latin, by George Gentius, of a work on the Jewish Calamities. Gentius carries it back to Sadus, who, it appears, is Saadi, the Persian poet, who, as Lord Teignmouth related to Bishop Heber, has the story in the second book of his Bostan; and carrying the antiquity still further, Saadi says the story was told to him.*

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

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says, that they were encouraged by the statements of the defenders of Christianity, the Boyle lecturers; but in such cases, it is less the argument than the predisposition which fails to convince.

* Epes Sargent's Memoir of Franklin, 110; prefixed to a well chosen selection of the writings, agreeably presented.

† This inscription by Turgot, which has been ascribed to Condorcet and Mirabeau, first appears in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, April, 1778, and has been traced to a line of the *Anti-Lucretius* of Cardinal de Polignac, lib. i., verse 37, which reads:

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas:

And thence to Manilius, lib. i., verse 104, where he says of Epicurus,

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti.
Notes and Queries, vi. 88.

Taking the laurel from the brow of Epicurus to place it upon the head of Franklin is not so inappropriate when we recall the sketch of the former by Lucretius *illustrans commoda vitæ.*

‡ Ode I. 28.
There is another from Virgil,

Hominum rerumque repertor.
Æneid xii.

To the portrait from which our engraving is taken, a medallion in the possession of Dr. Lettsom, published in his life of Dr. Fothergill, are added these lines:

Il a ravi le feu des Cieux
Il fait fleurir les Arts en des Climats Sauvages,
L'Amerique le place à la tête des Sages
La Grèce l'auroit mis au nombre de ses Dieux.

There is a common French print of Diogenes with a lantern, holding a medallion of Franklin, with the inscription,

Stupete gentes reperit virum Diogenes.

§ Franklin's Letter to Jared Eliot, Philadelphia, April 12th, 1753. Sparks, vi. 162.

‖ To the town of Franklin, Massachusetts, named after him, he orders from Paris a gift of books, in preference to the bell which they had solicited, "sense being preferable to sound."—Letter to Richard Price, Passy, March 18, 1785. Sparks, x. 158. The Rev. Nath. Emmons, clergyman of the town, preached a sermon, "The Dignity of Man," on the receipt of the gift. The proposed new State of Franklin, afterwards called Tennessee, was named after our philosopher.

* Letter from Franklin to Vaughan, Nov. 2, 1789. Appendix to Priestley's Memoirs, where the Latin of Gentius is given, 376. Heber's Life of Jeremy Taylor, notes. Sparks's Franklin, ii. 118–21.

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

THE EPHEMERA;

AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

To Madame Brillon, of Passy.

Written in 1778.

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante.*

THE WHISTLE.

To Madame Brillon.

Passy, 10 *November*, 1779.

I received my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday and one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles, if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word, that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we

should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems, that most of the unhappy people we meet with, are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity,* say I, *that she should pay so much for her whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider, that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours very sincerely and with unalterable affection,

B. FRANKLIN.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

MIDNIGHT, 22 *October*, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any.

FRANKLIN. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating these humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and

instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge,—and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

GOUT. No, Sir, no,—I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good,—therefore—

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ehhh!—It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

GOUT. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and, by a return of this weight, this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time, depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil; a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence, and its concomitant maladies, to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil, you must have your carriage, though it is no further from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

FRANKLIN. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

GOUT. I stand corrected. I will be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ohh! Talk on, I pray you!

GOUT. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

FRANKLIN. What! with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! Eh! Can no one bear it for me?

GOUT. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

FRANKLIN. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

GOUT. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

FRANKLIN. Read it, then.

GOUT. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

FRANKLIN. Proceed. I am all attention.

GOUT. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time, it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease?

FRANKLIN. That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

GOUT. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

FRANKLIN. Is it possible?

GOUT. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own, that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

FRANKLIN. I cannot immediately answer that question.

GOUT. I will do it for you; not once.

FRANKLIN. Not once?

GOUT. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health, without my interposition!

FRANKLIN. I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

GOUT. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

FRANKLIN. But do you charge among my crimes, that I return in a carriage from Mr. Brillon's?

GOUT. Certainly; for, having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want therefore the relief of a carriage.

FRANKLIN. What then would you have me do with my carriage?

GOUT. Burn it if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you; observe the poor peasants, who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, &c.; you may find every day, among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years, and

too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the Brillons, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy! one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced, that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me; and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

Franklin would hardly have made his title good in the old literature of New England, if he had not written verses of some kind. The lines entitled "Paper" have been so often printed as his, and are so appropriate to his tastes, that we may give them a place here, though evidence is wanting that he wrote them. In the *Massachusetts Magazine* for August, 1794, it is given as "written by the late Dr. Franklin," but in the *American Museum* of 1788, it is only "ascribed" to his pen. Mr. Sparks doubts the authorship, but prints the lines.*

PAPER; A POEM.

Some wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I—
No wit, no genius,—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.

Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—
Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth:
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch, whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper;* such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves,—
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—
What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone;
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Of the song of *Country Joan*, we have the history in Prof. McVickar's Life of Bard.* At a supper of a convivial club, to which Franklin belonged, and of which Dr. Bard, the physician of Washington, was then a member, objection was made, in jest, to married men being allowed to sing the praises of poets' mistresses. The next morning, at breakfast, Bard received the following song from Franklin, with a request that he would be ready with it by the next meeting.

MY PLAIN COUNTRY JOAN.

Of their Chloes and Phyllises poets may prate,
I sing my plain country Joan,
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,—
Blest day that I made her my own!

Not a word of her face, of her shape, or her air,
Or of flames, or of darts, you shall hear;
I beauty admire, but virtue I prize,
That fades not in seventy year.

* Works, ii. 161.

* Domestic Narrative of the Life of Samuel Bard, p. 18.

Am I loaded with care, she takes off a large share,
That the burden ne'er makes me to reel;
Does good fortune arrive, the joy of my wife
Quite doubles the pleasure I feel.

She defends my good name, even when I'm to blame,
Firm friend as to man e'er was given;
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distressed,
Which draws down more blessings from heaven.

In health a companion delightful and dear,
Still easy, engaging, and free;
In sickness no less than the carefulest nurse,
As tender as tender can be.

In peace and good order my household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain;
Yet cheerfully spends, and smiles on the friends
I've the pleasure to entertain.

Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small,
And, now I'm grown used to them, so like my own,
I scarcely can see them at all.

Were the finest young princess, with millions in purse,
To be had in exchange for my Joan,
I could not get a better, but might get a worse,
So I'll stick to my dearest old Joan.

The verses to the *Mother Country* have been assigned to Franklin's second visit to England.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

We have an old mother that peevish is grown;
She snubs us like children that scarce walk alone;
She forgets we're grown up, and have sense of our own;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

If we don't obey orders, whatever the case,
She frowns, and she chides, and she loses all pati-
Ence, and sometimes she hits us a slap in the face;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Her orders so odd are, we often suspect
That age has impaired her sound intellect;
But still an old mother should have due respect;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Let's bear with her humors as well as we can;
But why should we bear the abuse of her man?
When servants make mischief, they earn the rattan;
Which nobody should deny, &c.

Know, too, ye bad neighbors, who aim to divide
The sons from the mother, that still she's our pride;
And if ye attack her, we're all of her side;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

We'll join in her law-suits, to baffle all those
Who, to get what she has, will be often her foes;
For we know it must all be our own, when she goes;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

The *Mechanic's Song* we find attributed to Franklin, in an old collection of songs, "The Charms of Melody," in Harvard Library.

THE MECHANIC'S SONG.

Ye merry mechanics come join in my song,
And let your brisk chorus come bounding along;
Tho' some perhaps poor, and some rich there may be,
Yet all are united, happy and free.

(Chorus)—Happy and free,
Happy and free,
Yet all are united, happy and free.

Ye tailors of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town;
Remember that Adam (your father and head)
Tho' the lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.
Happy and free, &c.

Masons who work in stone, mortar and brick,
And lay the foundation deep, solid and thick;
Tho' hard be your labour, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye smiths who forge tools for all trades here below,
You've nothing to fear while you smite and you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you are careful to strike while the iron is hot.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye shoemakers nobly from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with the awl to your last;
And cobblers all merry not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our souls,
Happy and free, &c.

Ye cabinet-makers brave workers of wood,
As you work for the ladies your work must be good;
Ye joiners and carpenters, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades and you've nothing to fear.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye coachmakers must not by tax be control'd,
But ship off your coaches and fetch us some gold;
The roller of your coach made Copernicus reel,
And foresee the world to turn round like a wheel.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye hatters who oft with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block for blockheads to wear;
Tho' charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye carders, and spinners, and weavers attend,
And take the advice of poor Richard, your friend;
Stick close to your looms, to your wheels, and your card,
And you never need fear of times going hard.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye printers who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews;
Let your favorite toast ever sound thro' the streets,
A freedom to press, and a volume in sheets.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye coopers who rattle with driver and adze,
And lather each day upon hoops and on caggs;
The famous old ballad of "Love in a tub,"
You may sing to the tune of rub-a-dub-dub.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye ship-builders, riggers, and makers of sails,
All read the new Constitution prevails;
And soon you may see on the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.
Happy and free, &c.

Each tradesman turns out with his tools in his hand,
To cherish the arts and keep peace thro' the land;
Each apprentice and journeyman join in my song,
And let your full chorus come bounding along.
Happy and free, &c.

DAVID FRENCH.

JOHN PARKE, in a work to be hereafter noticed, has "inserted some poetical translations from the Greek and Latin, which were consigned to oblivion, through the obliterating medium of rats and moths, under the sequestered canopy of an antiquated trunk; written between the years of 1720 and 1730, by the learned and facetious David French, Esq., late of the Delaware counties (now State)."

Alas! poor Yorick! All that we know of the career of the "learned and facetious" French is the record of his death, and for that we are indebted to the postscript of a letter, dated August 25, 1742:—"David French was buried yesterday in Chester church by the side of his father, and Mr. Moxon succeeds him as prothonotary" (of the court at New Castle).* His father is stated, by Mr. Fisher, to have been Colonel John French, a prominent name in the local history of the lower counties.

The translations, printed by Parke, are six in number; four are from the first, fourth, eleventh, and twenty-sixth odes of Anacreon, and two from the elegies of Ovid. The smoothness and elegance of their versification testify to the accomplished scholarship of the writer, and make us regret some evidence of his "facetiousness," as well as learning, had not turned up in the "antiquated trunk."

ODES OF ANACREON.

I.

Fain would I Atrides praise,
Or Cadmus sing in tuneful lays;
The strings will sound of love alone,
Nor knows my heart another tone.
I changed the shell and ev'ry string,
And now Alcides' toils I sing;
In vain to sing his deeds I strove,
My lyre would play of nought but love.
Ye heroes now a long farewell!
A softer theme best suits my shell,
Love's passion it will only tell.

IV.

Of Himself.

On a bed of myrtles made,
Or on a greeny clover laid,
Willingly I'd pass away
In carousing—all the day;
Cupid by my side should stand,
With a brimmer in his hand.
Like a never-standing wheel,
Fleeting time is running still;
We ourselves will dust become,
And shall moulder in the tomb.
On my grave why should you lay
Oil, or gifts that soon decay?
Rather now before I'm dead,
With rosy garlands crown my head;
All the odors of the spring,
With a gentle mistress bring,
Ere I go to shades of night,
I'll put all my cares to flight.

XI.

On His Age.

Oft by the maidens I am told,
Poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old!
Take the glass, and see how years
Have despoil'd thy head of hairs;
See, thy forehead bald appears!
But whether hair adorns my head,
Or all my golden tresses fled,
I do not know, but from their lore,
Resounding my approaching hour,
This truth I know, infallibly,
'Tis time to live, if death be nigh.

XII.

To a Swallow.

Say now, thou twit'ring swallow, say,
How shall I punish thee? which way?
Say, shall I rather clip thy wing,
Or tongue, that thou no more mayst sing?
As cruel *Tereus* once is said
T' have done, while yet thou wert a maid.
Why dost thou, ere the morn is nigh,
Prattling round my window fly?
Why snatch *Bathylla* from my arms,
While I in dreams possess her charms?

XXVI.

Of Himself.

When *Bacchus* revels in my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest;
Crœsus' self I then despise,
He's not so happy in my eyes.
Then from my lips flow warbling sounds,
Sweetest music then abounds:
With laurel wreaths I bind my brow,
I look disdainfully below.
Let fools impetuous rush to arms,
Me the gen'rous Lyæus charms.
Quickly give me, youth, the bowl,
In one large draught I'll drown my soul;
Here, rather let me drunken lie,
Than sober, without wine to die.

MATHER BYLES.

THIS witty divine was born in Boston, 1706. He was the son of an Englishman, who died a year after his son's birth. On his mother's side he was descended from Richard, the founder of the Mather family, and John Cotton. Leaving Harvard in 1725, he was ordained in 1733 the first pastor of the Hollis Street Church. Here he remained until the outbreak of the American Revolution, when, in consequence of his adherence to the English government, this connexion was broken off. In 1777 he was denounced in town meeting, and afterwards tried before a special court on the charges of having remained in the town during the siege, prayed for the king, and received the visits of British officers. He was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment with his family in a guard-ship and to be sent to England. The first part of the sentence was changed to confinement in his own house, and the second was never put in execution. During this imprisonment he amused the good people of Boston by on one occasion very composedly marching to and fro before his own door, mounting guard over himself, having persuaded his sentinel to go on an errand for him on condition of supplying his place during his absence. The guard was soon removed, again restored, and not long after dismissed—changes which drew from the doctor the remark that "he had been guarded, reguarded, and disregarded." Disregarded he remained, as he was henceforth suffered to live in retirement.

* Early Poets and Poetry of Pennsylvania, by J. F. Fisher.—Pa. Hist. Soc. Mems., vol. ii. part ii. 59.

We have a last glimpse of Dr. Byles in the correspondence of Franklin:

Mather Byles to B. Franklin.

Boston, 14th May, 1787.

Sir,

It is long since I had the pleasure of writing to you by Mr. Edward Church, to thank you for your friendly mention of me in a letter that I find was transmitted to the University of Aberdeen. I doubt whether you ever received it, but, under great weakness by old age and a palsy, I seize this opportunity of employing my daughter to repeat the thanks, which I aimed to express in that letter. Your Excellency is now the man, that I early expected to see you. I congratulate my country upon her having produced a Franklin, and can only add, I wish to meet you where complete felicity and we shall be for ever united. I am, my dear and early friend, your most affectionate and humble servant,

M. Byles.

P.S. I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Pierpont, to inform you how my life, and that of my daughters, have been saved by your *points*.

Mather Byles

His death occurred some months after in 1788. He left two daughters, who remained unflinching loyalists, residing together in their father's house, on the corner of Nassau and Tremont streets, which no offer would induce them to part with, taking their tea off a table at which Franklin had partaken of the same beverage, blowing their fire with a bellows two hundred years old, going to church on Sundays in dresses of the last century, until 1835, when one of them, as the story goes, died of grief, as it is supposed, at having part of the old family mansion pulled down for the improvement of the street. The survivor lived two years longer. Both were unmarried, and must have attained a good old age, as we find Dr. Byles's daughters spoken of as a couple of fine young ladies by the Rev. Jacob Bailey* in 1778.

Dr. Byles's reputation as a wit has overshadowed his just claims to regard as a pulpit orator. His published sermons, of which several are extant, some of them having reached a second and third edition, show him to have possessed a fine imagination, great skill in amplification, and great command of language combined with terseness of expression. Passages in these discourses would not do discredit to the best old English divines. Several were preached on public occasions, but are, like all his other discourses, entirely free from the political allusions in which his brother clergymen so frequently indulged. On being asked why he avoided this topic, he replied, "I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance: give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring you, and I will preach on it the next sabbath."

In the early part of his life, before and after his ordination, Dr. Byles wrote and published the following poems:—

To his Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Lady, an Epistle. 1736, pp. 4.

On the Death of the Queen, a Poem. 1738, pp. 7.

An Elegy addressed to his Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Brother-in-law, the Hon. Daniel Oliver, Esq.; pp. 6.

The Comet, 1744, pp. 4.

The Conflagration, the God of Tempest, and Earthquake, pp. 8.

A portion of these were collected, with several others, in a small 18mo. volume of 118 pages,* in 1736, with the following brief

Preface. The Poems collected in these pages, were, for the most part, written as the amusements of looser hours, while the author belonged to the college, and was unbending his mind from severer studies in the entertainment of the classics. Most of them have been several times printed here, at London, and elsewhere, either separately or in miscellanies: and the author has now drawn them into a volume. Thus he gives up at once these lighter productions, and bids adieu to the airy Muse.

The poems are for the most part devotional or elegiac, including several hymns, verses written in Milton's Paradise Lost, To the Memory of a Young Commander slain in a battle with the Indians 1724, To an Ingenious Young Gentleman on his dedicating a poem to the author, To Pictorio on the sight of his pictures, and verses to Watts and others.

He also contributed a number of essays and occasional verses to the New England Weekly

* Jacob Bailey was born at Rowley, Mass., in 1731. He was educated at Harvard College, and after visiting England to obtain deacon and priest's orders, became a missionary in Pownalborough, Maine. Adhering to the crown at the revolution, he retired to Nova Scotia, where the remainder of his life was passed. His MS. Journal, with a portion of his correspondence, edited by the Rev. Wm. J. Bartlet of Chelsea, Mass., was published by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, in an octavo volume in 1853. Mr. Bartlet has incorporated the Journal in a biography of its author, in which he has introduced a large mass of interesting historical information.

* Poems on Several Occasions. By Mr. Byles. Boston, 1736.

Journal. In 1744, *A Collection of Poems by Several Hands*,* appeared in Boston. It is a capital miscellany of verses, which seem to have been floating about in periodicals or manuscript at the period. Byles no doubt contributed some of its fifty-five pages, but none of his productions are pointed out in a copy now in the possession of Mr. George Ticknor,† which bears on its title the inscription, "Th. Byles, Given her by her Father, Feb. 14, 1763," and contains several annotations in the handwriting of the original donor or owner. It is, however, easy to fix upon him the courtly answer to the following complimentary request, in which the blanks have been carefully filled up with the name of Byles.

TO ********* DESIRING TO BORROW POPE'S HOMER.

From a Lady.

The Muse now waits from * * * 's hands to press
Homer's high page, in Pope's illustrious dress:
How the pleas'd goddess triumphs to pronounce,
The names of * * *, Pope, Homer, all at once!

The Answer.

Soon as your beauteous letter I peruse,
Swift as an echo flies the answ'ring muse;
Joyful and eager at your soft commands,
To bring my Pope submissive to your hands.

Go, my dear Pope, transport th' attentive fair,
And soothe, with winning harmony, her ear.
'Twill add new graces to thy heav'nly song,
To be repeated by her gentle tongue;
Thy bright'ning page in unknown charms shall grow,
Fresh beauties bloom, and fire redoubled glow;
With sounds improv'd, thy artful numbers roll,
Soft as her love, and tuneful as her soul:
Old Homer's shade shall smile if she commend,
And Pope be proud to write, as * * * * to lend.

It also contains a long and pleasantly written poem on Commencement Day, and a few burlesque ballads probably written by Byles or Joseph Green. One of these is as follows.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOW THE LAMENTABLE WICKED FRENCH AND INDIAN PIRATES WERE TAKEN BY THE VALIANT ENGLISHMEN.

Good people all, pray understand
my doleful song of wo:
It tells a thing done lately, and
not very long ago.

How Frenchmen, Indians eke, a troop
(who all had drunk their cogues)
They went to take an English sloop:
O the sad pack of rogues!

The English made their party good,
each was a jolly lad:
The Indians run away for blood,
and strove to hide like mad.

Three of the fellows in a fright,
(that is to say in fears)
Leaping into the sea out-right,
sows'd over head and ears.

They on the waves in woful wise,
to swim did make a strife,

[So in a pond a kitten cries,
and dabbles for his life;

While boys about the border scud,
with brickbats and with stones;
Still dowse him deeper in the mud;
and break his little bones.]

What came of them we cannot tell,
though many things are said:
But this, besure, we know full well,
if they were drown'd they're dead.

Our men did neither cry nor squeek;
but fought like any sprites:
And this I to the honour speak
of them, the valiant wights!

O did I not the talent lack,
of 'thaniel Whittemore;
Up to the stars—i' th' almanack,
I'd cause their fame to roar.

Or could I sing like father French,
so clever and so high;
Their names should last like oaken bench,
to perpetuity.

How many pris'ners in they drew,
say, spirit of Tom Law!
Two Frenchmen, and papooses two,
three sannops, and a squaw.

The squaw, and the papooses, they
are to be left alive:
Two French, three Indian men must die:
which makes exactly five.

[Thus cypher, Sirs, you see I can,
and eke make poetry;
In commonwealth, sure such a man,
how useful must he be!]

The men were all condemn'd, and try'd,
and one might almost say,
They'l or be hang'd, or be repriev'd,
or else they'l run away.

Fair maidens, now see-saw, and wail,
and sing in doleful dumps;
And eke, ye lusty lubys all,
arise and stir your stumps.

This precious po'm shall sure be read,
In ev'ry town, I tro:
In every chimney corner said,
to Portsmouth, Boston fro.

And little children when they cry,
this ditty shall beguile;
And tho' they pout, and sob, and sigh,
shall hear, and hush, and smile.

The pretty picture too likewise,
a-top looks well enough;
Tho' nothing to the purpose 'tis,
'twill serve to set it off.

The poet will be glad, no doubt,
when all his verse shall say,
Each boy, and girl, and lass, and lout,
for ever, and for aye.

The collection also contains a number of eulogies, which show that Byles was in high favor in Boston. His reputation was not, however, confined to his own town or country, as he corresponded with Lansdowne, Watts, and Pope, the latter of whom sent him his Odyssey.

The Doctor was an inveterate punster. The Rev. Jacob Bailey, the Missionary at Pownalborough, before the Revolution, says of him, after a visit to his house, in 1778: "The perpetual

* A Collection of Poems. By Several Hands. Boston: Printed and Sold by B. Green and Company, at their Printing House in Newbury-street; and D. Gookin, in Cornhill. 1744. 4to. pp. 56.

† This, with other rarities of the kind, has been liberally placed at our disposal by Mr. Ticknor.

reach after puns renders his conversation rather distasteful to persons of ordinary elegance and refinement." And Mr. Kettell* quotes some contemporary verses to the same effect:

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets;
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

The latter part of his parody of Joseph Green's parody on his psalm, shows that he was occasionally coarse in his jesting; but we have never heard any indelicacy or irreverence alleged against him.

The *anat* which have been preserved, show that his reputation as a wit was well deserved. There was a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to his door, and saluted the officials with the remark, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you *stirring in this matter* now."

In the year 1780, a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady neighbor sent her son to the Doctor to know if he could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

One day a ship arrived at Boston with three hundred street lamps. The same day, the Doctor happened to receive a call from a lady whose conversational powers were not of the kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly arrived cargo to despatch his visitor. "Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis. "Oh, no! What news?" "Why three hundred new lights have come over in the ship this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately." The visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges at the time of his trial they requested him to sit down and warm himself. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "when I came among you, I expected persecution; but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

A *mot* of Byles's is related by the hospitable wits of Boston, to the visitor, as he passes by King's Chapel, in Tremont street. There are two courses of windows by which that building is lighted on its sides; the lower ones are nearly square. In allusion to this architectural peculiarity of the square embrasures of its solid walls, Byles said that he had often heard of ecclesiastical canons, but never saw the portholes before. Another, a revolutionary witticism, does justice to Byles's toryism. When the British troops, the lobsters, passed his door, after entering the town: "Ah," said he, "now our grievances will be redressed."*

His system of practical joking is said to have been as felicitous as his verbal, though rather more expensive to the victims.

The Doctor, however, occasionally met his match. A lady whom he had long courted unsuccessfully, married a gentleman by the name of Quincy. "So, madam," said the unsuccessful suitor, on meeting her afterwards, "it appears you prefer a Quincy to Byles." "Yes, for if there had been anything worse than *biles*, God would have afflicted Job with them."

He was not, however, always unsuccessful with the fair sex, as he was twice married. His first wife was a niece of Governor Belcher, and her successor, the dignity apparently diminishing with the relationship, a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Tailer.

In person Dr. Byles was tall and well proportioned. His voice was powerful and melodious, and he was a graceful and impressive speaker.

FROM A SERMON ON THE PRESENT VILENESS OF THE BODY, AND ITS FUTURE GLORIOUS CHANGE BY CHRIST.

It is a dying body, and therefore a vile Body. Here our Bodies now stand, perhaps flourishing in all the Pride and Bloom of Youth: strong our Sinews; moist our Bones; active and supple our Joints; our Pulses beating with Vigor, and our Hearts leaping with a Profusion of Life and Energy. But oh! vain Appearance and gaudy Dream! Surely every man at his best Estate, is altogether Vanity. He walks in a vain show, he glitters with delusive Colors; he spends his years as an Idle Tale. What avails it, that he is now hardy and robust, who must quickly pant upon a Death-bed. What avails it, that his limbs are sprightly in their easy Motions, which must quickly stretch in their dying Agony. The Lips now flush'd with a Rosy Colour, will anon quiver and turn pale. The Eyes that rose with a sparkling Vivacity, will fix in a ghastly Horror. The most musical Voice will be stopp'd; and the tuneful Breath fly away. The Face where Beauty now triumphs, will appear cold, and wan, and dismal, rifled by the Hand of Death. A cold sweat will chill the Body; a hoarse Rattling will fill the Throat; the Heart will heave with Pain and Labour, and the Lungs catch for Breath, but gasp in vain. Our Friends stand in Tears about our Bed. They weep; but they cannot help us. The very water with which they would cool and moisten our parched Mouths, we receive with a hollow groan. Anon we give a Gasp, and they shriek out in Distress, "*Oh! He's Gone! He's Dead!*" The Body in that Instant stretches on the sheets, an awful Corpse.

* * * * *

It is folded in a Winding Sheet, it is nailed in a black Coffin, and it is deposited in a silent Vault, amidst Shade and Solitude. The skin breaks and moulders away; the Flesh drops in Dust from the Bones; the Bones are covered with black Mould, and Worms twist about them. The Coffins break, and the Graves sink in, and the disjointed Skeleton strews the lonely Vault.

* * * * *

But oh! what a blessed Change will the Resur-

* Specimens of American Poetry, i. 125.

† We are indebted for a few capital examples, to Tudor's Life of Otis.

* "On my return to Boston," says John Adams, in his Autobiography of the year 1768, "I found the town full of troops, and as Dr. Byles of punning memory expressed it, our grievances red-dressed." Adams's Works, ii. 213.

rection make upon our dead Bodies. Perhaps the Worms have feasted themselves upon our Last Dust; but they shall refund it, and give back every Atom; all that really belongs to our numerical Body. The Fishes perhaps have eaten the Carcase, buried in the Waves, and Lost in the Depths of the Ocean. But the sea also shall return it back, and give up the Dead which are in it. These Bodies may dissolve, and scatter among the Elements. Our Fluids may forsake their Vessels; the Solid contract, and fold up in its primitive Miniature. And even after that the little invisible Bones may moulder to finer Dust, the Dust may refine to Water, wander in a Cloud, float in a River, or be lost in the wide Sea, and undistinguished Drop among the Waves. They may be again sucked up by the Sun, and fall in a Shower upon the Earth; they may refresh the Fields with Dew, flourish in a Spire of Grass; look green in a Leaf, or gaudy in a Flower or a Blossom.

THE BUTTERFLY, A TYPE OF THE RESURRECTION; FROM THE MEDITATION OF CASSIM, THE SON OF AHMED. AN ESSAY.

What more entertaining specimen of the Resurrection is there, in the whole Circumference of Nature? Here are all the wonders of the Day in Miniature. It was once a despicable Worm, it is raised a kind of painted little Bird. Formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisurely Motion: now it flutters aloft upon its guilded Wings. How much improved is its speckled Covering, when all the Gaudiness of Colour is scattered about its Plumage. It is spangled with Gold and Silver, and has every Gem of the *Orient* sparkling among its Feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear Diamond, twinkles with an unsullied Flame, and trembles with num'rous Lights, that glitter in a gay Confusion. There a Saphire casts a milder Gleam, and shews like the blue Expanse of Heaven in a fair Winter Evening. In this Place an Emerald, like the calm Ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid Green. And close by a Ruby—flames with the ripened Blush of the Morning. The Breast and Legs, like Ebony, shone with a glorious Darkness; while its expanded Wings are edged with the golden Magnificence of the Topaz. Thus the illustrious little creature is furnished with the divinest Art, and looks like an animated composition of Jewels, that blend their promiscuous Beams about him. Thus, O *Cassim*, shall the Bodies of Good Men be raised; thus shall they shine, and thus fly away.

FROM THE CONFLAGRATION.

But O! what sounds are able to convey
The wild confusions of the dreadful day!
Eternal mountains totter on their base,
And strong convulsions work the valley's face;
Fierce hurricanes on sounding pinions soar,
Rush o'er the land, on the toss'd billows roar,
And dreadful in resistless eddies driven,
Shake all the crystal battlements of heaven.
See the wild winds, big blustering in the air,
Drive through the forests, down the mountains tear,
Sweep o'er the valleys in their rapid course,
And nature bends beneath the impetuous force.
Storms rush at storms, at tempests tempests roar,
Dash waves on waves, and thunder to the shore.
Columns of smoke on heavy wings ascend,
And dancing sparkles fly before the wind.
Devouring flames, wide-waving, roar aloud,
And melted mountains flow a fiery flood:
Then, all at once, immense the fires arise,
A bright destruction wraps the crackling skies;
While all the elements to melt conspire,
And the world blazes in the final fire.
Yet shall ye, flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendour shine,
The earth, which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigour dies:
Fresh-dawning glories blush amidst the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever-blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;
Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow:
Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes,
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months, in gay confusion blends.

NEW ENGLAND HYMN.

To Thee the tuneful Anthem soars,
To Thee, our Fathers' God, and our's;
This wilderness we chose our seat:
To rights secured by equal laws
From persecution's iron claws,
We here have sought our calm retreat.

See! how the Flocks of Jesus rise!
See! how the face of Paradise
Blooms through the thickets of the wild
Here Liberty erects her throne;
Here Plenty pours her treasures down;
Peace smiles, as heavenly cherubs mild.

Lord, guard thy Favors: Lord, extend
Where farther Western Suns descend;
Nor Southern Seas the blessings bound;
Till Freedom lift her cheerful head,
Till pure Religion onward spread,
And beaming wrap the world around.

JOSEPH GREEN.

Joseph Green, who, during the greater part of a long lifetime, maintained the reputation of being the foremost wit of his day, was born in Boston, in 1706, and took his degree at Harvard, at the age of twenty. He next engaged in business as a distiller,* and continued in mercantile pursuits for many years, thereby amassing a large fortune. Without taking a prominent part in politics, his pen was always ready when any occasion for satire presented, to improve it for the columns of the contemporary press, or the separate venture

of a pamphlet. These effusions were in smoothly written verse, and are full of humor. One of the most prominent is, *Entertainment for A Winter's Evening: being a full and true Account of a very strange and wonderful Sight seen in Boston, on the twenty-seventh of December*, 1749, *at noon day, the truth of which can be attested by a great number of people, who actually saw the same with their own eyes, by me, the Hon. B. B. Esq.* This long title is a prelude to a poem of some dozen loosely printed octavo pages only, in which the celebration of a masonic festival in a church

* "Ambition fired the 'stiller's pate."—*Byles.*

is satirized: the procession to the place of assemblage; the sermon heard; the adjournment to a tavern, and the junketing which followed, being the subject matter, the writer evidently regarding a place of public worship as an incongruous locality for such an assemblage. It is thus summed up in the opening lines:—

O Muse renown'd for story-telling,
Fair Clio, leave thy airy dwelling.
Now while the streams like marble stand,
Held fast by winter's icy hand;
Now while the hills are cloth'd in snow;
Now while the keen north-west winds blow;
From the bleak fields and chilling air
Unto the warmer hearth repair:
Where friends in cheerful circle met
In social conversation sit.
Come, goddess, and our ears regale
With a diverting Christmas tale.
O come, and in thy verse declare
Who were the men, and what they were,
And what their names, and what their fame,
And what the cause for which they came
To house of God from house of ale,
And how the parson told his tale:
How they return'd, in manner odd,
To house of ale from house of God.

Another of his poems is, *A Mournful Lamentation for the Death of Mr. Old Tenor*, written after a change in the currency. He was also a contributor with Byles, and others, to "A Collection of Poems, by several hands," published at Boston, in 1744. *An Elegy on the long-expected death of Old Janus* (the New England Weekly Courant) is no doubt from the pen of one of the two wits, whose productions it is not always easy to distinguish, and whose talents were combined in a wit combat which excited much merriment at the time. It arose from the desire of Governor Belcher to secure the good company of Dr. Byles in a visit by sea to some Indian tribes on the eastern coast of the province. Byles declined his invitation, and the Governor set sail from Boston, alone, on a Saturday, dropping anchor before the castle in the bay, for Sunday. Here he persuaded the chaplain to exchange pulpits with the eloquent Doctor, whom he invited on board in the afternoon, to tea. On leaving the cabin at the conclusion of the repast, he found himself, to his surprise, at sea, with a fair wind, the anchor having been weighed while he was talking over the cheering cup. Return was out of the question, and the Doctor, whose good-natured countenance seems to indicate that he could take as well as give a joke, no doubt made himself contented and agreeable. On the following Sunday, in preparing for divine service, it was found that there was no hymn-book on board, and to meet the emergency, Byles composed a few verses. On their return Green wrote an account of this impromptu, with a parody upon it, to which Byles responded, by a poem and parody in return. The whole will be found at the conclusion of this article.

Green's satire was universally directed against arbitrary power, and in favor of freedom. He frequently parodied the addresses of Governor Belcher, who, it is supposed, stood in some awe of his pen. In 1774, after the withdrawal of the charter of Massachusetts by the British Parliament, the councillors of the province were appointed by the crown, instead of as heretofore being chosen by popular election. One of these appointments was tendered to Green, but immediately declined by him. He did not, however, take any active part on the popular side, the quiet, retiring habit of his mind, combining with the infirmities of his advanced years, as an inducement to repose. In 1775 he sailed for England, where he passed the remainder of his life in a secluded but not inhospitable retirement. He died in 1780. A humorous epitaph written on Green by one of his friends, in 1743, indicates the popular appreciation of his talents:

Siste Viator, here lies one,
Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun,
And if you go too near his hearse,
He'll joke you, both in prose and verse.

HYMN WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE.

Great God thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves and downward glide,
Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight;
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd,
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

He sat awhile and stroked his muse,*
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring brethren.

The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

* Byles's favorite cat, so named by his friends.

At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung.
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot.

PARODY BY MATHER BYLES.

In Byles's works an oversight
Green spy'd, as once he smok'd his chunk;
Alas! that Byles should never write
A song to sing, when folks are drunk.

Thus in the chimney on his block,
Ambition fir'd the 'stiller's pate;
He summon'd all his little stock,
The poet's volume to complete.

Long paus'd the lout, and scratch'd his skull,
Then took his chalk [he own'd no pen,]
And scrawl'd some doggrel, for the whole
Of his flip-drinking brethren.

The task perform'd—not to content—
Ill chosen was each Grub-street word;
Strait to the tavern club he went,
To hear it bellow'd round the board.

Unknown delights his ears explore,
Inur'd to midnight caterwauls,
To hear his hoarse companions roar,
The horrid thing his dulness scrawls.

The club, if fame we may rely on,
Conven'd, to hear the drunken catch,
At the three-horse-shoes, or red lion—
Tipling began the night's debauch.

The little 'stiller took the pint
Full fraught with flip and songs obscene,
And, after a long stutt'ring, meant
To sing a song of Josy Green.

Soon as with stam'ring tongue, to read
The drunken ballad, he began,
The club from clam'ring strait recede,
To hear him roar the thing alone.

SONG.

With vast amazement we survey
The can so broad, so deep,
Where punch succeeds to strong sangree,
Both to delightful flip.

Drink of all smacks, inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
Here's rum, and sugar, and small beer,
In a continual flood.

From cruel thoughts and conscience free,
From dram to dram we pass:
Our cheeks, like apples, ruddy be;
Our eyeballs look like glass.

At once, like furies up we rise,
Our raging passions swell;
We hurl the bottle to the skies,
But why, we cannot tell.

Our brains a tott'ring motion feel,
And quickly we become
Sick, as with negro steaks,* and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

Thus lost in deep tranquillity,
We sit, supine and sot,
Till we two moons distinctly see—
Come give us t'other pot.

Dr. Byles's cat, alluded to in the piece just quoted, received the compliment of an elegy at her decease, which is stated, in an early manuscript copy in the Philadelphia library, to be written by Joseph Green. The excellence of the lines will, perhaps, embalm grimalkin in a more than Egyptian perpetuity, and give her claim to rank, at a humble distance, with the great ones of her race: "Tyb our cat," of Gammer Gurton's Needle, the sportive companion of Montaigne in his tower,† and the grimalkin who so demurely graces the top of the great arm-chair of the famous Dr. Syntax. Our copy is taken from the London Magazine of November, 1733, where it is introduced by a request for its insertion by a subscriber, and is accompanied by the psalm and parodies already quoted.

THE POET'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS CAT, WHICH HE USED TO CALL HIS MUSE.

Felis quædam delicium erat cujusdam Adolescentis.
ÆSOP.

Oppress'd with grief in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? what numbers shall I chuse?
For in my fav'rite cat I've lost my muse.
No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd;
No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill;
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,
And celebrate the virtues of my cat.
In acts obscene she never took delight;
No caterwauls disturb'd our sleep by night;
Chaste as a virgin, free from every stain,
And neighb'ring cats mew'd for her love in vain.
She never thirsted for the chickens' blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sat.
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail;

* This, says an original note appended to the poem, alludes to what passed at a convivial club to which Mr. Green belonged, where steaks cut from the rump of a dead negro were imposed on the company for beef, and when the imposition was discovered a violent expectoration ensued.

† As Montaigne playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass.
Hudibras, pt. i. c. i. v. 38-9.

And as I stroked improv'd my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purr'd in metre, and she mew'd in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.
Ofttimes when lost amidst poetic heat,
She leaping on my knee has took her seat;
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.
Then, friends, indulge my grief, and let me mourn,
My cat is gone, ah! never to return.
Now in my study, all the tedious night,
Alone I sit, and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain),
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

Green, like Byles, and almost all men of true humor, could pass from gay to grave with grace and feeling. The *Eclogue Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew*,* which is attributed to him, amply meets the requirements of its occasion. It is fully described in the prefatory argument.

"Fidelio and Duleius, young men of a liberal education, who maintained a great esteem and affectionate regard for the deceased, were separated from each other for several years. Fidelio, after a long absence, pays an early visit to Duleius, his friend and former companion, whom he finds in his bower, employed in study and contemplation. Their meeting begins with mutual tokens of love and affection; after which they enter into a discourse expressing the beautiful appearance of the summer season, and their admiration of the works of Providence; representing, at the same time, the beautiful but short-lived state of the flowers; from whence Fidelio takes occasion to draw a similitude typical of the frailty and uncertainty of human life; he observes the stalk of a vine which has been lately struck by thunder. This providential event reminds Fidelio of the afflictive dispensation of the law of God in the death of a late useful and worthy pastor, which he reveals to his companion. They, greatly dejected, bewail the loss of so trusty, useful, and worthy a man, but mutually console each other, by representing the consummate happiness which saints enjoy upon their admission to the mansions of immortal felicity. They conclude with an ode, expressing a due submission to the will of Heaven."

We quote this conclusion.

ODE.

Parent of all! thou source of light!
Whose will seraphic powers obey,
The heavenly Nine, as one unite,
And thee their vow'd obeisance pay.

Permit us, Lord, to consecrate
Our first ripe fruits of early days,
To thee, whose care to us is great,
Whose love demands our constant praise.

Thy sovereign wisdom form'd the plan,
Almighty power, which none control;
Then rais'd this noble structure, man,
And gave him an immortal soul.

All earthly beings here who move,
Experience thy paternal care,
And feel the influence of thy love,
Which sweetens life from year to year.

Thou hast the keys of life and death,
The springs of future joys and bliss;
And when thou lock'st our door of breath,
Frail life and all its motions cease.

Our morn of years which smile in bloom,
And those arriv'd at eve of age,
Must bow beneath thy sovereign doom,
And quit this frail, this mortal stage.

In all we see thy sovereign sway,
Thy wisdom guides the ruling sun;
Submissive, we thy power obey,
In all we own "thy will is done."

O may our thoughts superior rise,
To things of sense which here we crave;
May we with care that int'rest prize,
Which lies so far beyond the grave.

Conduct us safe through each event,
And changing scene of life below;
Till we arrive where days are spent
In joys which can no changes know.

Lord; in thy service us employ,
And when we've served thee here on earth
Receive us hence to realms of joy,
To join with those of heavenly birth.

May we from angels learn to sing,
The songs of high seraphic strain;
Then mount aloft on cherubs' wings,
And soar to worlds that cease from pain.

With angels, seraphs, saints above,
May we thy glorious praise display
And sing of thy redeeming love,
Through the revolves of endless day.

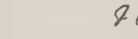
* An Eclogue Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, who departed this life July 9, anno salutis humanæ 1766, ætatis 46.

The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their deaths, and flourish in the grave,
Grain hid in earth repays the peasant's care,
And evening suns but rise to set more fair.

Boston: printed by Thomas and John Fleet.

JOHN CALLENDER.

JOHN CALLENDER, the first historian of Rhode Island, was born in Boston in the year 1706. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and graduated in 1723. In 1727 he was licensed to



preach by the first Baptist Church in Boston, of which his uncle, Elisha Callender, was pastor, having succeeded Ellis Callender, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, in the same office. In August, 1728, he accepted a call to the Baptist church in Swansey, Massachusetts, where he remained until February, 1730. He was next after settled over the first Baptist church at Newport, where he continued until his death, after a lingering illness, January 26, 1748. Soon after his removal to Newport he became a member of a literary and philosophical society established in the place, at the instigation, it is supposed, of Dean Berkeley, in 1730, afterwards incorporated in 1747, with the title, in consequence of the dona-

tion of five hundred pounds sterling by Abraham Redwood, of "the Company of the Redwood Library."

In 1739 Mr. Callender published *An Historical Discourse on the civil and religious affairs of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England, in America, from the first settlement*, 1638, *to the end of the first century*. It was delivered on the twenty-fourth of March, 1738, the first centennial anniversary of the cession of Aquedneck or Rhode Island by the sachems Cannonicus and Miantunnomu, "unto Mr. Coddington and his friends united unto him."* It occupies one hundred and twenty octavo pages in the reprint by the Rhode Island Historical Society, and contains a concise and temperate statement of the difficulties with the Massachusetts colonists which led to the formation of the settlement, its early struggles, its part in King Philip's war, and of its social and ecclesiastical affairs. He dwells with just satisfaction on the liberal principles of the colony.

> I do not know there was ever before, since the world came into the Church, such an instance, as the settlement of this Colony and Island. In other States, the civil magistrate had for ever a public driving in the particular schemes of faith, and modes of worship; at least, by negative discouragements, by annexing the rewards of honor and profit to his own opinions; and generally, the subject was bound by penal laws, to believe that set of doctrines, and to worship God in that manner, the magistrate pleased to prescribe. Christian magistrates would unaccountably assume to themselves the same authority in religious affairs, which any of the Kings of Judah, or Israel, exercised, either by usurpation, or by the immediate will and inspiration of God, and a great deal more too. As if the becoming Christian gave the magistrate any new right or authority over his subjects, or over the Church of Christ; and as if that because they submitted personally to the authority and government of Christ in his word, that therefore they might clothe themselves with his authority; or rather, take his sceptre out of his hand, and lord it over God's heritage. It is lamentable that pagans and infidels allow more liberty to Christians, than they were wont to allow to one another. It is evident, the civil magistrate, as such, can have no authority to decree articles of faith, and to determine modes of worship, and to interpret the laws of Christ for his subjects, but what must belong to all magistrates; but no magistrate can have more authority over conscience, than what is necessary to preserve the public peace, and that can be only to prevent one sect from oppressing another, and to keep the peace between them. Nothing can be more evidently proved, than "the right of private judgment for every man, in the affairs of his own salvation," and that both from the plainest principles of reason, and the plainest declarations of the scripture. This is the foundation of the Reformation, of the Christian religion, of all religion, which necessarily implies choice and judgment. But I need not labor a point, that has been so often demonstrated so many ways. Indeed, as every man believes his own opinions the best, because the truest, and ought charitably to wish all others of the same opinion, it must seem reasonable the magistrate should have a public leading in religious affairs, but as he almost for ever exceeds the due bounds, and as error prevails ten times more than truth in the world, the interest of truth and the right of private judgment seem better secured, by a universal toleration that shall suppress all profaneness and immorality, and preserve every party in the free and undisturbed liberty of their consciences, while they continue quiet and dutiful subjects to the State.

* Deed of Conveyance.

Callender published a sermon in the same year at the ordination of Mr. Jeremiah Condy, to the care of the Baptist Church in Boston, in 1741, on the advantages of early religion, before a society of young men at Newport, and in 1745 on the death of his friend the Rev. Mr. Clap. He also formed a collection of papers relative to the history of the Baptists in America.

Callender was married February 15, 1730, to Elizabeth Hardin of Swansey, Massachusetts. He is described as of medium stature, with regular features, a fair complexion, and agreeable manners.

The Centennial Discourse was reprinted in 1838, a century after its first publication, by the Rhode Island Historical Society, with a large number of valuable notes by the Vice-President of the association, the Rev. Romeo Elton, D.D., of Brown University. It contains a memoir, which has formed the chief authority of the present article.

JANE TURELL.

Jane, the only daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Colman, of Boston, was born in that city, February 25, 1708. She early displayed precocious mental power, as before her second year she could speak distinctly, say her letters, and tell stories out of the Scriptures, to the satisfaction of Gov. Dudley, and others around the table,* and two years later could repeat the greater part of the Assembly's Catechism, many of the psalms, long passages of poetry, reading with fluency and commenting in a pertinent manner on what she read. At the age of eleven she composed the following

HYMN.

I fear the great Eternal One above;
The God of Grace, the God of love:
He to whom Seraphims Hallelujah sing,
And Angels do their Songs and Praises bring.
Happy the Soul that does in Heaven rest,
Where with his Saviour he is ever blest;
With heavenly joys and rapture is possest,
No thoughts but of his God inspire his breast.
Happy are they that walk in Wisdom's ways,
That tread her path, and shine in all her rays.

Her poetical attempts were encouraged by her father, who frequently addressed rhymed letters to her, and says: "I grew by degrees into such an opinion of her good taste, that when she put me upon translating a psalm or two, I was ready to excuse myself, and if I had not fear'd to displease her, should have denied her request." He "talked into her all he could, in the most free and endearing manner," and led her to the study of the best models of composition, advantages of which she availed herself with such avidity that she spent entire nights in reading, and before the

* Turell's Memoir.

age of eighteen had devoured all the English poetry and prose in her father's well furnished library.

She married the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, of Medford, Mass., August 11th, 1726. She continued to compose in verse, and wrote, after her marriage, eulogies on Sir Richard Blackmore's Works, and on "the Incomparable Mr. Waller;" *An Invitation into the Country in Imitation of Horace*, and some prose pieces. Her health had been from her infancy extremely delicate, and she died March 26th, 1735, at the early age of twenty-seven years. Her poems were in the same year collected, and published by her husband.*

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY, IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

From the soft shades, and from the balmy sweets
Of Medford's flowery vales and green retreats,
Your absent Delia to her father sends,
And prays to see him ere the Summer ends.

Now while the earth 's with beauteous verdure dyed,
And Flora paints the meads in all her pride;
While laden trees Pomona's bounty own,
And Ceres' treasures do the fields adorn,
From the thick smokes, and noisy town, O come,
And in these plains awhile forget your home.

Though my small incomes never can afford,
Like wealthy Celsus to regale a lord;
No ivory tables groan beneath the weight
Of sumptuous dishes, served in massy plate:
The forest ne'er was search'd for food for me,
Nor from my hounds the timorous hare does flee:
No leaden thunder strikes the fowl in air,
Nor from my shaft the winged death do fear:
With silken nets I ne'er the lakes despoil,
Nor with my bait the larger fish beguile.
No luscious sweetmeats, by my servants plac'd
In curious order, e'er my table grac'd;
To please the taste, no rich Burgundian wine,
In chrystal glasses on my sideboard shine;
The luscious sweets of fair Canary's isle
Ne'er filled my casks, nor in my flagons smile:
No wine, but what does from my apples flow,
My frugal house on any can bestow:
Except when Cæsar's birthday does return,
And joyful fires throughout the village burn;
Then moderate each takes his cheerful glass,
And our good wishes to Augustus pass.

But though rich dainties never spread my board,
Nor my cool vaults Calabrian wines afford;
Yet what is neat and wholesome I can spread,
My good fat bacon and our homely bread,
With which my healthful family is fed.
Milk from the cow, and butter newly churn'd,
And new fresh cheese, with curds and cream just turn'd.
For a dessert upon my table 's seen
The golden apple, and the melon green;
The blushing peach and glossy plum there lies,
And with the mandrake tempt your hands and eyes.

These I can give, and if you 'll here repair,
To slake your thirst a cask of Autumn beer,
Reserv'd on purpose for your drinking here.

Under the spreading elms our limbs we'll lay,
While fragrant Zephyrs round our temples play.
Retir'd from courts and crowds, secure we 'll set,
And freely feed upon our country treat.
No noisy faction here shall dare intrude,
Or once disturb our peaceful solitude.

No stately beds my humble roofs adorn
Of costly purple, by carved panthers borne;
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odors through our stately rooms.
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry can spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast.

TO MY MUSE. DEC. 29, 1725. AGED 17 YEARS.

Come, Gentle Muse, and once more lend thine Aid;
O bring thy Succour to a humble Maid!
How often dost thou liberally dispense
To our dull Breast thy quick'ning Influence!
By thee inspir'd, I'll cheerful tune my Voice,
And Love and sacred Friendship make my Choice.
In my pleas'd Bosom you can freely pour,
A greater Treasure than *Jove's* Golden Shower.
Come now, fair Muse, and fill my empty mind,
With rich Ideas, great and unconfin'd;
Instruct me in those secret Arts that lie
Unseen to all but to a Poet's Eye.
O let me burn with *Sappho's* noble Fire,
But not like her for faithless man expire;
And let me rival great *Orinda's* Fame,
Or like sweet *Philomela's* be my name.
Go lead the way, my Muse, nor must you stop,
'Till we have gain'd *Parnassus'* shady Top;
'Till I have viewed those fragrant soft Retreats,
Those fields of Bliss, the Muse's sacred Seats.
I'll then devote thee to fair Virtue's Fame,
And so be worthy of a Poet's name.

The Rev. Ebenezer Turell, a member of the class of 1721, of Harvard, was ordained in 1724, and continued minister of Medford until his death, December 5, 1778, at the age of seventy-six. He published the life of Dr. Colman in 1749, and left, in manuscript, an account of a supposed case of witchcraft, which he exposes in an ingenious and sensible manner. This he accompanies with some advice touching superstitious practices in vogue, in which he says:

Young people would do wisely now to lay aside their foolish books, their trifling ballads, and all romantic accounts of dreams and trances, senseless palmistry and groundless astrology. Don't so much as look into these things. Read those that are useful to increase you in knowledge, human and divine, and which are more entertaining to an ingenious mind. Truth is the food of an immortal soul. Feed not any longer on the fabulous husks of falsehood. Never use any of the devil's playthings; there are much better recreations than legerdemain tricks. Turn not the sieve, &c., to know futurities; 'tis one of the greatest mercies of heaven that we are ignorant of them. You only gratify Satan, and invite him into your company to deceive you. Nothing that appears by this means is to be depended on.

The horse-shoe is a vain thing, and has no natural tendency to keep off witches or evil spirits from the houses or vessels they are nailed to. If Satan should by such means defend you from lesser dangers, 'tis to make way for greater ones, and get fuller possession of your hearts. 'Tis an evil thing to hang witch papers on the neck for the cure of the agues, to bind up the weapon instead of the wound, and

* Memoirs of the Life and Death of the Pious and Ingenious Mrs. Jane Turell, who expired at Medford, March 26, 1735, Ætat. 27. chiefly collected from her own manuscripts. Boston, N.E., 1735.

many things of the like nature, which some in the world are fond of.

JOHN SECCOMB.

JOHN SECCOMB, a descendant of Richard Seccomb, who settled in the town of Lynn, was a son of Peter Seccomb, of Medford, Mass., where he was born in April, 1708. He was graduated at Harvard College, in 1728. In 1733 he was ordained minister of the town of Harvard. He appears to have discharged the duties of his office acceptably up to the period of his resignation in 1757. He became, about six years after, the minister of a dissenting congregation in Chester, Nova Scotia, where he remained until his death in 1792.

He published an Ordination Sermon in Nova Scotia, and a Discourse on the Funeral of the Consort of Jonathan Belcher.* *Father Abbey's Will* was sent out to England by Governor Belcher, and published both in the Gentleman's Magazine and European Magazines in May, 1732. It was reprinted in the Massachusetts Magazine for November, 1794, with a notice attributing the authorship to John Seccomb. A correspondent having disputed the statement, and asserted that the production belonged to the Rev. Joseph Seccomb, of Kingston, N. H., the editor of the Magazine wrote as follows.

From Thaddeus Mason, Esq., of Cambridge, the only surviving classmate and very intimate friend of the Rev. John Seccombe, the public may be assured the *he*, the long reputed, was the *real* author. His brother Joseph, though a lively genius, never pretended to write poetry; but Mr. Mason was furnished with several poetical effusions of his classmate's. They commenced an early correspondence. And through this channel flowed many a tuneful ditty. One of these letters, dated "Cambridge, Sep. 27, 1728," the editor has before him. It is a most humorous narrative of the fate of a goose roasted at "Yankee Hastings," and it concludes with a poem on the occasion, in the mock heroic. * * * Mr. Mason wonders there have been any doubts respecting the *real author* of this witty production. He is able and ready, were it necessary, to give more circumstantial, explicit, and positive evidence than the present writing.

The editor of a recent reprint of Father Abbey's Will, though unable to trace the "mock heroic," gives us a pleasant account of the possible previous history of its savory subject.

We know not what has become of the letter or of the "mock heroic," and we cannot speak with certainty of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. But the following facts may shed some light thereon. The author resided in Cambridge after he graduated. In common with all who had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and not that of Master of Arts, he was called "Sir," and known as "Sir Seccomb." In the autumn after his graduation, several geese disappeared at different times from Cambridge Common. The loss occasioned great discomfort to the owner. Some of the "Sirs," as well as undergraduates were arraigned before the college government. At length several of them were fined seven shillings apiece for being privy to and taking the "third" goose, and one of them was fined three shillings more for "lying" about it. On the morning of Nov. 28, 1728, the sentence was announced. This was done in the college hall, after the reading and before the prayer, and a suitable amount of admonition was given against the immoralities condemned. The rogues were required to indemnify the owner, and the one who first proposed to steal the first goose, and being concerned in stealing and eating the "three geese taken on the Common," was sent from college. How much this had to do with the inspiration of the letter and the "mock heroic" is not known; but the writer was a "Sir," and without doubt was well acquainted with the facts in the case.

Father Abbey was Matthew Abdy. He was born about 1650, the son of a fisherman who lived about Boston harbor, and, according to the record in President Leverett's Diary, was "appointed sweeper and bed-maker upon probation," Feb. 19, 1718. By another College authority we find that he also held the responsible office of bottle-washer, as Tutor Flint in his private Diary and Account-book, writes:

May 25, 1725, Paid Abdy 3sh., for washing a groce of Bottles.

A second entry on the subject suggests some doubts of his faithfulness:

April 10th, 1727. Abdy washed 10 doz. and 5 bottles as he says, tho' w'n he brought them up he reckoned but 9 doz. and 1, at 4d. pd down. Total, 3sh. 8d.

In the third and last, there is no question raised:

April 27, 1730. Paid Abdy 4sh., for washing a groce of bottles.

Abdy, and his wife Ruth, were baptized and admitted to church membership in Cambridge, February 25, 1727–8. Ruth, after the death of Matthew, remained a widow, unmoved by the passionate strains of Seccomb's second poem. The Boston Evening Post of Monday, December 13, 1762, contains her obituary.

Cambridge, Dec. 10. Yesterday died here in a very advanced age Mrs. Abdy, Sweeper for very many years at Harvard College, and well known to all that have had an education here within the present century. She was relict of Matthew Abdy, Sweeper, well known to the learned world by his last Will and Testament.

The Cambridge City Records give her age as 93.

Father Abbey's Will and the Letter to his Widow have been published in a single sheet broadside, and have been recently reprinted with notice of all the persons and places concerned in the matters which partake largely of the wit of their subject, by John Langdon Sibley, of Harvard, in the Cambridge Chronicle of 1854.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.*

To which is now added, a letter of Courtship to his virtuous and amiable Widow.

Cambridge, December, 1730.

Some time since died here, Mr. Matthew Abbey, in a very advanced age: He had for a great number

* A Sermon preached at Halifax, July 3, 1770, at the Ordination of the Rev. Bruin Romcas Comingoe, to the Dutch Calvinistic Presbyterian Congregation, at Lunenburg, by John Seccomb, of Chester, A.M., being the first preached in the province of Nova Scotia, on such an occasion, to which is added an Appendix. Halifax: A. Henry. 1770. A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Honorable Abigail Belcher, late consort of Jonathan Belcher, Esq., late Lt. Gov. and Com. in Chief, and His Majesty's present Ch. J. of his province of Nova Scotia, del. at Halifax, in the said province, Oct. 20, 1771, by John Seccomb, of Chester, A.M., with an Epistle by Mather Byles, D.D. Boston: T. & J. Fleet.

of years served the College in quality of Bedmaker and Sweeper: Having no child, his wife inherits his whole estate, which he bequeathed to her by his last will and testament, as follows, viz.:

TO my dear wife
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her,
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart rope,
A frying pan and kettle,
An ashes pale,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old saucepan for butter.

A little mug,
A two quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking glass
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true,
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash,
My powder horn and bullet.

An old sword blade,
A garden spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woollen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small tooth comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid,
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed,
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation,
To serve the college in his station.

Newhaven, January 2, 1731.

Our sweeper having lately buried his spouse, and accidentally hearing of the death and will of his deceased Cambridge brother, has conceived a violent passion for the relict. As love softens the mind and disposes to poetry, he has eas'd himself in the following strains, which he transmits to the charming widow, as the first essay of his love and courtship.

MISTRESS Abbey
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die,
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your dear spouse
Had reach'd us at Newhaven,
My dear wife dy'd,
Who was my bride,
In anno eighty-seven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands, for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dow'r
I make this flowing verse on;
In these smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left by *Mat.*
Fortune to me has granted

In equal store,
I've one thing more
Which Matthew long had wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true
You have to shew,
The young think teeth inviting.
But, silly youths!
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woful times is fitting.
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

[A furrowed brow,
Where corn might grow,
Such fertile soil is seen in't,
A long hook nose,
Tho' scorn'd by foes,
For spectacles convenient.]*

Thus to go on
I would put down
Your charms from head to foot,
Set all your glory
In verse before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay;
For soon as you come hither,
We'll eat and sleep,
Make beds and sweep
And talk and smoke together.

But if, my dear,
I must move there,
Tow'rds Cambridge straight I'll set me
To touse the hay
On which you lay,
If age and you will let me.

A clever imitation of Father Abbey's Will, entitled "Ned Wealthy's Last Will and Testament," appears in the London Magazine for August, 1734. It copies the incongruous associations with some coarse additions, but must yield in humor to the original.

Since all men must
Return to dust,
From which they first did spring:
I give my gear;
From debts quite clear
In manner following.

But lest hot broils,
And endless toils,
'Bout my effects arise;
Half to my Sue,
Half to my Prue,
I frankly here devise.

My thrice sol'd shoes,
My Sunday hose,
A jacket made of leather;
An old straw bed,
That serv'd poor Ned,
In boisterous stormy weather, &c.

* "We think this stanza may be an interpolation. It is found in the London Magazine; but not in the Gentleman's Magazine or on the Broadside."

JOHN BEVERIDGE.

John Beveridge, the author of a volume of Latin verses, was a native of Scotland, where he commenced his career as a schoolmaster in Edinburgh. One of his pupils was the blind poet Blacklock, to whom he afterwards addressed some English lines, in which he gives the motives which induced him to attempt poetry, with a Latin translation of his friend's version of the 104th Psalm.

In 1752 he removed to New England, where he remained five years, and became intimate with Dr. Mayhew and other leading men of that city. In 1758 he was appointed Professor of Languages in the college and academy of Philadelphia. Alexander Graydon,* who was one of his pupils, says "he retained the smack of his vernacular tongue in its primitive purity," and has preserved the memory, in his Memoirs, of some schoolboy anecdotes which show that he was a poor disciplinarian. One of the larger boys once pulled off his wig under pretence of brushing off a fly from it, and a still greater liberty was indulged in one afternoon, by suddenly closing the door and windows and pelting the master with dictionaries. "This most intolerable outrage," says Graydon, "had a run of several days, and was only put a stop to by the vigorous interference of the faculty." Beveridge, "diminutive in his stature, and neither young nor vigorous," being unable to administer corporal punishment efficiently, "after exhausting himself in the vain attempt to denude the delinquent, was generally glad to compound for a few strokes over his clothes, on any part that was accessible."

Beveridge published, in 1765, a collection of Latin poems, *Epistolæ Familiares et alia quædam miscellanea.*† The book is dedicated in Latin to the provincial dignitaries, Penn, Allan, Hamilton, Smith, and Alison. Next follow lines by A. Alexander,‡ "On Mr. Beveridge's Poetical Performances"—a few of which we quote.

* Graydon's Memoirs, 35. Graydon also went to school to another writer of some note in his day, David James Dove. Dove sadly belied his name, his chief reputation being that of a savage satirist. He was born in England, and it is said figures in a book mentioned in Boswell's Johnson, "The Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Taylor." Dove was English teacher in the Philadelphia Academy, but, quarrelling with the trustees, took charge of the Germantown Academy on its organization in 1762. He soon got into a quarrel here also, and started an opposition school in a house which he built on an adjoining lot. The enterprise shortly fell through.

Dove applied his humor to the management of his school as well as to the composition of his satires. "His birch," says Graydon, "was rarely used in canonical method, but was generally stuck into the back part of the collar of the unfortunate culprit, who, with this badge of disgrace towering from his nape like a broom at the mast-head of a vessel for sale, was compelled to take his stand upon the top of the form, for such a period of time as his offence was thought to deserve." Boys who were late in appearing in the morning were waited upon by a deputation of scholars and escorted with bell and lighted lantern through the streets to school. He was once late himself, and submitted with a good grace to the same attentions, which his pupils did not lose an opportunity of bestowing.

Dove's satires have passed away with the incidents and personages which gave them birth. They appeared in the periodicals of the day.

† Epistolæ Familiares et Alia quædam miscellanea. Familiar Epistles, and other Miscellaneous Pieces—wrote originally in Latin verse. By John Beveridge, A.M., Professor of Languages in the Academy of Philadelphia. To which are added several translations into English verse, by different Hands, &c. Philadelphia, printed for the Author by William Bradford, 1765, 88 8vo. pages, 16 of which are closely printed.

‡ Alexander, a fine classical scholar, was appointed a tutor in the college after he was graduated, but, becoming involved in pecuniary embarrassments, quitted the city soon after entering upon his duties.—Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

If music sweet delight your ravish'd ear,
No music's sweeter than the numbers here.
In former times fam'd Maro smoothly sung,
But still he warbled in his native tongue;
His tow'ring thoughts and soft enchanting lays
Long since have crown'd him with immortal bays;
But ne'er did Maro such high glory seek
As to excel Mæonides in Greek.
Here you may view a bard of modern time,
Who claims fair Scotland as his native clime,
Contend with Flaccus on the Roman Lyre,
His humour catch and glow with kindred fire.
When some gay rural landscape proves his theme,
Some sweet retirement or some silver stream;
Nature's unfolded in his melting song,
The brooks in softer murmurs glide along,
The gales blow gentler thro' the nestling trees,
More aromatic fragrance fills the breeze:
Tiber, the theme of many a bard's essay,
Is sweetly rival'd here in Casco Bay.

The epistles are forty-six in number, two of which are in English. The forty-third is addressed, "Ad præcellentiss. Tho. Penn. Pennsylvaniæ Proprietarium, seu (Latine) Dominum." Of the two in English the second is addressed to Thomas Blacklock, "the celebrated blind poet, who was taught his Latin by the author," as he informs us in a note. The first is so pleasantly written that it will bear quotation in part.

TO * * * * * * * *.

Dear Sir, methinks I see you smile,
To find the muse does you beguile,
Stealing upon you by a wile,
And in a dress unusual;
Know then she's fond, in her new cloth,
To visit you and madam both:
Then treat her kindly, she is loath
To meet with a refusal.

In the enjoyment of your wife,
She wishes long and happy life,
Secure from trouble, care, and strife,
And then a generation
Of boys and girls; a hopeful race,
Their aged parents' crown and grace;
Skilful in war, and when 'tis peace
The glory of their nation.

May never want your steps pursue,
Nor watchful care contract your brow:
The horn of plenty be your due,
With health and skill to use it.
No narrow views debase your soul;
May you ne'er want a cheerful bowl,
To treat a friend, and cares controul;
But yet do not abuse it.

Improve the days that are serene;
Make hay while yet the sun doth shine,
'Twill not avail you to repine;
Take care lest here you blunder.
You can't recall the by-past hours,
The present time is only yours;
The warmest day brings quickest show'rs,
And often, too, with thunder.

And storms will happen; when 'tis so,
Low'r down the sails and let 'em blow:
Or guard yourself at least from woe,
By yielding to the billows.
Tempests will rend the stubborn oak,
The tallest pines are soonest broke,
And *yield* beneath the furious stroke
Which never hurts the willows.

Tho' sometimes they may make you smart,
Take curtain lectures in good part;
I think philosopher thou art,
And know'st how to improve them.
The doctor's pills, altho' they're bitter,
And may at present raise a spl—r,
Yet as they tend the health to better,
We take, but do not love them.

Now to your fair I this would say:
As ———'s heart you stole away,—
"Stole! No, dear Sir, he gave it."
—Well, giv'n or stol'n I'll not contend,
And here will let that matter end;
But next contrive to save it.

I mean to save it for yourself,
Or else the cunning, wayward elf,
Perchance may sometimes wander.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds too short a reign,
Yet do not at this wonder.

If you your empire would maintain,
Use the same arts that did it gain,
Success will never fail you.
At ev'ry trifle scorn offence,
Which shows great pride or little sense,
And never will avail you.

Shun av'rice, vanity, and pride;
High titles, empty toys deride,
Tho' glitt'ring in the fashions.
You're wealthy if you are content,
For pow'r, its amplest best extent,
Is empire o'er the passions.

'Tis not on madam's heavenly face,
His ever constant love he'll place;
Only consult your glasses:
For beauty, like the new blown flow'r,
Lives but the glory of an hour,
And then forever passes.

The graces of your mind display,
When transient beauties fly away,
Than empty phantoms fleeter·
Then as the hours of life decline,
You like the setting sun shall shine,
With milder rays and sweeter.

The translations are thus apologetically introduced: "The Editor begs a little indulgence for them, as they are all (except Dr. Mayhew's and Mr. Morton's,) done by students under age; and if the Critic will only bear with them, till their understandings are mature, I apprehend they are in a fair way of doing better." Several are by Thomas Coombe, A. Alexander, A. B., and T—— H——, student in philosophy. W—— J——, N. Evans, A. M., and Stephen Watts,* contribute one or two each. Mayhew furnishes two, the first of which trips off pleasantly:

Dear Thomas, of congenial soul,
My first acquaintance in the school;
With whom I oft have worn away,
In mirthful jests the loit'ring day.
Treading the dialectic road
Of major, minor, figure, mood.

* Watts published, at an early age, an "Essay on the Advantages of a Perpetual Union between Great Britain and her Colonies," which was received with great favor. He afterwards removed to Louisiana, where he married a daughter of the Spanish Governor.—Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

THOMAS COOMBE.

Thomas Coombe, who first appears in our literature as a translator of some of his teacher Beveridge's Latin poems, was a native of Philadelphia, and after concluding his course at the College, studied theology, and visiting England to take orders, was on his return appointed an assistant minister of Christ Church. He sided with the liberal party at the outbreak of the Revolution, but disapproving of the separation from England, joined after that event the tory party. He was, in 1777, banished with others, by the legislature, to Staunton, Virginia, but was allowed on the score of sickness to remain. He soon after went to England. The Earl of Carlisle made him his chaplain, and he finally became a Prebendary of Canterbury, and one of the royal chaplains.* In 1775, he published in London a short narrative poem, *The Peasant of Auburn, or the Emigrant*,† accompanied by a few smaller pieces. The tract is dedicated to Goldsmith, and seems designed as a continuation of the Deserted Village. It presents a lugubrious picture of the fortunes of an emigrant. We quote a few of its closing pages.

Edwin, a wanderer on the banks of the Ohio, relates his mournful experiences.

Much had I heard from men unus'd to feign,
Of this New World, and freedom's gentle reign.
'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud master spurn'd;
The poor man ate secure the bread he earned;
That verdant vales were fed by brighter streams
Than my own Medway, or the silver Thames:
Fields without bounds, spontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bless'd the favor'd shore.
Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baseless as the air.

Is this, O dire reverse, is this the land,
Where nature sway'd, and peaceful worthies plann'd?
Where injured freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd seat, her last asylum held!
Ye glittering towns that crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witness the change, and as ye witness weep.
Mourn all ye streams, and all ye fields deplore,
Your slaughter'd sons, your verdure stain'd with gore.

Time was, blest time, to weeping thousands dear,
When all that poets picture flourished here.
Then War was not, Religion smil'd and spread,
Arts, Manners, Learning, rear'd their polish'd head;
Commerce, her sails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on these coasts the treasures of the world.
Past are those halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.
Brothers 'gainst brothers rise in vengeful strife;
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life,
Sons, leagued with foes, unsheath their impious sword,
And gore the nurturing breast they had ador'd.

How vain my search to find some lowly bower,
Far from those scenes of death, this rage for power;
Some quiet spot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pause from woe, and calmly die.
No such retreat the boundless shades embrace,
But man with beast divides the bloody chase.
What tho' some cottage rise amid the gloom,
In vain its pastures spring, its orchards bloom;
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here as I trace my melancholy way,
The prowling Indian snuffs his wonted prey,
Ha! should I meet him in his dusky round—
Late in these woods I heard his murderous sound—
Still the deep war hoop vibrates on mine ear,
And still I hear his tread, or seem to hear—
Hark! the leaves rustle! what a shriek was there!
'Tis he! tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
Hold, coward heart, I'll answer to the yell,
And chase the murderer to his gory cell.
Savage!—but oh! I rave—o'er yonder wild,
E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
She, the dear source and soother of my pain,
My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor Lucy! in whose face, whose breast,
My long-lost Emma liv'd again confest,
Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
Soon shall the turf infold this weary head;
Soon shall my spirit reach that peaceful shore,
Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
When shall I cease to rue the fatal morn
When first from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn.

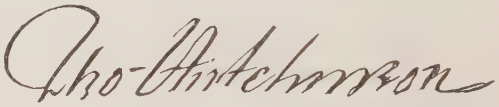
He spake—and frantic with the sad review
Prone on the shore his tottering limbs he threw.
Life's crimson strings were bursting round his heart,
And his torn soul was throbbing to depart;
No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd stranger near,
To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
Angels of grace, your golden pinions spread,
Temper the winds, and shield his houseless head.
Let no rude sounds disturb life's awful close,
And guard his relics from inhuman foes.
O haste and waft him to those radiant plains,
Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal reigns

* Fisher's Early Poets of Pa. 98.

† The Peasant of Auburn, or the Emigrant. A Poem. By T. Coombe, D.D. "The short and simple annals of the Poor," Gray. Phil. Enoch Story, Jun. (no date.) Coombe was evidently, from some lines in his poem, a reader of Collins's Eclogues as well as of Goldsmith.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

Thomas Hutchinson, the celebrated Governor of Massachusetts at the outset of the revolution, was a descendant of Ann Hutchinson, and a son of Colonel Thomas Hutchinson, a leading merchant and member of the council of the colony. He was born in 1711, and was graduated at Harvard in 1727. He commenced his career as a merchant, but failing in that pursuit studied law.



He was chosen a selectman of Boston in 1738, and appointed the agent of the town to visit London in the discharge of important business, a duty which he performed with great success. After his return, he was for ten years a member, and for three the speaker of the colonial House of Representatives, where he obtained a great reputation as a debater and efficient presiding officer. He was a member of the council from 1749 to 1766, and lieutenant-governor from 1758 to 1771. He was also appointed a judge of probate in 1752, and chief-justice in 1760. During the agitation which followed the passage of the Stamp-Act, in consequence of a report that he had expressed an opinion in favor of that unpopular measure, his house was twice attacked by a mob. On the first occasion the windows were broken, and a few evenings after, on the 26th of August, the

doors forced open, the furniture and woodwork destroyed, and the house remained in possession of the rioters until morning. A great number of public and private documents were also destroyed. The town passed resolutions condemnatory of the act, and some six or eight persons were imprisoned, who were speedily set at liberty by a company, who, by threatening the jailor, obtained the keys. Hutchinson was indemnified for his losses by a public grant.

A new subject of controversy arose in 1767 in consequence of his taking a seat in the council in virtue of his office as lieutenant-governor. He abandoned his claim to a seat, and was a few days after appointed one of the commissioners for settling the boundary line with New York, a duty which he discharged greatly to the advantage of the colony.

On the departure of Governor Bernard, in 1769, the whole duties of the office fell upon his lieutenant. Fresh difficulties arose, and he had forwarded a request to England to be discharged from office, when he received the announcement of his appointment as governor. He accepted the office. He continued to increase in unpopularity with the council and people in consequence of the publication of the letters written by him to England, which were discovered and sent back by Franklin. The council and house voted an address for his removal, but his conduct was approved by the king.

He was, however, removed after the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and General Gage appointed in his place. Although notified by Gage on his arrival, May 13, that the king intended to reinstate him as soon as Gage's military duties called him elsewhere, he sailed for England on the first of June following. He received a pension from the English government, which was inadequate to the liberal support of his family, and after, according to the account of John Adams, "being laughed at by the courtiers for his manners at the levee, searching his pockets for letters to read to the king, and the king's turning away from him with his nose up," lived in retirement at Brompton, where he died, June 3, 1780.

Hutchinson was the author of a *History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from its First Settlement in* 1628 *to the year* 1750, in two volumes, the first of which was published in 1760, and the second in 1767. A third, bringing the narrative down to 1774, was published from a manuscript left behind him after his decease, by his grandson the Rev. John Hutchinson, of Trentham, England, in 1828. He also published various pamphlets, and a volume of documents relative to the history of the colony in 1769.

EARLY CAROLINA LITERATURE.

THERE were comparatively few early productions of the historic class in the Carolinas. The population was scant; the wonder of the early settlements had abated, and the settlers were not a writing people. Several historic tracts may be mentioned.

T. A., Gent. (Thomas Ashe), clerk on board his Majesty's ship the Richmond, sent out in 1680, published on his return in 1682, *Carolina; or a Description of the Present state of that country, and the natural excellencies theref; namely, the Healthfulness of the Air, Pleasantness of the Place, Advantages and Usefulness of those rich Commodities there plentifully abounding, which much encrease and flourish by the industry of the planters that daily enlarge that colony.* It forms twenty-six octavo pages in the reprint in Carroll's Collections.*

John Archdale, late Governor of the province, printed at London in 1707, *A new description of that fertile and pleasant Province of Carolina; with a brief account of its discovery and settling, and the government thereof to this time. With several remarkable passages of Divine Providence during my time.* It forms thirty-six pages of Carroll's Collection, and is chiefly occupied with the discussions arising under his administration.†

In 1708, John Stevens published in his new collection of voyages and travels, *a New Voyage to Carolina, with a journal of a Thousand Miles Travelled through several nations of Indians*, by John Lawson, Surveyor General of North Carolina. It was published in a separate form in 1709.‡ Lawson was captured while exploring lands in North Carolina, and sacrificed by the Indians in the war of 1712.§

The earliest literature in South Carolina was scientific, medical, and theological, and came from intelligent foreigners who took up their residence in the country. The education of the sons of the wealthy classes was carried on in Europe, and continued to be through the Colonial era. Dr. John Lining, a native of Scotland, in 1753, published at Charleston a history of the *Yellow Fever*, the first which had appeared on this continent. He was a correspondent of Franklin, and pursued scientific studies. He died in 1760, in his fifty-second year, having practised medicine in Charleston for nearly thirty years. Dr. Lionel Chalmers, also a Scotchman, was long established in the state, and published an *Essay on Fevers* at Charleston in 1767. He was the author, too, of a work on the Weather and Diseases of South Carolina, which was issued in London in 1776, the year before his death.

Dr. Alexander Garden was born in Scotland about the year 1728, and was the son of the Rev. Alex. Garden, of the parish of Birse, who, during the Rebellion in the years 1745 and 1746, was distinguished by his exertions in favor of the family of Hanover, and by his interposition in behalf of the followers of the house of Stuart after their defeat at Culloden.

Dr. Garden studied philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, and received his first medical education under the celebrated Dr. John Gregory. He arrived in South Carolina about the middle of the eighteenth century, and commenced the practice of physic in Prince William's parish, in connexion with Dr. Rose. Here he began his botanic studies, but was obliged to take a voyage northward for his health.

In 1754 he went to New York, where a professorship in the college, recently formed in that

* Historical Collections of South Carolina. By B. R. Carroll. Harpers, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. 1836.

† It was separately reprinted by A. E. Miller, Charleston, 1822.

‡ Rich's Bib. Americana.

§ Holmes' Annals, i. 507.

city, was offered him. On his return, he settled in Charleston, acquired a fortune by his practice, and a high reputation for literature. During that period he gave to the public *An Account of the Pink Root (Spigelia marilandica), with its Uses as a Vermifuge; A Description of the Helesia*, read before the Royal Society; *An Account of the Male and Female Cochineal Insects; An Account of the Amphibious Biped (the Mud Inguana or Syren of South Carolina): An Account of two new Species of Tortoises*, and another of the Gymnotus Electricus, to different correspondents, and published.

In compliment to him, Linnæus gave the name of Gardenia to one of the most beautiful and fragrant flowering shrubs in the world. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and on his arrival there, in 1783, was appointed one of its council, and subsequently one of its vice-presidents.

Dr. Garden's pulmonic disease, which had been suspended during his long residence in South Carolina, now returned upon him. He went for health to the continent, and received great kindness and distinguished compliments from the *literati* everywhere, but did not improve in health. He died in London in the year 1792, aged sixty-four years.*

The Rev. Alexander Garden, who was also from Scotland, came to Charleston about 1720, and died there in 1756, at an advanced age. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, learned and charitable. He published several theological writings, including *Letters to Whitefield*, and the *Doctrine of Justification Vindicated*. The Rev. Richard Clarke, from England, was Rector of St. Philip's, in Charleston, a good classical scholar. He published on the prophecies and universal redemption. The Rev. Isaac Chanler, and the Rev. Henry Haywood, two Baptist clergymen of the State, also published several theological writings.

The distinguished naturalist, Mark Catesby, passed several years in South Carolina, engaged in the researches for his Natural History. He was born in England in 1679. He first visited Virginia, where some of his relations resided, in 1712, remaining there seven years collecting plants, and studying the productions of the country. Returning to England, he was led by his scientific friends, Sir Hans Sloane and others, to revisit America, and took up his residence in South Carolina in 1722. He traversed the coast, and made distant excursions into the interior, and visited the Bahamas, collecting the materials for his work, the first volume of which was completed in 1732, and the second in 1743. The plates, then the most costly which had been devoted to the Natural History of America, were completed in 1748. A second edition was published in 1754,† and a third in 1771. Catesby died in London in 1749.

* Ramsay's Biog. Sketches, appended to the second volume of his History of South Carolina.

† The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands, containing the figures of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, Insects, and Plants: particularly the Forest Trees, Shrubs, and other plants not hitherto described, or very incorrectly figured by authors, together with their Descriptions in English and French, to which are added Observations on the Air, Soil, and Waters: with Remarks upon Agriculture, Grain, Pulse, Roots, &c., by the late Mark Catesby, F.R.S. Revised by Mr. Edwards, of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 2 vols. folio, Lond. 1754.

* Kettell's Specimens; Thacher's Med. Biog.; Allen; Eliot.

JOHN OSBORN.

John Osborn was born in 1713 at Sandwich, a village on Cape Cod Bay. His father was a schoolmaster, and subsequently a clergyman, but varied his scholastic by agricultural labors. The son received a similarly practical education, entered Harvard college at the age of nineteen, and after being graduated studied theology. At the expiration of two years he read a sermon before the assembled clergy of the neighborhood with a view of soliciting ordination, but the decision of his auditors being adverse to the doctrines, though laudatory of the literary merits of the discourse, he was refused their recommendation. He then studied medicine and was admitted to practice. He was offered a tutorship in Harvard college, but declined the appointment as a bachelorship was one of the conditions of its tenure, and he was about to become a married man. He soon after married Miss Doane, of Chatham, and removed to Middletown, Conn. In a letter to his sister in March, 1753, he complains of being confined to the house, "weak, lame, and uneasy," and of having "lingered almost two years, a life not worth having." He died May 31 of the same year, leaving six children. Two of these, John and John C., became eminent physicians and cultivated men. John published before the revolution a translation of Condamine's Treatise on Inoculation, with an Appendix; and Joel Barlow submitted his manuscript of the Vision of Columbus to his brother and Richard Alsop for review before its publication.

Two brief poems, *The Whaling Song* and *An Elegiac Epistle on the Death of a Sister*, are supposed to comprise all that Osborn has written. One of these has enjoyed a very wide popularity among the class to whom it was addressed.*

A WHALING SONG.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored,

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands.
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds, and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns:
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw:
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay;
While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

THE REV. JOHN ADAMS.

THE publisher of the *Poems on several occasions, Original and Translated, by the late Reverend and Learned John Adams, M. A.*,* says in his prefatory address to the candid reader of his author, "His own works are the best encomium that can be given him, and as long as learning and politeness shall prevail, his *sermons* will be his *monument*, and his *poetry* his *epitaph*."

The epitaph has proved more enduring than the monument, though even that has hardly escaped being thrust irrecoverably in "Time's Wallet."

* Poems on Several Occasions, Original and Translated, by the late Reverend and Learned John Adams, M. A. *Hoc placuit semel, hoc decies repetita placebit.* Hor. de Art. Poet. Boston. Printed for D. Gookin, in Marlborough street, over against the Old South Meeting House. 1745.

The Rev. John Adams's little volume is seldom

thought of or seen, save by the literary student. It does not deserve the neglect into which it has fallen.

His life, so far as known, may be narrated in a sentence. He was the only son of the Hon. John Adams, of Nova Scotia, was born in 1704, graduated from Harvard in 1721, was ordained and settled at Newport, Rhode Island, contrary, it is said, to the wishes of Mr. Clap, the pastor, whose congregation formed a new society, leaving Mr. Adams, who appears to have been an assistant, to officiate for two years, and then be dismissed.

He was in great repute as an eloquent preacher, and is described by his uncle, Matthew Adams, as "master of nine languages." He died in 1740, at the early age of thirty-six years, at Cambridge, the fellows of the College appearing as pall-bearers, and the most distinguished persons of the state as mourners at his funeral.

His volume contains a poetical paraphrase, chapter by chapter, of the Book of Revelation, and of some detached passages from other parts of the Bible. Like most well educated writers of verse, he has tried his hand on a few of the Odes of Horace, and with success.

The original poems consist of tributes to deceased friends, penned with ingenuity and eloquence, a poem in three parts on Society, and a few verses on devotional topics.

He was also the author of some verses addressed "To a gentleman on the sight of some of his Poems," published in "A Collection of Poems by Several Hands," Boston, 1744. They were addressed to the Rev. Mather Byles, and are stated in a MS. note in a copy of the collection, now in the possession of Mr. George Ticknor, to be by Adams. He was also the author of a poem on the Love of Money.

His sermon delivered at his ordination in 1728 was published. The collection of his poems contains an advertisement that "a number of select and excellent sermons from his pen are ready for the press, and upon suitable encouragement will be shortly published." But the suitable encouragement seems to have never been received.

FROM A POEM ON SOCIETY.

By inclination, and by judgment led,
A constant friend we choose, for friendship made.
His breast the faithful cabinet to hold
More precious secrets, than are gems or gold.
His temper sweetly suited to our own,
Where wit and honesty conspire in one,
And perfect breeding, like a beauteous dress,
Give all his actions a peculiar grace:
Whose lofty mind with high productions teems,
And fame immortal dazzles with its beams.
Not avarice, nor odious flattery
Lodge in his breast, nor can ascend so high;
Or if they dare to tempt, he hurls them down,
Like Jove the rebels, from his reason's throne.
Nor is his face in anger's scarlet drest,
Nor black revenge eats up his canker'd breast.
Nor envy's furies in his bosom roll,
To lash with steely whips, his hideous soul:
Not sour contempt sits on his scornful brow,

Nor looks on human nature sunk below;
But heavenly candor, like unsullied day,
Flames in his thoughts, and drives the clouds away.
And all his soul is peaceful, like the deep,
When all the warring winds are hush'd asleep.
Whose learning's pure, without the base alloy
Of rough ill manners, or worse pedantry.
Refin'd in taste, in judgment cool and clear,
To others gentle, to himself severe.
But, most of all, whose smooth and heavenly breast,
Is with a calm of conscience ever blest:
Whose piercing eyes disperse the flying gloom,
Which hides the native light of things to come;
And can disclose the dark mysterious maze,
Thro' which we wind, in airy pleasure's chace.
While after God his panting bosom heaves,
For whom the glittering goods of life he leaves.
With this blest man, how longs my soul to dwell!
And all the nobler flights of friendship feel,
Forever chain'd to his enchanting tongue,
And with his charming strains in consort strung.

It some retirement, spread with shaded greens,
Our feet would wander thro' surrounding scenes;
Or sitting near the murmur of the rills,
The grass our bed, our curtains echoing hills;
In mazy thought and contemplation join,
Or speak of human things, or themes divine:
On nature's work by gentle steps to rise,
And by this ladder gain th' impending skies;
Follow the planets thro' their rolling spheres,
Shine with the sun, or glow among the stars:
From world to world, as bees from flow'r to flow'r,
Thro' nature's ample garden take our tour.
Oh! could I with a seraph's vigor move!
Guided thro' nature's trackless path to rove,
I'd gaze, and ask the laws of every Ball,
Which rolls unseen within this mighty *All*,
'Till, reaching to the verge of Nature's height
In God would lose th' unwearied length of flight.

* * * * * *

But oh! what joys thro' various bosoms rove,
As silver riv'lets warble through a grove,
When fix'd on Zion's ever-wid'ning plains,
The force of friendship but increas'd remains:
When friend to friend, in robes immortal drest,
With heighten'd graces shall be seen confest;
And with a triumph, all divine, relate
The finish'd labours of this gloomy state:
How heavenly glory dries their former grief,
All op'ning from the puzzled maze of life;
How scenes on scenes, and joys on joys arise,
And fairer visions charm on keener eyes.
Here each will find his friend a bubbling source,
Forever fruitful in divine discourse:
No common themes will grace their flowing tongues,
No common subjects will inspire their songs:
United, ne'er to part, but still to spend
A jubilee of rapture without end—
But oh! my Muse, from this amazing height
Descend, and downward trace thy dangerous flight;
Some angel best becomes such lofty things,
With skill to guide, and strength to urge his wings:
To lower strains, confine thy humble lays,
'Till, by experience taught, thou learn to praise.

In handling the following pathetic theme he touches the lyre with no trembling hand.

TO MY HONOURED FATHER ON THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

Now Heav'n has quench'd the vivid orbs of light,
By which all nature glitter'd to your sight,
And universal darkness has o'er-spread
The splendid honours of your aged head;
Let faith light up its strong and piercing eye,
And in remoter realms new worlds descry:
Faith, which the mind with fairer glories fills,
Than human sight to human sense reveals.
See Jesus, sitting on a flamy throne,
Whose piercing beams the vailing angels own;
While bowing seraphs, blissful, clap their wings,
Ting'd with the light that from his presence springs.
You, who can touch the strings to melting airs,
And with melodious trills enchant our ears,
May, wing'd by faith, to heavenly vocal plains,
In fancy's organ, drink sublimer strains:
The sounds, which love and sacred joys inspire,
Which pour the music from the raptur'd choir.
Tho', now the net is wove before your sight,
The web, unfolding soon, will give the light:
The visual rays will thro' the pupil spring,
And nature in a fairer landskip bring.
But first your frame must moulder in the ground,
Before the light will kindle worlds around:
Your precious ashes, sow'd within the glebe,
Will teem with light, and purer beams imbibe:
Shut now from all the scenes of cheerful day,
You ne'er will see, 'till Jesus pours the ray,
And all the pomp of Heav'n around display.
So when a stream has warbled thro' the wood,
Its limpid bosom smooths and clears its flood;
The rolling mirrour deep imbibes the stains
Of heav'nly saphyr, and impending greens;
'Till thro' the ground, in secret channels led,
It hides its glories in the gloomy bed:
'Till, op'ning thro' a wide and flow'ry vale,
Far fairer scenes the purer streams reveal.

Of his Horatian exercises we may take the first ode:—

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE I.

Mæcenas, whose ennobled veins
The blood of ancient monarchs stains;
My safeguard, beauty and delight.
Some love the chariot's rapid flight,
To whirl along the dusty ground,
Till with Olympic honors crown'd:
And if their fiery coursers tend
Beyond the goal, they shall ascend
In merit, equal to the gods,
Who people the sublime abodes.
Others, if mingled shouts proclaim
Of jarring citizens, their name,
Exalted to some higher post,
Are in the clouds of rapture lost.
This, if his granary contain
In crowded heaps the ripen'd grain,
Rejoicing his paternal field
To plough, a future crop to yield;
In vain his timorous soul you'd move
Though endless sums his choice should prove,
To leave the safety of the land,
And trust him to the wind's command.
The trembling sailor, when the blue
And boisterous deep his thoughts pursue,
Fearful of tempests, dreads his gain
To venture o'er the threat'ning main:
But loves the shades and peaceful town
Where joy and quiet dwell alone.
But when, impatient to be poor,
His flying vessels leave the shore.
Others the present hour will seize,
And less for business are than ease;
But flowing cups of wine desire,
Which scatter grief, and joy inspire;
Joyful they quaff, and spread their limbs
Along the banks of murm'ring streams,

While trees, which shoot their tow'ring heads,
Protect them with their cooling shades.
Some love the camp and furious war,
Where nations, met with nations, jar;
The noise of victors, and the cries
Of vanquish'd, which assault the skies,
While at the trumpet's piercing ring
Their mounting spirits vigorous spring;
When fainting matrons, in a swound,
Receive the martial music's sound.
The morning hunter seeks his prey,
Though chill'd by heaven's inclemency.
Forgets his house: with dogs pursues
The flying stag in her purlieus.
Or his entangling net contains
The foamy boar, in ropy chains.
But me, the ivy wreaths, which spread
Their blooming honors round the head
Of learned bards, in raptures raise,
And with the gods unite in praise.
The coolness of the rural scenes,
The smiling flowers and ever-greens.
And sportful dances, all inspire
My soul, with more than vulgar fire.
If sweet Euterpe give her flute,
And Polyhymnia lend her lute.
If you the deathless bays bestow,
And by applauses make them grow,
Toward the stars, my winged fame
Shall fly, and strike the heavenly frame.

JOHN WINTHROP.

The accomplished natural philosopher, Professor Winthrop, of Harvard, was a man of eminent scientific reputation in his day, and was universally

spoken of with respect. He was a representative of old Governor Winthrop in the fourth generation in descent from the fifth son. He was born in Boston in 1714, studied at Cambridge, and six years after his first degree, was appointed, in 1733, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, to succeed Greenwood. His Observations of the Transit of Mercury, in 1740, were communicated to the Royal Society, of which he subsequently became a Fellow, and were published in the forty-second volume of their Transactions. In 1755 he published a *Lecture on Earthquakes*, on occasion of the celebrated phenomenon of that year, and parried in a philosophical manner an attack which followed from the Rev. Dr. Prince, of Boston, who thought the theology of the day might be impaired in consequence. Though his religious opinions were firmly held, his election to his Professorship had occasioned some opposition, as has since been the case with Priestley, Playfair, and an instance of the present day, in New York. A special doctrinal examination was waived in his favor.* In 1759 he published two *Lectures on Comets*, which he read in the college chapel in April of that year, on occasion of the comet which appeared in that month. His style in these essays, in which he reviews the speculations on the subject, and unfolds the theory of Newton, is marked by its ease and felicity. As an instance of his manner, we may quote some of his more general remarks at the conclusion.

"It is not to be doubted, that the allwise Author of nature designed so remarkable a sort of bodies for important purposes, both natural and moral, in His creation. The *moral* purposes seem not very difficult to be found. Such grand and unusual appearances tend to rouse mankind, who are apt to *fall asleep*, while *all things continue as they were;* to awaken their attention and to direct it to the supreme Governor of the universe, whom they would be in danger of totally forgetting, were nature always to glide along with an uniform tenor. These *exotic* stars serve to raise in our minds most sublime conceptions of God, and particularly display his exquisite skill. The motions of many comets being contrary to those of the planets, shew that neither of them proceed from necessity or fate, but from choice and design. The same thing is to be seen in the figure and situation of their orbits; which, indeed, have not the appearance of regularity, as those of the planets, and yet are the result of admirable contrivance. By means of their great eccentricity, they run so swiftly through the planetary regions, as to have but very little time to disturb their own motions or those of the planets. And this end is still more effectually answered in those comets whose motion is retrograde or contrary to that of the planets.

* * * * *

"But instead of entering here into a detail, which would probably answer no valuable end, I choose rather to turn your thoughts to that consummate wisdom which presides over this vast machine of nature, and has so regulated the several movements in it as to obviate the damage that might arise from this quarter. None but an eye able to pierce into the remotest futurity, and to foresee, throughout all ages, all the situations which this numerous class of bodies would have towards the planets, in consequence of the laws of their respective motions, could have given so just an arrangement to their several orbits, and assigned them their places at first in their orbits, with such perfect accuracy, that their motions have ever since continued without interfering, and no disasters of this sort have taken place, unless we except the case of the deluge. For though so many comets have traversed this planetary system, and some of their orbits run near to those of the planets; yet the planets have never been in the way, but always at a distance from the nearest point, when the comets have passed by it. The foresight of that great Being, which has hitherto prevented such disorders, will continue to prevent them, so long as He sees fit the present frame of nature should subsist. Longer than that it is not fit that it should subsist.

"It may not be unseasonable to remark, for a conclusion, that as, on the one hand, it argues a temerity unworthy a philosophic mind, to explode every apprehension of danger from comets, as if it were impossible that any damage could ever be occasioned by any of them, because some idle and superstitious fancies have in times of ignorance prevailed concerning them; so on the other, to be thrown into a panic whenever a comet appears, on account of the ill effects which some few of these bodies might possibly produce, if they were not under a proper direction, betrays a weakness equally unbecoming a reasonable being. The wisest course is to aim at such a rectitude of intention and firmness of resolution, that, as Horace says:

* Peirce, History of Harvard Univ. 188. We may refer to the remarks of Lord Brougham, in the case of Priestley, in that great writer's memoir, in "The Lives of Men of Letters."

"'Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'"

On the sixth of June, 1761, Winthrop observed the celebrated Transit of Venus, at St. John's, Newfoundland, making the voyage thither in a government vessel, at the charge of the Province, at the especial instance of Governor Bernard. This incident furnished the topic of the two poems in the *Pietas et Gratulatio* of the same year, which have been attributed to his pen.

Winthrop was followed, after an interval, in this subject, by one of his college pupils, Andrew Oliver, the eldest son of the Secretary of the Province, and a gentleman of leisure and of scientific and literary cultivation, who, in 1772, published his *Essay on Comets*, in which he maintained the theory that these bodies might be inhabited worlds, "and even comfortable habitations."* Oliver also wrote papers on *Thunder Storms* and *Water Spouts*, which were published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a member, as he was also one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In 1765 Professor Winthrop published an account of several fiery meteors visible in North America; and in 1766 his paper *Cogitata de Cometis*, which was communicated to the Royal Society by Dr. Franklin, and was separately printed in London.

When the struggle of the colonies for freedom commenced he took part in it, and was one of the Council, with Bowdoin and Dexter, negatived by the home government. He was re-chosen; and was also made Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, an office which he held till his death, in 1779, at the age of sixty. His eulogy was pronounced by Professor Wigglesworth and others; and his pupil and friend, Andrew Oliver, composed an elegy, the only specimen preserved of this writer's poetic talents.

Ye sons of Harvard! who, by Winthrop taught,
Can travel round each planetary sphere;
And winged with his rapidity of thought,
Trace all the movements of the rolling year,
Drop on his urn the tribute of a tear.

Ye, whom the love of Geometry inspired,
To chase coy science through each winding maze;
Whose breasts were with Newtonian ardor fired,
Catched by his sparks, and kindled at his blaze.
In grateful sighs, ejaculate his praise.

Ye philosophic souls! whose thoughts can trace
The wonders of the architect divine,
Through depths beneath, o'er nature's verdant face,
Where meteors play, where constellations shine,
Heave the deep groan, and mix your tears with mine.

Ye tenants of the happy seats above!
Welcome this late inhabitant of clay,
From hostile factions, to the realms of love,
Where he may bask in everlasting day,
Ye kindred spirits waft him in his way.

When in their sockets suns shall blaze their last.
Their fuel wasted, and extinct their light,
And worlds torn piecemeal by the final blast,
Subside in chaos and eternal night,

He still shall shine
In youth divine,
And soaring on cherubic wing,
Shall like an ardent seraph blaze,
And in unceasing raptures, to his Maker's praise,
Eternal hallelujahs sing.

Professor Winthrop left a son, James Winthrop, who fought and was wounded at Bunker Hill, and became Judge of the Common Pleas. He was also a man of much literature and science, a good linguist, publishing, in 1794, *An Attempt to translate part of the Apocalypse of St. John into familiar language, by divesting it of the metaphors in which it is involved*, a second edition of which was printed in 1809. He wrote for a periodical, *The Literary Miscellany*, *Dissertations on Primitive History and the Geography of the Old World*, and several scientific papers. He was librarian at Harvard for fifteen years, dying at the age of 70, at Cambridge, in 1821. He bequeathed his valuable library to the college at Meadville, Pennsylvania.*

SAMUEL CURWEN.

Samuel Curwen, a descendant from George Curwen, who settled in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1638, was born in that place in 1715. Completing his course at Harvard in 1735, he commenced a preparation for the ministry, but was obliged to abandon his determination in consequence of ill health. Disappointment in a love affair led him to seek relief in a change of scene by a visit to England. On his return he engaged in business, and became a leading merchant. In 1744–5 he served as a captain in the attack upon Louisburg. In 1759 he was appointed Impost Officer for the county of Essex, and held the office for fifteen years. In June, 1774, on the departure of Governor Hutchinson for Europe, Mr. Curwen, who was then a Judge of Admiralty, joined with one hundred and nineteen citizens of the colony, in signing an address to that officer of a commendatory character. Many of these signers were afterwards stigmatized as "Addressers," and compelled to make a public recantation of the act. Mr. Curwen declined doing this, and having from the outset sided with Great Britain, resolved to withdraw from the country until public affairs resumed their former tranquillity. A few months would, he supposed, effect this, and he sailed from Philadelphia in May, 1775, with the expectation of making a correspondingly brief stay abroad. Mr. Curwen arrived at Dover, July 3, 1775. He immediately departed for London, where he passed several months, principally occupied in sight-seeing. In June, 1776, he writes, "I find my finances so visibly lessening, that I wish I could remove from this expensive country (being heartily tired of it). To beg is a meanness I wish never to be reduced to, and to starve is stupid." With a view to economy, and probably to gratify his taste for sight-seeing as well, we find him soon after leaving London to visit the great towns in search of a less costly place of residence. After a ramble about Eng-

* Both these compositions of Winthrop and Oliver were republished, with biographical notices, in Boston, in 1811, when the re-appearance of one of these heavenly bodies had created a new interest in the subject.

* Knapp, Am. Biog. 381.

land, which gives us some curious pictures of inns and churches, show-places and antiquities, fairs and hustings, he settles down in Bristol, but in 1780 returns to London, where he remained until his departure for America after the close of the war in 1784. He returned to his native town, was entirely unmolested on account of his political course, and died in April, 1802, at the age of eighty-six.

During his sojourn in England, he kept a familiar journal of his movements, occupations, and amusements, which was sent in detached pieces to his niece, and some sixty years afterwards, in 1842, published* under the editorial care of her grandson. It is of great value in an historical point of view, displaying the condition of the refugees in England, their opinion of American affairs, and the action of Parliament during the war. It is also interesting for its pictures of London society and localities three quarters of a century ago. He falls in with Hutchinson almost as soon as he arrives, goes to hear Dr. Apthorpe preach, walks out with Parson Peters, takes tea with facetious Joseph Green, and afterwards pays a visit of condolence to his widow. He is an indefatigable sight-seer, keeps the run of the theatres, and does not despise the rope-dancers, follows the debates at the House of Commons, and looks in now and then at "the Ladies' Disputing Club, Cornhill." To the last, he takes a discouraging view of American independence, writing May 11, 1782, to Richard Ward at Salem, as follows:—

To Richard Ward, Esq., Salem.

London, *May* 11, 1782.

Dear Sir,

Should your *great and good ally* obtain the two only very probable objects of her American alliance, the impoverishment of Great Britain and the consequent seizure of the late English colonies, which she seems at present in a fair way for, no man on this side the Atlantic in his wits would, I think, whatever regard he may feel for his native country, willingly forego a bare subsistence here for French domination and wooden shoes there. I would just suggest to you, should America in this hour refuse the offers Great Britain may make of a separate peace; or France refuse to suffer her, (for we well know here the power she has acquired over her,) and no partition treaty take place, (being in the present situation the best to be expected,) depend upon it, you fathers of the present age will have it in their power, ere many revolutions of the sun, to tell their children the inestimable civil, religious and political privileges you of this generation have wantoned away, and with sad regret recount the happy condition of former days; nor will the comparison with those you will then mournfully experience between English protection and French oppression, fail to enhance your misery. You will then find the little finger of French power heavier than the loin of the English government, with all its apprehended train of evils. As a proof of my needless fears or right judgment, convey my kind love to your wife and children.

Your friend,

S. Curwen.

September 7 and 14, 1777, we find him attending

John Wesley's preachment.

In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

Sept. 14. In the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness. He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability.

September 17, 1780, he heard Samuel Peters preach at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. "He is an indifferent speaker and composer—how he got there is as difficult to conceive as straws in amber."

We group together a few of Mr. Curwen's numerous street notes and observations.

* * * * * * * *

Sept. 23. Walking through Old Bailey, and seeing a great crowd, learnt that two pickpockets were to be whipped. Jack Ketch, a short sturdy man, soon appeared with the culprits, one after the other; the first seemed like an old offender, and was moderately lashed; the mob said he had bought off the minister of justice; he writhed but little. The other was young, distress painted strongly on his countenance; he cried loudly; his back seemed unused to stripes; from this time it will carry the marks of legal vengeance, and proofs of his folly and wickedness. Going forward, passed through the Strand; and returned by way of Covent Garden to see election, which had been ended and poll closed for two hours; and the elected members, returning from the procession, were just entering James'-street, mounted on two arm chairs, placed on a board that was carried on eight men's shoulders, accompanied by thousands with tokens of victory: red and blue ribbons in their hats.

* * * * * * * *

Sept. 29. As I was walking in Holborn, observed a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age; inquiring the reason, was informed they were young sinners who were accustomed to go about in the evening, purloining whatever they could lay their hands on, and were going to be consigned into the hands of justice. Great pity that so many children, capable of being trained to useful employments

* Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc., an American Refugee in England, from 1775 to 1784, comprising remarks on the prominent Men and Measures of the Period, to which are added Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists and other Eminent Persons. By George Atkinson Ward. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

and become blessings to society, should be thus early initiated, by the wicked unthinking parents of the lower classes in this huge overgrown metropolis, in those pernicious practices of every species of vice the human heart can be tainted with, which renders them common pests, and most commonly brings them to the halter.

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Sept. 5. In walking through Parliament-street and seeing crowds running through Scotland-yard, joined them, and on inquiry found they were accompanying Parson Lloyd, a clergyman, returned from Bow-street Justices' examination to Westminster Bridewell, from whence he was taken this morning on a complaint of highway robbery; and it is said he is identified. He seemed hardened, and of a rough, bold cast, and begged with a careless boldness money of every well dressed person that passed as he was being conducted to prison in irons; his right hand being also chained to an officer's, or one of the justice's men.

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April 7. Passed a crowd attending procession in Parliament-street, going to take the Westminster candidate, Charles J. Fox, from his lodgings to the hustings under St. Paul's, Covent Garden, portico. First marched musicians two and two, then four men supporting two red painted poles having on top the cap of liberty of a dark blue color; to each was fastened a light blue silk standard about nine feet long and five wide, having inscribed thereon in golden letters these words, "The Man of the People;" followed by the butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers; then the committee two and two, holding in their hands white wands; in the rear the carriages. They stopped at his house in St. James's-street, where taking him up, he accompanied them in Mr. Byng's carriage through Pall Mall and the Strand to the hustings, when the election proceeded; made without opposition, no competitor appearing against him.

THE HISTORY OF KING PHILIP'S WAR.

Captain Benjamin Church, the leader in the war against King Philip, dictated, in the latter part of his life, an account of his Indian experiences to his son Thomas, by whom, probably with little or no change, it was published in a volume. It is a valuable historical authority, and in itself, as a straightforward and spirited narrative of brave and romantic adventure, well worthy of attention.

Benjamin Church was born at Duxbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, and was the first settler of Seconet or Little Compton. "Being providentially at Plymouth," he informs us, "in 1674, in the time of the court, he fell into acquaintance with Captain John Almy of Rhode Island," by whom he was invited to visit "that part of Plymouth Colony that lay next to Rhode Island, known then by their Indian names of Pocasset and Sogkonate." He did so, and purchased land, on which he settled.

The next spring, while "Mr. Church was diligently settling his new farm, stocking, leasing, and disposing of his affairs, and had a fine prospect of doing no small things; and hoping that his good success would be inviting unto other good men to become his neighbours: Behold! the rumour of a war between the English and the natives, gave check to his projects." Hostilities soon commenced. A force was raised, and Church placed in command of an advanced guard. He was at the head of the party which killed King Philip, in August, 1676. He was afterwards, in September, 1689, made commander-in-chief of an expedition against the French and Indians at Casco, and again employed in a similar service in 1690, and with Governor Phipps, in 1692. After the burning of Deerfield, in 1704, he rode seventy miles to offer his services against the Indians, whom he harassed greatly at Penobscot and Passamaquoddy.

After Philip's war, Colonel Church resided at Bristol, then at Fall River, and lastly at Seconet, "at each of which places he acquired and left a large estate." He maintained throughout his life the reputation of an upright and devout, as well as brave man. He married Mrs. Alice Southworth, by whom he had a daughter and five sons, and died on the seventeenth of January, 1718, in consequence of a fall from his horse, by which a blood-vessel was broken. The first edition of *The Entertaining History of King Philip's War, which began in the month of June, 1675, as also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common Enemy, and Indian Rebels, in the Eastern parts of New England: with some account of the Divine Providence towards Col. Benjamin Church: by Thomas Church, Esq., his son*, was published in Boston in 1716. A second edition appeared at Newport in 1772, and a third and fourth, with notes by Samuel G. Drake, in 1825 and 1829.*

A SCUFFLE.

Mr. Church was moved with other wounded men, over to Rhodeisland, where in about three months' time, he was in some good measure recovered of his wounds, and the fever that attended them; and then went over to the General to take his leave of him, with a design to return home. But the General's great importunity again persuaded him to accompany him in a long march into the Nipmuck country, though he had then tents in his wounds, and so lame as not to be able to mount his horse without two men's assistance.

In this march, the first thing remarkable was, they came to an Indian town, where there were many wigwams in sight, but an icy swamp, lying between them and the wigwams, prevented their running at once upon it as they intended. There was much

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* Mr. Drake reprinted, in an 18mo. volume, in 1833:

The Present State of New England, with respect to the Indian War. Wherein is an account of the true Reason thereof, (as far as can be judged by Men,) together with most of the Remarkable Passages that have happened from the 20th of June till the 10th of November, 1675. Faithfully composed by a merchant of Boston, and communicated to his friends in London. London, 1675.

A continuation of the foregoing, from the 10th of November, 1675, to the 8th of February, 1675–6. London, 1676.

A new and further narrative, from March till August, 1676. London, 1676. The Warr in New England visibly ended. London, 1677.

A true account of the most considerable occurrences that have happened in the war between the English and the Indians, in New England, from the fifth of May, 1676, to the fourth of August last. London, 1676.

He considers it highly probable that these five tracts, with Church's Narrative, comprise all that can be recovered in relation to King Philip's war.

firing upon each side before they passed the swamp. But at length the enemy all fled, and a certain Mohegan, that was a friend Indian, pursued and seized one of the enemy that had a small wound in his leg, and brought him before the General, where he was examined. Some were for torturing him to bring him to a more ample confession of what he knew concerning his countrymen. Mr. Church, verily believing that he had been ingenuous in his confession, interceded, and prevailed for his escaping torture. But the army being bound forward in their march, and the Indian's wound somewhat disenabling him for travelling, it was concluded that he should be knocked on the head. Accordingly he was brought before a great fire, and the Mohegan that took him was allowed, as he desired, to be his executioner. Mr. Church taking no delight in the sport, framed an errand at some distance among the baggage horses, and when he had got ten rods, or thereabouts, from the fire, the executioner fetching a blow with a hatchet at the head of the prisoner, he being aware of the blow, dodged his head aside, and the executioner missing his stroke, the hatchet flew out of his hand, and had like to have done execution where it was not designed. The prisoner upon his narrow escape, broke from them that held him, and notwithstanding his wound, made use of his legs, and happened to run right upon Mr. Church, who laid hold on him, and a close scuffle they had; but the Indian having no clothes on, slipped from him and ran again, and Mr. Church pursued him, although being lame there was no great odds in the race, until the Indian stumbled and fell, and then they closed again—scuffled and fought pretty smartly, until the Indian, by the advantage of his nakedness, slipped from his hold again, and set out on his third race, with Mr. Church close at his heels, endeavouring to lay hold on the hair of his head, which was all the hold could be taken of him. And running through a swamp that was covered with hollow ice, it made so loud a noise that Mr. Church expected (but in vain) that some of his English friends would follow the noise and come to his assistance. But the Indian happened to run athwart a large tree that lay fallen near breast high, where he stopped and cried out aloud for help. But Mr. Church being soon upon him again, the Indian seized him fast by the hair of his head, and endeavoured by twisting to break his neck. But though Mr. Church's wounds had somewhat weakened him, and the Indian a stout fellow, yet he held him in play and twisted the Indian's neck as well, and took the advantage of many opportunities, while they hung by each other's hair, gave him notorious bunts in the face with his head. But in the heat of the scuffle they heard the ice break, with somebody's coming apace to them, which when they heard, Church concluded there was help for one or other of them, but was doubtful which of them must now receive the fatal stroke—anon somebody comes up to them, who proved to be the Indian that had first taken the prisoner; and without speaking a word, he felt them out, (for it was so dark he could not distinguish them by sight, the one being clothed and the other naked) he felt where Mr. Church's hands were fastened in the Netop's hair and with one blow settled his hatchet in between them, and thus ended the strife. He then spoke to Mr. Church and hugged him in his arms, and thanked him abundantly for catching his prisoner. He then cut off the head of his victim and carried it to the camp, and after giving an account to the rest of the friend Indians in the camp how Mr. Church had seized his prisoner, &c., they all joined in a mighty shout.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

Captain Church being now at Plymouth again, weary and worn, would have gone home to his wife and family, but the government being solicitous to engage him in the service until Philip was slain; and promising him satisfaction and redress for some mistreatment that he had met with, he fixes for another expedition.

He had soon volunteers enough to make up the company he desired, and marched through the woods until he came to Pocasset. And not seeing or hearing of any of the enemy, they went over the ferry to Rhodeisland, to refresh themselves. The Captain, with about half a dozen in his company, took horses and rode about eight miles down the island, to Mr. Sanford's, where he had left his wife. She no sooner saw him, but fainted with surprise; and by that time she was a little revived, they spied two horsemen coming a great pace. Captain Church told his company, that "Those men (by their riding) come with tidings." When they came up, they proved to be Major Sanford, and Captain Golding. They immediately asked Captain Church, what he would give to hear some news of Philip? He replied, that that was what he wanted. They told him, that they had rode hard with some hopes of overtaking him, and were now come on purpose to inform him, that there were just now tidings from Mounthope. An Indian came down from thence (where Philip's camp now was) to Sandy point, over against Trip's, and hallooed, and made signs to be fetched over. And being fetched over, he reported, that he was fled from Philip, "who (said he) has killed my brother just before I came away, for giving some advice that displeased him." And said, that he was fled for fear of meeting with the same his brother had met with. Told them also, that Philip was now in Mounthope neck. Captain Church thanked them for their good news, and said, that he hoped by to-morrow morning to have the rogue's head. The horses that he and his company came on standing at the door, (for they had not been unsaddled) his wife must content herself with a short visit, when such game was ahead. They immediately mounted, set spurs to their horses, and away.

The two gentlemen that brought him the tidings, told him, that they would gladly wait upon him to see the event of the expedition. He thanked them, and told them, that he should be as fond of their company as any men's; and (in short) they went with him. And they were soon at Trip's ferry, (with Captain Church's company) where the deserter was. He was a fellow of good sense, and told his story handsomely. He offered Captain Church, to pilot him to Philip, and to help to kill him, that he might revenge his brother's death. Told him, that Philip was now upon a little spot of upland, that was in the south end of the miry swamp, just at the foot of the mount, which was a spot of ground that Captain Church was well acquainted with.

By that time they were over the ferry, and came near the ground, half the night was spent. The Captain commands a halt, and bringing the company together, he asked Major Sanford's and Captain Golding's advice, what method it was best to take in making the onset; but they declined giving him any advice; telling him, that his great experience and success forbid their taking upon them to give advice. Then Captain Church offered Captain Golding the honour (if he would please accept of it) to beat up Philip's headquarters. He accepted the offer and had his allotted number drawn out to him, and the pilot. Captain Church's instructions to him were, to be very careful in his approach to the enemy, and be sure not to show himself, until by daylight they

might see and discern their own men from the enemy; told him also, that his custom in like cases, was, to creep with his company, on their bellies, until they came as near as they could; and that as soon as the enemy discovered them, they would cry out, and that was the word for his men to fire and fall on. He directed him, that when the enemy should start and take into the swamp, that they should pursue with speed; every man shouting and making what noise he could; for he would give orders to his ambuscade to fire on any that should come silently.

Captain Church knowing that it was Philip's custom to be foremost in the flight, went down to the swamp, and gave Captain Williams of Scituate the command of the right wing of the ambush, and placed an Englishman and an Indian together behind such shelters of trees, &c., as he could find, and took care to place them at such distance, that none might pass undiscovered between them; charged them to be careful of themselves, and of hurting their friends, and to fire at any that should come silently through the swamp. But it being somewhat farther through the swamp than he was aware of, he wanted men to make up his ambuscade.

Having placed what men he had, he took Major Sanford by the hand, and said, "Sir, I have so placed them that it is scarce possible Philip should escape them." The same moment a shot whistled over their heads, and then the noise of a gun towards Philip's camp. Captain Church, at first, thought that it might be some gun fired by accident; but before he could speak, a whole volley followed, which was earlier than he expected. One of Philip's gang going forth to ease himself, when he had done, looked round him, and Captain Golding thought that the Indian looked right at him, (though probably it was but his conceit) so fired at him; and upon his firing, the whole company that were with him fired upon the enemy's shelter, before the Indians had time to rise from their sleep, and so over shot them. But their shelter was open on that side next the swamp, built so on purpose for the convenience of flight on occasion. They were soon in the swamp, and Philip the foremost, who starting at the first gun, threw his *petunk* and powderhorn over his head, catched up his gun, and ran as fast as he could scamper, without any more clothes than his small breeches and stockings; and ran directly on two of Captain Church's ambush. They let him come fair within shot, and the Englishman's gun missing fire, he bid the Indian fire away, and he did so to the purpose; sent one musket bullet through his heart, and another not above two inches from it. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him.

By this time the enemy perceived that they were waylaid on the east side of the swamp, and tacked short about. One of the enemy, who seemed to be a great, surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, and often called out, "*Iootash, Iootash.*" Captain Church called to his Indian, Peter, and asked him, who that was that called so? He answered, that it was old Annawon, Philip's great Captain; calling on his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly. Now the enemy finding that place of the swamp which was not ambushed, many of them made their escape in the English tracks.

The man that had shot down Philip, ran with all speed to Captain Church, and informed him of his exploit, who commanded him to be silent about it and let no man more know it, until they had driven the swamp clean. But when they had driven the swamp through, and found that the enemy had escaped, or at least, the most of them, and the sun now up, and so the dew gone, that they could not easily track them, the whole company met together at the place where the enemy's night shelter was, and then Captain Church gave them the news of Philip's death. Upon which the whole army gave three loud huzzas.

Captain Church ordered his body to be pulled out of the mire to the upland. So some of Captain Church's Indians took hold of him by his stockings, and some by his small breeches (being otherwise naked) and drew him through the mud to the upland; and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain Church then said, that forasmuch as he had caused many an Englishman's body to be unburied, and to rot above ground, that not one of his bones should be buried. And calling his old Indian executioner, bid him behead and quarter him.

DAVID BRAINERD.

David Brainerd, the missionary to the Indians, was born at Haddam, Conn., April 20, 1718. He lost his father, a member of the council of the colony, when he was but nine years old, and his mother five years after. He early displayed a deep sense of religious obligation, combined with

great dread of future punishment. He dates his partial relief from the terrible fears which tormented his existence, from the night of July 12, 1739; but he was throughout life subject to fits of deep despondency.

In September of the same year, he entered Yale College, where he devoted himself so earnestly to his studies that his feeble frame broke down under his labor. His life was for some weeks despaired of, but after a long interval of rest, he was enabled to resume his studies in the autumn. Not content with his bodily sufferings, his journal shows that he reproached himself severely for a sinful ambition to stand high as a scholar.

About this time, Whitefield visited New England. An excitable temperament like Brainerd's was one likely to be affected by the system which he introduced. A powerful religious excitement spread through the college, which was discountenanced by its heads. Brainerd was overheard to say that one of the tutors "had no more grace than a chair;" and was, for this slight offence, expelled from the college. He afterwards acknowledged his fault of hasty speech, but always felt the unjust severity with which he had been treated.

He immediately commenced the study of divinity, and in the summer of the same year received a license to preach from the association of ministers at Danbury. His ardent desire was to become a missionary among the Indians, and he commenced his labors among a small and wretched community of that race at Kent, on the borders of Connecticut. In November he received an invitation from the Correspondents, at New York, of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—an association formed in Scotland—to become their missionary to the Indians. He accepted the appointment, after

some hesitation, arising from his usual over modest distrust of his own ability, and commenced his labors at Kanaumeek, an Indian village about half way between Stockbridge and Albany. His first act was to devote his small patrimony to the support of a young friend in the ministry, relying himself entirely upon his missionary allowance to supply his simple wants.

He arrived among the Indians April 1, 1743, weak in body from the consumption, which, aggravated by exposure, soon after ended his life. He found shelter in the log hut of a poor Scotchman, where he lived on hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. Finding this residence too far from the Indians, he built, with his own hands, a log hut among their wigwams. He not long afterwards made a journey to New Haven, for the purpose of making a humble apology to the college authorities for his old offence. He craved pardon in these humble and self-accusing terms:—

> Whereas, I have said before several persons concerning Mr. Whittlesey, one of the tutors of Yale College, that I did not believe he had any more grace than the chair I then leaned upon; I humbly confess, that herein I have sinned against God, and acted contrary to the rules of his word, and have injured Mr. Whittlesey. I had no right to make thus free with his character, and had no just reason to say as I did concerning him. My fault herein was the more aggravated, in that I said this concerning one who was so much my superior, and one that I was obliged to treat with special respect and honor, by reason of the relation I then stood in to the college. Such a behavior, I confess, did not become a Christian; it was taking too much upon me, and did not savor of that humble respect that I ought to have expressed towards Mr. Whittlesey. . . . I have often reflected on this act with grief; I hope, on account of the sin of it; and am willing to lie low and to be abased before God and man for it. I humbly ask the forgiveness of the governors of the college, and of the whole society; but of Mr. Whittlesey in particular. . . And whether the governors of the college shall see fit to remove the censure I lie under or not, or to admit me to the privileges I desire; yet I am willing to appear, if they think fit, openly to own, and to humble myself for those things I have herein confessed.

But the only conditions which the college authorities would offer, were, that if he would return and remain a year under their jurisdiction, they might allow him a degree. These terms he could not accept without relinquishing his duties, and he consequently did not receive the honors of the institution.

After some months passed at his station, he became convinced that it was his duty to remove to Indians who were not in constant proximity to the whites, a circumstance which impeded and almost neutralized his efforts. Their position near the French frontier was also a source of distraction. If his present charge could be induced to remove to Stockbridge, they would be under the care of a pastor who knew their wants and would do all that could be done for them. This removal Brainerd proposed, and it is a significant proof of the influence he had acquired over them that they gave a ready assent.

This being arranged, the missionary was urgently pressed to become the pastor of the pleasant and flourishing village of East Hampton, Long Island. The people of that place represented to him "that he might be useful to them for many years, while he would soon sink under the hardships of his mission, as the winter he had passed at Kanaumeek abundantly proved."*

His purpose was not to be changed by promise of ease or prospect of death, and he was soon after a wearisome journey at his new post, Crosswaksung, at the Forks of the Delaware. After months of diligent and patient labor, he succeeded in converting some of the red men to Christianity. He persuaded them to remove from the immediate neighborhood of the whites to a place called Cranberry, fifteen miles distant, and form an independent settlement. He then, believing it his duty to seek a new audience, penetrated still further into the wilderness, to the Susquehanna. The journey proved too much for his enfeebled constitution. He returned to Cranberry exhausted, and after instructing from his chair, and being carried to the place of meeting to administer the sacrament, felt it his duty to seek rest, or, in his own words, "consume some time in diversions."† He was compelled to halt at Elizabethtown, where he was for some time confined to his bed. He was gratified while here by the arrival of his brother, on his way to join or succeed him in his missionary enterprise.

In April, 1747, he at length reached Northampton, Massachusetts, where he was received into the family of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, afterwards President of Yale College. He visited this place for the purpose of consulting the physician, Mather, who decided his case to be hopeless, but advised the exercise of riding as the best means of alleviating his disorder.

His friends recommended him to go to Boston, and Jerusha, the daughter of Edwards, a young lady of eighteen, accompanying him, as her father simply expresses it, "to be helpful to him in his weak and low state."‡

He received much attention in Boston, where he was for some time at the point of death. He was visited by those who sympathized with his mission, and was instrumental in the collection of funds for the promotion of its objects.

He returned to Northampton in July, and after great suffering in the final stages of his disease, died on the ninth of October, 1747. To the last, his attached and faithful nurse "chiefly attended him."§

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* Life of Brainerd, by W. B. O. Peabody, in Sparks's Am. Biog. viii. 300.

† Peabody's Life, p. 356.

‡ Memoirs of Brainerd, by Edwards, p. 400.

§ The brief and beautiful career of this young lady is concisely and feelingly given in the following note by her father.

"Since this, it has pleased a holy and sovereign God to take away this my dear child by death, on the 14th of February, next following, after a short illness of five days, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was a person of much the same spirit with Brainerd. She had constantly taken care of, and attended him in his sickness, for nineteen weeks before his death; devoting herself to it with great delight, because she looked on him as an eminent servant of Jesus Christ. In this time, he had much conversation with her on the things of religion; and in his dying state, often expressed to us, her parents, his great satisfaction concerning her true piety, and his confidence that he should meet her in heaven, and his high opinion of her, not only as a true Christian, but a very eminent saint: one whose soul was uncommonly fed and entertained with things which appertain to the most spiritual, experimen-

The society by whom Brainerd was employed published, in 1746, *Mirabilia Dei inter Indicos*;* or the Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace among a number of the Indians of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The volume contains extracts from the journal of his labors, forwarded by him, commencing with his residence at Crossweeksung, June 19th, and extending to November 4th, 1749. A second part, entitled *Divine Grace Displayed*,† covering the period from November 24th, 1745, to June 19th, 1746, was published a few months after.

His friend Edwards preached his funeral sermon, and, in 1749, published his life, chiefly composed of extracts from the minute private diary kept by Brainerd, in addition to his published journals, throughout his career, the last entry in it being dated only seven days before his death. It is a curious record of spiritual experience, tinged by a melancholy temperament, increased by a life which, although an active one, was passed in a great measure in a virtual solitude.

That his biographer was aware of the dangers with which a constant study of self is attended, is evident from his citation of the following passage by Thomas Shepard:—

I have known one very able, wise, and godly, put upon the rack by him, who, envying God's people's peace, knows how to change himself into an angel of light, for it being his usual course, in the time of his health, to make a diary of his hourly life, and finding much benefit by it, he was in conscience pressed by the power and delusion of Satan, to make and take the same daily survey of his life in the time of his sickness; by means of which, he spent his enfeebled spirits, and cast on fuel to fire his sickness. Had not a friend of his convinced him of his erroneous conscience misleading him at that time, he had murdered his body, out of conscience to save his soul, and to preserve his grace.

The diary, however, forms a beautiful memorial of a life of self-sacrifice and devotion, of the pursuit of missionary enterprise among an unimpressible and savage people, whose minds he could only approach through the medium of an interpreter, as, although he bestowed much labor on the effort, he never thoroughly mastered their language. His journal bears no record of his bodily sufferings, but we know that he went to his task with a frame wasted by consumption, and pursued his painful journeys in all weathers, undisturbed by the unmistakable premonitions of death which accompanied his disease. He rode through the woods, raising blood and parched with fever, and his rest in the rude hut or wigwam was accompanied by wasting night-sweats, and yet, with all this, he was constantly reproaching himself for want of exertion.

The diary is not as full as could be desired in relation to his intercourse with the Indians, but is sufficiently so to show that he pursued a wise and judicious course in his ministry.

The pervading spirit of Brainerd's Journal is eloquently described by Edwards:—

I have had occasion to read his *diary* over and over, and very particularly and critically to review every passage in it; and I find no one instance of a strong impression on his imagination, through his whole life; no instance of a strongly impressed idea of any external glory and brightness, of any bodily form or shape, any beautiful majestic countenance. There is no imaginary sight of Christ hanging on the cross with his blood streaming from his wounds; or seated in heaven on a bright throne, with angels and saints bowing before him; or with a countenance smiling on him; or arms open to embrace him: no sight of heaven, in his imagination, with gates of pearl, and golden streets, and vast multitudes of glorious inhabitants, with shining garments. There is no sight of the book of life opened, with his name written in it; no hearing of the sweet music made by the songs of heavenly hosts; no hearing God or Christ immediately speaking to him; nor any sudden suggestions of words or sentences, either of scripture or any other, as then immediately spoken or sent to him; no new objective revelations; no sudden strong suggestions of secret facts. Nor do I find any one instance in all the records which he has left of his own life, from beginning to end, of joy excited from a supposed *immediate* witness of the Spirit; or inward immediate suggestion, that his state was surely good, that God loved him with an everlasting love, that Christ died for him in particular, and that heaven was his; either with or without a text of scripture. There is no instance of comfort from any sudden suggestion to his mind, as though at that very time directed by God to him in particular, of any such texts as these; "Fear not; I am with thee;"—"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;"—"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;"—"I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine;"—"Before thou wast formed in the belly, I knew thee," &c. There is no supposed communion and conversation with God carried on in this way; nor any such supposed tasting of the love of Christ. But the way in which he was satisfied of his own good estate, even to the entire abolishing of fear, was by feeling within himself the lively actings of a holy temper and heavenly disposition, the vigorous exercises of that divine love which casteth out fear.

Edwards's Life was abridged by John Wesley, and published in England. A second and smaller abridgment was made by John Styles. In 1822, the original work was printed at New Haven, with the addition of the Journals published during Brainerd's lifetime, and which were

tal, and distinguishing parts of religion: and one who, by the temper of her mind, was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman whatsoever, whom he knew. She had manifested a heart uncommonly devoted to God, in the course of her life, many years before her death; and said on her death-bed, that "she had not seen one minute for several years, wherein she desired to live one minute longer, for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for his glory."

* Mirabilia Dei inter Indicos: or the Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace, among a number of the Indians, in the Province of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; justly represented in a JOURNAL, kept by order of the Honourable Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge; with some General Remarks; by DAVID BRAINERD, Minister of the Gospel, and Missionary from the said Society: published by the Reverend and Worthy Correspondents of the said Society; with a Preface by them.

† Divine Grace Displayed; or the Continuance and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace among some of the Indians belonging to the Provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; justly represented in a JOURNAL kept by order of the Honourable Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge: with some General Remarks; to which is subjoined an Appendix, containing some account of sundry things, and especially of the Difficulties attending the Work of a Missionary among the Indians; by DAVID BRAINERD, Minister of the Gospel, and Missionary from the said Society: published by the Reverend and Worthy Correspondents of the said Society.

omitted by Edwards as being already accessible to the public, under the editorship of Sereno Edwards Dwight.*

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

When I was in this region† in May last, I had an opportunity of learning many of the notions and customs of the Indians, as well as observing many of their practices. I then travelled more than an hundred and thirty miles upon the river, above the English settlements; and, in that journey, met with individuals of seven or eight distinct tribes, speaking as many different languages. But of all the sights I ever saw among them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near a kin to what is usually imagined of *infernal powers*, none ever excited such images of terror in my mind, as the appearance of one who was a devout and zealous Reformer, or rather, restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his *pontifical garb*, which was a coat of *boar skins*, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes; a pair of bear skin stockings; and a great *wooden* face painted, the one half black, the other half tawny, about the colour of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bear skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand, which he used for music in his idolatrous worship; which was a dry *tortoise shell* with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen. No one would have imagined from his appearance or actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon day, and I knew who it was; his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut upon the several parts of it. I went in, and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing upon it. I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it; but wanted to find some who would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some who would join with him; for he believed that God had some good people some where, who felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did; but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time. Then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and that, if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions which he had examined *for himself*, and not taken *for granted*, upon bare tradition; and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with *his standard*. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, "Now that I like; so God has taught me;" &c., and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the existence of a *devil*, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he supposed he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went *southward*, and that the difference between the good and the bad, was this: that the *former* were admitted into a beautiful town with *spiritual* walls; and that the *latter* would for ever hover around these walls, in vain attempts to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions; which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan. I perceived that he was looked upon and derided among most of the Indians, as a *precise zealot*, who made a needless noise about religious matters; but I must say that there was something in his temper and disposition, which looked more like true religion, than any thing I ever observed amongst other heathens.

But alas! how deplorable is the state of the Indians upon this river! The brief representation which I have here given of their notions and manners, is sufficient to show that they are "led captive by Satan at his will," in the most eminent manner; and methinks might likewise be sufficient to excite the compassion, and engage the prayers, of pious souls for these their fellow-men, who sit "in the regions of the shadow of death."

* Memoirs of the Rev. David Brainerd: Missionary to the Indians on the borders of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania: chiefly taken from his own Diary. By Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton. Including his Journal, now for the first time incorporated with the rest of his Diary, in a regular Chronological series. By Sereno Edwards Dwight. New-Haven: Printed and published by S. Converse. 1822.

† Shaumokung, on the Susquehanna.

JAMES McSPARRAN.

THE REV. JAMES McSPARRAN, of the church of Narraghansett, was one of the pioneer band of English clergymen whose influence is often to be noticed in cementing the foundations of American progress. His family was from the north of Ireland, having emigrated from Scotland. He had a good classical education, and came a missionary to Narraghansett, in Rhode Island, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in 1721. The next year he married Miss Harriet Gardiner, a lady of the place. He was intimate with Berkeley during the residence of the Dean at Newport. In 1736, he visited England, and returned with the title of Doctor of Divinity, from Glasgow. His pulpit exercises in the church of St. Paul's were of an eloquent character, if we may judge from the sermon which he delivered on the 15th March, 1740, when war, pestilence, and an unusually protracted and severe winter oppressed the country.* In 1747, he preached an eloquent sermon before the convention of the Episcopal clergy, in Trinity Church, Newport, which was printed. He asserted the

* Large portions of the sermon are printed in Updike's Hist Narr. Ch. 191–201.

claims of his Episcopal order in another discourse which was printed at Newport, in 1751, *The Sacred Dignity of the Christian Priesthood Vindicated.* In 1752, he wrote an historical tract of merit, *America Dissected*, which was published at Dublin, in 1753. It is in three letters giving an account of the "English American Dominions," beginning with the Bermudas and Georgia, and proceeding northerly to Newfoundland.* It was his intention to publish an extended history of the colonies, especially of New England; and it was supposed he had completed a history of the Narraghansett country, but no such work has been found among his papers. He died at his house, in South Kingstown, Dec. 1, 1757, having sustained manfully a career of many difficulties.

THE COLD WINTER, 1740–1.

The elements have been armed with such piercing cold and suffocating snows, as if God intended the air that he gave us to live and breathe in should become the instrument to execute his vengeance on us, for our ingratitude to his goodness, and our transgression of his law. We may contemplate to our comfort the wisdom and power of God in the beautiful structure of the heavens, and his wise sorting of the seasons, for the benefit and delight of man. But as no human skill can count *the number of the stars, nor call them by their names*, so exceeds the utmost art of astronomy, for either extreme heat or extreme cold, otherwise than by the distance of the sun; yet what we see have variations and vicissitudes that do not always correspond to that cause. It is no small comfort to consider God's care to provide food for the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and to supply their starving importunity. And our gratitude grows, as we are assured all this is ultimately intended as a kindness and bounty for the souls of men. But how, of late, has the grazier groaned to see the severity of the season, to hear his herds and his flocks making moan for their meat; and after a few fruitless complaints uttered in accents peculiar to their kind, drop down and die, and disappoint the increase and expectation of the spring.

With what amazement do we behold and can ill endure God's sudden and intolerable cold, that proceeds from the breath of his nostrils! The snow that looks so white, innocent, and light, as if it would bear down and oppress nothing, yet we see it hides and covers the earth from the warmth and light of the sun; and thus does also the ice turn rivers into rocks, and the sea (as it were) into dry land. We see the fluid element, which yielded to the smallest force, become so hard and rigid, that it resists the impression of the traveller's foot, and the weight of beasts and burthens with a firmness superior to the driest land.

Boreas has so far entered into the chambers of the south, that he hath sealed up the sun and intercepted his dissolving influence; and southern snows are signs of that planet's impotent efforts to regain his usurped dominions. The great luminary that rules the day, has now advanced and displayed his banner on this side of the Line, yet so faint are his armies, though innumerable, and each atom harnessed in fire, that they cannot force the frost to give ground, nor dissolve the intrenchment of snow. No arm that is not almighty can melt or open what Orion has shut up, bound in bands, and hardened; or freeze and make fast what the Pleiades have loosed and softened; the first being the constellation, which in the Omnipotent's hands beget and begin the winter; as the other are the orbs that attend the advancing Spring.

How many sad remembrances do remain, to remind us of the past winter? The husbandman and the mariner, the rich and the poor, have already sensibly felt its bad effects, and though the dissolved rivers have opened their mouths, returned to their channels, and offer their usual administrations to navigation, fishing and commerce; yet alas! are not the cattle now corrupting in the fields, and that after they have consumed most of the corn that might have maintained us to that time?

Famine of food, which though (blessed be God,) we do not yet feel, we have, notwithstanding, some reason to fear. Whatever second causes concur to occasion a scarcity of food, nature becomes the hungry man's executioner and tormenter, racking him with an impatient and importunate appetite, when there is nothing to allay or relieve it.

* It is printed at the close of Updike's Hist. Narr. Ch. 488–533.

JONATHAN MAYHEW.

JONATHAN MAYHEW, a great-grandson of Thomas Mayhew, the first minister at Martha's Vineyard, was born on that island, where his father maintained the ministry which had been held in his family since the time of the progenitor of whom we have spoken, October 8, 1720. He was graduated with distinction at Harvard, in 1744, and in 1747 was ordained pastor of the west church, in Boston, where he remained until his death, on the ninth of July, 1766.

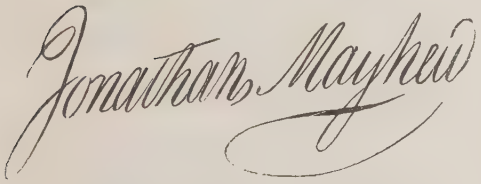
On the 30th January, 1750, he preached a sermon bearing on the execution of Charles I., which was remarkable for its independent views on the duties of rulers and the limits of allegiance.

In 1763, the Rev. East Apthorpe,* one of the Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, published "Considerations on the Institution and Conduct" of that society, in reply to an attack upon it which had appeared in a local journal, after the death of the society's missionary at Braintree, charging the association with a departure from its duties in supporting a clergyman of the English Church in a settlement where other provision for religious instruction had been made. His pamphlet was taken up by Dr. Mayhew, who published *Observations on the Charter and Conduct* of the society. A controversy ensued in which many of the New England clergy took part, the anticipated introduction of bishops naturally heightening the warmth of the discussion on both sides of the question.

Dr. Mayhew early embraced the popular side in the revolutionary struggle, and took an active part in the movements which preceded the con-

* East Apthorpe, the son of Charles Apthorpe, a merchant of Boston, was born in 1733, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, England. He was appointed, in 1761, missionary at Cambridge, Mass., by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He returned not long after to England; was made vicar of Croydon, in 1765; rector of Bowchurch, London, in 1778; and in 1790, having become blind, exchanged these livings for a prebendary's stall. He passed the last years of his life at Cambridge, England, where he died, April 16, 1816. In addition to his productions on the Episcopal controversy, he was the author of Discourses on Prophecy, at the Warburton lecture, Lincoln's Inn, 2 vols., London, and an answer to Gibbon's account of the causes of the spread of early Christianity.

test, by his discourses and personal influence. His sermon on the Repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1766,



shows that he brought all his energy to the service of his country, and in common with his numerous other printed discourses, displays vigor of mind and eloquence.

A "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, D.D., by Alden Bradford," appeared at Boston, in 1838.

In his theological views he differed from the majority of his Congregational brethren, inclining to those of the Unitarians.

FROM "THE SNARE BROKEN," A THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE PREACHED AT THE DESIRE OF THE WEST CHURCH IN BOSTON, N. E., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1766; OCCASIONED BY THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

Brethren, ye have been called unto LIBERTY; *only use not* LIBERTY *for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*—AP. PAUL.

We have never known so quick and general a transition from the depth of sorrow to the height of joy, as on this occasion; nor, indeed, so great and universal a flow of either, on any other occasion whatever. It is very true, we have heretofore seen times of great adversity. We have known seasons of drought, dearth and spreading mortal diseases; the pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction wasting at noonday. We have seen wide devastations made by fire; and amazing tempests, the heavens on flame, the winds and the waves roaring. We have known repeated earthquakes, threatening us with speedy destruction. We have been under great apprehensions by reason of formidable fleets of an enemy on our coasts, menacing fire and sword to all our maritime towns. We have known times when the French and Savage armies made terrible havock on our frontiers, carrying all before them for a while; when we were not without fear, that some capital towns in the colonies would fall into their merciless hands. Such times as these we have known; at some of which almost every "face gathered paleness," and the knees of all but the good and brave, waxed feeble. But never have we known a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among people of all ranks and ages, in these colonies, as was occasioned by that parliamentary procedure, which threatened us and our posterity with perpetual bondage and slavery. For they, as we generally suppose, are really slaves to all intents and purposes, who are obliged to labor and toil only for the benefit of others; or, which comes to the same thing, the fruit of whose labor and industry may be lawfully taken from them without their consent, and they justly punished if they refuse to surrender it on demand, or apply it to other purposes than those, which their masters, of their mere grace and pleasure, see fit to allow. Nor are there many *American* understandings acute enough to distinguish any material difference between this being done by a *single* person, under the title of an absolute monarch, and done by a far-distant legislature consisting of *many* persons, in which they are not represented; and the members whereof, instead of feeling, and sharing equally with them in the burden thus imposed, are eased of their own in proportion to the greatness and weight of it. It may be questioned, whether the ancient Greeks or Romans, or any other nation in which slavery was allowed, carried their idea of it much farther than this. So that our late apprehensions, and universal consternation, on account of ourselves and posterity, were far, very far indeed, from being groundless. For what is there in this world more wretched, than for those who were born free, and have a right to continue so, to be made slaves themselves, and to think of leaving a race of slaves behind them; even though it be to masters, confessedly the most humane and generous in the world! Or what wonder is it, if after groaning with a low voice for a while to no purpose, we at length groaned so loudly, as to be heard more than three thousand miles; and to be pitied throughout Europe, wherever it is not hazardous to mention even the name of liberty, unless it be to reproach it, as only another name for sedition, faction or rebellion?

* * * * * *

The REPEAL, the REPEAL, has at once, in a good measure, restored things to order, and composed our minds by removing the chief ground of our fears. The course of justice between man and man is no longer obstructed; commerce lifts up her head, adorned with golden tresses, pearls, and precious stones. All things that went on right before are returning gradually to their former course; those that did not we have reason to hope will go on better now; almost every person you meet wears the smiles of contentment and joy; and even our slaves rejoice as though they had received their manumission. Indeed, all the lovers of liberty in Europe, in the world, have reason to rejoice; the cause is, in some measure, common to them and us. Blessed revolution! glorious change! How great are our obligations for it to the Supreme Governor of the world! He hath given us *beauty for ashes*, and the *oil of gladness for the* spirit *of heaviness*. He hath turned our groans into songs, *our mourning into dancing*. He hath *put off our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness*, to the end that our tongues, *our glory may sing praises* to him. Let us all, then, rejoice in the Lord, and give honor to him; not forgetting to add the obedience of our lives, as the best sacrifice that we can offer to Heaven; and which, if neglected, will prove all our other sacrifices have been but ostentation and hypocrisy, which are an abomination to the Lord.

* * * * * *

If I may be indulged here in saying a few words

more, respecting my notions of liberty in general, such as they are, it shall be as follows:

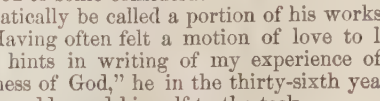
Having been initiated in youth in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, and other renowned persons among the ancients; and such as Sidney and Milton, Locke and Hoadley, among the moderns; I liked them; they seemed rational. Having earlier still learned from the Holy Scriptures, that wise, brave, and virtuous men were always friends to liberty; that God gave the Israelites a king [or absolute monarch] in his anger, because they had not sense and virtue enough to like a free commonwealth, and to have himself for their king; that the Son of God came down from heaven to make us "free indeed;" and that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" this made me conclude that freedom was a great blessing. Having, also, from my childhood up, by the kind providence of my God, and the tender care of a good parent now at rest with Him, been educated to the love of liberty, though not of licentiousness; which chaste and virtuous passion was still increased in me, as I advanced towards and into manhood; I would not, I cannot now, though past middle age, relinquish the fair object of my youthful affection, LIBERTY, whose charms, instead of decaying with time in my eyes, have daily captivated me more and more. I was accordingly penetrated with the most sensible grief, when, about the *first of November last*, that day of darkness, a day hardly to be numbered with the other days of the year, SHE seemed about to take her final departure from America, and to leave that ugly hag, Slavery, the deformed child of Satan, in her room. I am now filled with a proportionable degree of joy in God, on occasion of HER speedy return, with new smiles on her face, with augmented beauty and splendor.—Once more, then, Hail! celestial maid, the daughter of God, and, excepting his Son, the firstborn of heaven! Welcome to these shores again; welcome to every expanding heart! Long mayest thou reside among us, the delight of the wise, good, and brave; the protectress of innocence from wrongs and oppression; the patroness of learning, arts, eloquence, virtue, rational loyalty, religion! And if any miserable people on the continent or isles of Europe, after being weakened by luxury, debauchery, venality, intestine quarrels, or other vices, should, in the rude collisions, or now-uncertain revolutions of kingdoms, be driven, in their extremity, to seek a safe retreat from slavery in some far distant climate; let them find, O let them find one in America under thy brooding sacred wings, where our oppressed fathers once found it, and we now enjoy it, by the favor of Him, whose service is the most glorious freedom! Never, O never may He permit them to forsake us, for our unworthiness to enjoy thy enlivening presence! By His high permission attend us through life AND DEATH to the regions of the blessed, thy original abode, there to enjoy forever the "glorious liberty of the sons of God!"—But I forget myself; whither have I been hurried by this enthusiasm, or whatever else you will please to call it? I hope your candor will forgive this odd excursion, for which I hardly know how to account myself.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

"GET," says Charles Lamb, in one of the Essays of Elia, "the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers."

The result is not unlikely to follow, even if the reader stop short of the thoroughness of study recommended. John Woolman's writings are not, however, of formidable bulk, being comprised in a duodecimo of about five hundred pages. They are principally occupied with *The Journal of his life and travels in the service of the Gospel*, and as the best introduction of the man, we proceed to some consideration of this which may emphatically be called a portion of his works.

"Having often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God," he in the thirty-sixth year of his age addressed himself to the task.



He was born in Northampton, Burlington county, West Jersey, in 1720, and before the age of seven "began to be acquainted with the operations of Divine love." He remembered sitting down once on his way from school, and reading the description of the new heavens and new earth in the Book of Revelation, and by this and like exercises he was preserved from acquiring the habit of using ill language and other evils.

He records an early case of conscience.

A thing remarkable in my childhood was, that once going to a neighbour's house, I saw, on the way, a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near she went off, but having young ones flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them; I stood and threw stones at her, till one striking her, she fell down dead: at first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror, as having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful for her young: I beheld her lying dead, and thought these young ones for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them; and after some painful considerations on the subject I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds, and killed them; supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably: and believed, in this case, that scripture proverb was fulfilled, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I then went on my errand, but, for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition.

As he advanced to the age of sixteen, he found himself losing his childish purity. In his own words, "I perceived a plant in me which produced much wild grapes." A fit of sickness, "from which I doubted of recovering," brought serious thoughts to his mind, and with advancing years he became more and more weaned from the world.

He remained with his parents, "and wrought on the plantation" until his twenty-first year, when "a man in much business at shop-keeping and baking asked me, if I would hire with him to tend shop and keep books." Accepting this proposal, his employer furnished a shop in Mount Holly, a few miles distant, where Woolman lived alone. He was troubled at first by the visits of

"Several young people, my former acquaintance, who knew not but varieties would be as agreeable to me now as ever;" but these gay companions soon "gave over expecting him as one of their company."

He not long after made his first essay as a speaker.

I went to meetings in an awful frame of mind, and endeavoured to be inwardly acquainted with the language of the true Shepherd; and one day, being under a strong exercise of spirit, I stood up, and said some words in a meeting; but not keeping close to the divine opening, I said more than was required of me; and being soon sensible of my error, I was afflicted in mind some weeks, without any light or comfort, even to that degree that I could not take satisfaction in any thing: I remembered God, and was troubled; and, in the depth of my distress, he had pity upon me, and sent the Comforter: I then felt forgiveness for my offence, and my mind became calm and quiet, being truly thankful to my gracious Redeemer for his mercies; and after this, feeling the spring of divine love opened, and a concern to speak, I said a few words in a meeting, in which I found peace; this, I believe, was about six weeks from the first time: and, I was thus humbled and disciplined under the cross, my understanding became more strengthened to distinguish the pure spirit which inwardly moves upon the heart and taught me to wait in silence sometimes many weeks together, until I felt that rise which prepares the creature to stand like a trumpet, through which the Lord speaks to his flock.

We next find him a protester against holiday junketing.

About the time called Christmas, I observed many people from the country, and dwellers in town, who, resorting to public-houses, spent their time in drinking and vain sports, tending to corrupt one another; on which account I was much troubled. At one house in particular there was much disorder; and I believed it was a duty incumbent on me to go and speak to the master of that house. I considered I was young, and that several elderly Friends in town had opportunity to see these things; but though I would gladly have been excused, yet I could not fee my mind clear.

The exercise was heavy: and as I was reading what the Almighty said to Ezekiel, respecting his duty as a watchman, the matter was set home more clearly; and then, with prayers and tears, I besought the Lord for his assistance, who, in loving kindness, gave me a resigned heart: then, at a suitable opportunity, I went to the public-house; and seeing the man amongst much company, I went to him, and told him, I wanted to speak with him; so we went aside, and there, in the fear and dread of the Almighty, I exprest to him what rested on my mind, which he took kindly, and afterwards showed more regard to me than before. In a few years afterwards he died, middle-aged; and I often thought, that had I neglected my duty in that case, it would have given me great trouble; and I was humbly thankful to my gracious Father, who had supported me herein.

On the fifth day of the ninth month he set out on his first journey, in company with an ancient friend, Abraham Farrington, and was absent above two weeks. On his return, "perceiving merchandise to be attended with much cumber, in the way of trading in these parts," he looked about for a quieter occupation, and settled upon the sedentary calling of a tailor.

I believed the hand of Providence pointed out this business for me; and was taught to be content with it, though I felt at times a disposition that would have sought for something greater; but through the revelation of Jesus Christ, I had seen the happiness of humility, and there was an earnest desire in me to enter deep into it; and, at times, this desire arose to a degree of fervent supplication, wherein my soul was so environed with heavenly light and consolation, that things were made easy to me which had been otherwise.

After "carefully attending meetings for worship and discipline," he "found an enlargement of gospel love in his mind," and "therein a concern to visit Friends in some of the back settlements of Virginia," and finding that Isaac Andrews had "drawings" of a similar character, the pair started on a tour on the twelfth day of the third month, in the year 1746. He found this journey so satisfactory, that he seems to have henceforward adopted itineracy as a regular pursuit.

In 1749, he married "a well-inclined damsel," Sarah Ellis. In 1753, he submitted a tract against slavery, which he had prepared some years before, "to the revisal of Friends, who having examined and made some small alterations in it, directed a number of copies thereof to be published and dispersed amongst Friends." This was a subject on which he spoke and wrote frequently. Anticipating the removal of the system from his own neighborhood, he was equally desirous of its extinction in all parts of the country.

At a drafting of militia in 1757, during the French War, he, with others whom he influenced, declined to bear arms or hire substitutes. They were told they might return home for the present, and to be in readiness when called upon. The emergency never occurred. Woolman carried his scruples still further.

On the fourth day of the fourth month, in the year 1758, orders came to some officers in Mount-Holly, to prepare quarters, a short time, for about one hundred soldiers: and an officer and two other men, all inhabitants of our town, came to my house; and the officer told me, that he came to speak with me, to provide lodging and entertainment for two soldiers, there being six shillings a week per man allowed as pay for it. The case being new and unexpected, I made no answer suddenly, but sat a time silent, my mind being inward; I was fully convinced, that the proceedings in wars are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian religion; and to be hired to entertain men who were then under pay as soldiers, was a difficulty with me. I expected they had legal authority for what they did; and after a short time, I said to the officer, if the men are sent here for entertainment, I believe I shall not refuse to admit them into my house; but the nature of the case is such, that I expect I cannot keep them on hire: one of the men intimated that he thought I might do it consistent with my religious principles; to which I made no reply, as believing silence, at that time, best for me. Though they spake of two, there came only one, who tarried at my house about two weeks, and behaved himself civilly; and when the officer came to pay me, I told him I could not take pay for it, having admitted him into my house

in a passive obedience to authority. I was on horseback when he spake to me; and as I turned from him, he said he was obliged to me: to which I said nothing; but thinking on the expression, I grew uneasy; and afterwards being near where he lived, I went and told him on what grounds I refused taking pay for keeping the soldier.

In 1763 he determined to visit the Indians on the east branch of the Susquehannah, some of whom he had met at Philadelphia. Some Friends who had heard of his intention came from that city to him, "so late, that friends were generally gone to bed," to warn him that the Indians "had taken a fort from the English westward, and slain and scalped English people in divers places, some near Pittsburg," and of the consequent dangers of the journey; but he was not to be deterred, and on the following morning set out with two companions and a guide. The journey occupied the greater portion of the month of June; and its record forms some of the pleasantest portions of our Friend's Journal. We extract some passages:—

We reached the Indian settlement at Wioming: and here we were told that an Indian runner had been at that place a day or two before us, and brought news of the Indians taking an English fort, westward, and destroying the people, and that they were endeavouring to take another; and also, that another Indian runner came there about the middle of the night before we got there, who came from a town about ten miles above Wehaloosing, and brought news, that some Indian warriors, from distant parts, came to that town with two English scalps; and told the people that it was war with the English.

Our guides took us to the house of a very ancient man; and soon after we had put in our baggage there came a man from another Indian house some distance off; and I, perceiving there was a man near the door, went out; and he having a tomahawk, wrapped under his matchcoat out of sight, as I approached him, he took it in his hand; I, however, went forward, and, speaking to him in a friendly way, perceived he understood some English: my companion then coming out we had some talk with him concerning the nature of our visit in these parts; and then he, going into the house with us, and talking with our guides, soon appeared friendly, and sat down and smoaked his pipe. Though his taking the hatchet in his hand at the instant I drew near to him, had a disagreeable appearance, I believe he had no other intent than to be in readiness in case any violence was offered to him.

Hearing the news brought by these Indian runners, and being told by the Indians where we lodged, that what Indians were about Wioming expected, in a few days, to move to some larger towns, I thought that, to all outward appearance, it was dangerous travelling at this time; and was, after a hard day's journey, brought into a painful exercise at night, in which I had to trace back, and view over the steps I had taken from my first moving in the visit; and though I had to bewail some weakness, which, at times, had attended me, yet I could not find that I had ever given way to a wilful disobedience: and then, as I believed I had, under a sense of duty, come thus far, I was now earnest in spirit, beseeching the Lord to show me what I ought to do. In this great distress I grew jealous of myself, lest the desire of reputation, as a man firmly settled to persevere through dangers, or the fear of disgrace arising on my returning without performing the visit, might have some place in me: thus I lay, full of thoughts, great part of the night, while my beloved companion lay and slept by me; till the Lord, my gracious Father, who saw the conflicts of my soul, was pleased to give quietness: then I was again strengthened to commit my life, and all things relating thereto, into his heavenly hands; and getting a little sleep toward day, when morning came we arose.

On the fourteenth day of the sixth month, we sought out and visited all the Indians hereabouts that we could meet with; they being chiefly in one place, about a mile from where we lodged, in all perhaps twenty. Here I expressed the care I had on my mind for their good; I told them, that true love had made me willing thus to leave my family to come and see the Indians, and speak with them in their houses. Some of them appeared kind and friendly. So we took our leave of these Indians, and went up the river Susquehannah, about three miles, to the house of an Indian called Jacob January, who had killed his hog; and the women were making store of bread, and preparing to move up the river. Here our pilots left their canoe when they came down in the Spring, which, lying dry, was leaky; so that we, being detained some hours, had a good deal of friendly conversation with the family; and, eating dinner with them, we made them some small presents. Then, putting our baggage in the canoe, some of them pushed slowly up the stream, and the rest of us rode our horses: and swimming them over a creek called Lahawahamunk, we pitched our tent a little above it, being a shower in the evening; and in a sense of God's goodness in helping me in my distress, sustaining me under trials, and inclining my heart to trust in him, I lay down in an humble bowed frame of mind, and had a comfortable night's lodging.

In 1772, after a long and debilitating sickness, "having been some time under a religious concern to prepare for crossing the seas," he made preparations to visit England. In consequence of singular religious scruples he took passage in the steerage.

I told the owner, that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabbin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery: and that in the cabbin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment, hath some relation to the expence of furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to a conformity to this world; and that in this case, as in other cases, the money received from the passengers, are calculated to answer every expence relating to their passage, and amongst the rest, of these superfluities: and that in this case, I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expences.

As my mind was now opened, I told the owner, that I had, at several times in my travels, seen great oppressions on this continent, at which my heart had been much affected, and brought into a feeling of the state of the sufferers. And having many times been engaged, in the fear and love of God, to labour with those under whom the oppressed have been borne down and afflicted, I have often perceived, that a view to get riches, and provide estates for children to live conformable to customs, which stand in that spirit wherein men have regard to the honours of this world—that in the pursuit of these things, I had seen many entangled in the spi-

rit of oppression; and the exercise of my soul had been such, that I could not find peace in joining in any such thing which I saw was against that wisdom which is pure.

His account of the voyage contains many humane and sensible suggestions for the better care of sailors, and abounds in devout and well penned reflections. On his arrival in England he visited a few meetings of his sect. He refused to travel by stage-coach or receive letters by post, on humanitarian grounds.

As my journey hath been without a horse, I have had several offers of being assisted on my way in the stage coaches; but have not been in them: nor have I had freedom to send letters by the posts, in the present way of their riding; the stages being so fixed, and one boy dependent on another as to time, that they commonly go upwards of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours; and in the cold long winter nights, the poor boys suffer much.

I heard in America of the way of these posts; and cautioned friends in the general meeting of ministers and elders at Philadelphia, and in the yearly-meeting of ministers and elders at London, not to send letters to me on any common occasion by post. And though, on this account, I may be likely to hear seldomer from my family left behind: yet, for righteousness' sake, I am, through Divine favour, made content.

He was also troubled about dye-stuffs.

Having of late travelled often in wet weather, through narrow streets in towns and villages, where dirtiness under foot, and the scent arising from that filth, which more or less infects the air of all thick settled towns; and I, being but weakly, have felt distress both in body and mind with that which is impure.

In these journies I have been where much cloth hath been dyed; and sundry times walked over ground, where much of their dye stuffs have drained away.

Here I have felt a longing in my mind, that people might come into cleanness of spirit, cleanness of person, cleanness about their houses and garments.

Some, who are great, carry delicacy to a great height themselves, and yet the real cleanliness is not generally promoted. Dyes being invented partly to please the eye, and partly to hide dirt, I have felt in this weak state, travelling in dirtiness and affected with unwholesome scents, a strong desire that the nature of dying cloth, to hide dirt, may be more fully considered.

To hide dirt in our garments, appears opposite to the real cleanliness.

To wash garments, and keep them sweet, this appears cleanly.

Through giving way to hiding dirt in our garments, a spirit which would cover that which is disagreeable, is strengthened.

Real cleanness becometh a holy people: but hiding that which is not clean by colouring our garments appears contrary to the sweetness of sincerity.

Through some sorts of dyes, cloth is less useful; and if the value of dye-stuffs, the expence of dying, and the damage done to cloth, were all added together, and that expence applied to keep all sweet and clean, how much more cleanly would people be.

The journal closes abruptly, a few pages after, with some remarks on eloquence, which have much of the quality of which they treat.

The natural man loveth eloquence, and many love to hear eloquent orations; and if there is not a careful attention to the gift, men who have once laboured in the pure gospel ministry, growing weary of suffering, and ashamed of appearing weak, may kindle a fire, compass themselves about with sparks, and walk in the light, not of Christ who is under suffering; but of that fire, which they, going from the gift, have kindled: And that in hearers, which are gone from the meek, suffering state, into the worldly wisdom, may be warmed with this fire, and speak highly of these labours. That which is of God gathers to God; and that which is of the world is owned by the world.

In this journey a labour hath attended my mind, that the ministers amongst us may be preserved in the meek feeling life of Truth, where we may have no desire, but to follow Christ and be with him; that when he is under suffering we may suffer with him; and never desire to raise up in dominion, but as he by the virtue of his own spirit may raise us.

A few days after writing these considerations, "our dear friend," says the kind hand who continues the record, "came to the city of York," where before the sittings of the quarterly meeting were over, he was taken ill of the small-pox. An account of his sickness from day to day follows.

His disorder appeared to be the small-pox: being asked to have a doctor's advice, he signified he had not freedom or liberty in his mind so to do, standing wholly resigned to his will, who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before, when he seemed nigh unto death; and if he was to wind up now, he was perfectly resigned, having no will either to live or die, and did not choose any should be sent for to him: but a young man, an apothecary, coming of his own accord the next day, and desiring to do something for him, he said he found a freedom to confer with him and the other friends about him, and if any thing should be proposed, as to medicine, that did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take, so far as he found freedom.

The disease made rapid and fatal progress. His last act, "about the second hour on fourth-day morning," was to call for pen and ink, and, being unable to speak, write, "I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ, I know not as to life or death."

Four hours after, he expired "without sigh, groan, or struggle."

Woolman's chief productions, in addition to his Journal, are—*Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes*, the tract already referred to; *Considerations on Pure Wisdom and Human Policy, on Labour, on Schools, and on the Right Use of the Lord's Outward Gifts*, 1768; *Considerations on the True Harmony of Mankind, and how it is to be Maintained*, 1770; *Remarks on Sundry Subjects*, 1773; *An Epistle to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends*, 1772; and *A Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich*. Our extract is taken from the Remarks on Sundry Subjects.

Worship in silence hath often been refreshing to my mind, and a care attends me that a young generation may feel the nature of this worship.

Great expence ariseth in relation to that which is called Divine worship.

A considerable part of this expence is applied toward outward greatness, and many poor people, in raising of tithes, labour in supporting customs contrary to the simplicity that there is in Christ, toward whom my mind hath often been moved with pity.

In pure, silent worship, we dwell under the holy anointing, and feel Christ to be our shepherd.

Here the best of teachers ministers to the several conditions of his flock, and the soul receives immediately from the Divine fountain that with which it is nourished.

As I have travelled, at times, where those of other societies have attended our meetings, and have perceived how little some of them knew of the nature of silent worship, I have felt tender desires, in my heart, that we, who often sit silent in our meetings, may live answerable to the nature of an inward fellowship with God, that no stumbling-block, through us, may be laid in their way.

Such is the load of unnecessary expence which lieth on that which is called Divine service, in many places, and so much are the minds of many people employed in outward forms and ceremonies, that the opening of an inward silent worship in this nation, to me, hath appeared to be a precious opening.

Within the last four hundred years many pious people have been deeply exercised in soul on account of the superstition which prevailed amongst the professed followers of Christ, and, in support of their testimony against oppressive idolatry, some, in several ages, have finished their course in the flames.

It appears by the history of the Reformation, that, through the faithfulness of the martyrs, the understandings of many have been opened, and the minds of people from age to age, been more and more prepared for a real, spiritual worship.

My mind is often affected with a sense of the condition of those people who, in different ages, have been meek and patient, following Christ through great afflictions; and while I behold the several steps of reformation, and that clearness to which, through Divine goodness, it hath been brought by our ancestors, I feel tender desires that we, who sometimes meet in silence, may never, by our conduct, lay stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and hinder the progress of the reformation in the world.

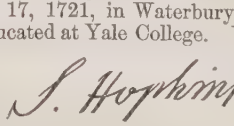
It was a complaint against some who were called the Lord's people, that they brought polluted bread to his altar, and said, the table of the Lord was contemptible.

In real, silent worship the soul feeds on that which is Divine; but we cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and that table which is prepared by the god of this world.

If Christ is our shepherd, and feedeth us, and we are faithful in following him, our lives will have an inviting language, and the table of the Lord will not be polluted.

SAMUEL HOPKINS,

The author of a System of Divinity, was born September 17, 1721, in Waterbury, Connecticut. He was educated at Yale College. While at New



Haven, he took part in the religious excitement caused by the preaching of Whitefield, Gilbert Tennent, and Jonathan Edwards. The missionary Brainerd was then in the college, and influenced Hopkins. On leaving Yale, he bent his way to Edwards, at Northampton, with whom he continued his studies for some time. He then, in 1743, was ordained at Sheffield (now Great Barrington), where he remained for twenty-five years—being soon joined by Edwards, in his neighborhood, at Stockbridge. In 1770, he was ordained minister of a congregation at Newport, which he was compelled to leave when the British took possession of the island. In 1780 he returned, and remained there till his death, December 20, 1803. "He died calmly," says Whittier, in a tribute to the memory of the man, "in the steady faith of one who had long trusted all things in the hand of God. 'The language of my heart is,' said he, 'let God be glorified by all things, and the best interest of His kingdom promoted, whatever becomes of me or my interest.' To a young friend, who visited him three days before his death, he said, 'I am feeble, and cannot say much. I have said all I can say. With my last words, I tell you, religion is the one thing needful. And now I am going to die, and I am glad of it. Many years before, an agreement had been made between Dr. Hopkins and his old and tried friend, Dr. Hart, of Connecticut, that when either was called home, the survivor should preach the funeral sermon of the deceased. The venerable Dr. Hart accordingly came, true to his promise, preaching at the funeral from the words of Elisha, 'My father, my father; the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' In the burial-ground adjoining his meeting-house, lies all that was mortal of Samuel Hopkins."*

Dr. Channing, though widely differing from Hopkins in theology, has celebrated the moral grandeur of the man. Their points of sympathy were a common ardor of independence, shown by Hopkins in his modification of Calvinism and theory of benevolence. "His system," says Channing, "however fearful, was yet built on a generous foundation. He maintained that all holiness, all moral excellence, consists in benevolence, or disinterested devotion to the greatest good. He taught that sin was introduced into the creation, and is to be everlastingly punished, because evil is necessary to the highest good. True virtue, as he taught, was an entire surrender of personal interest to the benevolent purposes of God. Self-love he spared in none of its movements. The system of Dr. Hopkins was an effort of reason to reconcile Calvinism with its essential truths."† Allen, who has pointed out his modifications of the Calvinistic theology, with less sympathy for his free spirit of inquiry, pronounces him "a very humble, pious, and benevolent man. Humility pervaded his whole conduct. It preserved him from that overbearing zeal, which is the offspring of self-confidence and pride."‡

Hopkins early took part in the abolition of the slave trade, announcing his views on the subject to his congregation at Newport, who were interested in the traffic, and giving to the cause, not

* Whittier's Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, p. 161
† Discourse at Newport, 1886. Works, iv. 342.
‡ Dr. Allen's Biog. Dict., Art. Hopkins.

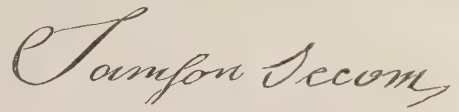
merely his arguments, but a liberal contribution from his limited resources. His *Dialogue Concerning the Slavery of the Africans; showing it to be the Duty and Interest of the American States to Emancipate all their Slaves*, was published in 1776, with a dedication to the Continental Congress.

In literary industry he was of the school of Edwards, having been engaged at times eighteen hours a day in his studies. His publications are three sermons—*Sin through Divine Interposition an Advantage to the Universe, and yet this no Excuse for Sin or Encouragement to it*, 1759; *An Inquiry concerning the Promises of the Gospel, whether any of them are made to the Exercises and Doings of Persons in an Unregenerate State*, containing remarks on two sermons by Dr. Mayhew, 1765; on the *Divinity of Christ*, 1768, and several other discourses, embracing points of his peculiar views, which he set forth systematically in the *System of Doctrines, contained in Divine Revelation*, in 1793. He wrote also the *Life of Susannah Anthony*, 1796, and of *Mrs. Osborn*, 1798, and left sketches of his life, written by himself, and several theological tracts, published by Dr. West, of Stockbridge, in 1805.

SAMSON OCCOM.

Samson Occom, a Mohegan Indian, was born at Mohegan, on the Thames river, Connecticut, about the year 1723. He wandered through the vicinity with his parents, who lived after the vagrant manner of their tribe, until during a visit to his neighborhood by several clergymen of the adjoining settlements, he became subject to religious impressions, and was induced to devote his future career to the spiritual education of his people. He was at the age of nineteen an inmate of Mr. Wheelock's school at Lebanon, for the education of Indians, an institution which led to the foundation of Dartmouth College, where he remained four years. In 1748, he taught a school for a short time in New London, and then removing to Long Island, again taught a school, and preached among the Montauk Indians, residing at East Hampton, where he eked out a living by hunting and fishing, binding books, making wooden spoons, stocking guns, and working as a cooper. He was regularly ordained, Aug. 29, 1759. In 1766 he was sent by Wheelock with Mr. Whittaker, the minister of Norwich, to England, in behalf of the Indian Charity School, endowed by Moor. From February 16, 1766, to July 22, 1767, he preached in various parts of the country, from three to four hundred sermons, to crowded audiences, and received much attention. On his return he remained for some time at Mohegan, and in 1786 removed with a number of Indians of that neighborhood to Brotherton, near Utica, New York, where a tract of land had been granted by the Oneidas. He afterwards resided among the Stockbridge Indians, who had been previously instructed in Christianity by Edwards, and received a tract near the lands of the Mohegans, where he died in July, 1792. His funeral was attended by over six hundred Indians.

Occom published a sermon on the execution of Moses Paul, at New Haven, Sept. 2, 1772, and wrote an account of the manners and customs of the Montauk Indians, which has been published



in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historica Society.* "His discourses," says Dr. Dwight, "though not proofs of superior talents, were decent, and his utterance in some degree eloquent." He now and then succumbed to strong drink, but maintained in other respects a good character.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

The Livingston family was founded in America by Robert Livingston, the son of a clergyman of Teviot, in Roxburghshire, Scotland. He emigrated about the year 1672, and appears to have soon after filled the office of Secretary to the Commissioners of Albany and parts adjacent. He purchased an extensive tract of land from the Indians, which was incorporated into the Manor

of Livingston, by patent dated July 22, 1686. He took an active part in colonial affairs, and died about 1726. His son Philip succeeded to the estate and married Catherine, daughter of Peter Van Brugh of Albany, in which city their fifth child, William, was born in November, 1723. A year of his boyhood was passed with a missionary among the Mohock Indians, during which he acquired a knowledge of the language and manners of the tribe which was of much service to him subsequently. In 1737 he entered Yale College, and was graduated at the head of his class in 1741. He studied law in the City of New York with Mr. James Alexander. Two essays, which he published under the signature *Tyro Philolegis*, in

* Wheelock's Brief Narrative of the Indian Charity School. A letter from the Rev. John Devotion, of Saybrook, to Rev. Dr. Styles, in closing Mr. Occom's account of the Montauk Indians. A.D. 1761. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, x. 106.

Parker's New York Weekly Post Boy, August 19, 1745, probably his first published compositions, on the mode of studying law, which then and now prevails, offended his instructor, and led to his withdrawal to the office of Mr. William Smith, with whom he completed his course. While a student he married Susannah, daughter of Philip French. In 1747 he issued his Poem entitled *Philosophic Solitude*. In 1752, in pursuance of an act of the legislature, he published, with William Smith, Jr., the first digest of the Colony Laws; and in the same year commenced a weekly political and miscellaneous journal of four pages folio, containing essays and correspondence on the model of the Spectator, *The Independent Reflector*. It was conducted with spirit, and made a stir, being on one occasion denounced from the pulpit. It entered warmly into the discussion relative to the religious formation of the Board of Trustees of King's, afterwards Columbia College, seven of whom were, by the act of November, 1751, vesting the funds raised by lotteries for the future institution, to be of the Episcopal, two of the Dutch, and one (Livingston himself) of the Presbyterian denominations. The publication closed in consequence of the outcry made against it, with the fifty-second number. In 1754 he published several of a series of communications entitled *The Watch Tower*, in Hugh Gaine's Mercury, on the still agitated topic of King's College. In 1757 he issued a work, first published in London, entitled, *A Review of the Military Operations in North America, from the commencement of French hostilities on the frontiers of Virginia in* 1753, *to the surrender of Oswego on the* 14*th April*, 1756, *in a Letter to a Nobleman*. It was written in defence of Governor Shirley. In the same year he published a funeral eulogium on the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of the College of New Jersey. In 1758, Livingston was elected from his brother's manor a member of the Assembly, as a representative of the opposition to the De Lancey or church party, which the King's College controversy had contributed to form. In 1765 he published a series of Essays entitled *The Sentinel*, in Holt's New York Weekly Post Boy. One of the most striking of these is entitled, *A New Sermon to an Old Text. Touch not mine anointed;* in which his design is to show that the "anointed" are not the monarchs but the people. These extended to twenty-eight numbers. His next publication was a pamphlet on the proposed American Episcopate, in answer to some strictures on the colonies by the Bishop of Llandaff. He also wrote some of the articles on the same subject which appeared under the title of *The American Whig*, in the New York Gazette. This subject was one fiercely contested in New York and Philadelphia, as well as New England. The opposition to the measure was based on political jealousy of a union of church and state, which it was feared would follow the introduction of bishops, more than on sectarian grounds, a fact proved by the unopposed establishment of the American Episcopate after the revolution. In 1770, Mr. Livingston published *A Soliloquy*, a pamphlet reflecting severely on Governor Colden. In 1772 he retired to a country-seat, to which he gave the genial name of Liberty Hall, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

Liberty Hall.

The progress of the Revolution did not, however, permit the fulfilment of his long cherished desire for rural retirement. In 1774 he was elected a delegate to the continental congress. He was re-elected the following year, but recalled on the 5th of June to take command as brigadier-general of the militia of his native state, at Elizabethtown Point. In 1776 he was elected governor of the state. During his administration he published several essays under the signature of *Hortensius*, in the New Jersey Gazette, a paper established to oppose Rivington's Royal Gazette, which was especially virulent against the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys," as it unceremoniously styles the Governor. He also wrote under the same signature, in 1779, in the United States Magazine, published in Philadelphia, but soon after ascertaining that several members of the Legislature had expressed "their dissatisfaction, that the chief magistrate of the state should contribute to the periodicals, he discontinued his communications altogether."

Governor Livingston's correspondence shows the high estimation in which his services to the nation throughout the war were appreciated by Washington and his fellow patriots, and the repeated attempts made by the enemy to surround his house and capture his person, bear a like honorable testimony to his efficiency. He supported not only the military, but what was perhaps more rare, the financial measures of Congress, declining, on one occasion, to appoint an individual to the office of postmaster on the ground that he had refused to take continental money. In 1785 he was elected Minister to the Court of Holland, but declined the appointment. In the next year he resumed his contributions to the press under the title of *The Primitive Whig*, in Collins's New Jersey Gazette. In 1787 he exerted himself in obtaining materials for Morse's Geography, and in correcting the sheets of the work, which appeared at Elizabethtown, 1789, with a dedication to the governor. In 1787 he was also appointed a delegate to the Federal Convention. He was an active member, though not a prominent debater, of that body. In June, 1790, he was attacked by a dropsy, which put an end to his life, while still governor of the state, on Sunday, July 25, 1790.

In his private, Livingston maintained the high tone of his public life. His intercourse with his numerous family, and with those about him, was kindly and simple. He retained his love of rural pursuits throughout his official career, and in the words of Brissot, who mentions him in his travels in 1788, was "at once a writer, a governor, and a ploughman."

In person Governor Livingston was tall, and so thin as to have been called by "some female wit," the "whipping post." A Memoir by Theodore Sedgwick,* was published in 1833. It contains numerous extracts from his correspondence, and is admirably executed.

THE RETREAT.

FROM THE POEM, PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE.

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe, to be esteem'd at court;
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
Far from the painted belle, and white-glov'd beau,
The lawless masquerade, and midnight show:
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Full in the centre of some shady grove,
By nature form'd for solitude and love:
On banks array'd with ever-blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall;
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swell'd with future wine:
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

Along my mansion, spiry firs should grow,
And gloomy yews extend the shady row:
The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise,
Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies:
Among the leaves, refreshing zephyrs play,
And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray;
Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
Securely shelter'd from the battering storm;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora blush'd along the sky:
While all around th' enchanting music rings,
And ev'ry vocal grove responsive sings.

Me to sequester'd scenes ye muses guide,
Where nature wantons in her virgin pride;
To mossy banks, edg'd round with op'ning flowers,
Elysian fields and amaranthine bowers,
To ambrosial founts, and sleep-inspiring rills,
To herbag'd vales, gay lawns, and sunny hills.

Welcome, ye shades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!
Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms!
Ye forests, hail! ye solitary woods!
Love-whispering groves, and silver-streaming floods:
Ye meads, that aromatic sweets exhale!
Ye birds, and all ye sylvan beauties, hail!
Oh how I long with you to spend my days,
Invoke the muse, and try the rural lays!

No trumpets there with martial clangor sound,
No prostrate heroes strew the crimson ground;
No groves of lances glitter in the air,
Nor thund'ring drums provoke the sanguine war:
But white-rob'd Peace, and universal Love
Smile in the field, and brighten ev'ry grove:
There all the beauties of the circling year,
In native ornamental pride appear.
Gay, rosy-bosom'd Spring, and April show'rs,
Wake, from the womb of earth, the rising flow'rs;
In deeper verdure, Summer clothes the plain,
And Autumn bends beneath the golden grain;
The trees weep amber; and the whispering gales
Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales:
The flow'ry tribes in gay confusion bloom,
Profuse with sweets, and fragrant with perfume;
On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
In these fair seats, I'd pass the joyous day,
Where meadows flourish, and where fields look gay;
From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or shades,
Aerial mountains, or subjacent glades.
There from the polish'd fetters of the great,
Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of state—
Prime ministers, and sycophantic knaves,
Illustrious villains, and illustrious slaves,
From all the vain formality of fools,
And odious talk of arbitrary rules:
The ruffling cares, which the vex'd soul annoy,
The wealth the rich possess, but not enjoy,
The visionary bliss the world can lend,
Th' insidious foe, and false, designing friend,
The seven-fold fury of Xantippe's soul,
And S———'s rage, that burns without controul;
I'd live retired, contented, and serene,
Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unseen.

FAVORITE BOOKS.

But to improve the intellectual mind,
Reading should be to contemplation join'd.
First I'd collect from the Parnassian spring,
What muses dictate, and what poets sing.—
Virgil, as prince, shou'd wear the laurel'd crown,
And other bards pay homage to his throne;
The blood of heroes now effus'd so long,
Will run forever purple thro' his song,
See! how he mounts toward the blest abodes,
On planets rides, and talks with demigods!
How do our ravish'd spirits melt away,
When in his song Sicilian shepherds play!
But what a splendor strikes the dazzled eye,
When Dido shines in awful majesty!
Embroidered purple clad the Tyrian queen,
Her motion graceful, and august her mien;
A golden zone her royal limbs embrac'd,
A golden quiver rattled by her waist.
See her proud steed majestically prance,
Contemn the trumpet, and deride the launce!
In crimson trappings, glorious to behold,
Confus'dly gay with interwoven gold!
He champs the bit, and throws the foam around,
Impatient paws, and tears the solid ground.
How stern Æneas thunders thro' the field!
With tow'ring helmet, and refulgent shield!
Coursers o'erturn'd, and mighty warriors slain,
Deform'd with gore, lie welt'ring on the plain,
Struck through with wounds, ill-fated chieftains lie,
Frown e'en in death, and threaten as they die.

* A Memoir of the Life of William Livingston, Member of Congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776: Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1776 to 1790, with extracts from his correspondence, and notices of various members of his family. By Theodore Sedgwick, Jun. New York. 1833.

Thro' the thick squadrons see the hero bound!
(His helmet flashes, and his arms resound!)
All grim with rage, he frowns o'er Turnus' head,
(Re-kindled ire! for blooming Pallas dead)
Then in his bosom plung'd the shining blade—
The soul indignant sought the Stygian shade!

The far-fam'd bards that grac'd Britannia's isle,
Should next compose the venerable pile,
Great Milton first, for tow'ring thought renown'd,
Parent of song, and fam'd the world around!
His glowing breast divine Urania fir'd,
Or God himself th' immortal bard inspir'd,
Borne on triumphant wings he takes his flight,
Explores all heaven, and treads the realms of light;
In martial pomp he clothes th' angelic train,
While warring myriads shake the etherial plain.
First Michael stalks, high tow'ring o'er the rest,
With heav'nly plumage nodding on his crest:
Impenetrable arms his limbs infold,
Eternal adamant, and burning gold!
Sparkling in fiery mail, with dire delight,
Rebellious Satan animates the fight:
Armipotent they sink in rolling smoke,
All heav'n resounding, to its centre shook.
To crush his foes, and quell the dire alarms,
Messiah sparkled in refulgent arms:
In radiant panoply divinely bright,
His limbs incas'd, he flash'd devouring light:
On burning wheels, o'er heav'n's crystalline road
Thunder'd the chariot of the filial God;
The burning wheels on golden axles turn'd,
With flaming gems the golden axles burn'd.
Lo! the apostate host, with terror struck,
Roll back by millions! Th' empyrean shook!
Sceptres, and orbed shields, and crowns of gold,
Cherubs and seraphs in confusion roll'd;
Till from his hand the triple thunder hurl'd,
Compell'd them, head-long, to th' infernal world.

Then tuneful Pope, whom all the nine inspire,
With sapphic sweetness, and pindaric fire,
Father of verse! melodious and divine!
Next peerless Milton should distinguish'd shine.
Smooth flow his numbers, when he paints the grove,
Th' enraptur'd virgins list'ning into love.
But when the night, and hoarse-resounding storm
Rush on the deep, and Neptune's face deform,
Rough runs the verse, the son'rous numbers roar,
Like the hoarse surge that thunders on the shore
But when he sings th' exhilarated swains,
Th' embow'ring groves, and Windsor's blissful plains,
Our eyes are ravish'd with the sylvan scene,
Embroider'd fields, and groves in living green:
His lays the verdure of the meads prolong,
And wither'd forests blossom in his song.
Thames' silver streams his flowing verse admire,
And cease to murmur while he tunes his lyre.

Next should appear great Dryden's lofty muse,
For who would Dryden's polish'd verse refuse?
His lips were moisten'd in Parnassus' spring,
And Phœbus taught his laureat son to sing.
How long did Virgil untranslated moan,
His beauties fading, and his flights unknown;
Till Dryden rose, and, in exalted strain,
Re-sang the fortune of the god-like man!
Again the Trojan prince, with dire delight,
Dreadful in arms, demands the ling'ring fight:
Again Camilla glows with martial fire,
Drives armies back, and makes all Troy retire.
With more than native lustre, Virgil shines,
And gains sublimer heights in Dryden's lines.

The gentle Watts, who strings his silver lyre
To sacred odes, and heav'n's all-ruling Sire;
Who scorns th' applause of the licentious stage
And mounts yon sparkling worlds with hallow'd rage,
Compels my thoughts to wing th' heav'nly road.
And wafts my soul, exulting, to my God:
No fabled nine, harmonious bard! inspire
Thy raptur'd breast with such seraphic fire;
But prompting angels warm thy boundless rage,
Direct thy thoughts, and animate thy page.
Blest man! for spotless sanctity rever'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the guilty fear'd;
Blest man! from gay, delusive scenes remov'd,
Thy Maker loving, by thy Maker lov'd,
To God thou tun'st thy consecrated lays,
Nor meanly blush to sing Jehovah's praise.
Oh! did, like thee, each laurel'd bard delight
To paint Religion in her native light,
Not then with plays the lab'ring press would groan,
Nor Vice defy the pulpit and the throne;
No impious rhymers charm a vicious age,
Nor prostrate Virtue groan beneath their rage;
But themes divine in lofty numbers rise,
Fill the wide earth, and echo thro' the skies.

These for delight. For profit I would read
The labour'd volumes of the learned dead.
Sagacious Locke, by Providence design'd,
To exalt, instruct, and rectify the mind.
The unconquerable sage* whom virtue fir'd,
And from the tyrant's lawless rage retir'd,
When victor Cæsar freed unhappy Rome
From Pompey's chains, to substitute his own.
Longinus, Livy, fam'd Thucydides,
Quintilian, Plato, and Demosthenes,
Persuasive Tully, and Corduba's sage,†
Who fell by Nero's unrelenting rage;
Him‡ whom ungrateful Athens doom'd to bleed,
Despis'd when living, and deplor'd when dead.
Raleigh I'd read with ever fresh delight,
While ages past rise present to my sight:
Ah man unblest! he foreign realms explor'd,
Then fell a victim to his country's sword!
Nor should great Derham pass neglected by,
Observant sage! to whose deep-piercing eye,
Nature's stupendous works expanded lie.
Nor he, Britannia, thy unmatch'd renown!
(Adjudg'd to wear the philosophic crown)
Who on the solar orb uplifted rode,
And scann'd the unfathomable works of God!
Who bound the silver planets to their spheres,
And trac'd the elliptic curve of blazing stars!
Immortal Newton; whose illustrious name
Will shine on records of eternal fame.

A WIFE.

By love directed, I would choose a wife,
To improve my bliss, and ease the load of life.
Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tye!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, friendship, honour, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden, first the holy state began,
When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;
The human pair, the Almighty pontiff led,
Gay as the morning, to the bridal bed;
A dread solemnity the espousals grac'd,
Angels the witnesses and God the priest!
All earth exulted on the nuptial hour,
And voluntary roses deck'd the bow'r;
The joyous birds on every blossom'd spray,
Sung hymeneans to the important day,
While Philomela swell'd the spousal song,
And Paradise with gratulation rung.

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* Cato. † Seneca. ‡ Socrates.

Relate, inspiring muse! where shall I find
A blooming virgin with an angel mind?
Unblemish'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
That fed, O Rome! thy consecrated fire?
By reason aw'd, ambitious to be good,
Averse to vice, and zealous for her God?
Relate, in what blest region can I find
Such bright perfections in a female mind?
What phœnix-woman breathes the vital air
So greatly good, and so divinely fair?
Sure not the gay and fashionable train,
Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane;
Who spend their golden hours in antic dress,
Malicious whispers, and inglorious ease.

Lo! round the board a shining train appears
In rosy beauty, and in prime of years!
This hates a flounce, and this a flounce approves,
This shows the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers, that Sylvia drest in green,
When last at church the gaudy nymph was seen;
Chloe condemns her optics; and will lay
'Twas azure sattin, interstreak'd with grey;
Lucy, invested with judicial power,
Awards 'twas neither,—and the strife is o'er.
Then parrots, lap dogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaux,
Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
In quick succession, thro' their fancies run,
And dance incessant, on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other sport,
The belles prepare to grace the sacred court,
They marshal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and destroy in play.
Two skilful maids with reverential fear,
In wanton wreaths collect their silken hair;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and the ambrosial shower;
One pulls the shape-creating stays; and one
Encircles round her waist the golden zone;
Not with more toil to improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's son adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the resistless beauty of the skies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,
The ideal goddesses to church repair,
Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
Or listen to the organ's pompous sound,
Or eye the gilded images around;
Or, deeply studied in coquettish rules,
Aim wily glances at unthinking fools;
Or show the lily hand with graceful air,
Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair:
And when the hated discipline is o'er,
And misses tortur'd with repent, no more,
They mount the pictur'd coach; and, to the play,
The celebrated idols hie away.

Not so the lass that should my joys improve,
With solid friendship, and connubial love:
A native bloom, with intermingled white,
Should set her features in a pleasing light;
Like Helen flushing with unrival'd charms,
When raptur'd Paris darted in her arms.
But what, alas! avails a ruby cheek,
A downy bosom, or a snowy neck!
Charms ill supply the want of innocence,
Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence:
But in her breast let moral beauties shine,
Supernal grace and purity divine:
Sublime her reason, and her native wit
Unstrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit:
Her fancy lively, and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry:
Averse to idol pomp, and outward show,
The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantastic beau.
The fop's impertinence she should despise,
Tho' sorely wounded by her radiant eyes;
But pay due rev'rence to the exalted mind,
By learning polish'd, and by wit refin'd,
Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
And all her faults as freely reprehends.
Soft Hymen's rites her passion should approve,
And in her bosom glow the flames of love:
To me her soul, by sacred friendship, turn,
And I, for her, with equal friendship burn:
In ev'ry stage of life afford relief,
Partake my joys, and sympathize my grief;
Unshaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
Nor bribe her Reason to pursue the mode;
Mild as the saint whose errors are forgiv'n,
Calm as a vestal, and compos'd as heaven.
This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
That should embellish and prolong my life,
A nymph! who might a second fall inspire,
And fill a glowing cherub with desire!
With her I'd spend the pleasurable day,
While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away:
With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural scene;
Or sit in open fields damask'd with flow'rs,
Or where cool shades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs.
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms;
Oft on her panting bosom would I lay,
And in dissolving raptures melt away;
Then lull'd, by nightingales, to balmy rest,
My blooming fair should slumber at my breast.

CONCLUSION.

And when decrepid age (frail mortals' doom)
Should bend my wither'd body to the tomb,
No warbling syrens should retard my flight
To heavenly mansions of unclouded light.
Tho' Death, with his imperial horrors crown'd,
Terrific grinn'd, and formidably frown'd,
Offences pardon'd and remitted sin,
Should form a calm serenity within:
Blessing my natal and my mortal hour,
(My soul committed to the eternal pow'r)
Inexorable Death should smile, for I
Who knew to live, would never fear to die.

JAMES OTIS,

The first writer of the Revolution, was born in Barnstable, Feb. 5, 1724. He was prepared for Harvard College by the Rev. Jonathan Russell, and graduated in 1743. Eighteen months after he commenced the study of law in the office of Jeremiah Gridley, and was admitted in 1748, at Plymouth, where he resided. Two years after he removed to Boston. His practice soon became extensive. In 1755, he married Miss Ruth Cunningham, the daughter of a merchant of Boston. In 1760, he was engaged in the famous case of the Writs of Assistance—a new regulation introduced by the English government, by which the courts were called upon to protect the officers of the customs in forcibly entering and searching the premises of merchants in quest of dutiable goods. Pending the application to the Superior Court for these writs, Sewell, the chief justice, died, and Lt. Gov. Hutchinson was appointed his successor. The elder Otis condemned this multiplication of offices in the hands of one person, and this opposition and the future proceedings of himself and son have been charged against them as instigated by revenge, he having expected the

office himself. The charge is branded as an "execrable lie" by John Adams. Otis defended the merchants in this case, and with success. "American Independence was then and there born."* His speech was widely circulated, and its author was elected to the State Legislature in May, 1761. In 1762, he published a pamphlet, entitled *A Vindication of the Conduct of the House of Representatives.* It was a defence of an address to the governor in answer to his message announcing an addition to the armament of the Massachusetts sloop (a small matter in itself, but involving the principle of the expenditure of the public money without the action of the legislature). This address, drawn up by Otis, contained the following passage: "It would be of little consequence to the people whether they were subject to George or Louis, the king of Great Britain or the French king, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without Parliament." A member cried out "treason" when it was read, but the address was passed by a large majority. "How many volumes," says John Adams, "are concentrated in this little fugitive pamphlet! Look over the Declarations of Rights and Wrongs, issued by Congress in 1774. Look into the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Look into the writings of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley. Look into all the French constitutions of government, and, to cap the climax, look into Mr. Thomas Paine's Common Sense, Crisis, and Rights of Man; what can you find that is not to be found in solid substance in this Vindication of the House of Representatives?"

James Otis

In 1764, Otis's *Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved*, a pamphlet of 120 pages 8vo., appeared. Its argument is given with admirable concision in the summary near its close.

The sum of my argument is, that civil government is of God, that the administrators of it were originally the whole people; that they might have devolved it on whom they pleased: that this devolution is fiduciary, for the good of the whole: that by the British constitution, this devolution is on the king, lords, and commons, the supreme, sacred, and uncontrollable legislative power, not only in the realm, but through the dominions: that by the abdication, the original compact was broken to pieces; that by the revolution it was renewed, and more firmly established, and the rights and liberties of the subject in all parts of the dominions more fully explained and confirmed: that in consequence of this establishment and the acts of succession and union, his Majesty George III. is rightful king and sovereign, and with his parliament, the supreme legislative of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging: that this constitution is the most free one, and by far the best now existing on earth: that by this constitution, every man in the dominions is a free man: that no part of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent: that every part has a right to be represented in the supreme or some subordinate legislature, that the refusal of this would seem to be a contradiction in practice to the theory of the constitution: that the colonies are subordinate dominions, and are now in such a state, as to make it best for the good of the whole that they should not only be continued in the enjoyment of subordinate legislation, but be also represented in some proportion to their number and estates in the grand legislation of the nation: that this would firmly unite all parts of the British empire, in the greatest peace and prosperity; and render it invulnerable and perpetual.

Otis was elected to the first or Stamp Act Congress, but after the publication of his last work took a less prominent part in public debate.

Sept. 4, 1769, he published an advertisement in the Boston Gazette, denouncing the commissioners of the customs who had sent over to England false and libellous charges against him. The next evening he met Robinson, one of these persons, in a coffee-house. An altercation ensued, Robinson struck him with a cane, Otis returned the blow, was attacked by a number of Robinson's adherents, and received a severe wound in the head—which is generally supposed to have led to the insanity which soon after made its appearance, and incapacitated him for future public or professional exertion. He brought an action against Robinson, and recovered £2000 damages, which he refused to accept. He retired from the legislature in 1770, and was re-elected in 1771, but did not take any important part in the debates. He withdrew the same year, and passed the remainder of his life at Barnstable and Andover, where he was struck by lightning, May 23, 1783, and died instantaneously. His life has been written by William Tudor.*

ADVANTAGES OF REPRESENTATION.

A representation in Parliament from the several colonies, since they are become so large and numerous, as to be called on not only to maintain provincial government, civil and military, among themselves, for this they have cheerfully done, but to contribute towards the support of a national standing army, by reason of the heavy national debt, when they themselves owe a large one, con-

* John Adams.

* Life of James Otis, of Massachusetts. Boston, 1823.

tracted in the common cause, cannot be thought an unreasonable thing, nor if asked, could it be called an immodest request. *Qui sentit commodum sentire debet et onus*, has been thought a maxim of equity. But that a man should bear a burthen for other people, as well as himself, without a return, never long found a place in any law-book or decrees, but those of the most despotic princes. Besides the equity of an American representation in parliament, a thousand advantages would result from it. It would be the most effectual means of giving those of both countries a thorough knowledge of each other's interests, as well as that of the whole, which are inseparable.

Were this representation allowed, instead of the scandalous memorials and depositions that have been sometimes, in days of old, privately cooked up in an inquisitorial manner, by persons of bad minds and wicked views, and sent from America to the several boards, persons of the first reputation among their countrymen might be on the spot, from the several colonies, truly to represent them. Future ministers need not, like some of their predecessors, have recourse for information in American affairs, to every vagabond stroller, that has run or rid post through America, from his creditors, or to people of no kind of credit from the colonies.

JAMES BOWDOIN

Was born in Boston, August 7, 1726. He was of Huguenot descent; his grandfather Pierre Baudouin having been a refugee from France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, who, living for a short time in Ireland, in 1687 was an applicant to Governor Andros, in New England, for a grant of land in Maine. His son, James Bowdoin, became a wealthy merchant of Boston; and his son James, of whom we are writing, inherited a handsome paternal fortune. He was educated under Master Lovell at the South Grammar School of the city, and was a graduate of Harvard of 1745. At twenty-four years of age he had visited Franklin in Philadelphia, and disclosed a taste for scientific pursuits which induced the philosopher, then twenty years his senior, to communicate to him his papers on Electricity. This was the beginning of a correspondence by which the friends have become united in reputation. A resumé of this scientific connexion is given by the Hon. R.C. Winthrop, a descendant of Bowdoin, in his address on the Life and Services of Bowdoin.*

At the outset of this correspondence, Bowdoin appears to have availed himself of the invitation to make observations on Franklin's theories and speculations, with somewhat more of independence of opinion than might have been expected from the disparity of their ages. One of his earliest letters (21st Dec. 1751) suggested such forcible objections to the hypothesis, that the sea was the grand source of electricity, that Franklin was led to say in his reply, (24th January, 1752,)—"I grow more doubtful of my former supposition, and more ready to allow weight to that objection, (drawn from the activity of the electric fluid and the readiness of water to conduct,) which you have indeed stated with great strength and clearness." In the following year Franklin retracted this hypothesis altogether. The same letter of Bowdoin's contained an elaborate explication of the cause of the crooked direction of lightning, which Franklin pronounced, in his reply, to be "both ingenious and solid,"—adding, "when we can account as satisfactorily for the electrification of clouds, I think that branch of natural philosophy will be nearly complete."

In a subsequent letter, Bowdoin suggested a theory in regard to the luminousness of water under certain circumstances, ascribing it to the presence of minute phosphorescent animals, of which Franklin said, in his reply, (13th Dec. 1753,)—"The observations you made of the sea water emitting more or less light in different tracts passed through by your boat, is new, and your mode of accounting for it ingenious. It is, indeed, very possible, that an extremely small animalcule, too small to be visible even by our best glasses, may yet give a visible light." This theory has since been very generally received.

Franklin soon after paid our young philosopher the more substantial and unequivocal compliment of sending his letters to London, where they were read at the Royal Society, and published in a volume with his own. The Royal Society, at a later day, made Bowdoin one of their fellows; and Franklin writing to Bowdoin from London, Jan. 13, 1772, says: "It gives me great pleasure that my book afforded any to my friends. I esteem those letters of yours among its brightest ornaments, and have the satisfaction to find that they add greatly to the reputation of American philosophy."

He bore a leading part in the political agitations of the times, in opposition to the parliamentary and local government tyranny; and was an early advocate of the union of the Colonies. He was a member of the Colonial Council, where his patriotism rendered him an object of dread to Governor Bernard and Hutchinson, while he was specially set aside by the English home government. He was elected to the Old Continental Congress and prevented attendance only by family illness. His own health was weak, and his life became a long consumptive disease; but he was always vigorous in public affairs. In 1785, he became Governor of the Commonwealth, in the discharge of the duties of which he applied all his energies to the suppression of Shay's Rebellion against law and order. He lived to see his efforts for union fully established in the formation of the Federal Constitution; received Washington, with whom he had conferred on the perilous heights of Dorchester, in 1776, at his house in Boston in 1789; and on the 6th of November, 1790, followed, after an interval of a few months, his old friend Franklin to the grave.

Besides his participation in Franklin's discoveries, he has a claim upon our attention here as a contributor to the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, the volume of Cambridge poems on the accession of George III., to which he contributed three articles,* and the author of a volume of verses published anonymously in Boston, in 1759. His *Paraphrase of the Economy of Human Life* furnishes at least a pleasing study of the tastes of the man and the period. He was a fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College, subscribed liberally to its funds, and left the institution a handsome legacy to be applied to the encouragement of literature in premiums among the students. He was one of the founders and first Presidents of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, and published a philosophical discourse on

* Winthrop's Maine Historical Soc. Address, 1849, pp. 10–12.

* *Ante*, p. 13.

his induction in 1780. The poem of Bowdoin, to which we have alluded, is called a Paraphrase of Dodsley's collection of aphorisms under that title,* but, though it originated in a simple version of the Economy, it is rather an amplification or extension of that little work, with new illustrations. It follows the original in its general classification of personal duties and emotions, and the relation of the sexes, without taking up each of the topics. Bowdoin's is good moral sense, in a good declamatory tone, without much originality. As an example of its more pleasing descriptions, we may take a passage on the Virtuous Woman, in the section on Desire and Love.

Now view the maid, the love inspiring maid,
With virtue and with modesty array'd:
Survey her matchless form; her mind survey;
And all their beauty in full light display.
Her matchless form, display'd in open light,
Attracts the eye, and charms the ravish'd sight.
Survey'd, and re-survey'd from feet to head,
A thousand nameless beauties round her spread:
See down her neck the charming locks descend;
And, black as jet, in waving ringlets end:
As down her beauteous neck they careless flow,
The lovely white to great advantage show:
Her comely neck with symmetry and grace,
Rises majestic on its noble base:
And, like a column of superior art,
Does to the eye a fine effect impart:
Her piercing eyes their harmless lightning play:
And dart around a joy-diffusing ray:
Her cheeks, adorn'd with lovely white and red,
May vie with roses in their flow'ry bed:
Her coral lips, whene'er she speaks, disclose
The finest iv'ry in concentric rows:
Her tempting breasts in whiteness far outgo
The op'ning lily, and the new fal'n snow:
Her tempting breasts the eyes of all command,
And gently rising court the am'rous hand:
Their beauty and proportion strike the eye,
And art's best skill to equal them defy.

These matchless charms, which now in bloom appear,
Are far exalted by the dress they wear:
With virtue rob'd, with modesty attir'd,
They're more and more by all mankind admir'd
With virtue rob'd, with modesty array'd,
They're in the fairest light to all display'd:
True virtue and true modesty inspire
With love sincere, unmix'd with base desire;
Set off the beauties of her lovely face;
And give each feature a peculiar grace:
Each feature sheds a joy-inspiring ray;
And all around are innocently gay:
Each feature speaks the goodness of her mind;
By pride untainted, gen'rous, frank and kind.
How full of innocence her sprightly eye!
Which with the dove's in innocence may vie:
From falsehood and from guile how free her heart!
How free from cunning and intriguing art!
How sweet her kiss! than honey far more sweet;
And like her lips exempt from all deceit:
Her lips far sweeter odors breathe around,
Than e'er exhal'd from India's od'rous ground;
More sweet than e'er perfum'd the spicy coast;
More sweet than fam'd Arabia can boast.

Than roses far more grateful is her smile;
And more than roses can the sense beguile.

These are her charms—her charms as bright appear
As yonder stars that deck heav'n's sparkling sphere;
And like to her's, which bro't down fabled Jove,
Conquer the breast least capable of love.

The reader may like to compare Bowdoin with his original Dodsley. We add a few sentences from the latter's brief parallel chapter.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements; neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

When virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven; and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey: the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Dodsley's sentiments have a strong flavor of common-place to readers of the present day, but they were once very popular. James Bowdoin, the son of the preceding, was a gentleman of many accomplishments. He was born Sept. 22, 1752, and died Oct. 11, 1811. He gave much attention to literary pursuits, and on the incorporation of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in Maine, made it a donation of one thousand acres of land, and more than eleven hundred pounds. He was sent by Jefferson as minister to Spain in 1805, and subsequently to France, and remained abroad till 1808, passing two years in Paris, where he made a collection of books and minerals which he subsequently presented to Bowdoin College. He lived during the summer months on Naushaun Island, near Martha's Vineyard. He was interested in the cultivation of sheep, and translated Daubenton's *Advice to Shepherds*. He published anonymously, *Opinions respecting the Commercial Intercourse between the United States and Great Britain*. A short time before his death he gave a valuable grant of land to Bowdoin College, and by his last will bequeathed a philosophical apparatus, and a costly collection of paintings to that institution.

EZRA STILES.

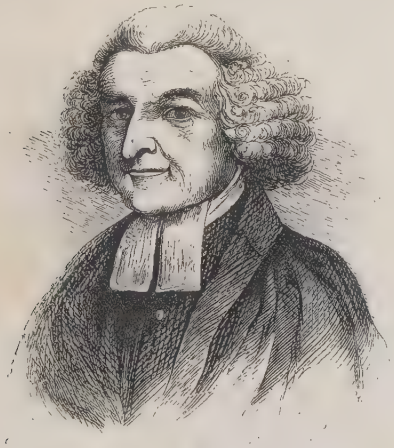
The grandfather of Ezra Stiles was brought an infant to New England, in 1634. The family settled in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1635. The Rev. Isaac Stiles was his son, and settled, as minister, at North Haven. He married a daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Westfield, Mass., who died a few days after giving birth to their only child, Ezra, December 10, 1727. He was prepared for Yale College by his father, at the early age of twelve, but his entrance was wisely deferred until three years later. He was graduated with distinguished honors in 1746, and remained a resident at the college, where he was chosen a tutor, in May, 1749. He was licensed, and preached his first sermon, in June of the same

* A Paraphrase on Part of the Economy of Human Life, inscribed to his Excellency Thomas Pownall, Esq., Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay. Boston, New England: Printed and Sold by Green and Russell, at their Printing-Office, in Queen st. 1759.

year, and in the following September received the Master's degree, being regarded as one of the ablest scholars the institution had produced. In 1752, finding the exertion of preaching prejudicial to his health, and influenced to some extent by religious doubts, by which his mind was then disturbed, he commenced the study of the law, with a view to a change in his career. In 1754, he made a tour to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, with great benefit to his health. In April of the following year, he accepted an invitation to preach during the college vacation, at Newport, R. I., and soon after received a call to retain the position permanently. After much deliberation, he determined to abandon the law and accept the appointment. He had previously, by laborious study and earnest thought, dispelled the theological difficulties which had disturbed his mind, and was ready to devote himself with earnestness and zeal to his sacred calling. His clerical duties did not, however, prevent his attention to the scientific and philological studies in which he also delighted.

In 1757, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Col. John Hubbard, of New Haven.

A discourse delivered on the public thanksgiving for the capture of Montreal, September 8, 1760, shows him to have been among the first to foresee American Independence. He says: "It is probable that, in time, there will be formed a Provincial Confederacy, and a Common Council, standing on free provincial suffrage: and this may, in time, terminate in an imperial diet, when the imperial dominion will subsist, as it ought, in election." In July, 1766, he was urged to allow himself to be proposed as a candidate for the presidency of Yale College, but declined. The proposal



Ezra Stiles

was renewed by his formal election, in 1777. He was at this time resident at Portsmouth, having removed on the British occupation of Newport, until "it might please Divine Providence to reassemble his dear scattered flock." At the urgent solicitation of his own and the friends of the college, he accepted the office, and commenced its duties, June 23, 1778.

In the spring vacation of 1780, the British having evacuated Newport, the President paid a visit to his old congregation. The church had been desecrated by the enemy, who "had put up a chimney in the middle of it, and demolished all the pews and seats below, and in the galleries, but had left the pulpit standing. My little zealous flock," says the President, "took down the chimney, and cleansed the meeting house, and then procured some benches, made for the king's troops' entertainment and left behind: so that we attended divine service very conveniently, though with a pleasure intermixed with tender grief." He retained his Presidency with high honor to himself and usefulness to the institution, until his death, May 12, 1795.

Dr. Stiles was an indefatigable student throughout his life. By the aid of a Jewish acquaintance in Newport, he instructed himself in Hebrew, and afterwards acquired an acquaintance with the other oriental languages. He corresponded with the Jesuits on the geography of California, with Greek bishops on the physical formation of Palestine and the adjacent countries, and addressed queries of a scientific and philological nature to travellers from the interior of Africa, Behring's Straits, and other remote regions. The late Chancellor Kent, who was one of Stiles's pupils in the college, has paid a handsome tribute to the warmth and character of his political principles and personal virtues: "President Stiles's zeal for civil and religious liberty was kindled at the altar of the English and New England Puritans, and it was animating and vivid. A more constant and devoted friend to the Revolution and independence of this country never existed. He had anticipated it as early as the year 1760, and his whole soul was enlisted in favor of every measure which led on gradually to the formation and establishment of the American Union. The frequent appeals which he was accustomed to make to the heads and hearts of his pupils, concerning the slippery paths of youth, the grave duties of life, the responsibilities of man, and the perils, and hopes, and honors, and destiny of our country, will never be forgotten by those who heard them; and especially when he came to touch, as he often did, with 'a master's hand and prophet's fire,' on the bright vision of the future prosperity and splendor of the United States. . . . . Take him for all in all, this extraordinary man was undoubtedly one of the purest and best gifted men of his age. In addition to his other eminent attainments he was clothed with humility, with tenderness of heart, with disinterested kindness, and with the most artless simplicity. He was distinguished for the dignity of his deportment, the politeness of his address, and the urbanity of his manners. Though he was uncompromising in his belief and vindication of the great fundamental doctrines of the Protestant faith, he was nevertheless of a most charitable and catholic temper, resulting equally from the benevolence of his disposition and the spirit of the Gospel." *

* Address delivered at New Haven, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by James Kent, September 13, 1831.

Dr. Channing has also been the eulogist of Stiles. In his discourse at Newport, he speaks with animation of this "noble friend of religious liberty," who "threw a lustre on this island immediately before the Revolution;" and adds, "to the influence of this distinguished man in the circle in which I was brought up, I may owe in part the indignation which I feel towards every invasion of human rights. In my earliest years I regarded no human being with equal reverence."*

Stiles was twice married, his second wife being the widow of William Checkley, of Providence. One of his daughters married the Rev. Abiel Holmes, by whom his life was written and published in 1798. There is also a biography by Prof. Kingsley, of Yale, in the second series of Sparks's collection.

His chief literary production was his *History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I.*† A letter written in 1793, by a gentleman of South Carolina, to the President, suggesting a monument to the memory of John Dixwell, one of the three Judges of Charles I. who escaped to and died in this country, led him to the completion of a work on these worthies for which he had long been engaged in collecting materials.‡ It appeared in 1795. The kindly pen of Chancellor Kent has placed its political merits in a strong light: "This work contains proof," he says, "that the author's devotion to civil and religious liberty carried him forward to some hasty conclusions; in like manner as his fondness for antiquarian researches tended to lead his mind to credulous excesses. He dwells on trifling traditionary details on a very unimportant inquiry; but the volume also contains a dissertation on republican polity, and his vindication of the resistance of the Long Parliament to King Charles I., and of the judicial trial and condemnation of that monarch. Here he rises into a theme of the loftiest import, and discusses it with his usual boldness, fervor, acuteness, and copiousness of erudition. He takes occasion to condemn all hereditary orders in government, as being incompatible with public virtue and security; and he was of opinion that monarchy and aristocracy, with all their exclusive political appendages, were going fast into discredit and disuse, under the influence of more just and enlightened notions of the natural equality and liberties of mankind. In these opinions the President did no more than adopt and declare the principles of the most illustrious of the English Puritans under the Stuarts, and of many, at least, of the English Protestant Dissenters under the Brunswick line. His fundamental doctrine, that a nation may bring to trial and punishment delinquent kings, is undoubtedly true as an abstract proposition, though the right is difficult to define and dangerous in the application. This humble little volume was dedicated *to the patrons of unpolluted liberty, civil and religious, throughout the world;* and when we consider its subject, its republicanism, its spirit, its frankness, its piety, its style and its *tact*, we are almost led to believe that we are perusing *the legacy of the last of the Puritans*. He gives us also a *conspectus* or plan of an ideal commonwealth, and it is far superior to the schemes sketched by Harrington, or Milton, or Locke, or Hume, or to any other plan of a republic prior to the establishment of our own American constitutions. It is very much upon the model of some of the best of them, and though entire political equality and universal suffrage were the basis of his plan, he was fully aware of the dangerous propensities to which they might expose us, and therefore he checked the rapidity of his machine by a Legislature of two Houses, chosen, the one for three and the other for six years, and by a single Executive chosen for seven years, and by an independent Judiciary. In addition to all these guards, he insisted on the necessity of a general diffusion of light and knowledge, and of the recognition of Christianity."

Stiles's other works consist principally of addresses and sermons. One of the latter is an able plea for the union of various New England denominations. His election sermon in 1783, entitled *The United States Elevated to Glory and Honour*, is an animated eulogium on the revolutionary contest, and an eloquent and sensible anticipation of its consequences. In his eulogy of Washington, his enthusiasm carries him to its utmost limits:—

> Thy fame is of sweeter perfume than Arabian spices in the gardens of Persia. A Baron de Steuben shall waft its fragrance to the monarch of Prussia; a Marquis de la Fayette shall waft it to a far greater monarch, and diffuse thy renown throughout Europe: listening angels shall catch the odour, waft it to heaven, and perfume the universe.

Stiles's Diary and bound manuscripts preserved at Yale College, fill some forty-five volumes. Of these fifteen are occupied with his literary Diary, embracing the narrative of daily occurrences, public and private, notices of the books he read, the sermons he preached and heard, and his doctrinal reflections. It includes numerous important details of the Revolution. A Meteorological Record occupies five volumes; an Itinerary of his tours, notices of Town and Church Records, Tombstone Inscriptions and such matters, five more; while the remainder are filled with letters addressed to him, and miscellaneous extracts. He was a good draughtsman, and occasionally sketches plans of the battles. There is an account, in particular, of the battle at Charleston, taken down from the narrative of an eye-witness and participant, the Rev. Mr. Martin.

Though the Diary has been freely drawn upon by Dr. Stiles's biographer, Holmes, and consulted since for historical purposes, it contains much unpublished matter worthy to see the light.

We are indebted to Mr. E. C. Herrick, of Yale, for the following extracts, which exhibit the activity of the writer's mind, and the extent of his pursuits:—

EXTRACTS FROM THE LITERARY DIARY OF EZRA STILES. NEWPORT, R. I. (TILL 1777).

1770. Mar. 9. ♀ Heb. Arab. This day news

* Channing's Works, iv. 341.

† A History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I., Major General Whalley, Major General Goffe, and Colonel Dixwell: who at the Restoration, 1660, fled to America, and were secreted and concealed in Massachusetts and Connecticut, for near Thirty years. With an account of Mr. Theophilus Whale, of Narragansett, supposed to have been also one of the Judges. By President Stiles, Hartford. Printed by Elisha Babcock, 1794.

‡ "A Poem, commemorative of Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, three of the Judges of Charles I., by Philagathos," was published in Boston, during the same year.

from Boston, that an Affray had happened there between the Inhabitants and the Army, wherein the Soldiery fired and killed three Men and wounded others: upon which the Bells all rang, and the Town thrown into most alarming confusion. This day ends the prediction of Mr. Edwards of Philadelphia.

1769. June 3. ♄ Fine serene day. Assiduously employed in observing the Transit of Venus, which will not happen again in above an hundred years, at either node; and at this descending node again, not in two hundred and forty [36] years, or before A.D. 2004.

Oct. 5. ♃ Heb. Arab. Lent Mr. Tutor How, Origines Ecclesiæ Alexandrinæ, by Eutychius, Patriarch of that church in the Tenth Century; which I had copied in the Arabic Letter: with the English Translation which I made from the original Arabic. This evening visited by a young man, —— Hamilton, æt. 20, born a mile from Providence, but brought up in Coventry: can read the Bible, but scarce knows the nine figures; can't set down any sum in figures. Yet has a surprizing Talent at Addition and Multiplication of large Numbers. I asked him with my watch in my hand, how many minutes there were in Ten Million years? then in an hundred Million years? he told them both in less than one minute by my Watch.

1777. Sept. 19. ☿ 1 received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Whittelsey: [announcing that he, Dr. Stiles, had been chosen President of Yale College.] My Election to the Presidency of Yale College is an unexpected and wonderful ordering of Divine Providence. . . . . An hundred and fifty or 180 Young Gentlemen Students, is a bundle of Wild Fire, not easily controlled and governed, and at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns.

1779. Nov. 1. Mr. Guild, Tutor of Harvard College, visited us this day. He has been to Philadelphia, and is planning an Academy of Sciences for Massachusetts. I had much conversation with him upon this as well as upon an Academy of Sciences I am meditating for Connecticut.

1780. Dec. 19. Mr. Doolittle tells me there has been made, at his Powder Mill, in New Haven, eighty Thousand pounds of Powder since the commencement of this war.

1786. June 29. The spirit for raising silk worms is great in this town, Northford, Worthington, Mansfield, &c.

July 8. The German or Wheat Insects have got into and destroyed Squire Smith's Harvest of Rye and Wheat at West Haven, and that of several of his neighbours; but are not general there. These animalcules which fix in the Joynts of Wheat, and if no Wheat in Rye, have come from the Westward and got into Litchfield and New Haven Counties.

1787. July 2. The Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswitch, visited us. He is a great Botanist, and is travelling on to Philadelphia to inspect all vegetables and plants in their state of flowering, with the view of perfecting his Publication upon Indigenous American Plants, ranged into Classes, Genera and Species, according to the sexual or Linnæan system.

Aug. 27. ♍ Heb. Recita.—Finished the first Psalm. Judge Ellsworth, a member of the federal convention, just returned from Philadelphia, visited me, and tells me the Convention will not rise under three weeks. He there saw a Steam Engine for rowing Boats against the stream, invented by Mr. Fitch, of Windsor, in Connecticut. He was on board the Boat, and saw the experiment succeed.

1794. Mr. Whitney brought to my house and showed us his machine, by him invented, for cleaning cotton of its seeds. He showed us the model which he has finished to lodge at Philadelphia, in the Secretary of State's office, when he takes out his Patent. . . . . A curious and very ingenious piece of Mechanism.

1786. Oct. 25. Mr. Tutor Morse desiring to be absent, while spring, in order to make the Tour of the States to Georgia, for perfecting a new edition of his Geography, we elected the Rev. Abiel Holmes Tutor.

1788. January 7. This Evening I gave permission to the Freshman Class to wear their Hats in the College Yard after the ensuing vacation. Formerly they kept off their Hats the whole Freshman year. About 1775, they were permitted to wear them after May vacation. We now permit them after January vacation.

1794. July 17. * * * This day I was visited by M. Talleyrand Perigord, Bishop of Autun, &c. . . . and M. Beaumez, Member for the District of Arras, ... Both men of Information, Literature, Calmness and Candor: and very inquisitive. . . . . The Bishop has written a piece on Education, and originated the Bill or Act in the National Assembly for setting up schools all over France for diffusing Education and Letters among the Plebeians. I desired them to estimate the proportion of those who could not read in France. Mr. Beaumez said of 25 millions he judged 20 millions could not read. The Bishop corrected it and said Eighteen Millions. They were very inquisitive about our mode of diffusing knowledge. I told them of our parochial schools from the beginning, and that I had not reason to think there was a single person of the natives in New Haven that could not read. * * *

ON KINGS—FROM LIVES OF THE JUDGES.

In like manner we are not to infer the primæval meaning of a King, or the chief ruler of a sovereignty among the nations, from the meaning to which it has long grown up by use, from the ages of tyranny and usurpation. Kings, *Metakim*, leaders, rulers were primæval in all nations and countries around the terraqueous globe, and must have been from the spontaneous nature of universal society. The first seventy-two nations immediately after Babel had them. But what were the primæval kings? Not despots; rulers by their own will; but actors forth of the counsel and will of the people, in what for the public was by the people confided to their execution, as *primi inter pares consiliarios*, the first or chief baron in the teutonic policies, of a presidential, not autocratical authority, the organ of the supreme council, but of no separate and disjoined power. Early, indeed, among the oriental nations, sprung up a few Ninuses, while in general, for ages, particularly in Europe, they were what they ought to be. If we recede back into early antiquity, and descend thence, even late, into the martial ages, we shall find the *reliquiæ* of the original policies, especially in Hesperia, Gaul, Belgium, and Britain, and plainly discern the Duces, the Reges, the heads of nations, by whatever appellation designated, still the *patres patriæ*. The additions powers annexed to their titles afterwards, caused them to grow up to *tyranni*, governors of will. Not so in the beginning, when they were like the sachems of Indian nations. And perhaps the primæval may have subsisted and survived with purity in the Indian sachemdoms, which, however hereditary, are so in a mode unknown to the rest of the world, though perfectly understood by themselves; nor is any man able, with our present ignorance, to comprehend the genius of their polity or laws, which I am persuaded are wise, beautiful, and excellent; rightly and fairly understood, however hitherto despised by Europeans and Americans. We think of a sachem as an

European king in his little tribe, and negociate with him under mistaken transatlantic ideas. And so are frequently finding them cyphers to certain purposes without the collective council of warriors, who are all the men of the nation, whose subordination is settled, and as fixt as that in the feudal system. At times we see a sachem dictating with the seeming authority of a despot, and he is obeyed because of the united sense of the nation—never otherwise. On their views of society, their policy is perfect wisdom. So ancient kingship and council monarchy in Asia and Europe, was like that of Melchisedec, lenient, wise, and efficacious. This still lives in Africa, and amongst some of the hordes of Tartars, as it did in Montezuma and Mango Capac. But these *primi inter pares* soon grew up into beasts of prey; until, ages ago, government has been consigned to the will of monarchs, and this even with the consent of the people, deluded by the idea that a father of his people could not but rule with affection and wisdom. These in Greece and Sicily were called Tyranni, to distinguish them from Archons, Princes, and other rulers, by council. All government was left to will, hoped and expected to have been a wise will. But the experiment raised such horror and detestation, and this official title has for ages become so disgustful and obnoxious, that kings themselves cannot endure it. Never will a king hereafter assume the name of a tyrant, nor give the name of Bastile to a national or state prison. The brazen bull of Phalaris was used once; has been disused two thousand years; and will never be used again. So the name of a king now excites horror, and is become as odious in Europe as that of Tyrannus at Athens, Syracuse, and Agrigentum. The name and title of king will soon become as disgustful to supreme magistrates, in every polity, as that of tyrant, to which it is become synonymous and equipollent. It may take a century or two to accomplish this extirpation of title; but the die is cast, kingship is at an end; like a girdled tree in the forest, it may take a little time to wither and die—but it is dying—and in dying, die it must. Slaying the monster was happily begun by Oliver: but the people spared its life, judiciously given up by heaven to be whipt, and scourged, and tormented with it two or three centuries more, unless it may be now in its last gasps. Now there must be a supreme and chief ruler in every society, in every polity: and was it not for the complex association of insidious ideas, ideas of dread and horror connected with the appellation king, or could it be purged or restored to the purity of antiquity, it might still be safely used in a republic. But this cannot be done. It must therefore be relegated into contemptuous neglect. And a new appellation must be taken up—very immaterial what it is, so it be defined to be but *primus inter pares consiliarios*, stand on frequent election, and hereditation for ever repudiated and banished. The charm and unintelligible mysteries wrapt up in the name of a king being done away, the way would be open for all nations to a rational government and policy, on such plain and obvious general principles, as would be intelligible to the plainest rustic, to the substantial yeomanry, or men of landed estates, which ought to be the body of the population. Every one could understand it as plain as a Locke or a Camden. And whatever the Filmers* and Acherlys† may say, the common people are abundantly capable and susceptible of such a polity. It is greatly wise, therefore, to reject the very name of a king. Many of the enlightened civilians of the Long Parliament and Protectorate saw this. Oliver saw it. And who shall say, this was not the governing reason of his rejecting it?

* Sir Robert Filmer, who lived in the first half of the 17th century, wrote several works in favor of absolute government. His "Anarchy of a limited and mixed Monarchy," in answer to Phil. Hutton's Treatise on Monarchy. London, 1646, is probably the one chiefly referred to by Stiles.

† Roger Acherley wrote and published—The Britannic Constitution, or the fundamental Form of Government in Britain, demonstrating the original contract entered into by king and people. Wherein is proved, that the placing on the throne King William III., was the natural fruit and effect of the original Constitution, &c. London, 1772.

SAMUEL SEABURY.

Samuel Seabury was the son of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at New London, Conn. He was born at Groton in 1728, and was graduated at Yale, 1748. He then went to Scotland to study theology, but, while thus employed, also devoted his attention to medicine. He was ordained, and on his return to America, settled at New Brunswick, as the missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1756, he removed, with the consent of the Society, to Jamaica, and from thence, in 1766, to Westchester, where he took charge, in addition to his church, of a classical school. Here he wrote and published, anonymously, several pamphlets in favor of the Crown, under the signature of A. W. Farmer. These publications were commonly attributed to him, and were the cause of his being seized in 1775, by a party of soldiers, carried to New Haven, and imprisoned. As the fact of authorship could not be proved, he was suffered to return to Westchester, where he continued to exert himself in behalf of the same opinions. After the declaration of Independence, he removed with his family to New York, on the entry of the British, and remained until the peace, officiating, during a portion of the time, as chaplain to the King's American Regiment, commanded by Col. Fanning, practising medicine for his own and the support of those dependent upon him.

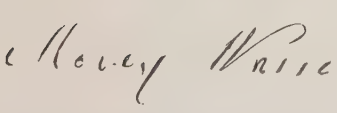
In March, 1783, immediately after the peace, Dr. Seabury, having been elected bishop by the clergy of Connecticut, sailed for England, and applied for consecration to the Archbishop of York, the see of Canterbury being then vacant. This application failed, in consequence of the inability of the English bishops to dispense with the oath of allegiance to the Crown, and the difficulty of procuring an act of parliament for the purpose. Having spent more than a year in England, in fruitless efforts to overcome these obstacles, Dr. Seabury, in August, 1784, made a similar application to the bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, by whom he was consecrated on November 14th, 1784. In the spring of the following year he returned to America, and entered on the duties of his office. He resided at New London, where he also filled his father's place as rector of the church, in addition to his episcopal duties.

In 1790, he published an address to the ministers and congregations of the Presbyterian and Independent persuasions in the United States of America. He also published several sermons delivered on special occasions, and, in 1791, *Discourses on Several Subjects*, in two volumes, to which a third was added in 1798. These dis-

courses displayed the vigor and earnestness of the man, qualities which were also exerted to good effect at the early conventions of the church, in the arrangement of the liturgy and other important matters. Bishop Seabury died, February 25, 1796, at New London.

MERCY WARREN.

Mrs. Warren was a member of a family celebrated for several generations in American history. She was the third child of Colonel James Otis, of Barnstable, where she was born Sept. 25, 1728. Her early education was greatly aided by the kindness shown to her by the Rev. Jonathan Russell, the village clergyman, who lent her books and directed her tastes. His recommendation to her of Raleigh's History of the World shows that she was a diligent reader, and the perusal of that work is said to have been the basis of her future historical labours.



About 1754 she married James Warren, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Plymouth, where he was at that time a merchant. In 1757, Mr. Warren was appointed High Sheriff on the death of his father, who had held the same office. He was not removed by the government until after the actual commencement of the Revolutionary conflict, though he took an active part on the colonial side in all the movements which led to independence. He was the author of the scheme for forming Committees of Correspondence, which he suggested to Samuel Adams in 1773, by whom it was adopted with marked success for the American cause. His wife, with father, brother, and husband, prominent leaders in the same cause, could not, with the active and vigorous intellect with which nature had endowed her, fail to be warmly interested in behalf of liberty. Her correspondence shows that she enjoyed the confidence and respect of all the great leaders of the Revolution, with many of whom she exchanged frequent letters. Her advice was sought by men like Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, and Knox, and her suggestions received with marked respect. One of these was the Congress of 1765, the first suggestion of which was made by the Corresponding Committee of the New York Assembly. The two Otises, father and son, while on a visit to Mrs. Warren, at Plymouth, talked over this suggestion, and it was agreed to propose such a Convention in the Massachusetts Legislature, which was done by the younger Otis on the 6th of June following. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Adams, and the most celebrated men and women of the day were her frequent guests. In her own words, "By the Plymouth fireside were many political plans originated, discussed, and digested." Washington, with other generals of the army, dined with her during her stay at Watertown, one of her several residences during the war. She writes of him as "one of the most amiable and accomplished gentlemen, both in person, mind, and manners, that I have met with."

Her first publication was *The Adulator*,* a political satire in a dramatic form. It was followed by a second satire of a similar design and execution, *The Group*.† She afterwards wrote two tragedies, *The Sack of Rome* and *The Ladies of Castile*, the heroine of the last being Mario de Padilla, the wife of the leader of the popular insurrection against Charles V., in Castile. They were highly commended by Alexander Hamilton and John Adams,‡ and were published with her poems, most of which had appeared previously, in 1790, with a dedication to Washington.§ One of the most spirited of the lighter portions of the volume is a poetical response to the Hon. John Winthrop, who had consulted her on the proposed suspension of trade with England in all but the necessaries of life, as to the articles which should be included in the reservation. It contains a pleasant enumeration of the component parts of a fine lady's toilet of '76.

A number of specimens are given of Mrs. Warren's letters, from the manuscript originals in the possession of her descendants, by Mrs. Ellet, in her "Women of the Revolution." They are all marked by good sense and glowing patriotic fervor. A passage descriptive of the entrance into Cambridge of Burgoyne and his Hessians as

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* The Adulator, a tragedy, as it is now acted in Upper Servia.

> Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
> This little interval, this pause of life
> (While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
> With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
> And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
> That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
> Cato's Tragedy.

Boston.—Printed and sold at the New Printing Office, near Concert Hall. 1773. 8vo. pp. 30.

† The Group, as lately acted, and to be re-acted, to the wonder of all superior intelligences, nigh head-quarters at Amboyne. Boston, printed and sold by Edes & Gill, in Queen st. 1775.

‡ John Adams pays this lady a pointed compliment in a letter to her husband dated December, 1773, when he indulges in some poetical talk of his own on the Hyson and Congo offered to Neptune in "the scarcity of nectar and ambrosia among the celestials of the sea," and expresses his wish in reference to that tea party, "to see a late glorious event celebrated by a certain poetical pen which has no equal that I know of in this country." He has also an allusion to Mrs. Warren's character of Hazelrod, in her dramatic piece *The Group*, written at the expense of the Royalists.—Works, ix. 335.

§ Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous, by Mrs. M. Warren.

prisoners, presents a scene that recalls some of the pictures of Hogarth's March to Finchley.

Last Thursday, which was a very stormy day, a large number of British troops came softly through the town, *via* Watertown, to Prospect Hill. On Friday we heard the Hessians were to make a procession in the same route. We thought we should have nothing to do but to view them as they passed. To be sure the sight was truly astonishing. I never had the least idea that the creation produced such a sordid set of creatures in human figure—poor, dirty, emaciated men. Great numbers of women, who seemed to be the beasts of burden, having bushel-baskets on their backs, by which they were bent double. The contents seemed to be pots and kettles, various sorts of furniture, children peeping through gridirons, and other utensils—some very young infants, who were born on the road—the women barefoot, clothed in dirty rags. Such effluvia filled the air while they were passing, that, had they not been smoking all the time, I should have been apprehensive of being contaminated.

An anecdote of Burgoyne, from the same letter, is creditable to himself and his captors :—

General Burgoyne dined on Saturday, in Boston, with General ——. He rode through the town properly attended, down Court street, and through the main street; and on his return walked on foot to Charlestown Ferry, followed by a great number of spectators as ever attended a pope; and generously observed to an officer with him, the decent and modest behaviour of the inhabitants as he passed; saying, if he had been conducting prisoners through the city of London, not all the Guards of Majesty could have prevented insults. He likewise acknowledges Lincoln and Arnold to be great generals.

She writes to the widow of Montgomery (a sister of Chancellor Livingston), January 20, 1776 :—

While you are deriving comfort from the highest source, it may still further brighten the clouded moment to reflect that the number of your friends is not confined to the narrow limits of a province, but by the happy union of the American colonies (suffering equally by the rigor of oppression), the affections of the inhabitants are cemented; and the urn of the companion of your heart will be sprinkled with the tears of thousands who revere the commander at the gates of Quebec, though not personally acquainted with General Montgomery.

One of her correspondents was Mrs. Macaulay, the English authoress, who participated warmly in her republican sympathies. They met for the first time on the visit of the latter to America, in 1785.

She published in 1805, at the age of seventy-seven, a *History of the American Revolution*, in three volumes 8vo., which she had prepared some time previously from her notes taken during the war.

Mrs. Warren lived to the good old age of eighty-seven, her intellectual powers unimpaired to the last. Rochefoucault De Liancourt speaks of her at seventy as "truly interesting; for lively in conversation, she has lost neither the activity of her mind nor the graces of her person." A lady visitor ten years after speaks of her as erect in person, and in conversation full of intelligence and eloquence. Her cheerfulness remained unimpaired, although blindness excluded her from many of the delights of the outer world. Her last illness was disturbed only by the fear that disease might impair her intellectual as well as physical faculties; a groundless apprehension, as her mind retained its vigor to the last.

FROM THE LADIES OF CASTILE.

Not like the lover, but the hero talk—
The sword must rescue, or the nation sink,
And self degraded, wear the badge of slaves.
We boast a cause of glory and renown;
We arm to purchase the sublimest gift
The mind of man is capable to taste.
'Tis not a factious, or a fickle rout,
That calls their kindred out to private war,
With hearts envenom'd by a thirst of blood—
Nor burns ambition, rancour, or revenge,
As in the bosom of some lordly chief
Who throws his gauntlet at his sovereign's foot,
And bids defiance in his wanton rage :—
'Tis freedom's genius, nurs'd from age to age,
Matur'd in schools of liberty and law,
On virtue's page from sire to son convey'd,
E'er since the savage, fierce, barbarian hordes,
Pour'd in, and chas'd beyond Narvasia's mount,
The hardy chiefs who govern'd ancient Spain.
Our independent ancestors disdain'd
All servile homage to despotic lords.

TO THE HON. J. WINTHROP, ESQ., WHO ON THE AMERICAN DETERMINATION, IN 1774, TO SUSPEND ALL COMMERCE WITH BRITAIN (EXCEPT FOR THE REAL NECESSARIES OF LIFE), REQUESTED A POETICAL LIST OF THE ARTICLES THE LADIES MIGHT COMPRISE UNDER THAT HEAD.

* * * * * * * *

But does Helvidius, vigilant and wise,
Call for a schedule, that may all comprise?
'Tis so contracted, that a Spartan sage,
Will sure applaud th' economizing age.

But if ye doubt, an inventory clear,
Of all the needs, Lamira offers here;
Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown,
When she lays by the rich embroider'd gown,
And modestly compounds for just enough—
Perhaps some dozens of more slighty stuff;
With lawns and lustrings—blond and mecklin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer cases,
Gay cloaks and hats, of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes;
With ruffles stamp'd, and aprons of tambour,
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least three score;
With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
And the choice herbage from Chinesan coasts.
(But while the fragrant hyson leaf regales,
Who'll wear the homespun produce of the vales?
For if t'would save the nation from the curse
Of standing troops; or, name a plague still worse,
Few can this choice delicious draught give up,
Though all Medea's poisons fill the cup.)
Add feathers, furs, rich sattins and du capes,
And head dresses in pyramidal shapes;
Side-boards of plate, and porcelain profuse,
With fifty dittos that the ladies use;
If my poor treach'rous memory has miss'd,
Ingenious T—l shall complete the list.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse? they're but the sex's due.

In youth, indeed, an antiquated page,
Taught us the threatenings of an Hebrew sage
Gainst wimples, mantles, curls and crisping pins,
But rank not these among our modern sins;

For when our manners are well understood,
What in the scale is stomacher or hood?

'Tis true, we love the courtly mien and air,
The pride of dress, and all the debonair;
Yet Clara quits the more dress'd negligee,
And substitutes the careless polanee;
Until some fair one from Britannia's court,
Some jaunty dress,—or newer taste import;
This sweet temptation could not be withstood,
Though for the purchase 's paid her father's blood;
Though loss of freedom were the costly price,
Or flaming comets sweep the angry skies;
Or earthquakes rattle, or volcanos roar;
Indulge this trifle, and she asks no more:
Can the stern patriot Clara's suit deny?
'Tis beauty asks, and reason must comply.

FROM "A POLITICAL REVERIE," JAN. 1774.

I look with rapture at the distant dawn,
And view the glories of the opening morn,
When justice holds his sceptre o'er the land,
And rescues freedom from a tyrant's hand;
When patriot states in laurel crowns may rise,
And ancient kingdoms court them as allies,
Glory and valour shall be here displayed,
And virtue rear her long dejected head;
Her standard plant beneath these gladden'd skies,
Her fame extend, and arts and science rise;
While empire's lofty spreading sails unfurl'd,
Roll swiftly on towards the western world.

* * * * * * * *

No despot here shall rule with awful sway,
Nor orphan's spoils become the minion's prey;
No more the widow'd bleeding bosom mourns,
Nor injur'd cities weep their slaughter'd sons;
For then each tyrant, by the hand of fate,
And standing troops, the bane of every state,
Forever spurn'd, shall be remov'd as far
As bright Hesperus from the polar star;
Freedom and virtue shall united reign,
And stretch their empire o'er the wide domain.
On a broad base the commonwealth shall stand,
When lawless power withdraws its impious hand;
When crowns and sceptres are grown useless
things,
Nor petty pretors plunder her for kings.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

"THE arrival in America of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE BERKELEY, then Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne," says Samuel Miller, in his *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, "deserves to be noticed in the literary history of America, not only as a remarkable event, but also as one which had some influence on the progress of literature, particularly in Rhode Island and Connecticut."*

Berkeley was to the country not only a personal friend and benefactor, through the genial example of his scholar's life and conversation, and the gifts which he directly made, but he brought with him the prestige which attached to high literary reputation, and was a connecting link to America with what is called the Augustan age of Queen Anne. Born in Ireland, March 12, 1684, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he had acquired distinction in mathematics and philosophy, and before the age of thirty had vented his celebrated ideal theory in print. He was introduced by Steele and Swift to the circle of London wits, who admired the man while they jested at his immaterial philosophy. To the fine speculations of the scholar, he had added a knowledge of the world, and the liberal associations of travel through his residence in Italy and France. By the friendship of the Duke of Grafton he

George Berkeley

received his appointment as Dean of Derry; and the death of Swift's Vanessa, who made him one of her legatees, further added to his resources. With all this good fortune at hand, his benevolent enthusiasm led him to engage in the distant and uncertain project of erecting a college in the Bermudas, for converting the American Indians to Christianity. He wrote out his *Proposal*,* and his friend Swift gave him a letter to Lord Carteret to second the affair, with a humorous account of the amiable projector. "He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda, by a charter from the crown. He shewed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical of a college founded for Indian schools and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. *His heart* will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal."†

Berkeley was an ingenious political economist, as his book, *The Querist*, proves; and managing to connect his scheme with plans of advantage to the Government, he gained, through one of his Italian friends, the ear of George I., who ordered Sir Robert Walpole to carry the project through. St. Paul's College, Bermuda, was incorporated,

* Retrospect, ii. 349.

* A Proposal for the Better Supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations; and for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be Erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. Lond. 1725.

† Swift to Lord Carteret, Sept. 3, 1724.

and twenty thousand pounds promised for its support.

Dean Berkeley set sail, or at least was ready to embark from Gravesend, September 6, 1728, for the New World.* He had just completed the honeymoon of his marriage with Anne Forster, the daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, to whom he had been united on the first of August,—and of whom he writes before leaving England, at this time, to his friend Thomas Prior, as a lover should, that "her humor and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything I know in her whole sex." This lady accompanied him with her friend, "my Lady Hancock's daughter;" and three gentlemen completed the party, Mr. James, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Smibert. The last was the artist whose name is prominently connected with the early history of American art. He sketched a group of his fellow-travellers in the cabin, at sea, at least this is one of the Berkeley traditions,—which he afterwards painted, in the interesting picture which now hangs in the Gallery of Yale College.† If so, he made the addition of the child in his wife's arms subsequently, for that infant was born in America.‡ The travellers reached Newport the 23d of January, 1729, after a protracted passage of five months.§ There is a tradition, which is probably worth very little, that Berkeley sent a letter on coming up the bay to the Rev. James Honeyman, the Episcopal clergyman of the town, which found him at church celebrating a holiday. The intelligence was communicated to the congregation, Mr. Honeyman dismissed them with his blessing, and the whole body proceeded to meet the distinguished Dean on the wharf.* Six months passed, and the Dean's Bermuda enterprise still lingered for lack of the prompt receipt of "His Majesty's bounty." The opening of summer reconciled him, however, to the delay. He writes in June of the delight of the climate and of the birth of a son.

"The truth is," he says, "if the king's bounty could be paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, I should like it better than Bermuda." His friends of the voyage were drawn at the close of the year to Boston, and solicitations were made to carry Berkeley thither, but "preferring quiet and solitude to the noise of a great town," and happy in the "two domestic comforts that are very agreeable, my wife and my little son," he still remained at Newport in the enjoyment of the country estate which he had purchased. There his acquaintance was sought by Samuel Johnson,

Whitehall.

afterwards the president of King's College in New York, and then a resident in Connecticut, who called his attention to the wants of Yale College, to which he became so liberal a donor† of books and land; after his retirement to England settling upon the college his farm of ninety-six acres, to which he had given the name of Whitehall, for the assistance of its scholars.‡ He also made valuable gifts to the library of Harvard, and when he left Newport distributed the books he had with him among the neighboring clergy.

It was also after his arrival in England, in 1733, that he presented the organ to Trinity church, at Newport, which is still surmounted by the crown of the olden time, and which bears an inscription that it is the gift of Dr. George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

This organ was originally forwarded to America by the Dean, as a gift to the town of Berke-

* There is a tradition that Berkeley sailed for Bermuda directly, and that the captain of the vessel, not finding his way to that island, accidentally put into Newport. This is so stated in the Memoir in Updike's History of the Narragansett Church (p. 395); but the matter is conclusively set at rest by Berkeley's own letter to his friend Thomas Prior, dated Gravesend, Sept. 5, 1728, where he says: "To-morrow, with God's blessing, I set sail for Rhode Island."—Letters appended to Memoir of Berkeley. Edition of his works by Priestley. London, 1820, i. xxxvi.

† Smibert," says Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, in an article on Berkeley in the North American Review, for January, 1855, p. 190, "was the first educated artist who visited our shores, and this picture was the first of more than a single figure executed in the country." Smibert had risen in his art from the humble fortunes of a house-painter. Horace Walpole describes him in his Anecdotes of Painting as "a silent and modest man, who abhorred the *finesse* of some of his profession, and was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised him tranquillity and honest subsistence in a healthful elysian climate, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the Dean."—Walpole, ed. 1849, 673. We follow Walpole, who follows Vertue, as decisive authority for the spelling of the name, about which there has been some uncertainty—John Smibert.

‡ There is a description of this painting in the well prepared Catalogue of the College Gallery. "The principal figure is the Dean in his clerical habit. The lady with the child is his wife; the other lady has been said to be her sister, but more probably is the Miss Hancock who accompanied her to America. The gentleman standing behind the ladies has been thought by some to be a Mr. Wainwright; but is undoubtedly Mr. James. The other gentleman in brown is a Mr. John Moffat, a friend of the artist. The remaining figure is the artist Smibert. The Dean is resting his hand on a copy of Plato, his favorite author, and appears to be dictating to Sir James, who is acting as amanuensis. This painting was presented to the college in the year 1808, by Isaac Lothrop, of Plymouth, Mass. It had been preserved in Boston, in a room occupied by the Smiberts; certainly by the son, and probably by the father."

§ A Newport letter dated January 24, describing Berkeley's arrival, was printed in the Boston New England Journal, September 3, 1729. It says, "Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months." If the Dean did not embark on the day proposed, and some delay might have occurred, the time of his passage would, of course, be less. We find the date of the Boston paper in Updike's Narr. Ch., p. 394; the date of the letter in Elton's Memoir of Callender, p. 31.

* Memoir of Trinity Church, Newport, from 1698 to 1810, compiled from the Records, by Henry Bull, Esq., with Notes by the Rector, Rev. Francis Vinton.—Updike's Narr. Ch. 395.

† Chandler's Life of Johnson, 55–58; *ante*, 87.

‡ The autograph, which we give, is taken directly from Berkeley's deed of gift to the college. The woodcut head is after the portrait in the Smibert picture. We find the following entry in the New England Weekly Journal, October 30, 1732.—"Newport, October 26.—We hear that the Rev. Mr. George Berkeley, Dean of Londonderry, has given his farm on this island, worth about £3,000, to Yale college, in Connecticut."

ley, in Massachusetts, which had been named after him. The select men of the town, however, were not prepared to harbor so dangerous a guest, and voting that "an organ is an instrument of the devil, for the entrapping of men's souls," declined the offer; when the Dean conferred it on Trinity.* It still sends forth its strains from some of the old pipes.

During his pleasant sojourn in America, we always hear of Berkeley in some amiable relation. He compliments the Huguenot refugee, Gabriel Bernon, in a letter written in French, on his "zeal for religion and the glory of God." He preaches constantly for his friend, the rector of Trinity, the Rev. James Honeyman, in the pulpit which is still there, while the Quakers stand in their broad-brimmed hats in the aisles to hear him; on one occasion humorously announcing that "to give the devil his due, John Calvin was a great man."† In company with Smibert, Col. Updike, and Dr. McSparran, he visits the Narraghansett Indians. To his friend, Daniel Updike, the attorney-general of the colony, he presents his "well-wrought silver coffee-pot," still preserved as a relic in the family, as the good bishop's old-fashioned chair, "in which he is believed to have composed the Minute Philosopher," is esteemed as an heir-loom at this day by Dr. Coit.‡ There is an anecdote of Berkeley's calculations respecting the value of property at Newport, preserved by a traveller, the Church of England clergyman, Andrew Burnaby, who visited Newport in 1760, which at this time of day is curious. The growth of Newport, which suffered a relapse after the Revolution, and was for a long while in abeyance, is now again in the ascendant; not as Berkeley may have anticipated with the commerce of Cheapside, but with the luxury of the American Baiæ.

"About three miles from town," writes Burnaby, "is an indifferent wooden house, built by Dean Berkeley, when he was in these parts: the situation is low, but commands a fine view of the ocean, and of some wild rugged rocks that are on the left hand of it. They relate here several strange stories of the Dean's wild and chimerical notions; which, as they are characteristic of that extraordinary man, deserve to be taken notice of. One in particular, I must beg the reader's indulgence to allow me to repeat to him. The Dean had formed a plan of building a town upon the rocks, and of cutting a road through a sandy beach which lies a little below it, in order that ships might come up and be sheltered in bad weather. He was so full of this project, as one day to say to one Smibert, a designer, whom he had brought over with him from Europe, on the latter asking some ludicrous question concerning the future importance of the place: 'Truly, you have very little foresight, for in fifty years' time every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as the land in Cheapside.' The Dean's house, notwithstanding his prediction, is at present nothing better than a farm-house, and his library converted into the dairy: when he left America, he gave it to the college at New Haven, in Connecticut, who have let it to a farmer on a long lease; his books he divided between this college and that in Massachusetts. The Dean is said to have written in this place The Minute Philosopher."* For the value of the farm, it must be great to its present holder; Yale College having in the last century leased out the land for a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, at a rent payable in wheat, which was afterwards commuted into the present annual receipt of one hundred and forty dollars.

Berkeley left America, by the way of Boston, on his return to England, in September, 1731, and in February of the following year, preached a sermon before the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in which he speaks of his observations of the American colony, alluding, among other points, to the fashion of infidelity which had spread from the mother country. This was the topic of his chief work, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, which he published the same year, and which he had penned in America. It is a series of dialogues, after the manner of Plato, ingeniously combating the free-thinking spirit of the age as it manifested itself in "the atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic." The dialogue is graced by occasional passages of description of the scenery at Newport, in the midst of which it was written. It opens with a reference to the disappointment in the Bermuda scheme.

> I flattered myself, Theages, that before this time I might have been able to have sent you an agreeable account of the success of the affair which brought me into this remote corner of the country. But instead of this, I should now give you the detail of its miscarriage, if I did not rather choose to entertain you with some amusing incidents, which have helped to make me easy under a circumstance I could neither obviate nor foresee. Events are not in our power; but it always is, to make a good use even of the very worst. And I must needs own, the course and event of this affair gave opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains and expense. A life of action, which takes its issue from the counsels, passions, and views of other men, if it doth not draw a man to imitate, will at least teach him to observe. And a mind at liberty to reflect on its own observations, if it produce nothing useful to the world, seldom fails of entertainment to itself. For several months past I have enjoyed such liberty and leisure in this distant retreat, far beyond the verge of that great whirlpool of business, faction and pleasure, which is called the world.

The writer describes his host Euphranor, the philosopher and the farmer, two characters not so

* Mason's Newport Illustrated, 99. It is said that there is another claimant for the honors of the organ, in a church of Brooklyn, N. Y. The story goes that the Newport organ being out of repair, was sent to New York to be put in order. A portion of the pipes were found to be so defective that it was considered expedient to replace them by new ones, which were provided, and forwarded in the old case. It afterwards occurred to a workman that the old metal should not be thrown away; so he restored the rejected pipes, and they were set up in a new case in the Brooklyn Church. Mason states, "the original case, of English oak, is still in use in the church, and it contains a part of the old works, with the addition of such new pipes as were found necessary when it was rebuilt a few years ago."

† Updike's Narr. Church, 120. ‡ Ibid. 290, 306.

* Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760. By the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, A.M., Vicar of Greenwich. Lond. 4to. 1775.

inconsistent in nature as by custom they seem to be, and his friend Crito, who maintain the burden of discourse in behalf of truth and Revelation against the sceptical Alciphron and Lysicles. The first conversation is in the open air—a pleasant picture of the landscape.

Next morning Euphranor rose early, and spent the forenoon in ordering his affairs. After dinner we took a walk to Crito's, which lay through half a dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane trees, that are very common in this part of the country. We walked under the delicious shade of these trees for about an hour before we came to Crito's house, which stands in the middle of a small park, beautified with two fine groves of oak and walnut, and a winding stream of sweet and clear water. We met a servant at the door with a small basket of fruit, which he was carrying into the grove, where he said his master was, with the two strangers. We found them all three sitting under a shade. And after the usual forms at first meeting, Euphranor and I sat down by them. Our conversation began about the beauty of this rural scene, the fine season of the year, and some late improvements which had been made in the adjacent country by new methods of agriculture.

The next "Dialogue" is carried on by the seashore:—

Next morning Alciphron and Lysicles said the weather was so fine they had a mind to spend the day abroad, and take a cold dinner under a shade in some pleasant part of the country. Whereupon, after breakfast, we went down to a beach about half a mile off; when we walked on the smooth sand, with the ocean on one hand, and on the other wild broken rocks, intermingled with shady trees and springs of waters, till the sun began to be uneasy. We then withdrew into a hollow glade between two rocks.

These associations are cherished at Newport, and the spot is pointed out where Berkeley wrote Alciphron. It gives a flavor to the region to have had the fine argument and poetic thoughts of the book written there. Though it belongs to English rather than American literature, we may quote one of its passages, for its bearing upon the author's liberality to our colleges, that in which he refutes an attack of Shaftesbury upon "men of the church and universities" as unfriendly to true learning.

In the mean time, I must beg to be excused, if I cannot believe your great man on his bare word; when he would have us think, that ignorance and ill taste are owing to Christian religion or the clergy, it being my sincere opinion, that whatever learning or knowledge we have among us, is derived from that order. If those, who are so sagacious at discovering a mote in other eyes, would but purge their own, I believe they might easily see this truth. For what but religion could kindle and preserve a spirit towards learning, in such a northern rough people? Greece produced men of active and subtile genius. The public conventions and emulations of their cities forwarded that genius; and their natural curiosity was amused and excited by learned conversations, in their public walks and gardens and porticos. Our genius leads to amusements of a grosser kind: we breathe a grosser and a colder air: and that curiosity which was general in the Athenians, and the gratifying of which was their chief recreation, is among our people of fashion treated like affectation, and as such banished from polite assemblies and places of resort; and without doubt would in a little time be banished the country, if it were not for the great reservoirs of learning, where those formalists, pedants, and bearded boys, as your profound critic calls them, are maintained by the liberality and piety of our predecessors. For it is as evident that religion was the cause of those seminaries, as it is that they are the cause or source of all the learning and taste which are to be found, even in those very men who are the declared enemies of our religion and public foundations. Every one, who knows any thing, knows we are indebted for our learning to the Greek and Latin tongues. This those severe censors will readily grant. Perhaps they may not be so ready to grant, what all men must see, that we are indebted for those tongues to our religion. What else could have made foreign and dead languages in such request among us? What could have kept in being and handed them down to our times, through so many dark ages in which the world was wasted and disfigured by wars and violence? What, but a regard to the Holy Scriptures, and theological writings of the fathers and doctors of the church? And in fact, do we not find that the learning of those times was solely in the hands of ecclesiastics, that they alone lighted the lamp in succession one from another, and transmitted it down to after-ages; and that ancient books were collected and preserved in their colleges and seminaries, when all love and remembrance of polite arts and studies were extinguished among the laity, whose ambition entirely turned to arms?

A eulogy which might be justly extended to our American seats of literature which have been so greatly indebted to clergymen.

Berkeley soon became Bishop of Cloyne, and some years afterwards again found vent for his amiable enthusiasm in advocating his specific of tar water, which he made quite the fashion of the day,* and for which he gained the attention of philosophers and theologians by the subtle speculations of his *Siris; a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the virtues of Tar Water; and divers other subjects connected together and arising one from another.*†

In his death Berkeley realized the Euthanasia which he had desired. On a Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, as he was with his family in his residence at Oxford, lying on a couch listening to his wife reading a sermon by Sherlock, the final messenger came to him in silence, and it was not perceived that he was dead till his daughter offered him a cup of tea. He was buried at Christ Church, and a well written inscription in Latin was put upon his monument: but the friendly pen of Pope wrote his lasting epitaph:

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* "It is impossible," writes Mr. Duncombe to Archbishop Herring in 1744, "to write a letter now without tincturing the ink with tar water. This is the common topic of discourse both among the rich and poor, high and low; and the Bishop of Cloyne has made it as fashionable as going to Vauxhall or Ranelagh."

† "Had the conversation (Coleridge's) been thrown upon paper it might have been easy to trace the continuity of the links; just as in Bishop Berkeley's Siris, [Seiris ought to have been the name, *i.e.* Σειρις, a chain] from a pedestal so low and abject,—so culinary as tar water, the method of preparing it and its medicinal effects—the dissertation ascends, like Jacob's ladder, by just gradations, into the Heaven of Heavens and the Thrones of the Trinity."—De Quincy.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.*

Berkeley's prophetic verses on America, so often quoted,† will secure his popular reputation with our history.‡

As an introduction to them we may present, with other illustrations of the main idea, a passage from George Herbert's poem of "The Church Militant," published in 1633, in which the progress of religion westward had been a century earlier commemorated.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
The marks of future bane, shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams!
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer:
Then shall religion to America flee;
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So sin shall trace and dog her instantly;
They have their period also and set times,
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.

In 1684 Sir Thomas Browne published "certain Miscellany Tracts," one of which, entitled *The Prophecy*, contained several reflections of this kind on the rise and progress of America, in which, Dr. Johnson says, "Browne plainly discovers his expectation to be the same with that entertained lately with more confidence by Dr. Berkeley, that 'America will be the seat of the fifth empire.'"* It is in verse, with a prose commentary. The lines relating to America are,

When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the new world shall the old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade.†

The benevolent prophecies of Berkeley, in reference to America, also recall to us the later anticipations, which, if not the measure of our performance, were of his own benevolence, expressed in 1773 by the good Bishop of St. Asaph, the worthy friend of Franklin, before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which always had American welfare at heart. "It is difficult," said he, "for men to look into the destiny of future ages, the designs of Providence are too vast and complicated, and our own powers are too narrow to admit of much satisfaction to our curiosity. But when we see many great and powerful causes constantly at work, we cannot doubt of their producing proportionable effects. The colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, but seem hastening, with an accelerated progress, to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs." He goes on to describe their opportunities and the prospects of new states. "The vast continent itself, over which they are gradually spreading, may be considered as a treasure, yet untouched, of natural productions that shall hereafter afford ample matter for commerce and contemplation." And he anticipates that "time and discipline may discover some means to correct the extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor."‡

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

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* Epilogue to the Satires.

† And sometimes misquoted, particularly in making one of the lines misread—

Westward the *star* of empire takes its way.

‡ These lines, though now familiar to every schoolboy, were not many years ago brought out by Mr. Verplanck in his anniversary discourse before the New York Historical Society as a novelty, and Knapp, in his Lectures on American Literature, quotes "this little poem as extremely scarce" from that source. —Lectures, 64.

There is a curious reminiscence, or rather unsatisfactory tradition, of these lines of Berkeley, in a letter of John Adams to Benjamin Rush, dated 1807, in which he introduces "brother Cranch, a gentleman of four score," and interrogates him as to a couplet, the second line of which ran—

And empire rises where the sun descends:

His friend, after a moment's pause, gave him—

The eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends.

"I asked him," continues Adams, "if Dean Berkeley was the author of them. He answered, no. The tradition was, as he had heard it for sixty years, that these lines were inscribed, or rather drilled, into a rock on the shore of Monument Bay, in our old colony of Plymouth, and were supposed to have been written and engraved there by some of the first emigrants from Leyden, who landed at Plymouth. However this may be, I may add my testimony to Mr. Cranch's, that I have heard these verses for more than sixty years. I conjecture that Berkeley became connected with them, in my head, by some report that the Bishop had copied them into some publication. There is nothing in my little reading, more ancient in my memory than the observation that arts, sciences, and empire had travelled westward; and in conversation it was always added, since I was a child, that their next leap would be over the Atlantic into America."—John Adams's Works, ix. 600.

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

† Sir Thomas Browne's Works, iv. 232. Grahame, in his History of the United States, notices this idea of western progress in the country, quoting Burnaby's Travels, and referring to the language of the Italian improvisatore to Benjamin West, as the story is related in Galt's Life.—History, iv. 136, 448.

‡ Bishop Shipley's Works, ii. 308.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

CHARLES THOMSON,

The "perpetual secretary" of the old Revolutionary Congress from 1775, was a man of literary tastes, who, when he had long served his country and become to his contemporaries one of the best known and most respected personages of our early political annals, occupied the remainder of his life in composition, publishing a Translation of the Old and New Testaments. He was born in Ireland in 1729, and came to America at the age of eleven. His father died on the passage, and he was thrown on his own resources in Maryland. One of his brothers assisted him in entering the school of Dr. Alison, at Thunder Hill in that state. Books were scarce, and a single lexicon did duty for the whole school. A story is told of the boy's eagerness in pursuit of an intellectual pleasure. One of his schoolfellows came down from Philadelphia, bringing with him an odd volume of the Spectator. Thomson read it with great delight, and learning that an entire set could be purchased at a certain place for the small stock of money which he had at command, without asking permission he set off on foot for Philadelphia to buy it. Having obtained it he returned, when the motive of his journey was taken as sufficient excuse for the truant. An anecdote like this is worth a volume in illustrating the character of the man and the state of literature in America at the time. At Dr. Alison's seminary he learnt Greek, Latin, and Mathematics enough to undertake a Friends' Academy in Philadelphia, which he conducted with credit. He was an ardent republican, and immediately upon the assembling of the old Continental Congress of 1774, was chosen its secretary. John Adams at the time, in his Diary, describes him as "the Sam. Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty."* He retained his post of Secretary with every Congress till the close of the war, and was chosen as the person to inform Washington at Mount Vernon of his nomination to the Presidency. His services to Congress were very efficient, and the repute of his integrity gained him the name with the Indians of "The Man of Truth."†

The Rev. Ashbel Green, President of the College of New Jersey, in his Autobiography, says of the sacred regard for truth which marked the statements of the old Congress, that it became a proverb, "It's as true as if Charles Thomson's name was to it;" and adds this personal reminiscence,—"I had the happiness to be personally acquainted with Charles Thomson. He was tall of stature, well proportioned, and of primitive simplicity of manners. He was one of the best classical scholars that our country has ever produced. He made three or four transcriptions of his translation of the whole Bible, from the Septuagint of the Old Testament, and from the original of the New; still endeavoring in each to make improvements on his former labors. After our revolutionary war was terminated, and before the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, our country was in a very deplorable state, and many of our surviving patriotic fathers, and Mr. Thomson among the rest, could not easily rid themselves of gloomy apprehensions. Mr. Thomson's resource was the study of the Sacred Scriptures. His last work was a Harmony of the Four Gospels, in the language of his own version."*

In person Thomson was remarkable. The Abbé Robin, who was in the country with Rochambeau, found him at Philadelphia "the soul of the body politic,"† and was struck with his meagre and furrowed countenance, his hollow and sparkling eyes, and white erect hair. This description, in 1781, does not argue a condition of perfect health, yet Thomson lived till 1824, dying at the venerable age of ninety-five.

ROBERT ROGERS.

Robert was the son of James R. Rogers, an early settler of the town of Dumbarton, New Hampshire, entered military service during the French war, and raised a company of Rangers, who acquired a high reputation for activity in the region surrounding Lake George, where his name is perpetuated by the precipice known as Rogers's slide, on the edge of the lake, so called from an act of daring of their leader in escaping down its steep side, and so over the ice, from a party of Indians in hot pursuit. In 1760 Rogers received orders from Sir Jeffrey Amherst to take possession of Detroit and other western posts ceded by the French after the fall of Quebec. He ascended the St. Lawrence and the lakes with two hundred of his rangers, visited Fort Pitt, had an interview with the Indian chief, Pontiac, at the site of the present Cleveland on Lake Erie; received the submission of Detroit, but was prevented from proceeding further by the approach of winter. He afterwards visited England, where he suffered from want until he borrowed the means to print his Journal and present it to the King, when he received the appointment of Governor of Michilimackinac in 1765.‡ He returned and entered upon his command, but was afterwards, on an accusation of a plot to deliver up his post to the Spaniards, then the possessors of Louisiana, sent to Montreal in irons. In 1769 he revisited England, was presented to the King, and imprisoned for debt. He afterwards, according to his account of himself to Dr. Wheelock at Dartmouth, "fought two battles in Algiers under the Dey."

In 1775 he made his appearance in the northern states, where he made loud professions of patriotism, and talked of recent interviews with the Congress at Philadelphia. He held a pass from that body, but it had been obtained after he had

* Works, ii. 358.
† Walsh's Article, Am. Biography. Am. Quar. Rev. i. 29–32.

* Life of Ashbel Green, 48.
† Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale, en l'année 1781 et campagne de l'armée de M. le Comte de Rochambeau. Par M. l'Abbé Robin. Paris, 1782. pp. 91.
‡ Diary of John Adams, December 27, 1765. Works, ii. 167.

been their prisoner, and been released on his parole. In January, 1776, Washington recommended that he should be watched, and in June ordered his arrest. He was taken at South Amboy, where he professed to be on his way to offer his services to Congress. Washington sent him to that body, by whom he was directed to return to New Hampshire. He soon after openly joined the side of the crown, accepted a colonelcy, and raised a company called the Queen's Rangers. In the fall of 1776 he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by Lord Stirling at Mamaroneck. He not long after went to England, and was succeeded in his command by Colonel Simcoe. He was proscribed and banished under the act of New Hampshire in 1778, and his subsequent history is unknown.*

Rogers published, in 1765, his *Journals*,† a spirited account of his early adventures as a ranger, and in the same year *A Concise Account of North America*.‡ He attempted a bolder flight in the following year in his tragedy of *Ponteach*. The publication does not bear his name. It is a curious production, the peculiarities of which can be best displayed by analysis and extract.

The play of Ponteach opens with an interview between two Indian traders, one of whom discloses to his less experienced associate, the means by which the Indians are cheated in the commerce for furs. Indians enter with packs of skins which they part with for rum. They are defrauded by a juggle in the weight, and paid in well watered spirits. We have next Osborne and Honnyman, two English hunters, in possession of the stage, who expatiate on the advantages of shooting down well laden Indians, and taking possession of their packs without even the ceremony of bargains. The scene changes to an English fort, with Colonel Cockum and Captain Frisk, a pair of blusterers, who propose immediate extermination of the redskins. Ponteach enters with complaints that his men are cheated, but receives naught but abuse in return. We have next a scene in which the governors distribute the presents sent by the English King to the Indians, reserving half of the stock for themselves and retaining a similar share of the furs brought by the Indians in return. What would, says Catchum, one of these Governors, the King of England do with Wampum?

Or beaver skins d'ye think? He's not a hatter!

Thus ends the first act. In the second, the Indian dramatis personæ are brought forward. Ponteach summons his sons Philip and Chekitan, and his counsellor Tenesco, to deliberate on war with the English. He feels sure of the support of the chiefs, with the exception of the "Mohawk Emperor." Philip undertakes to secure his concurrence, and Ponteach departs to consult his Indian doctor and a French priest, as to the interpretation of a dream which he relates. After his exit Philip narrates his plan. It is to secure possession of Monelia and Torax, the children of Hendrick the Mohawk Emperor, and detain them in case of his opposition; a plan by which he proposes to serve his brother, who is in love with Monelia, as well as his father. Chekitan joyfully acquiesces and departs, leaving Philip to deliver a soliloquy from which it appears that he hates his brother. After a rhapsody on love he says:—

Once have I felt its poison in my heart,
When this same Chekitan a captive led
The fair Donanta from the Illinois;
I saw, admir'd, and lov'd the charming maid,
And as a favor ask'd her from his hands,
But he refus'd and sold her for a slave.
My love is dead, but my resentment lives,
And now's my time to let the flame break forth,
For while I pay this ancient debt of vengeance,
I'll serve my country, and advance myself.
He loves Monelia—Hendrick must be won—
Monelia and her brother both must bleed—
This is my vengeance on her lover's head—
Then I'll affirm, 'twas done by Englishmen—
And to gain credit both with friends and foes,
I'll wound myself, and say that I receiv'd it
By striving to assist them in the combat.
This will rouse Hendrick's wrath, and arm his troops
To blood and vengeance on the common foe.
And further still my profit may extend;
My brother's rage will lead him into danger,
And, he cut off, the Empire's all my own.
Thus am I fix'd; my scheme of goodness laid,
And I'll effect it, tho' thro' blood I wade,
To desperate wounds apply a desperate cure,
And to tall structures lay foundations sure;
To fame and empire hence my course I bend,
And every step I take shall thither tend.

This closes the second act. In the third we have a scene between Ponteach and his ghostly counsellors. Both interpret the dream as an admonition to go to war, and the monarch and Indian depart, leaving the priest *solus* to take the audience into his confidence, which he does most unblushingly, in a curious passage, valuable as showing the perverted views entertained of the Roman Catholic missionaries by the English.

Next follows an Indian pow-wow, with long speeches, winding up with

THE WAR SONG.

To the Tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away," Sung by Tenesco, the Head Warrior. They all join in the Chorus, and dance while that is singing, in a circle round him; and during the Chorus the Music plays.

Where-e'er the sun displays his light,
Or moon is seen to shine by night,
Where-e'er the noisy rivers flow,
Or trees and grass and herbage grow.
Chorus.

Be't known that we this war begin
With proud insulting Englishmen;
The hatchet we have lifted high
[*holding up their hatchets*]
And them we'll conquer or we'll die.
Chorus.

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* Sabine's American Loyalists. Parkman's History of Pontiac, p. 144.

† Journals of Major Robert Rogers, containing an account of the several excursions he made, under the generals who commanded on the continent of America during the late war. From which may be collected the most material circumstances of every campaign on that continent from the commencement to the conclusion of the war. London, 1765. 8vo. pp. 236.

‡ A concise account of North America, containing a description of the several British colonies on that continent, including the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, &c.; as to their situation, extent, climate, soil, produce, rise, government, present boundaries, and the number of inhabitants supposed to be in each. Also, of the interior or westerly parts of the country, upon the rivers St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Christino, and the great lakes. To which is subjoined an account of the several nations and tribes of Indians residing in those parts, as to their customs, manners, government, numbers, &c., containing many useful and entertaining facts, never before treated of. By Major Robert Rogers. London, 1765. 8vo. pp. 264.

The edge is keen, the blade is bright,
Nothing saves them but their flight;
And then like heroes we'll pursue,
Over the hills and valleys through.
Chorus.

They'll like frighted women quake,
When they behold a hissing snake;
Or like timorous deer away,
And leave both goods and arms a prey.
Chorus.

Pain'd with hunger, cold, or heat,
In haste they'll from our land retreat;
While we'll employ our scalping knives—
[*Drawing and flourishing their scalping knives*]
Take off their sculls and spare their lives.
Chorus.

Or in their country they'll complain,
Nor ever dare return again;
Or if they should they'll rue the day,
And curse the guide that shew'd the way.
Chorus.

If fortune smiles, we'll not be long
Ere we return with dance and song,
But ah! if we should chance to die,
Dear wives and children do not cry.
Chorus.

Our friends will ease your grief and woe,
By double vengeance on the foe;
Will kill, and scalp, and shed their blood,
Where-e'er they find them thro' the wood.
Chorus.

No pointing foe shall ever say
'Twas there the vanquish'd Indian lay.
Or boasting to his friends, relate
The tale of our unhappy fate.
Chorus.

Let us with courage then away
To hunt and seize the frighted prey;
Nor think of children, friend, or wife,
While there's an Englishman alive.
Chorus.

In heat and cold, thro' wet and dry,
Will we pursue, and they shall fly
To seas which they a refuge think
And there in wretched crowds they'll sink.
Chorus. Exeunt omnes singing.

Philip removes Chekitan from Monelia, by placing him at the head of troops. The piece proceeds in accordance with his programme, but justice is first wreaked on Honnyman, the trader, who is despatched on the stage.

In Act V., Scene 1, Monelia and Torax are also killed, and Philip discovered wounded. His story is believed, until Torax revives sufficiently to declare the truth, after he has left the scene. On his return he is confronted by the injured Chekitan. They fight. Philip is slain, and Chekitan kills himself. Tenesco bears the news of this extirpation of his offspring to Ponteach, and is soon followed by tidings of the complete rout of the Indian forces. The monarch closes the piece with the following lines, which possess force and beauty:—

Ye fertile fields and glad'ning streams adieu,
Ye fountains that have quench'd my scorching thirst,
Ye shades that hid the sunbeams from my head,
Ye groves and hills that yielded me the chace,
Ye flow'ry meads, and banks, and bending trees,
And thou, proud earth, made drunk with royal blood,
I am no more your owner and your king.
But witness for me to your new base lords,
That my unconquer'd mind defies them still;
And though I fly, 'tis on the wings of hope.
Yes, I will hence where there's no British foe,
And wait a respite from this storm of woe;
Beget more sons, fresh troops collect and arm,
And other schemes of future greatness form;
Britons may boast, the gods may have their will,
Ponteach I am, and shall be Ponteach still.

JOSEPH GALLOWAY,

A LOYALIST refugee of the Revolution, was in the early part of his career an advocate to the popular interest in Pennsylvania. He was born in Maryland about 1730, came early to Philadelphia, took part with Franklin in opposition to the proprietary interest, and was a member of the first Continental Congress of 1774. His plan, in that body, of a "a proposed union between Great Britain and the colonies," was published in his pamphlet, *A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies.* Two years later he joined the British troops in New Jersey, and entered with them when they took possession of Philadelphia. He was employed under Sir William Howe, and when the city was freed from the enemy went to New York, and shortly left for England, where he was examined before the House of Commons on American affairs. He published there a number of pamphlets: *Letters to a Nobleman on the Conduct of the War in the Middle Colonies; A Letter to Lord Howe on his Naval Conduct; A Reply to the Observations of General Howe, with Thoughts on the Consequences of American Independence; Reflections on the American Rebellion.** At the close of his life he occupied himself with the study of the Prophecies. Two volumes, the fruits of these studies, were published in London in 1802 and '3, entitled, *Brief Commentaries on such Parts of the Revelation and other Prophecies as immediately refer to the Present Times;* in which the several Allegorical Types and Expressions of these Prophecies are translated into their literal meaning and applied to their appropriate events: containing a Summary of the Revelation, the Prophetic Histories of the Beast of the Bottomless Pit; the Beast of the Earth; the Grand Confederacy or Babylon the Great; the Man of Sin; the Little Horn and Antichrist; and *The Prophetic and Anticipated History of the Church of Rome;* written and published six hundred years before the Rise of that Church. In which the Prophetic Figures and Allegories are literally explained; and her Tricks, Frauds, Blasphemies, and Dreadful Persecutions of the Church of Christ are foretold and described. Prefaced by an Address, dedicatory, expostulatory, and critical.† He resided in England till his death in 1803.

John Adams describes him, in his Diary, as "sensible and learned, but a cold speaker."‡ Franklin had confidence in his patriotism, and left

* Sparks's Franklin, vii. 277; Sabine's American Loyalists, 308.

‡ Works, ii. 396. † Watts's Bib. Brit.

in his charge in America a valuable collection of his letter-books and papers, which were lost. His defection, from his well known talents, was severely commented upon by the friends of the Revolution. Stiles, in his manuscript Diary, of the date of October 1, 1775, says:—"Mr. Galloway has also fallen from a great height into contempt and infamy; but he never was entirely confided in as a thorough son of liberty." Trumbull, too, tells the story in his M'Fingal, how "Galloway began by being a flaming patriot; but being disgusted at his own want of influence, and the greater popularity of others, he turned Tory, wrote against the measures of Congress, and absconded. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, to be delivered to Joseph Galloway, Esquire. On opening it, he found it contained only, as Shakespeare says—

A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself;

while M'Fingal himself, in his royalist zeal, declaims against the popular party, in his left-handed manner—

Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
Your Congress, when the loyal ribald
Belied, berated, and bescribbled?
What ropes and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?*

Francis Hopkinson addressed Galloway a withering letter in 1778, when he was "in the seat of power in the city of Philadelphia," and the renegade Cunningham was made keeper of the provost prison, which was published at the time, and is preserved in his works:—"The temporary reward of iniquity," was his language, "you now hold will soon shrink from your grasp; and the favor of him on whom you now depend will cease, when your capacity to render the necessary services shall cease. This you know, and the reflection must even now throw a gloom of horror over your enjoyments, which the glittering tinsel of your new superintendency cannot illumine. Look back, and all is guilt—look forward, and all is dread. When the history of the present times shall be recorded, the names of Galloway and Cunningham will not be omitted; and posterity will wonder at the extreme obduracy of which the human heart is capable, and at the unmeasurable distance between a traitor and a WASHINGTON."

* Trumbull's McFingall, canto iii.

† We have given the title of this book from the copy printed by Mathew Carey, in 1794.

HECTOR ST. JOHN CREVECŒUR.

THE volume entitled *Letters from an American Farmer, describing certain provincial Situations, Manners and Customs, and conveying some idea of the state of the People of North America: written to a Friend in England*, by J. Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania, is one of the most pleasing and agreeable of the books respecting the early impressions made by the simple life of America upon intelligent and sensitive Europeans.† With the exception of the Memoirs of an American Lady, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and some passages in the travels of Brissot de Warville, we know of no more appreciative pictures of the idyllic life of America in the period just preceding the Revolution. It is all sentiment and susceptibility in the French school of St. Pierre and Chateaubriand, looking at homely American life in the Claude Lorraine glass of fanciful enthusiasm. The author prides himself upon his good feeling; and instead of hiding it in his breast, as an Englishman would do, brings it out into the sunlight to enjoy it, and writes it down to see how it will look upon paper. The book is written in the character of a plain country farmer, who, having entertained an accomplished scholar from the old world at his farm, is invited by this European friend, on his return home, to communicate to him his observations and reflections on life in America. The farmer, who is a man of acuteness and sensibility, is encouraged to undertake the task by the advice of the clergyman at Yale, who tells him, that letter-writing, like preaching, will soon become easy from practice; and by the good sense and *kindliness* of his Quaker wife, who is ever ready to cheer him, in her kind, homely way, in whatever he undertakes. There is an introduction, a chapter on "the situation, feelings, and pleasures of an American farmer;" a discussion of the question, "What is an American?" a long account of Nantucket and its manners, and of Martha's Vineyard; a description of Charleston, and a notice of the naturalist Bartram.

The author of these letters, the contents of which we have thus indicated, was a French gentleman, born in 1731, of a noble family, at Caen in Normandy, who, at the age of sixteen, was sent by his parents to England to complete his education, and passed six years there, acquiring, among other things, a passion for emigration to the British colonies. In 1754 he embarked for America, and settled upon a farm near New York. He married the daughter of a merchant. In the war, his lands were overrun by the British troops. Affairs of importance, in 1780, requiring his presence in England, he obtained permission of the British commander to cross the lines, and embark with one of his sons from New York. A French fleet on the coast detained the vessel in the harbor, when he was arrested as a spy in the place, and kept in prison for three months. He was released on examination, and sailed for Dublin, where he arrived in December. He travelled to London, and finally reached the paternal roof, in France, April 2, 1781, after an absence of twenty-seven years. He became a member of the Agricultural Society of Caen, and introduced the cultivation of the potato into his district. His *Letters from an American Farmer* were first written in English: a language which had become more familiar to him than his native tongue, and published in 1782, in London.* He translated

* His *Letters from an American Farmer* first made their appearance in London, in 1782. Written thus originally in English, they were translated by the author into French on his return to his native country, where they appeared, with some additions, in 1787, with the title, *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain, adressées à Wm. S——n, Esq., depuis l'année* 1770, *jusqu'à* 1786. *Par M. St. John de Crevecœur. Traduites de l'Anglais.* There was an earlier French edition in 1784.

them into French, in which language two editions appeared in Paris, in 1784 and 1787. His glowing and extravagant pictures of American life induced many families to emigrate to the borders of the Ohio, where they suffered the extremities of famine and fever. His friend, the author Lizay-Marnesia, who trusted to the representations of the Scioto company, was one of the disappointed.

In 1783 Crevecœur returned to New York as French consul. He found his house burnt, his wife dead, and his children in the hands of a stranger, Mr. Flower, a merchant of Boston, who had been led to take charge of them by the kindness Crevecœur had shown to prisoners abroad. He was honored by Washington, and retained his office till 1793, when he returned to his native country, residing first at a country-seat near Rouen, and afterwards at Sarcelles. He employed his leisure in writing a book of his travels and observations in America, which he published in three volumes, in Paris, in 1801: *Voyage dans la Haute Pensylvanie et dans l'Etat de New York, par un Membre Adoptif de la Nation Oneida. Traduit et publié par l'auteur des Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain.* The translation is an affectation, purporting to be from a manuscript cast ashore from a wreck on the Elbe. The work is dedicated to Washington in highly complimentary terms, recapitulating the public events of his life, of which the translator had been an observer. It contains much interesting matter relating to the Indians, the internal improvements of the country, agriculture, and a curious conversation on the first peopling and the antiquities of the country with Franklin, whom St. John accompanied in 1787 to Lancaster, when the sage laid the foundation-stone of his German college at that place.

Crevecœur died at Sarcelles, November, 1813, leaving behind him a high reputation for worth and agreeable personal qualities.

An interesting notice of this writer is published in one of the notes to Darlington's biographical sketch of John Bartram, from the recollections of Samuel Breck, of Philadelphia, who saw St. John in Paris in 1787. He describes him as in the midst of Parisian society, where the man and his book were much admired. He made the return voyage home with him, and gives this record of his impressions of his character, which is fully in unison with the manner of his book:—"St. John was by nature, by education, and by his writings a philanthropist; a man of serene temper, and pure benevolence. The milk of human kindness circulated in every vein. Of manners unassuming; prompt to serve, slow to censure; intelligent, beloved, and highly worthy of the esteem and respect he everywhere received. His society on shipboard was a treasure."*

Hazlitt was a great admirer of the freshness and enthusiasm of the *American Farmer*. In one of the charming letters addressed to him, Charles Lamb interpolates an exclamation, doubtless from Bridget Elia, "O tell Hazlitt not to forget to send me the American Farmer. I dare say it is not so good as he fancies; but a book's a book."† Hazlitt kept the Farmer in memory, for in 1829, in an article on American Literature in the *Edinburgh Review*, he bestows all his warmth upon him. "The American Farmer's Letters," says he, "give us a tolerable idea how American scenery and manners may be treated with a lively poetic interest. The pictures are sometimes highly colored, but they are vivid and strikingly characteristic. He gives not only the objects but the feelings of a new country. He describes himself as placing his little boy in a chair, screwed to the plough which he guides (to inhale the scent of the fresh furrows), while his wife sits knitting under a tree at one end of the field. He recounts a battle between two snakes with a Homeric gravity and exuberance of style. He paints the dazzling, almost invisible flutter of the humming-bird's wing: Mr. Moore's airiest verse is not more light and evanescent. His account of the manners of the Nantucket people, their frank simplicity, and festive rejoicings after the perils and hardships of the whale-fishing, is a true and heartfelt picture. . . . . The most interesting part of the author's work is that where he describes the first indications of the breaking-out of the American war—the distant murmur of the tempest—the threatened inroad of the Indians, like an inundation, on the peaceful back-settlements: his complaints and his auguries are fearful."* Hazlitt did not know the author to be a Frenchman, or he would have accounted, in his brilliant way, for the constitutional vivacity of the book, and its peculiar treatment of an American subject.

AMERICAN FARMER'S PLEASURES.

The instant I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalts my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it, that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder? What should we American farmers be, without the distinct possession of that soil? It feeds, it clothes us; from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink, the very honey of our bees comes from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession, no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say, that such portion of land was theirs, cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness. This formerly rude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm, and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens, our importance as inhabitants of such a district. These images, I must confess, I always behold with pleasure, and extend them as far as my imagination can reach: for this is what may be called the true and the only philosophy of an American farmer. Pray do not laugh in thus seeing an artless countryman tracing himself through the simple modifications of his life; remember that you have required it; therefore with candour, though with diffidence, I endeavour to follow the thread of my feelings; but I cannot tell you all. Often when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair, which screws to the beam of the plough—its motion, and that of the horses please him; he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did

* Memorials of Bartram and Marshall, by William Darlington, p. 44.

† Charles Lamb to Hazlitt, November 18, 1805.

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1829, p. 180.

for me; may God enable him to live, that he may perform the same operations, for the same purposes, when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble, while I have him with me; the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

SONG AND INSTINCT.

The pleasure I receive from the warblings of the birds in the spring, is superior to my poor description, as the continual succession of their tuneful notes, is for ever new to me. I generally rise from bed about that indistinct interval, which, properly speaking, is neither night nor day; for this is the moment of the most universal vocal choir. Who can listen unmoved, to the sweet love tales of our robins, told from tree to tree? or to the shrill cat birds? The sublime accents of the thrush from on high, always retard my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music. The variegated appearances of the dew drops, as they hang to the different objects, must present, even to a clownish imagination, the most voluptuous ideas. The astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, ill provided as we may suppose them with proper tools, their neatness, their convenience, always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of our houses; their love to their dame, their incessant careful attention, and the peculiar songs they address to her, while she tediously incubates their eggs, remind me of my duty, could I ever forget it. Their affection to their helpless little ones, is a lively precept; and in short, the whole economy of what we proudly call the brute creation, is admirable in every circumstance; and vain man, though adorned with the additional gift of reason, might learn from the perfection of instinct, how to regulate the follies, and how to temper the errors which this second gift often makes him commit. This is a subject, on which I have often bestowed the most serious thoughts; I have often blushed within myself, and been greatly astonished, when I have compared the unerring path they all follow, all just, all proper, all wise, up to the necessary degree of perfection, with the coarse, the imperfect systems of men, not merely as governors and kings, but as masters, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens. But this is a sanctuary in which an ignorant farmer must not presume to enter.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

One anecdote I must relate, the circumstances of which are as true as they are singular. One of my constant walks, when I am at leisure, is in my lowlands, where I have the pleasure of seeing my cattle, horses, and colts. Exuberant grass replenishes all my fields, the best representative of our wealth; in the middle of that track, I have cut a ditch eight feet wide, the banks of which nature adorns every spring with the wild salendine, and other flowering weeds, which, on these luxuriant grounds, shoot up to a great height. Over this ditch I have erected a bridge, capable of bearing a loaded waggon; on each side I carefully sow every year some grains of hemp, which rise to the height of fifteen feet, so strong and so full of limbs, as to resemble young trees: I once ascended one of them four feet above the ground. These produce natural arbours, rendered often still more compact by the assistance of an annual creeping plant, which we call a vine, that never fails to entwine itself among their branches, and always produces a very desirable shade. From this simple grove I have amused myself an hundred times in observing the great number of humming birds with which our country abounds: the wild blossoms every where attract the attention of these birds, which, like bees, subsist by suction. From this retreat I distinctly watch them in all their various attitudes; but their flight is so rapid that you cannot distinguish the motion of their wings. On this little bird, nature has profusely lavished her most splendid colours; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, are for ever in contrast, and help to embellish the plumes of his majestic head. The richest pallet of the most luxuriant painter, could never invent any thing to be compared to the variegated tints with which this insect bird is arrayed. Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing needle; like the bee, nature has taught it to find out, in the calix of flowers and blossoms, those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food; and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undeprived of anything that our eyes can possibly distinguish. When it feeds, it appears as if immoveable, though continually on the wing; and sometimes, from what motives I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces: for, strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies. When fatigued, it has often perched within a few feet of me, and on such favourable opportunities I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds, reflecting light on every side: most elegantly finished in all parts, it is a miniature work of our great parent; who seems to have formed it the smallest, and at the same time the most beautiful of the winged species.

A JOURNEY WITH FRANKLIN.*

In the year 1787 I accompanied the venerable Franklin, at that time Governor of Pennsylvania, on a journey to Lancaster, where he had been invited to lay the corner-stone of a college, which he had founded there for the Germans. In the evening of the day of the ceremony, we were talking of the different nations which inhabit the continent, of their aversion to agriculture, &c., when one of the principal inhabitants of the city said to him:

"Governor, where do you think these nations came from? Do you consider them aborigines? Have you heard of the ancient fortifications and tombs which have been recently discovered in the west?"

"Those who inhabit the two Floridas," he replied, "and lower Louisiana, say, that they came from the mountains of Mexico. I should be inclined to believe it. If we may judge of the Esquimaux of the coasts of Labrador (the most savage men known) by the fairness of their complexion, the color of their eyes, and their enormous beards, they are originally from the north of Europe, whence they came at a very remote period. As to the other nations of this continent, it seems difficult to imagine from what stock they can be descended. To assign them an Asiatic and Tartar origin, to assert that they crossed Behring Straits, and spread themselves over this continent, shocks all our notions of probability. How, indeed, can we conceive that men almost

* Translated from St. John's Voyage dans la Haute Pennsylvanie, ch. ii.

naked, armed with bows and arrows, could have undertaken a journey of a thousand leagues through thick forests or impenetrable marshes, accompanied by their wives and children, with no means of subsistence, save what they derived from hunting? What could have been the motives of such an emigration? If it were the severe cold of their own country, why should they have advanced to Hudson's Bay and Lower Canada? Why have they not stopped on their way at the beautiful plains on the banks of the Missouri, the Minnesota, the Mississippi, or the Illinois? But it will be said, they *did* settle there, and those with whom we are acquainted are but the surplus population of these ancient emigrations. If it were so, we should discover some analogy between their languages: and it is ascertained beyond a doubt, that the languages of the Nadouassees and Padoukas no more resemble the Chippewa, the Mohawk, or the Abenaki, than they do the jargon of Kamschatka.

"On the other hand," he continued, "how can we suppose them to be the aborigines of a region like this, which produces scarcely any fruits or plants on which the primitive man could have subsisted until he had learned to make a bow and arrow, harpoon a fish, and kindle a fire? How could these first families have resisted the inclemency of the seasons, the stings of insects, the attacks of carnivorous animals? The warm climates, therefore, and those that abound in natural fruits, must have been the cradle of the human race; it was from the bosom of these favored regions that the *exuberant* portion of the early communities gradually spread over the rest of the world. Whence came the nations which inhabit this continent, those we meet with in New Zealand, New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific? Why have the people of the old world been civilized for thousands of ages, while those of the new still remain plunged in ignorance and barbarism? Has this hemisphere more recently emerged from the bosom of the waters? These questions, and a thousand others we might ask, will ever be to us, frail beings, like a vast desert where the wandering eye sees not the smallest bush on which it may repose.

"This planet is very old," he continued. "Like the works of Homer and Hesiod, who can say through how many editions it has passed in the immensity of ages? The rent continents, the straits, the gulfs, the islands, the shallows of the ocean, are but vast fragments on which, as on the planks of some wrecked vessel, the men of former generations who escaped these commotions, have produced new populations. Time, so precious to us, the creatures of a moment, is nothing to nature. Who can tell us when the earth will again experience these fatal catastrophes, to which, it appears to me, to be as much exposed in its annual revolutions, as are the vessels which cross the seas to be dashed in pieces on a sunken rock? The near approach or contact of one of those globes whose elliptical and mysterious courses are perhaps the agents of our destinies, some variation in its annual or diurnal rotation, in the inclination of its axis or the equilibrium of the seas, might change its climate, and render it long uninhabitable.

"As to your third question," continued the governor, "I will give you some reflections which occurred to me on reading the papers lately presented to our philosophical society by Generals Varnum and Parsons, and Captains John Hart and Serjeant, in relation to the entrenched camps and other indications of an ancient population, of whom tradition has transmitted no account to our indigenous population. In travelling through the parts of this state beyond the Alleghanies, we often find on the high ground near the rivers remains of parapets and ditches covered with lofty trees. Almost the whole of the peninsula of Muskinghum is occupied by a vast fortified camp. It is composed of three square inclosures; the central one, which is the largest, has a communication with the former bed of the river, whose waters appear to have retreated nearly three hundred feet. These inclosures are formed by ditches and parapets of earth, in which no cut stones or brick have been found. The centre is occupied by conical elevations of different diameters and heights. Each of these inclosures appears to have had a cemetery. As a proof of the high antiquity of these works, we are assured, as an undisputed fact, that the bones are converted into calcareous matter, and that the vegetable soil with which these fortifications are covered, and which has been formed merely by the falling off of the leaves and of the fragments of trees, is almost as thick as in the places around about them. Two other camps have been likewise discovered in the neighbourhood of Lexington. The area of the first is six acres, that of the second, three. The fragments of earthenware which have been found in digging are of a composition unknown to our Indians.

"On Paint Creek, a branch of the Scioto, there has been found a series of these fortified inclosures, extending as far as the Ohio, and even south of that river. Similar works have been discovered in the two Miamis, at a distance of more than twenty miles, and likewise on Big Grave Creek. These last are only a series of elevated redoubts on the banks of these rivers at unequal distances apart. Those which have been found on Big Black Creek, and at Byo Pierre, in the neighborhood of the Mississippi, appear to have been embankments intended to protect the inhabitants from the inundations of the river.

"At a distance of five hundred leagues from the sea, on the eastern shore of Lake Peppin (which is only an extension of the Mississippi), Carver found considerable remains of entrenchments made, like the former, of earth, and covered with high woods. The barrows lately discovered in Kentucky and elsewhere, are cones of different diameters and heights; they are covered with a thick layer of earth, and resemble, although smaller, those which are still seen in Asia and some parts of Europe. The first row of bodies lies upon flat stones, with which the whole of the bottom is paved: these are covered over with new layers, serving as beds for other bodies placed like the former, and so on to the top. As in the fortifications on the Muskinghum, we meet with no signs of mortar, and no traces of the hammer. The new state of Tennessee is full of these tombs, and several caves have also been discovered there in which bones have been found.

"In the neighborhood of several Cherokee villages, in Keowe, Steccoe, Sinica, &c., there have been found terraces, pyramids, or artificial hills, of great height, whose origin was unknown to the inhabitants whom the Cherokees drove out at the time of their invasion, nearly two centuries ago. The same artificial heights, the same proofs of the residence and power of ancient nations, are also found in the two Floridas, on the banks of the Oakmulgee, at Taensa, on the Alabama, &c.

"At what period, by what people, were these works constructed? What degree of civilization had this people reached? Were they acquainted with the use of iron? What has become of them? Can we conceive that nations sufficiently powerful to have raised such considerable fortifications, and who buried their dead with such religious care, can

have been destroyed and replaced by the ignorant and barbarous hordes we see about us at the present day? Could the calamities occasioned by a long state of war have effaced the last traces of their civilization and brought them back to the primitive condition of hunters? Are our Indians the descendants of that ancient people?

"Such are the doubts and conjectures which arise in our minds on contemplating the traces of the passage and existence of the nations which inhabited the regions of the west; traces which are not sufficient to guide us in the vagueness of the past. Although neither arms nor instruments of iron have yet been discovered, how can we conceive that they could dig such deep ditches, or raise such large masses of earth, without the aid of that metal? This ancient people must have had chiefs, and been subject to laws; for without the bonds of subordination, how could they have collected and kept together so great a number of workmen? They must have been acquainted with agriculture, since the products of the chase would never have sufficed to support them. The extent of these camps also proves that the number of the troops destined to defend these works, and that of the families to which, in moments of danger, they afforded an asylum, was immense. The cemeteries prove that they sojourned there a long time. This people must therefore have been much further advanced in civilization than our Indians.

"When the population of the United States shall have spread over every part of that vast and beautiful region, our posterity, aided by new discoveries, may then perhaps form more satisfactory conjectures. What a field for reflection! A new continent, which, at some unknown period, appears to have been inhabited by agricultural and warlike nations! Were it not for my advanced age, I would myself cross the mountains to examine those old military works. Perhaps a careful and minute inspection would give rise to conjectures which now elude all the combinations of the mind."

THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The first record of this institution is as follows:

The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, Secretary to the Directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they order me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of the said company, dated the first day of July last.

The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz.:

"To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Syng, jun., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwalader, John Jones, jun., Robert Grace, and Isaac Penington.

Gentlemen,—The subscription to the library being completed, you the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at 5 o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and appoint a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

Jos. Breintnall, Sec'y.

Philad., 8th Nov., 1731."

William Coleman was at this meeting elected treasurer, and signed a bond with sureties for the full performance of his duties. The price of shares was fixed at forty shillings each, and ten were at once disposed of, but some difficulty was experienced in collecting the amounts. At a meeting on the 29th of March, 1732, it was determined to proceed to the purchase of books, and Thomas Godfrey having reported that James Logan had expressed a willingness to give advice as to their selection, it was ordered that Thomas Godfrey wait on Mr. Logan, "a gentleman of universal learning and the best judge of books in these parts," and accept his offer.

The list was made out and intrusted to Thomas Hopkinson, who was about sailing for England, with a draft on London in his favor of £15 sterling. Charles Brockden (the uncle of Brockden Brown) having executed the original constitution without charge, was presented with a share in the association. Breintnall was excused from the payment of annual dues for six years in consideration of his services as secretary; Syng, two years, for engraving the seal of the company, and Franklin two years, for printing notices to delinquent subscribers.

The books arrived in October, 1732, with the addition of a donation of "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy" and "Philip Miller's Gardener's Dictionary," from Peter Collinson. They were deposited in "Robert Grace's chamber, at his house in Jones Alley:" Louis Timothee, the occupant of the house, was appointed librarian, and the collection opened on Wednesdays from 2 to 3 P.M. and on Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. to subscribers, who were to be allowed to take books out, while "any civil gentleman" was to be permitted to examine the books on the premises. Both privileges were extended to Mr. Logan, though not a member of the Company.

In December, 1732, Dr. Franklin prepared and printed a catalogue without charge. On the 22d of February, 1733, the full number of subscribers originally contemplated, was filled up by the addition of the fiftieth, Joseph Growden. The first American donor was William Rawle, who presented, on the 12th of March, 1733, a set of the works of Edmund Spenser, in six volumes. On the fifteenth of May following, an address was drawn up and presented to Thomas Penn, the son of William, proprietor of the colony, soliciting his aid, which was responded to by the gift of several articles, and in 1737, by the promise of a lot of ground for a building. In May, 1738, Penn presented an air-pump, accompanied by a complimentary letter, which commences—

"Gentlemen,—It always gives me pleasure when I think of the Library Company of Philadelphia, as they were the first that encouraged knowledge and learning in the province of Pennsylvania."

The praise is not ill deserved, as, at the time of its foundation, there was not even a good bookstore accessible nearer than Boston.

In 1738, the institution received a donation of £58 6s. 8d. from Dr. Walter Sydserfe, of Antigua.

On the 7th of April, 1740, the number of members having in the meanwhile increased to seventy-four, the library was removed "to the upper room of the westernmost office of the State House," by permission of the Assembly.

In 1762, the lot of ground promised in 1737 by the Penn family, was conveyed to the institution.

It was situated in Chestnut, near Ninth street, and for several years yielded a small revenue.

Franklin at various times served in the direction, which also includes the names of Charles Thomson, John Dickinson, Francis Hopkinson, and others of high reputation. In 1767, "a woman's hand, taken from an Egyptian mummy, in good preservation," from Benjamin West, was brought home by the librarian, Francis Hopkinson, for the museum. This collection received for some time donations of similar curious trifles, which were until recently exhibited in the rooms. In 1768 the price of a share was raised to £10, and on the thirteenth of March, the Union Library Company united with the institution, the books and library house in Third Street, in which they had been deposited, being included in the transfer. In 1771 the Association Library Company and the Amicable Company were also incorporated with the institution. The collections thus acquired seem to have been of small value.

In 1773 the books were removed to the second floor of Carpenters' Hall, which was rented for the purpose, and the library was for the first time opened daily, from two to seven P.M. The librarian's salary was fixed at £60. Large additions were made to the cabinet of coins about the same time.

On the assemblage of Congress, in 1774, the free use of its library was tendered to its members. The war retarded the progress of the company. In 1777 the room was occupied as a hospital. In the same year the company received a handsome bequest of books by the will of James Logan.

In 1784 the Library Company united with the American Philosophical Society in a petition for lots of ground on the state-house square, on which to erect buildings for their separate accommodation, which were to correspond in appearance, and face on Fifth and Sixth Streets. No action was taken on the petition, but the Philosophical Society finally succeeded in obtaining a grant on Fifth Street, the locality proposed for the Library Company. Subsequent endeavors, in which Dr. Franklin, as President of the Philosophical Society, took a prominent part, were made to unite the two institutions under the same roof, but without success.

The Philadelphia Library.

In 1789 the long contemplated intention of erecting a suitable building for the library was carried into effect, and the corner-stone of the edifice on Fifth Street, facing the state-house square, laid. It bears an inscription prepared by Franklin, with the exception of the portions relating to himself, which were added by the committee having the matter in charge.

Be it remembered,
In honour of the Philadelphia youth,
(then chiefly artificers)
that in MDCCXXXI,
they cheerfully
at the instance of Benjamin Franklin,
one of their number,
instituted the Philadelphia Library,
which, though small at first,
is become highly valuable, and extensively useful,
and which the walls of this edifice
are now destined to contain and preserve;
the first stone of whose foundation
was here placed
the thirty-first day of August, 1789.

The building, from the design of Dr. William Thornton, who received a share as his compensation, was completed, and the books removed and arranged by the close of the year 1790. The library was then opened daily from one o'clock to sunset, and the librarian's salary fixed at £100. William Bingham, a wealthy and liberal citizen, having heard that the directors intended to place a statue of Franklin on a niche in the front of the building, volunteered to present such a work to the institution. A bust and full length drawing of the original were sent to Italy for the guidance of the artist by whom the statue, which still graces the niche, was executed. During the construction of the edifice, a number of apprentices engaged on the work were allowed by their masters to give an amount of labor equivalent to the purchase money of a share, and thus constitute themselves members, an incident creditable to all concerned.

In January, 1791, the free use of the library was tendered to the President and Congress of the United States, and in the following year an addition made to the building, for the accommodation of the Loganian library, a collection of which we have already given an account.*

In the same year, the manuscripts of John Fitch, relating to the steam-engine, were deposited in the library, with a condition that they should remain unopened until the year 1823.

In 1788 a portion of the collections of Pierre du Simitière was purchased, on his decease.

John Adams, writing from Philadelphia, August 14, 1776, says—

> There is a gentleman here of French extraction, whose name is Du Simitière, a painter by profession, whose designs are very ingenious, and his drawings well executed. He has been applied to for his advice. I waited on him yesterday, and saw his sketches. For the medal he proposes, Liberty, with her spear and pileus, leaning on General Washington. The British fleet in Boston harbor with all their sterns towards the town, the American troops marching in. For the seal, he proposes, The arms of the several nations from whence America has been peopled, as English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, &c., each in a shield. On one side of them, Liberty with her pileus, on the other a rifler in his uniform, with his rifle gun in one hand, and his

* *Ante*, p. 78.

tomahawk in the other. This dress and these troops with this kind of armor being peculiar to America, unless the dress was known to the Romans. Dr. Franklin showed me yesterday a book, containing an account of the dresses of all the Roman soldiers, one of which appeared exactly like it. This M. du Simitière is a very curious man. He has begun a collection of materials for a history of this revolution. He begins with the first advices of the tea ships. He cuts out of the newspapers every scrap of intelligence, and every piece of speculation, and pastes it upon clean paper, arranging them under the head of that State to which they belong, and intends to bind them up in volumes. He has a list of every speculation and pamphlet concerning independence, and another of those concerning forms of government.

These scraps and pamphlets form a valuable, though by no means complete, collection of the fugitive literature of the period.

A collection of "Thirteen portraits of American legislators, patriots, and soldiers, who distinguished themselves in rendering their country independent, viz. General Washington, Gen. Baron de Steuben, Silas Deane, Gen. Reed, Gov. Morris, Gen. Gates, John Jay, W. H. Drayton, Henry Laurens, Charles Thomson, S. Huntingdon, J. Dickenson, Gen. Arnold. Drawn from the life by Du Simitière, painter and member of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and engraved by Mr. B. Reading," was published in London in 1783. The engravings are good, and that of Washington (a profile) is quite different from any others in circulation.

In 1793, the price of shares was changed to their present value, $40.

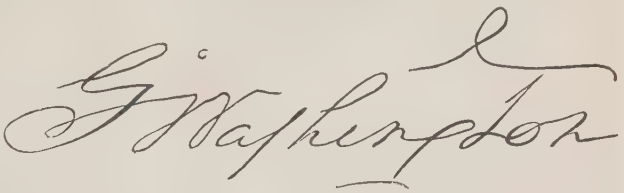
In 1799, a valuable collection of manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, and including the original Correspondence of James I. with the Privy Council of that country, from 1603 to 1615 inclusive, was presented by William Cox, and in 1804 the institution was still further enriched by the bequest of one thousand pounds from John Bleakly, and of a very valuable collection of rare and curious books, including many richly illustrated volumes, from the Rev. Samuel Preston, a friend of Benjamin West, to whose suggestion the library is indebted for the gift.

Another bequest was received in 1828, by the will of William Mackenzie, of five hundred rare and valuable volumes.*

The library now numbers 65,000 volumes. It has, until recently, been for several years under the care of John Jay Smith, as librarian, a gentleman to whom the public are indebted for the publication of a large and valuable collection of fac-similes of manuscript documents and specimens of early and revolutionary newspaper and other curiosities.† On Mr. Smith's resignation, in 1851, he was succeeded by his son Lloyd P. Smith, Esq., under whose care an additional volume to the catalogue, published in two volumes 8vo., in 1835, has been prepared, which will render still more accessible to the public, the rare pamphlets and fugitive literature relating to the history of the country, scattered through the collection.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The name of Washington may be introduced in a collection of American literature, rather to grace it than do honor to him. In any strict sense of the word, Washington was not a literary man; he never exercised his mind in composition on any of those topics abstracted from common life, or its affairs, which demanded either art or invention. He prepared no book of elaborate industry.—Yet he was always scrupulously attentive to the claims of literature; elegant and punctilious in the acknowledgment of compliments from authors and learned institutions; and had formed a style



which is so peculiar that it may be recognised by its own ear-mark. He was for nearly the whole of his life actively employed, a considerable part of the time in the field, where the pen was oftener in his hand than the sword. Though he produced no compositions which may be dignified with the title of "works," the collection of his "writings," in the selection of Mr. Sparks, fills twelve large octavo volumes. As embraced in the folio series of Mr. Force, the number will be greatly increased. In the chronicle of American literature, if it were only for their historical material, some mention of these papers would be necessary. In 1754, Washington appeared as an author in the publication at Williamsburg, Virginia, and in London, of his Journal of his proceeding "to and from the French of the Ohio," a brief tract, which he hastily wrote from the rough minutes taken on his expedition.

The Letters of Washington early attracted attention, and several publications of them were made in 1777, in 1795 and '6, in the perusal of which the reader should be on his guard to note the authenticity, a number of these compositions being spurious. Washington's respect for his character led him to prepare a careful list of the fabrications, which he transmitted in a letter to Timothy Pickering, then Secretary of State.* The publication by Mr. Sparks of Washington's writings, a selection from the correspondence, addresses, messages, and other papers, was com-

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* Notes for a History of the Library Company of Philadelphia, by J. Jay Smith.

† Mr. Smith was for many years the editor of Waldie's Circulating Library. He is the author of

A Summer's Jaunt across the Water. By J. Jay Smith, Philadelphia, 2 vols. 12mo. 1846.

Michaux's Sylva of North American Trees. Edited, with notes, by J. Jay Smith. 3 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1851.

American Historical and Literary Curiosities. By J. F. Watson and J. Jay Smith. 2 vols. 4to. Philadelphia, 1847, and New York, 1851.

Celebrated Trials of all Countries. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1835.

Letters of Dr. Richard Hill and his descendants. Edited by J. Jay Smith. Privately printed. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1854.

* To Timothy Pickering, Philadelphia, March 3, 1797.—Sparks's Washington, xi. 192.

pleted by him in 1837; and is the most accessible work in which the mind of Washington can be properly studied, as he himself placed its decisions upon record.

As a question not long since arose with respect to Mr. Sparks's editorship, which enlisted several distinguished combatants, it may not be amiss to present a brief account of it.

The chief publications on the matter consist of, first, a paper by "Friar Lubin," in the Evening Post, Feb. 12, 1851, then the notice in the appendix of Lord Mahon's sixth volume of his History of England,* which drew forth from Mr. Sparks, *A Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others, on the mode of Editing the Writings of Washington*, 1852; next a letter of Lord Mahon in 1852, addressed to Mr. Sparks, being *A Rejoinder to his Reply to the Strictures, &c.*, to which Mr. Sparks replied in his *Letter to Lord Mahon, being an Answer to his Letter addressed to the Editor of Washington's Writings*, dated Camb. Oct. 25, 1852. Here the matter rested, till Mr. William B. Reed published a *Reprint of the Original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the American Revolution, referred to in the Pamphlets of Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks.* Phil. Nov. 16, 1852. To meet this Mr. Sparks published a third pamphlet, *Remarks on a "Reprint," &c.*, dated April 20, 1853. The controversy may thus be summed up. Mr. Sparks was charged, on the evidences of discrepancies seen in a comparison of his reprint of Washington's Letters to Joseph Reed, with the Letters as published in the Reed Memoirs by W. B. Reed, with omissions and alterations affecting the integrity of the correspondence. The alterations were charged to be for the purpose of putting a better appearance on the war, and amending the style of the writer. To the omissions, Mr. Sparks replied that he never intended to publish the whole, as he had declared in his preface; and to this it was answered that if so, the omissions should have been noted where they occur by asterisks and foot-notes. Mr. Sparks justified himself from the imputation of a prejudiced or local purpose in the omissions. Several of the alleged alterations turned out to be defects, not in Mr. Sparks's edition, but in Mr. Reed's; and others arose from discrepancies between the letters sent by Washington, and his copy of them in the letter books. A few cases of alteration of Washington's phraseology Mr. Sparks acknowledged, but stated his sense of their slight importance, and his good intentions in the matter. It may be said that all parties were taught something by the discussion; for errors of party judgment and of fact were corrected on all sides.

There have been several distinct publications of parts of Washington's Writings, which afford matter of literary interest. Of these, the most important is in reference to the *Farewell Address to the People of the United States of America.*

The history of this composition would seem to refer its authorship in various proportions to Madison, Hamilton, and Washington himself. The first was charged by the President in 1792, on the approaching conclusion of his term of office, to assist him in the preparation of a farewell paper, for which he furnished the chief points. Madison put them briefly into shape; but Washington accepting a second term of office, the address was not called for at that time. On his subsequent retirement, his intimacy with Madison, in the course of political affairs, had somewhat abated, and Hamilton was consulted in the preparation of the required paper. Washington wrote his views, and committed them to Hamilton, who, instead of making amendments on the copy, wrote out a new paper, including Washington's original draft, which he sent to the President, who then appears to have re-written it and submitted it again for revision to Hamilton and Jay. The copy entirely in Washington's own handwriting, marked with corrections and erasures, which was sent to the printer, Claypoole, and from which the address was first published, is now in the possession of Mr. James Lenox of New York, by whom it has been printed with a careful marking of all the erasures.* It is considered by Mr. Lenox that this is Washington's second draft of the paper, altered by him after he had received the Hamilton and Jay revision.

It is impossible to determine accurately the respective shares of Hamilton and Washington in the language. The idea of the whole was projected by Washington, and so far as can be learnt, the parts were mostly contrived and put into shape by him. The deliberation and intelligent counsel bestowed upon the work, proved by the Madison, Hamilton, and Jay letters on the subject, so far from detracting from Washington's own labors, add further value to them. He had a public duty to perform, and he took pains to discharge it in the most effective manner. The pride of literary authorship sinks before such considerations. Yet the temper of this paper is eminently Washingtonian. It is unlike any composition of Madison or Hamilton, in a certain considerate moral tone which distinguished all Washington's writings. It is stamped by the position, the character, and the very turns of phrase of the great man who gave it to his country.

A publication representing a large part of Washington's cares and pleasures, was published in London in 1800, and "dedicated to the American People," the *Letters from his Excellency George Washington, President of the United States of America, to Sir John Sinclair, Bart., M.P., on Agricultural and other Interesting Topics. Engraved from the original letters, so as to be an exact fac-simile of the hand-writing of that celebrated character.*†

A folio volume of "Monuments of Washington's Patriotism," was published in 1841, in a third edition, containing among other things a fac-simile of Washington's *Account of his expenses during the Revolutionary War in his own hand-writing*—the only payment he would consent to

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. Vol. vi. Appendix. 1851.

* Claypoole preserved the manuscript with care, and it passed into the hands of his administrators, by whom it was sold at auction in Philadelphia, in 1850, Mr. Lenox becoming the purchaser for the sum of $2300. Mr. Lenox's reprint was limited to 229 copies in folio and quarto, for private circulation.

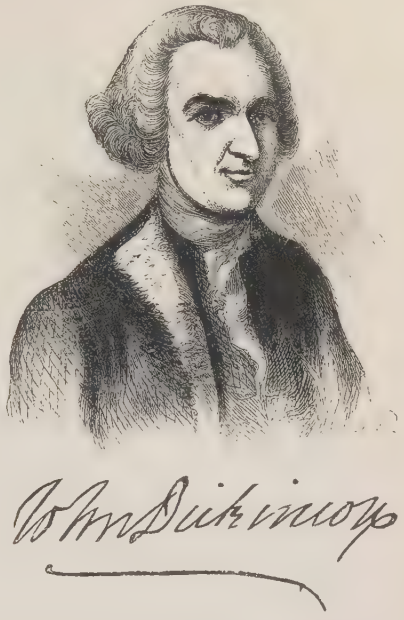
† These letters have been reprinted in fac-simile by Franklin Knight, Washington, 1844.

receive from the country. There are sixty-six pages of the accounts.*

The handwriting of Washington, large, liberal, and flowing, might be accepted as proof of the honesty of the figures.† Indeed this same handwriting is a capital index of the style of all the letters, and may help us to what we would say of its characteristics. It is open, manly, and uniform, with nothing minced, affected, or contracted. It has neither the precise nor the slovenly style which scholars variously fall into; but a certain grandeur of the countenance of the man seems to look through it. Second to its main quality of truthfulness, saying no more than the writer was ready to abide by, is its amenity and considerate courtesy. Washington had, at different times, many unpleasant truths to tell; but he could always convey them in the language of a gentleman. He wrote like a man of large and clear views. His position, which was on an eminence, obliterated minor niceties and shades which might have given a charm to his writings in other walks of life. This should always be remembered, that Washington lived in the eye of the public, and thought, spoke, and wrote under the responsibility of the empire. Let his writings be compared with those of other rulers and commanders, he will be found to hold his rank nobly, as well intellectually as politically. There will be found, too, a variety in his treatment of different topics and occasions. He can compliment a friend in playful happy terms on his marriage, as well as thunder his demands for a proper attention to the interests of the country at the doors of Congress. Never vulgar, he frequently uses colloquial phrases with effect, and, unsuspected of being a poet, is fond of figurative expressions. In fine, a critical examination of the writings of Washington will show that the man here, as in other lights, will suffer nothing by a minute inspection.

JOHN DICKINSON,

THE author of *The Farmer's Letters*, the spirited and accurate vindication of the rights of the Colonies against the pretensions of the British Parliament, and the writer of several of the most important appeals of the Old Continental Congress, was a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1732. His parents shortly removed to Delaware. He studied law at Philadelphia and prosecuted his studies at the temple in London. On his return to Philadelphia he practised at the bar. In 1764 he was one of the members for the county in the House of Assembly of the Province, when he defended in a speech the privileges of the state against the meditated innovations of the Government. It is characterized by the force of argument, weight and moderation of expression by which his style was always afterwards recognised. His *Address to the Committee of Correspondence in Barbadoes* who had censured the opposition of the northern colonies to the Stamp Act, published at Philadelphia, in 1766, is an eloquent and dignified defence of the proceedings of the colonies. In this he borrows an illustration since grown familiar in Congressional speaking. "Let any person," says he, "consider the speeches lately made in parliament, and the resolutions



said to be made there, notwithstanding the convulsions occasioned through the British Empire, by the opposition of their colonies to the stamp act, and he may easily judge what would have been their situation, in case they had bent down and humbly taken up the burden prepared for them. When the Exclusion bill was depending in the House of Commons, Col. *Titus* made this short speech—'Mr. Speaker, I hear a lion roaring in the lobby. Shall we secure the door, and keep him there: or shall we let him in, to try if we can turn him out again?'" *

The Farmer's Letters to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies were printed at Philadelphia in 1767. Dr. Franklin caused them to be reprinted in London the next year, with a Preface, which he wrote, inviting the attention of Great Britain to the dispassionate consideration of American "prejudices and errors," if these were such, and hoping the publication of the Letters would "draw forth a satisfactory answer, if they can be answered." In 1769, the book was published at Paris in French. It consists of twelve letters,

* It was published at Washington, "by the Trustees of Washington's Manual Labour School and Male Orphan Asylum, for the benefit of that institution."

† It is endorsed, by the same hand, "Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, commencing June, 1775, and ending June, 1783. Comprehending a space of eight years."

* Pictorial Hist. of England. Bk. viii. ch. 1, p. 733. Notes and Queries, vii. 318. The last application of this convenient parliamentary proverb, was in the Nebraska question in the debate of 1854. The versification of the story by the Rev. Mr. Bramston, in his adaptation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, supplies the usual form of quotation.

With art and modesty your part maintain;
And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
The trading knight with rants his speech begins,
Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings:
But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion bill was in suspense,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?

Dodsley's Collection of Poems, i. 265.

written in the character of "a farmer, settled, after a variety of fortunes, near the banks of the river Delaware, in the province of Pennsylvania," who claims for himself a liberal education and experience of "the busy scenes of life," but who has become convinced "that a man may be as happy without bustle as with it." He spends his time mostly in his library, and has the friendship of "two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning," and having been "taught by his honored parents to love humanity and liberty," proposes to try the political abuses of the times by these sacred tests. There is very little of the farmer about the work, unless the cool tempered style and honest patriotic purpose is a characteristic of the fields. The skill and force of the argument betray the trained constitutional lawyer. The immediate topics handled are the act for suspending the legislation of New York, the act for granting the duties on paper, &c., the propriety of peaceful but effective resistance to the oppression of Parliament, the established prerogative of the colonies invaded by Grenville, the grievance of an additional tax for the support of the conquests in America from the French, the necessity in free states of "perpetual jealousy respecting liberty" and guardianship of the constitutional rights of the British subject and colonist. There is little ornament or decoration in these writings; the style is simple, and, above all, sincere. You feel, as you read, that you are paying attention to the language of an honest gentleman. England should have taken Franklin's warning of the circulation of these letters, and should not have neglected the force of their mingled courtesy and opposition. With the firmest they breathe the fondest mind.* The attachment to England is constantly expressed, and was the feeling of the high-minded race of American gentlemen who became the Whigs of the Revolution. "We have," he writes, "a generous, sensible, and humane nation, to whom we may apply. Let us behave like dutiful children, who have received unmerited blows from a beloved parent. Let us complain to our parent; but let our complaints speak at the same time the language of *affliction* and veneration."

Thus early in the field in defence of American constitutional liberty was John Dickinson. In 1774, he published his *Essay on the Constitutional Power of Great Britain over the Colonies in America*, prepared as a portion of the Instructions of the Committee for the Province of Pennsylvania to their Representatives in Assembly. Elected to the Congress of 1774, he wrote the *Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec*, *the First Petition to the King*, *the Declaration to the Armies*, *the Second Petition to the King*, and *the Address to the Several States*. These are papers of strong and innate eloquence. *The Declaration of Congress of July* 6, 1775, read to the soldiery, contains the memorable sentences, adopted from the draft by Thomas Jefferson, "Our cause is just. Our Union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favor towards us, that his providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy, until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, declare, that exerting the utmost energy of those powers, which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves." Its concluding appeal was:—"In our own native land, and in defence of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before. With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war." When these sentences were read in camp to General Putnam's division, the soldiers "shouted in three huzzas, a loud Amen!"* They express Dickinson's feeling on the commencement of hostilities, and the principles which governed him when of all the members of the Congress of 1776 he only did not sign the Declaration of Independence. He was ready for war as a means of redress, but he would not, at that time, shut the door against reconciliation. His course was appreciated by his noble compatriots in Congress, who knew the man and his services; with the people it cost him two years of retirement from the public service. Though claiming the privilege of thinking for himself, he was not one of those impracticable statesmen who refuse to act with a constitutional majority. He proved his devotion to the cause of liberty by immediately taking arms in an advance to Elizabethtown. Retiring to Delaware, he was employed in 1777 in the military defence of that State, whose Assembly returned him to Congress in 1799, when he wrote the *Address to the States* of the 26th May. He succeeded Cæsar Rodney as President of Delaware in 1781. The next year he filled the same office in Pennsylvania, which he held till Franklin succeeded him in 1785. His *Letters of Fabius on the Federal Constitution*, in 1788, were an appeal to the people in support of the provisions of that proposed instrument, marked by his habitual energy and precision. In the reprint of this work he compares passages of it with the views and expressions of Paine's *Rights of Man*, as published three years after his original. Another series of letters, with the same signature, in 1797, *On the Present Situation of*

* The poet Crabbe's noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, who,
With the firmest had the fondest mind.

* Humphrey's Life of Putnam.

Public Affairs, present a review of the relations of the country with France, in which there is a spirit of calm historical investigation, with much statesmanlike philosophical discussion, as in his remarks on the connexion of self-love and virtue, applied to the imputed interested motives of the French government in its American alliances. At this time he was living at Wilmington, in Delaware, where he superintended the collection of his political writings in 1801.* He passed his remaining years in retirement, in the enjoyment of his literary acquisitions, and the society of his friends, who were attracted by his conversation and manners, dying Feb. 14, 1808, at the age of seventy-six.

He had married in 1770 Mary Norris, of Fair Hill, Philadelphia county. John Adams, in 1774, dined with him at this seat, and notices "the beautiful prospect of the city, the river, and the country, fine gardens, and a very grand library. The most of his books were collected by Mr. Norris, once speaker of the House here, father of Mrs. Dickinson. Mr. Dickinson (he adds) is a very modest man, and very ingenious as well as agreeable." Again he describes him in committee duty of Congress "very modest, delicate, and timid," though he forfeited the character with Adams by what the latter thought an attempt to bully him out of his ardent pursuit of independence. Personally, Adams describes him at that time as subject to hectic complaints. "He is a shadow; tall, but slender as a reed; pale as ashes; one would think at first sight that he could not live a month; yet, upon a more attentive inspection, he looks as if the springs of life were strong enough to last many years."†

PELEG FOLGER.

Peleg Folger, a Quaker, was born at Nantucket in the year 1734. His boyhood was passed on a farm, where he remained until twenty-one, when he changed from land to sea, and for several years was engaged in the cod and whale fisheries. He kept a journal of his voyages, which is written in a much more scholarly manner than could be expected from his limited education. He introduced into it a number of poetical compositions, one of which is quoted in Macy's History of Nantucket.

DOMINUM COLLAUDAMUS.

Praise ye the Lord, O celebrate his fame,
  Praise the eternal God, that dwells above;
His power will forever be the same,
  The same for ever his eternal love.

Long as that glitt'ring lamp of heaven, the sun,
  Long as the moon or twinkling stars appear,
Long as they all their annual courses run,
  And make the circle of the sliding year;

So long our gracious God will have the care
  To save his tender children from all harms;
Wherever danger is, he will be near,
  And, underneath, his everlasting arms.

O Lord, I pray, my feeble muse inspire,
  That, while I touch upon a tender string,
I may be filled, as with celestial fire,
  And of thy great deliverances sing.

My soul is lost, as in a wond'rous maze,
  When I contemplate thine omnipotence,
That did the hills create, and mountains raise,
  And spread the stars over the wide expanse.

Almighty God, thou didst create the light,
  That swiftly through th' etherial regions flies;
The sun to rule the day, the moon the night,
  With stars adorning all the spangled skies.

Thou mad'st the world and all that is therein,
  Men, beasts, and birds, and fishes of the sea:
Men still against thy holy law do sin,
  Whilst all the rest thy holy voice obey.

Monsters that in the briny ocean dwell,
  And winged troops that every way disperse,
They all thy wonders speak, thy praises tell,
  O thou great ruler of the universe.

Ye sailors, speak, that plough the wat'ry main,
  Where raging seas and foaming billows roar,
Praise ye the Lord, and in a lofty strain,
  Sing of his wonder-working love and power.

Thou did'st, O Lord, create the mighty whale,
  That wondrous monster of a mighty length;
Vast is his head and body, vast his tail,
  Beyond conception his unmeasured strength.

When he the surface of the sea hath broke,
  Arising from the dark abyss below,
His breath appears a lofty stream of smoke,
  The circling waves like glitt'ring banks of snow.

But, everlasting God, thou dost ordain,
  That we poor feeble mortals should engage
(Ourselves, our wives and children to maintain,)
  This dreadful monster with a martial rage.

And, though he furiously doth us assail,
  Thou dost preserve us from all dangers free;
He cuts our boat in pieces with his tail,
  And spills us all at once into the sea.

* * * * *

I twice into the dark abyss was cast,
  Straining and struggling to retain my breath,
Thy waves and billows over me were past,
  Thou didst, O Lord, deliver me from death.

Expecting every moment still to die,
  Methought I never more should see the light:
Well nigh the gates of vast eternity
  Environed me with everlasting night.

Great was my anguish, earnest were my cries,
  Above the power of human tongue to tell,
Thou hear'dst, O Lord, my groans and bitter sighs,
  Whilst I was lab'ring in the womb of hell.

Thou saved'st me from the dangers of the sea,
  That I might bless thy name for ever more.
Thy love and power the same will ever be,
  Thy mercy is an inexhausted store.

Oh, may I in thy boundless power confide,
  And in thy glorious love for ever trust,
Whilst I in thy inferior world reside,
  Till earth return to earth and dust to dust.

And when I am unbound from earthly clay,
  Oh, may my soul then take her joyful flight
Into the realms of everlasting day,
  To dwell in endless pleasure and delight,

At God's right hand, in undiminished joy,
  In the blest tabernacles made above,
Glory and peace without the least alloy,
  Uninterrupted, never dying love.

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* The Political Writings of John Dickinson, Esq., late President of the State of Delaware, and of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. 8vo. Wilmington: Bonsal and Niles, 1801.

† Adams's Diary. Works, ii. 360, 379, 401.

There angels and archangels still remain,
The saints in their superior regions dwell,
They praise their God, and in a heavenly strain,
The wond'rous works of great Jehovah tell.

And when I shall this earthly ball forsake,
And leave behind me frail mortality,
Then may my soul her nimble journey take
Into the regions of eternity.

Then may my blessed soul ascend above,
To dwell with that angelic, heavenly choir,
And in eternal songs of praise and love,
Bless thee, my God, my King, for evermore.

Folger was a man of pure and exemplary life, and on his retirement from the sea, much sought after for counsel by his neighbors. He died in 1789.

JOHN ADAMS.

The Adams family had been thoroughly Americanized by a residence of three generations in Massachusetts, when one of the most ardent heralds and active patriots of the Revolution, John Adams, was born at Braintree, the original settlement of his great-great-grandfather, the 19th October, 1735. His father, who was a plain farmer and mechanic, was encouraged by his aptness for books to give him a liberal education. He was instructed by Mr. Marsh, for Cambridge, at which institution he took his degree in the year 1755. At this period, his Diary, published by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, commences. It is a curious picture of an active and politic struggle with the world, full of manly and ingenuous traits. He kept this diary for thirty years. At its commencement* he is at Worcester, at the age of twenty, fresh from his college education, thinking of preaching, and, in the mean time, teaching school after the good American fashion, as a means of livelihood. He records his visits to the best houses of the place, while he studies character closely, and picks up knowledge where it is always most forcibly taught—in the oral, conversational lessons of men of weight and experience. He questioned points of the Calvinistic creed, discussed freely the Puritan theology:—in later life referred his Unitarian views to this period,—and the result was an abandonment of his proposed ministerial study for the law. His independent chopping of logic with the country gentlemen and clergy was good discipline for a revolutionist, who was to cope in the court room and the senate with British political authority.† His legal development as a student in the office of Samuel Putnam follows: stiff, formal, constrained reading in the days before Blackstone, with many soul and body conflicts, between flesh and spirit, all set down in the Diary:—memorials of idleness, pipe-smoking, gallanting ladies, reading Ovid's Art of Love to Dr. Savil's wife, and forming resolutions against all of them, in favor of Wood and Justinian, Locke and Bolingbroke. His self-knowledge appears to have been accurate and unflinching. It is sometimes displayed with considerable *naïveté*. We may smile at his modelling a professional manner upon that of his preceptor, where he says, "I learned with design to imitate Putnam's sneer, his sly look, and his look of contempt. This look may serve good ends in life, may procure respect;" and at his deliberate studies to ingratiate himself with the deacons by small conversational hypocrisies, and his intentions as a thing "of no small importance, to set the tongues of old and young men and women a prating in one's favor." His analysis of his vanity is frequent; a vanity which was the constant spur to action, allied to constitutional boldness and courage, balanced by ready suspicion of his motives and bearing. In his youth Adams was at once self-reliant and self-denying: a combination which guaranteed him success in the world. This training and formation of the man, as his own pen set it down from day to day, is a cheerful, healthy picture of conscientious exertion.

In 1765, he printed in the *Boston Gazette* the papers which form his *Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*—a spirited protest against the ecclesiastical and political systems of Europe, with a general incitement to cultivate earnestly civil and religious liberty, and the principles of American freedom independently of England.

It is not necessary here to pursue his political career, which began in 1770 with his election to the legislature, after he had secured a position at the bar. In 1774, he travelled to Philadelphia a member of the first Continental Congress, and has left us some spirited notices of its eminent characters. He found time to write in the same year his *Novanglus; a History of the Dispute with America, from its Origin in* 1754 *to the Present Time*. This was a series of papers in the *Boston Gazette*, written in reply to the articles of "Massachusettensis," the productions of Daniel Leonard, which were much thought of on the Royalist side, and were reprinted by Rivington. Adams's language is direct and energetic, and meets Tory assumptions with at least equal vehemence.*

* It might be taken as an omen of the future undaunted revolutionist, that the first entry in this Diary, of the date of Nov. 18, 1755, relates to an earthquake in America: "We had a very severe shock of an earthquake. It continued near four minutes. I then was at my father's in Braintree, and awoke out of my sleep in the midst of it. The house seemed to rock, and reel, and crack, as if it would fall in ruins about us. Chimnies were shattered by it, within one mile of my father's house." This was a vibration of the great shock which destroyed the city of Lisbon. Other "shocks" of the political and social world were to be entered upon Mr. Adams's Diary and Correspondence.

† This is a marked trait of the Diary, and is commented upon by a writer in the North American Review (Oct. 1850), as "an important feature in the intellectual character of the times. Burke, in his admirable sketch of the love of freedom in the American Colonies, alludes to their religious character, and especially to the prevalence in the northern colonies of dissent from the Established Church of the mother country. The religious discussion and controversy between different parties among the dissidents from the Church, had escaped his penetration. It had no doubt contributed materially to sharpen the public mind and strengthen the existing predisposition of the people to canvass with acuteness, alike for the purposes of defence and opposition, important propositions on which they were called upon to make up their minds. Neither of the parties, arrayed against each other mainly under the influence of the preaching of Whitefield, allied itself with the government in the political struggle; and the entire force of the excitement of intellect and controversial skill, produced by these controversies, was, between the years 1761 and 1775, turned upon the discussion of the right of Parliament to tax America."

* These were republished at Boston in 1819, under the direction of Adams, as a reply to the claims of Wirt for the early Virginia movement, in his Life of Patrick Henry,—with the title, "Novanglus and Massachusettensis, or Political Essays, published in the years 1774 and 1775, on the principal points of Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies. The

John Adams

In the Congress of the next year, he had the honor of first nominating George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Jefferson, with whom he was on the committee for preparing the Declaration of Independence, has celebrated his doughty championship of that instrument. The letter which he wrote to his wife when the act was resolved upon, has become familiar to American ears as "household words." Its anticipations have been fulfilled in every syllable. "The second day of July, 1776," he writes, "will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, for evermore."*

In 1777, Adams succeeded Silas Deane as Commissioner to France, where he was again sent in 1779, as minister, to negotiate peace. His pen was employed in Holland in exhibiting the ideas and resources of the United States. He arranged the treaty of peace of 1783, at Paris, with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens. In 1785, he became the first minister to the court of England. In 1787, in London, he published the first volume of his *Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America*, and the second and third the year following. This work was primarily suggested by a letter of Turgot, appended to the "Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution," by Dr. Richard Price, in which comments are made on the Constitutions of the States, the imitation of English usages objected to, and the preference given to a single authority of the nation or assembly, over a balanced system of powers. The reading which Adams brings to bear in the discussion of this subject is very great, as he describes the conduct of ancient and modern republics, and scrutinizes the opinions of historians and political philosophers. The Italian republics, in particular, occupy a large share of his attention. The work was prepared in great haste, and with some defects of form, which the editor of the Collected Works has endeavored to amend by changing the original style of letters to a friend into chapters, embracing the whole or a distinct portion of a particular topic, and by the arrangement of some dislocated passages.

On his return to the United States, in 1788, he was elected the first Vice-President of the United States, an office which he held during both terms of Washington's Presidency, to which he succeeded in 1797. His *Discourses on Davila; a series of papers on political history*, were published in 1790, in the *Gazette of the United States*, at Philadelphia, as a sequel to *the Defence*. In 1812, he wrote of this work: "This dull, heavy volume still excites the wonder of its author,—first, that he could find, amidst the constant scenes of business and dissipation in which he was enveloped, time to write it; secondly, that he had the courage to oppose and publish his own opinions to the universal opinion of America, and, indeed, of all mankind." The opinions to which he alludes were supposed to be of an aristocratical complexion. If Adams had a political system to convey, it is to be regretted he did not adopt a clearer and more methodical form of writing about it.*

The year 1817 brought to Adams a great personal affliction, in the death of his wife, his published correspondence with whom has created a lasting interest with posterity, in the intellectual and patriotic resources of his home. This lady, whose maiden name was Abigail Smith, was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman at Weymouth. She was married in her twentieth year, in 1764. Often separated from her husband by the employments of his public life, the correspondence between the two was a matter of necessity, and in her hands became a pleasure as well. Her style is spirited: she shows herself versed in public affairs; with a good taste in the poetic reading of the times.†

The last years of Adams were passed in the retirement of a scholar and a politician, at his farm at Quincy, till the dramatic termination of his

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former by John Adams, late President of the United States; the latter by Jonathan Sewall, then King's Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. To which are added a number of Letters, lately written by President Adams to the Hon. William Tudor." Adams then thought his opponent to have been Mr. Sewall.—Works of Adams, iv. 4; Kennedy's Life of Wirt, ii. 43.

* The letter in which this famous sentence of Adams occurs was written to Mrs. Adams, and was dated Philadelphia, July 3, 1776. It refers to the second of July, the day of the resolution in Congress to make the declaration. The *convenience* of referring the sentence to the fourth is obvious.

* Fessenden (Christopher Caustic), in one of the notes to his *Democracy Unveiled*, speaks of "the tricks of the shuffling Jacobins of the present period (1806), who mutilate, garble, and misquote Adams's Defence of the American Constitution, in order to show that the author of a treatise written in defence of a republican form of government is at heart a monarchist."

† The letters of Mrs. Adams, with a memoir by her grandson, C. F. Adams, were published in two volumes, in 1840; followed, the next year, by a similar publication of the letters of John Adams, addressed to his wife. The latter are three hundred in number. The journal and correspondence of Miss Adams, the wife of Col. Smith, Secretary to the American Legation at London, the daughter of John Adams, were published in New York, in two vols. 1841–2. Edited by her daughter, Mrs. J. P. DeWint.

career, parallel with the death-bed of Jefferson, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, in his ninety-first year. Still in his ashes lived their wonted fires. On the morning of his last day, he was asked for a sentiment for the public celebration. "Independence for ever!" exclaimed the dying patriot, in almost his last words—words which carry back our thoughts of John Adams over the period of his political controversies—nearly a century—to the early days of the Revolution, when Otis was "a flame of fire," and the heart of the young Braintree lawyer beat high as he rode on his way through New England to the heroic old Continental Congress.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY.

Meditates the Choice of Hercules.

Braintree, Jan. 3, 1759.—The other night the choice of Hercules came into my mind, and left impressions there which I hope will never be effaced, nor long unheeded. I thought of writing a fable on the same plan, but accommodated, by omitting some circumstances and inserting others, to my own case.

Let Virtue address me: "Which, dear youth, will you prefer, a life of effeminacy, indolence, and obscurity, or a life of industry, temperance, and honor? Take my advice; rise and mount your horse by the morning's dawn, and shake away, amidst the great and beautiful scenes of nature that appear at that time of the day, all the crudities that are left in your stomach, and all the obstructions that are left in your brains. Then return to your studies, and bend your whole soul to the institutes of the law and the reports of cases that have been adjudged by the rules in the institutes; let no trifling diversion, or amusement, or company, decoy you from your book; that is, let no girl, no gun, no cards, no flutes, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness, decoy you from your books. (By the way, laziness, languor, inattention, are my bane. I am too lazy to rise early and make a fire; and when my fire is made, at ten o'clock my passion for knowledge, fame, fortune, for any good, is too languid to make me apply with spirit to my books, and by reason of my inattention my mind is liable to be called off from law by a girl, a pipe, a poem, a love-letter, a Spectator, a play, &c. &c.) But keep your law book or some point of law in your mind, at least, six hours in a day. (I grow too minute and lengthy.) Labor to get distinct ideas of law, right, wrong, justice, equity; search for them in your own mind, in Roman, Grecian, French, English treatises of natural, civil, common, statute law; aim at an exact knowledge of the nature, end, and means of government; compare the different forms of it with each other, and each of them with their effects on public and private happiness. Study Seneca, Cicero, and all other good moral writers; study Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Vinnius, &c., and all other good civil writers."

What am I doing? shall I sleep away my whole seventy years? no, by every thing I swear I will renounce this contemplative, and betake myself to an active, roving life by sea or land, or else I will attempt some uncommon, unexpected enterprise in law; let me lay the plan, and arouse spirit enough to push boldly. I swear I will push myself into business; I'll watch my opportunity to speak in court, and will strike with surprise—surprise bench, bar, jury, auditors and all. Activity, boldness, forwardness, will draw attention. I'll not lean with my elbows on the table for ever, like Read, Swift, Fitch, Skinner, Story, &c.; but I will not forego the pleasure of ranging the woods, climbing cliffs, walking in fields, meadows, by rivers, lakes, &c., and confine myself to a chamber for nothing. I'll have some boon in return, exchange; fame, fortune, or something.

Here are two nights and one day and a half spent in a softening, enervating, dissipating series of hustling, prattling, poetry, love, courtship, marriage; during all this time I was seduced into the course of unmanly pleasures that Vice describes to Hercules, forgetful of the glorious promises of fame, immortality, and a good conscience, which Virtue makes to the same hero as rewards of a hardy, toilsome, watchful life in the service of mankind. I could reflect with more satisfaction on an equal space of time spent in a painful research of the principles of law, or a resolute attempt of the powers of eloquence. But where is my attention? Is it fixed from sunrise to midnight on Grecian, Roman, Gallic, British law, history, virtue, eloquence? I don't see clearly the objects that I am after; they are often out of sight; motes, atoms, feathers, are blown into my eyes and blind me. Who can see distinctly the course he is to take and the objects that he pursues, when in the midst of a whirlwind of dust, straws, atoms, and feathers?

Let me make this remark. In Parson Wibird's company something is to be learned of human nature, human life, love, courtship, marriage. He has spent much of his life from his youth in conversation with young and old persons of both sexes, married and unmarried, and yet has his mind stuffed with remarks and stories of human virtues and vices, wisdom and folly, &c. But his opinion, out of poetry, love, courtship, marriage, politics, war, beauty, grace, decency, &c., is not very valuable; his soul is lost in a dronish effeminacy. I'd rather be lost in a whirlwind of activity, study, business, great and good designs of promoting the honor, grandeur, wealth, happiness of mankind.

The Year 1765.

Braintree, December 18 of that date.—The year 1765 has been the most remarkable year of my life. That enormous engine, fabricated by the British Parliament, for battering down all the rights and liberties of America, I mean the Stamp Act, has raised and spread through the whole continent a spirit that will be recorded to our honor with all future generations. In every colony, from Georgia to New Hampshire inclusively, the stamp distributers and inspectors have been compelled by the unconquerable rage of the people to renounce their offices. Such and so universal has been the resentment of the people, that every man who has dared to speak in favor of the stamps or to soften the detestation in which they are held, how great soever his abilities and virtues had been esteemed before, or whatever his fortune, connections, and influence had been, has been seen to sink into universal contempt and ignominy.

The people, even to the lowest ranks, have become more attentive to their liberties, more inquisitive about them, and more determined to defend them, than they were ever before known or had occasion to be; innumerable have been the monuments of wit, humor, sense, learning, spirit, patriotism, and heroism, erected in the several colonies and provinces in the course of this year. Our presses have groaned, our pulpits have thundered, our legislatures have resolved, our towns have voted; the crown officers have everywhere trembled, and all their little tools and creatures been afraid to speak and ashamed to be seen.

This spirit, however, has not yet been sufficient to banish from persons in authority that timidity which they have discovered from the beginning. The executive courts have not yet dared to adjudge the Stamp Act void, nor to proceed with business as usual, though it should seem that necessity alone would be sufficient to justify business at present, though the act should be allowed to be obligatory. The stamps are in the castle. Mr. Oliver has no commission. The Governor has no authority to distribute or even to unpack the bales; the Act has never been proclaimed nor read in the Province; yet the probate office is shut, the custom-house is shut, the courts of justice are shut, and all business seems at a stand. Yesterday and the day before, the two last days of service for January Term, only one man asked me for a writ, and he was soon determined to waive his request. I have not drawn a writ since the first of November.

How long we are to remain in this languid condition, this passive obedience to the Stamp Act, is not certain. But such a pause cannot be lasting. Debtors grow insolent; creditors grow angry; and it is to be expected that the public offices will very soon be forced open, unless such favorable accounts should be received from England as to draw away the fears of the great, or unless a greater dread of the multitude should drive away the fear of censure from Great Britain.

It is my opinion that by this inactivity we discover cowardice, and too much respect to the Act. This rest appears to be, by implication at least, an acknowledgment of the authority of Parliament to tax us. And if this authority is once acknowledged and established, the ruin of America will become inevitable.

A very Pleasant Evening.

Boston, May 14, 1771.—A very pleasant evening. Otis gave us an account of a present from Doctor Cummings of Concord to Harvard College chapel, of a brass branch of candlesticks, such as Isaac Royal, Esq., gave to the Representatives' room, and that it was sent to N. Hurd's to have an inscription engraved on it. The inscription is—

> In sacelli hujusce ornatum ẽt splendorem
> Phosphoron hoc munus, benigne contulit
> Cumings, armiger, medicus, Concordiensis.

Danforth. "The inscription was much faulted by the wits at club, and as it was to be a durable thing for the criticisms of strangers and of posterity, it was thought that it ought to be altered." Doctor Cooper mentioned an old proverb, that an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy. Mr. Otis mentioned another, which he said conveyed the same sentiment,—An ounce of prudence is worth a pound of wit. This produced a dispute, and the sense of the company was, that the word wit in the second proverb meant, the faculty of suddenly raising pleasant pictures in the fancy; but that the phrase, mother wit, in the first proverb, meant natural parts, and clergy-acquired learning—book learning. Doctor Cooper quoted another proverb from his Negro Glasgow,—A mouse can build an house without trouble. And then told us another instance of Glasgow's intellect, of which I had before thought him entirely destitute. The Doctor was speaking to Glasgow about Adam's Fall, and the introduction of natural and moral evil into the world, and Glasgow said, they had in his country a different account of this matter. The tradition was, that a dog and a toad were to run a race, and if the dog reached the goal first, the world was to continue innocent and happy; but if the toad should outstrip the dog, the world was to become sinful and miserable. Every body thought there could be no danger; but in the midst of the career the dog found a bone by the way, and stopped to gnaw it; and while he was interrupted by his bone, the toad, constant in his malevolence, hopped on, reached the mark, and spoiled the world.

Col. Putnam's Indian Story.

Nov. 10, 1772.—Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's, with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor, and Colonel ——, and a Mrs. Scollay. Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord?" says he; "last fall, you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh!" says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ay!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he wont eat so much hay:—*Maybe he drink as much water.*" This was *sheer wit, pure satire*, and *true humor*. Humor, wit and satire, in one very short repartee.

Madame Helvetius.

Paris, April 15, 1778.—Dined this day with Madame Helvetius. One gentleman, one lady, Dr. Franklin, his grandson, and myself, made the company; an elegant dinner. Madame is a widow; her husband was a man of learning, and wrote several books. She has erected a monument to her husband, a model of which she has. It is herself weeping over his tomb, with this inscription.

> Toi dont l'Ame sublime et tendre,
> A fait ma Gloire, et mon Bonheur,
> Je t' ai perdu: près de ta Cendre,
> Je viens jouir de ma Douleur.

Voltaire and Franklin.

Paris, April 29, 1778.—After dinner we went to the Academy of Sciences, and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies on several of their members, lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done, and they bowed and spoke to each other. This was no satisfaction; there must be something more. Neither of our philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they, however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued, until the explanation came out. "Il faut s'embrasser à la Françoise." The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and frivolity then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom, and, I suppose, over all Europe—"Qu'il était charmant de voir embrasser Solon et Sophocle!"*

FROM THE LETTERS.

John Adams to his Wife.

Philadelphia, May 22d, four o'clock in the morning. After a series of the severest and harshest

* This anecdote is told in the Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet, *Œuvres Complètes*, vol. c. p. 161.—*Note to Works.*

weather that I ever felt in this climate, we are at last blessed with a bright sun and a soft air. The weather here has been like our old easterly winds to me and southerly winds to you. The charms of the morning at this hour are irresistible. The streaks of glory dawning in the east; the freshness and purity in the air, the bright blue of the sky, the sweet warblings of a great variety of birds intermingling with the martial clarions of a hundred cocks now within my hearing, all conspire to cheer the spirits.

This kind of puerile description is a very pretty employment for an old fellow whose brow is furrowed with the cares of politics and war. I shall be on horseback in a few minutes, and then I shall enjoy the morning in more perfection. I spent the last evening at the war office with General Arnold. He has been basely slandered and libelled. The regulars say, "he fought like Julius Cæsar" [at Danbury]. I am wearied to death with the wrangles between military officers, high and low. They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay, like apes for nuts. I believe there is no one principle which predominates in human nature so much, in every stage of life, from the cradle to the grave, in males and females, old and young, black and white, rich and poor, high and low, as this passion for superiority. Every human being compares itself in its imagination with every other round about it, and will find some superiority over every other, real or imaginary, or it will die of grief and vexation. I have seen it among boys and girls at school, among lads at college, among practitioners at the bar, among the clergy in their associations, among clubs of friends, among the people in town meetings, among the members of a House of Representatives, among the grave councillors, on the more solemn bench of Justice, and in that awfully august body, the Congress, and on many of its committees, and among ladies everywhere; but I never saw it operate with such keenness, ferocity, and fury, as among military officers. They will go terrible lengths in their emulation, their envy and revenge, in consequence of it.

So much for philosophy. I hope my five or six babes are all well. My duty to my mother and your father, and love to sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles. Pray how does your asparagus perform? &c. I would give three guineas for a barrel of your cider. Not one drop is to be had here for gold, and wine is not to be had under six or eight dollars a gallon, and that very bad. I would give a guinea for a barrel of your beer. The small beer here is wretchedly bad. In short, I can get nothing that I can drink, and I believe I shall be sick from this cause alone. Rum at forty shillings a gallon, and bad water will never do, in this hot climate, in summer, when acid liquors are necessary against putrefaction.

The same to the same.

Passy, April 25th, 1778. My Dearest Friend,—Monsieur Chaumont has just informed me of a vessel bound to Boston, but I am reduced to such a moment of time, that I can only inform you that I am well, and enclose a few lines from Johnny to let you know that he is so. I have ordered the things you desired to be sent you, but I will not yet say by what conveyance, for fear of accidents.

If human nature could be made happy by any thing that can please the eye, the ear, the taste, or any other sense, or passion, or fancy, this country would be the region for happiness. But if my country were at peace, I should be happier among the rocks and shades of Penn's hill; and would cheerfully exchange all the elegance, magnificence, and sublimity of Europe, for the simplicity of Braintree and Weymouth.

To tell you the truth, I admire the ladies here. Don't be jealous. They are handsome, and very well educated. Their accomplishments are exceedingly brilliant, and their knowledge of letters and arts exceeds that of the English ladies, I believe.

Tell Mrs. Warren that I shall write her a letter, as she desired, and let her know some of my reflections in this country. My venerable colleague [Dr. Franklin] enjoys a privilege here, that is much to be envied. Being seventy years of age, the ladies not only allow him to embrace them as often as he pleases, but they are perpetually embracing him. I told him, yesterday, I would write this to America.

Mrs. Adams to her husband.

Sunday, June 18th, 1775. Dearest Friend,—The day,—perhaps, the decisive day,—is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days will be transmitted to you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday afternoon.—I have been so much agitated, that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say, that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word, that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl may be, it shall go. I ardently pray, that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears;

"How sleep the brave," &c.*

I must close, as the Deacon waits. I have not

* Collins's Ode is too well known to need insertion.

pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good: the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop of the bucket. I am, most sincerely,

Yours, PORTIA.

Mrs. Adams to Mrs. Smith.

Quincy, Feb. 3d, 1794. MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,—I have not written to you since I received yours of January 5th. I go from home but very little, yet I do not find my time hang heavy upon my hands. You know that I have no aversion to join in the cheerful circle, or mix in the world, when opportunity offers. I think it tends to rub off those austerities which age is apt to contract, and reminds us, as Goldsmith says, "that we once were young." Whilst our presence is easy to youth, it will tend to guide and direct them.

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues ever kind,
And fix the padlock on the mind."

To-morrow our theatre is to open. Every precaution has been taken to prevent such unpleasant scenes as you represent are introduced upon yours. I hope the managers will be enabled to govern the mobility, or the whole design of the entertainment will be thwarted.

Since I wrote you last, a renewal of the horrid tragedies has been acted in France, and the Queen is no more.

"Set is her star of life;—the pouring storm
Turns its black deluge from that aching head;
The fiends of murder quit that bloodless form,
And the last animating hope is fled.

"Blest is the hour of peace, though cursed the hand
Which snaps the thread of life's disastrous loom;
Thrice blest the great, invincible command,
That deals the solace of the slumb'ring tomb."

Not content with loading her with ignominy, whilst living, they blacken her memory by ascribing to her the vilest crimes. Would to Heaven that the destroying angel might put up his sword, and say, "It is enough;" that he would bid hatred, madness, and murder cease.

"Peace o'er the world her olive branch extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend."

I wish, most ardently, that every arm extended against that unhappy country might be withdrawn, and they left to themselves, to form whatever constitution they choose; and whether it is republican or monarchical is not of any consequence to us, provided it is a regular government of some form or other, which may secure the faith of treaties, and due subordination to the laws, whilst so many governments are tottering to the foundations. Even in one of the freest and happiest in the world, restless spirits will aim at disturbing it. They cry "A lion! a lion!" when no real danger exists, but from their own halloo, which in time may raise other ferocious beasts of prey.

Mrs. Adams to her husband, on his election to the Presidency.

Quincy, February 8th, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A.

HUGH WILLIAMSON.

A PHYSICIAN, patriot of note and historical writer, was born of Irish parentage in West Nottingham township, Pennsylvania, Dec. 5, 1735. He was taught at the country academy of the Rev. Francis Alison. After leaving the college of Philadelphia, he became a Presbyterian preacher, which his ill health did not permit him to continue. He was then Professor of Mathematics in his college at Philadelphia, carrying on his medical studies, which he further prosecuted in a residence at Edinburgh in 1764; obtaining his medical degree at Utrecht. On his return to Philadelphia he was engaged in several important astronomical observations, which he published in the transactions of the Philadelphia and New York Philosophical Societies. He travelled in 1772 to the West India Islands, and the next year through Great Britain, to collect funds for an academy at Newark, in Delaware. He had the honor of reporting to the British Government the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and prophesying before the Privy Council a civil war if the coercive policy was continued. It is not true, as has been stated, that he procured while in London the letters of Hutchinson which Franklin sent to America; for the letters had been received in Boston before he reached England. Returning home at the outbreak of the war, he employed himself as a mercantile trader at the South, offering his services in the army to the state of North Carolina, which were accepted. He was present at the battle of Camden, administering to the wounded of his countrymen in the enemy's camp, under the protection of a flag. In 1782 he was a member of the legislature of North Carolina, and afterwards of Congress, and in 1787 signed the Constitution of the United States. After 1790 he became a resident of New York. His chief literary productions are his anniversary discourse *On the Benefit of Civil History*, before the New York Historical Society in 1810; his *Observations on the Climate in different parts of America, compared with the climate in Corresponding parts of the other Continent*, and his *History of North Carolina*, published in 1812. He also wrote a number of medical papers, one

on the fascination of serpents, in the *Medical Repository and American Medical and Philosophical Register*. He was a contributor to Carey's *Museum* of several papers on languages and politics. An active promoter of the medical, literary, and philanthropical associations of New York, and of its material interests, especially in his advocacy of the canal policy, he enjoyed the friendship of the excellent society then at its height in New York, the Clintons, Hosacks, Mitchells, and others, till his death in his eighty-fifth year, May 22, 1819. In his personal character Williamson was a man of strength and integrity. No one could approach him with flattery or falsehood. The style of his writing is direct and forcible. His appearance was noticeable, tall, dignified, with strongly marked features. His portrait was painted by Trumbull.*

SAMUEL PETERS.

Samuel Peters, the "Parson Peters" of M'Fingal, and the reputed and undoubted author of a History of Connecticut, very generally read, but deservedly much impugned as an authority, belonged to that one family of Peters which has become so widely spread in the country, and of which, in its first generation in America, the celebrated Hugh Peters was the representative. There were three brothers who came to New England in 1634 to avoid star-chamber persecution, William, Thomas, and Hugh. The last succeeded Roger Williams at Salem, repudiating his alleged heresies, and remained there five years, paying much attention to its civil affairs, his proficiency in which led to his being sent to England to regulate some matters of trade in 1641. He there became the active parliamentary leader and preacher, and on the restoration was somewhat unnecessarily beheaded, as a return for his political career. His publications were sermons, reforming pamphlets, and poems. His *Good Work for a Good Magistrate*, in 1651, contained the radical proposition of burning the historical records in the Tower.

Hugh Peters, during his imprisonment in the Tower, wrote a book of religious advice and consolation, addressed to his daughter Elizabeth—*Mr. Hugh Peters's Last Legacy to an only Child.*† His great nephew, Samuel, says of it, "it was printed and published in Old and New England, and myriads of experienced Christians have read his legacy with ecstasy and health to their souls. No doubt but the book will be had in remembrance in America as long as the works of the Assembly of Divines (at Westminster) and the holy Bible."‡ Notwithstanding this prediction it would probably be difficult to procure a copy of the book now. Its spirit may be known by the rules which he sent to his daughter from his prison—

Whosoever would live long and
Blessedly, let him observe these
Following Rules, by which
He shall attain to that
Which he desireth.

Let thy	Thoughts	be	Divine, Awful, Godly.
	Talk		Little, Honest, True.
	Words		Profitable, Holy, Charitable.
	Manners		Grave, Courteous, Cheerful.
	Dyet		Temperate, Convenient, Frugal.
	Apparel		Sober, Neat, Comely.
	Will		Constant, Obedient, Ready.
	Sleep		Moderate, Quiet, Seasonable.
	Prayers		Short, Devout, Often, Fervent.
	Recreation		Lawful, Brief, Seldom.
	Memory,		Of Death, Punishment, Glory.

and by the verses which he wrote for her.

MY WISHES.

I wish your Lamp and Vessel
full of oyl
Like the Wise Virgins
(which all fools neglect),
And the rich Pearl,
for which the Merchants toyl,
Yea, how to purchase
are so circumspect:
I wish you that White Stone
With the new Name,
Which none can read
but who possess the same.

I wish you neither Poverty,
nor Riches,
But Godliness,
so gainful, with Content;
No painted Pomp,
nor Glory that bewitches;
A blameless Life
is the best monument:
And such a Soul
that soars above the Sky,
Well pleased to live,
but better pleased to dye.

I wish you such a Heart
as Mary had,
Minding the Main,
open'd as Lydia's was:
A hand like Dorcas
who the naked clad;
Feet like Joanna's,
posting to Christ apace.
And above all,
to live yourself to see
Marryed to Him,
who must your Saviour be.

The son of the eldest brother, William, settled at Hebron, Connecticut, in 1717, where his fifth son, Samuel, was born Dec. 12, 1735. He was graduated at Yale in 1757; travelled the next year to Europe; abandoned the family Puritanism and

* Biographical Memoir, by Dr. Hosack. Collections of the New York Historical Society, iii.

† A Dying Father's Last Legacy to an only Child; or Mr. Hugh Peters's Advice to his Daughter: written by his own hand, during his late imprisonment in the Tower of London; and given her a little before his death. London; Printed for G. Calvert and T. Brewster. 1660.

‡ History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, 77.

became a clergyman of the Church of England in 1760, when he returned to Connecticut, marrying a descendant of learned Dr. John Owen. He had charge of the churches at Hartford and Hebron. In 1774, he was compelled to leave the country

as a Royalist clergyman. The circumstances of this exit were characteristic of the times. He was considered by the Whigs who were conducting the Revolution, as an arrant Tory, who was meddling with and marring the work of Independence by his communications to his correspondents in England. If his humorous, voluble style is to be taken as evidence of his conversational powers, his tongue must also have been an unwelcome scourge of his rebellious townspeople. So a committee of the public paid him a domiciliary visit to secure from him a decided declaration of his opinions. Three hundred gathered at his house at Hebron, stated his offences, and hinted at a suit of tar and feathers. It was a committee with power; and they called for books and papers, demanding copies of the letters which he had forwarded, and of the malignant articles which he had sent to the newspapers. They procured from him a declaration in writing, that he had not "sent any letter to the Bishop of London or the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, relative to the Boston Port Bill, or the Tea affair, or the Controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies, and designed not to, during his natural life, as these controversies were out of his business as a clergyman; also, he had not written to England to any other gentleman, or designed Company, nor would he do it."

He gave them up, also, a copy of Thirteen Resolves which he had written for the press, which were found, when they came to be published and read, to be not satisfactory to the public mind. This was in August. In September, he received another visit from a committee, and undertook to defend himself by argument; but they were there to act and not to talk, and referred him to the sovereign people in full assembly without. He addressed the latter convocation in an harangue; and in the midst of it a gun was heard to go off in his house, notwithstanding his declaration that he had no serviceable fire-arms. He was allowed to go on, and another paper was proposed to be signed by him. He prepared one, and it was not satisfactory. The committee requested his signature to one of their own writing, which he declined. To cut short the parley, the whole body broke into the house by door and windows, and seizing Dr. Peters, carried him off to the meeting-house green, three quarters of a mile away. He was now convinced by this rough logic, and signed the required document. "During the affair," we are told, "his gown and shirt were torn, one sash of his house was somewhat shattered, a table was turned over, and a punch-bowl and glass were broken."*

After this the Doctor fled to Boston, on his way to England, smarting with the wrongs of the Yankees, and bent on revenge. His design was to accumulate stories of the desperate acts of the people of the state for the government in England, and procure a withdrawal of the Charter. This was suspected by his Connecticut friends, and they made sure of it by intercepting his letters. In one of these, dated Boston, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, of New York, he intimates as in prospect, that "the bounds of New York may directly extend to Connecticut River, Boston meet them, and New Hampshire take the Province of Maine, and Rhode Island be swallowed up as Dathan."*

Doctor Peters did not carry his point of dismembering Connecticut, but he punished the natives almost as effectually by writing a book—his history of the State.† It was published anonymously, but it was as plainly Peters's as if every page had been subscribed by him, like the extorted declarations. Looked at as history, we may say it is unreliable; but regarded as a squib, which the author almost had the opportunity of writing with quills plucked from his writhing body, and planted there by his over-zealous brethren of Hebron, it is vastly enjoyable and may be forgiven.

The General History of Connecticut is as good, in its way, as Knickerbocker's New York. The full-mouthed, humorous gravity of its style is irresistible. Its narrations are independent of time, place, and probability. A sober critic would go mad over an attempt to correct its misstatements; though the good Dr. Dwight thought the subject once of importance enough to do something of the kind in his Travels, where he amends the historian's account of the magnificent flight of steps which led up to the church at Greenwich, by stating that they were simply stones of the street placed there to protect visitors from the mud.‡

In the reprint of the work at New Haven, in 1829, illustrated by eight very remarkable engravings, there is a species of apologetic preface, which would lift the work into the dignity of history, after making liberal allowances for the author's "excited feelings," and particularly his revenge upon the Trumbull family for "that notable tetrastic," which was put into the mouth of the hero by the author of M'Fingal:—

> What warnings had ye of your duty,
> From our old rev'rend Sam Auchmuty;
> From priests of all degrees and metres,
> To our fag-end man Parson Peters.

But all this will not do. What are we to think of a sober writer, on the eve of the nineteenth century, publishing such a geographical statement

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* Sabine's Loyalists, Art. Peters.

* Sabine's Loyalists, 534.

† A General History of Connecticut; from its First Settlement, under George Fenwick, Esq., to its latest period of amity with Great Britain, including a description of the Country, and many curious and interesting Anecdotes; to which is added an Appendix, wherein new and the true sources of the present Rebellion in America are pointed out; together with the particular part taken by the People of Connecticut in its Promotion. By a Gentleman of the Province. Plus apud me ratio valebit, quam vulgi opinio.—Cic. London, printed for the author. Sold by J. Bew, 1781.

‡ "This is the building pompously exhibited in that mass of folly and falsehood commonly called Peters's History of Connecticut."—Dwight's Travels, iii. 495.

of a well known river as that which we place in italics in the following paragraph:—

The middle river is named Connecticut, after the great Sachem to whom that part of the province through which it runs belonged. This vast river is 500 miles long, and four miles wide at its mouth: its channel, or inner banks, in general, half a mile wide. It takes its rise from the White Hills, in the north of New England, where also springs the river Kennebec. Above 500 rivulets, which issue from lakes, ponds, and drowned lands, fall into it; many of them are larger than the Thames at London. In March, when the rain and sun melt the snow and ice, each stream is overcharged, and kindly hastens to this great river, to overflow, fertilize, and preserve its trembling meadows. They lift up enormous cakes of ice, bursting from their frozen beds with threatening intentions of plowing up the frighted earth, and carry them rapidly down the falls, where they are dashed in pieces and rise in mist. Except at these falls, of which there are five, the first sixty miles from its mouth, the river is navigable throughout. In its northern parts are three great bendings, called cohosses, about 100 miles asunder. Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country. At the upper cohos the river then spreads several miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands, that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, and surly motion of water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomenons in nature. *Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that an iron crow floats smoothly down its current:—here iron, lead, and cork, have one common weight:—here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible, if not swift, as lightning:*—the electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease, than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners.

or how can we accept for anything but a wag the narrator of this marvel at Windham:—

Windham resembles Rumford, and stands on Winnomantic river. Its meeting-house is elegant, and has a steeple, bell, and clock. Its court-house is scarcely to be looked upon as an ornament. The township forms four parishes, and is ten miles square.

Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whippoorwills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road 40 yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Hilderken, Dier, Tete.* This last they thought meant *treaty;* and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water.

Such an incursion was never known before nor since; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough, would, under like circumstances, have acted no better than they did.

His story of Old Put and the Wolf too has some variations from acknowledged versions:—

We read that David slew a lion and a bear, and afterwards that Saul trusted him to fight Goliath. In Pomfret lives Col. Israel Putnam, who slew a she-bear and her two cubs with a billet of wood. The bravery of this action brought him into public notice: and, it seems, he is one of fortune's favorites. The story is as follows:—In 1754, a large she-bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Mr. Putnam's house, and took a sow out of a pen of his. The sow, by her squeaking, awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran to the poor creature's relief; but before he could reach the pen, the bear had left it, and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screamings of the sow, till he came to the foot of the mountain, where the den was. Dauntless he entered the horrid cavern; and, after walking and crawling upon his hands and knees for fifty yards, came to a roomy cell, where the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes; but that was sufficient for our hero: he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear and saved his own life at a most critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs; and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home, and calmly reported to his family what had happened. The neighbors declared, on viewing the place by torch-light, that his exploit exceeded those of Sampson or David. Soon afterwards the General Assembly appointed Mr. Putnam a Lieutenant in the Army marching against Canada. His courage and good conduct raised him to the rank of Captain the next year. The third year he was made a Major; and the fourth a Colonel. Putnam and Rogers were the heroes through the last war. Putnam was so hardy, at a time when the Indians had killed all his men, and completely hemmed him in upon a river, as to leap into a stream, which in a minute carried him

down a stupendous fall, where no tree could pass without being torn in pieces. The Indians reasonably concluded that Putnam, their terrible enemy, was dead, and made their report accordingly at Ticonderoga; but soon after, a scouting party found their sad mistake in a bloody rencontre. Some few that got off declared that Putnam was yet living, and that he was the first son of Hobbamockow, and therefore immortal. However, at length the Indians took this terrible warrior prisoner, and tied him to a tree; where he hung three days without food or drink. They did not attempt to kill him for fear of offending Hobbamockow; but they sold him to the French at a great price. The name of Putnam was more alarming to the Indians than cannon, and they never would fight him after his escape from the falls. He was afterwards redeemed by the English.

The sketch of the manners of the country is amusing. Passing over some graver topics we light upon this picture of a courtship.

An English gentleman, during a short residence in a certain town, had the good luck to receive some civilities from the Deacon, Minister, and Justice. The Deacon had a daughter, without beauty, but sensible and rich. The Briton (for that was the name he went by), having received a present from the West Indies, of some pine-apples and sweetmeats, sent his servant with part of it to the Deacon's daughter, to whom at the same time he addressed a complimentary note, begging Miss would accept the pine-apples and sweetmeats, and wishing he might be able to make her a better present. Miss, on reading the note, was greatly alarmed, and exclaimed "Mama! Mama! Mr. Briton has sent me a love-letter." The mother read the note, and shewed it to the Deacon; and, after due consideration, both agreed in pronouncing it a love-letter. The lawyer, justice, and parson, were then sent for, who in council weighed every word in the note, together with the golden temptation which the lady possessed, and were of opinion that the writer was in love, and that the note was a love-letter, but worded so carefully that the law could not punish Briton for attempting to court Miss without obtaining her parents' consent. The parson wrung his hands, rolled up his eyes, shrugged up his shoulders, groaned out his hypocritical grief, and said, "Deacon, I hope you do not blame me for having been the innocent cause of your knowing this imprudent and haughty Briton. There is something very odd in all the Britons; but I thought this man had some prudence and modesty: however, Deacon," putting his hand on his breast, and bowing with a pale, deceitful face, "I shall in future shun all the Britons, for they are all strange creatures." The lawyer and justice made their apologies, and were sorry that Briton did not consider the quality of the Deacon's daughter before he wrote his letter. Miss, all apprehension and tears, at finding no punishment could reach Briton in the course of law, cried out to her counsellors, "Who is Briton? Am I not the Deacon's daughter? What have I done that he should take such liberties with me? Is he not the natural son of some priest or foundling? Ought he not to be exposed for his assurance to the Deacon's daughter?"

Her words took effect. The council voted that they would show their contempt of Briton by neglecting him for the time to come. On his return home, the parson, after many and great signs of surprise, informed his wife of the awful event which had happened by the imprudence of Briton. She soon communicated the secret to her sister gossips, prudently cautioning them not to report it as from her. But, not content with that, the parson himself went among all his acquaintance, shaking his head and saying "O Sirs! have you heard of the strange conduct of friend Briton?—how he wrote a love-letter, and sent it with some pine-apples to the Deacon's daughter? My wife and I had a great friendship for Briton, but cannot see him any more." Thus the afflicted parson told this important tale to every one except Briton, who, from his ignorance of the story, conducted himself in his usual manner towards his supposed friends, though he observed they had a show of haste and business whenever he met with any of them. Happily for Briton, he depended not on the Deacon, Minister, or Colony, for his support. At last, a Scotchman heard of the evil tale, and generously told Briton of it, adding that the parson was supposed to be in a deep decline merely from the grief and fatigue he had endured in spreading it. Briton thanked the Scotchman, and called on the friendly parson to know the particulars of his offence. The parson, with sighs, bows, and solemn smirkings, answered, "Sir, the fact is, you wrote a love-letter to the Deacon's daughter, without asking her parents' consent, which has given great offence to that lady, and to all her acquaintance, of whom I and my wife have the honor to be reckoned a part." Briton kept his temper. "So then," said he, "I have offended you by my insolent note to the Deacon's daughter! I hope my sin is venial. Pray, Sir, have you seen my note?" "Yes," replied the parson, "to my grief and sorrow: I could not have thought you so imprudent, had I not seen and found the note to be your own writing." "How long have you known of this offence?" "Some months." "Why, Sir, did you not seasonably admonish me for this crime?" "I was so hurt and grieved, and my friendship so great, I could not bear to tell you." Mr. Briton then told the parson, that his friendship was so fine and subtle, it was invisible to an English eye; and that Gospel ministers in England did not prove their friendship by telling calumnious stories to everybody but the person concerned. "But I suppose," added he, "this is genuine New England friendship, and merits thanks more than a supple-jack!" The parson, with a leering look, sneaked away towards his wife; and Briton left the colony without any civil or ecclesiastical punishment, telling the Scotchman that the Deacon's daughter had money, and the parson faith without eyes, or he should never have been accused of making love to one who was naturally so great an enemy to Cupid. Of such or worse sort being the reception foreign settlers may expect from the inhabitants of Connecticut, it is no wonder that few or none choose to venture among them.

As a satirical and humorous writer Peters certainly had his merits; and with all its nonsense there is some "sharpened sly inspection" in his pages.

When the war was ended, Peters was chosen in 1794, bishop, by a convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vermont, and accepted the office; but, on the ground that the act of Parliament limited the number of bishops for America, the Archbishop of Canterbury declined his consecration. Dr. Peters had gone so far, not only as to accept the proffered call, but to write an Episcopal letter, his pen armed with all the graces and dignity of St. Paul. He addresses his epistle "to the churches of Christ spread abroad in the State of Vermont, mercy, peace, and love be

multiplied;" and goes on with an apostolic unction, the humor of which is irresistible when we consider Saint Paul, Dr. Peters, and that the writer was no bishop after all. He was only trying on the mitre.

"Until I come," writes he, parodying the Apostle, "give attendance to reading, prayer, and faith. When present with you, by the grace of God, I will lead you through the wilderness of life, up to a world that knows no sorrow. I will guide you with mine eye, and feed your lambs and sheep, with bread more durable than the everlasting hills. While absent from you in body I am present with you in mind, thanking God always in every prayer of mine, and making request with joy for your fellowship in the gospel of his Son; that you may be of good cheer, and overcome a world yielding no content, the only wealth of man; and that you may know how to be abased, and how to abound; everywhere and in all things to be instructed to obey the laws of Christ. The spirit which heals all our infirmities, no doubt led you to glorify God in me, when you appointed the least of all saints to fill the highest station in the Church of Jesus Christ; duty and inclination (with feeble blood flowing in my veins) inspire my soul to seek and do you good in that sacred office to which you have invited me; being confident that you will receive me with all gladness, and hold me in reputation for the work of Christ, which brought me near to death, and shall finally make you my glory and my joy. * * Should my insufficiency in spiritual and scientific knowledge appear too manifest among you, my zeal and labors in the vineyard of the Lord shall, I trust, be your pride and boast: in this hope, and resting on the candor, order, morality, learning, piety, and religion of those over whom I am well chosen to preside, I shall with some degree of confidence undertake the charge, and claim the wisdom of the wise to enlighten my understanding, and the charity and prayers of all to remove any wants, and to lessen my manifold imperfections. * * Salute one another with faith and love."*

Peters seems to have resided in England till 1805, when he returned to America. He published in New York, in 1807, his *History of the Rev. Hugh Peters*,† a book which is set forth as a vindication of the character of that parliamentary divine. The appendix contains some interesting notices of his own, and of some of the royalist families in America. The calculation of the rapid growth of the Peters family in the country is curious. As a specimen of his waggery and skill in telling a story we may quote his account of an interview between Ward, the simple cobbler of Agawam, and Cotton Mather.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, being an eminent Puritan in England, disliked the spiritual and star-chamber courts under the control of the hierarchy of England; he fled to New England, and became minister of Agawam, an Indian village, making the west part of Springfield, in the State of Massachusetts. He was an exact scholar, a meek, benevolent, and charitable Christian. He used the Indians with justice and tenderness, and established one of the best towns on Connecticut river. He was free from hypocrisy, and stiff bigotry, which then domineered in New England, and which yet remain at Hadley and Northampton, not much to the credit of morality and piety. Mr. Ward had a large share of Hudibrastic wit, and much pleasantry with his gravity. This appears in his history of Agawam, wherein he satirized the prevailing superstition of the times; which did more good than Dr. Mather's book, entitled, *Stilts for Dwarfs in Christ to Wade through the Mud*, or his Magnalia, with his other twenty-four books. His posterity are many, and have done their part in the pulpit, in the field, and at the bar, in the six States of New England, and generally have followed the charitable temper of their venerable ancestor, and seldom fail to lash the avarice of the clergy, who are often recommending charity and hospitality to the needy stranger, and at the same time never follow their own advice to others. Mr. Ward, of Agawam, has left his children an example worthy of imitation. The story is thus related:

Dr. Mather, of Boston, was constantly exhorting his hearers to entertain strangers, for by doing so they might entertain angels. But it was remarked, that Dr. Mather never entertained strangers, nor gave any relief to beggars. This report reached Mr. Ward, of Agawam, an intimate *chum* of the Doctor while at the university. Ward said he hoped it was not true; but resolved to discover the truth; therefore he set off for Boston on foot, one hundred and twenty miles, and arrived at the door of Dr. Mather on Saturday evening, when most people were in bed, and knocked at the door, which the maid opened. Ward said, "I come from the country, to hear good Dr. Mather preach to-morrow. I am hungry, and thirsty, without money, and I beg the good Doctor will give me relief and a bed in his house until the Sabbath is over." The maid replied, "The Doctor is in his study, it is Saturday night, the Sabbath is begun, we have no bed, or victuals, for ragged beggars," and shut the door upon him. Mr. Ward again made use of the knocker: the maid went to the Doctor, and told him there was a sturdy beggar beating the door, who insisted on coming in and staying there over the Sabbath. The Doctor said, "Tell him to depart, or a constable shall conduct him to a prison." The maid obeyed the Doctor's order; and Mr. Ward said, "I will not leave the door until I have seen the Doctor." This tumult roused the Doctor, with his black velvet cap on his head, and he came to the door and opened it, and said, "Thou country villain, how dare you knock thus at my door after the Sabbath has begun?" Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, I am a stranger, hungry and moneyless; pray take me in, until the holy Sabbath is past, so that I may hear one of your godly sermons." The Doctor said, "Vagrant, go thy way, and trouble me no more; I will not break the Sabbath by giving thee food and lodging," and then shut the door. The Doctor had scarcely reached his study, when Ward began to exercise the knocker with continued violence. The Doctor, not highly pleased, returned to the door and said, "Wretched being, why dost thou trouble me thus? what wilt thou have?" Ward replied, "Entertainment in your house until Monday morning." The Doctor said, "You shall not; therefore go thy way." Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, as that point is settled, pray give me a sixpence or a shilling, and a piece of bread and meat." The Doctor

* The Churchman's Magazine, N. Y. June, 1807. Art. Supplement to American Episcopate.

† A History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, A.M., Arch-Intendant of the Prerogative Court of Doctors' Commons; member of the celebrated Assembly of Divines at the Savoy, Westminster; and Principal Chaplain to the Lord Protector and to the Lords and House of Commons, from the year 1640 to 1660. With an Appendix. By the Rev. Samuel Peters, LL.D. "Let us praise famous men, and our fathers who begat us: the Lord hath wrought great glory by them."—Eccles. xliv. New York: Printed for the Author. 1807.

said, "I will give thee neither," and again shut the door. And then Mr. Ward thundered with the knocker of the door, and the Doctor returned in great wrath and said, "Thou art mad, or possessed with an evil spirit: what wilt thou have now?" Mr. Ward replied, "Since you, sir, will not give lodgings, nor money, nor food, nor drink to me, I pray for your advice; will you direct me to a stew?" The Doctor cried out, "Vagrant of all vagrants! the curse of God will fall on thee; thou art one of the non-elects. Dost thou, villain, suppose that I am acquainted with bad houses? What dost thou want at a stew?" Mr. Ward replied, "I am hungry, weary, thirsty, moneyless, and almost naked; and Solomon, the wisest king the Jews ever had, tells me and you, *that a whore will bring a man to a morsel of bread at the last.*" Now Dr. Mather awoke from his reverend dream, and cried, "Tu es Wardonus vel Diabolus." Mr. Ward laughed, and the Doctor took him in and gave him all he wanted; and Mr. Ward preached for the Doctor next day, both morning and evening This event had its due effect on the Doctor ever after, and he kept the Shunamite's chamber, and became hospitable and charitable to all in want.

It corrected the Doctor's temper to such a degree, that six months after, he ceased to pray more against the pope and conclave of Rome, and supplied the vacuum, by praying for the downfall of the red dragon at Morocco, Egypt, and Arabia, on the east side of the Red Sea, even at Mecca and Medina; words which helped the sand to pass through the hour-glass, the orthodox length of a prayer.

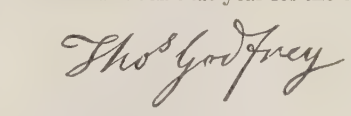
It is, perhaps, not the best manners to apply chronology to an anecdote, but if we look at the facts of this case, it is rather unfortunate for good Dr. Peters that Ward died ten years before Cotton Mather, whom the story was probably intended to fit, was born; and if, to give the joke another chance, we carry it back to Increase Mather, Ward left New England when that quaint divine was but eight years old, and died three years before that elder Mather graduated. If we were disposed still further to go into particulars, we might remark that Ward's Agawam was not on the Connecticut; that he did not write a history of that place; that the cobbler was not remarkably free from bigotry; and that Dr. Mather's "Stilts for Dwarfs" is not to be found mentioned in any respectable bibliographical work.

Dr. Peters made a journey to the West, to the Falls of St. Anthony, in prosecution of some land claims, in 1817. He died at New York, April 19, 1826, at the venerable age of 90.

In conclusion, if he may be allowed to be his own eulogist, "he is reputed," says he of himself, "to have the faculties of his uncle Hugh, the zeal and courage of his grand-parent, General Thomas Harrison, mixed with the benevolence that characterized his great-grand-parent, William Peters, Esq., of 1634."

THOMAS GODFREY.

Thomas Godfrey was born in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1736. His father, a glazier by trade, was an accomplished mathematician, and the inventor of the quadrant,* commonly known as Hadley's Quadrant. He died a few years after the birth of his son, who, after receiving "a common education in his mother tongue," was apprenticed to a watch-maker by his relatives. The pursuit was one contrary to his inclinations, which were bent on the study of painting, but he remained at the trade until 1758, when he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Pennsylvania forces raised in that year for the expedition



against Fort Du Quesne. On the disbanding of the troops he removed to Carolina, to accept a situation as a factor, which had been offered to him. Here he remained three years, during which he wrote his tragedy of *The Prince of Parthia.* He sent the manuscript on to a friend in Philadelphia, to be offered to the American company performing in that city in 1759, but it was never produced. On the death of his employer he returned to his native city, and, no opening offering there, sailed as a supercargo to the island of New Providence, returning from thence to North Carolina, where a few weeks after his arrival, by exposure to the sun on horseback, an exercise to which he was unaccustomed, he contracted a fever which put an end to his life after a week's illness, on the third of August, 1763.

Godfrey, in addition to his tragedy, wrote a poem of five hundred lines, entitled, *The Court of Fancy*, modelled on Chaucer's House of Fame, a number of short poems on subjects of the day, a few pastorals in the style then in vogue, and a modernized version of a portion of Chaucer's Assembly of Fowles. Most of these appeared during his lifetime in the American Magazine, published in Philadelphia, from which a portion were copied with commendatory remarks in the London Monthly Review. His poetical writings were published in Philadelphia in 1767, with a biographical preface by N. Evans, in which he "bespeaks the candour of the public in behalf of the collection, as the first of the kind which the Province has produced." The volume also contains an anonymous critical analysis of the poems, written by Dr. William Smith.* The whole work forms a quarto volume of 224 pages.

The Prince of Parthia was the first dramatic work written in America. It possesses much merit, with many marks of hasty composition, and want of mental maturity. The plot is drawn from an ancient story, and is well developed, though the fifth act presents the usual excess of bloodshed common to tragedies by youthful authors. The opening scene, descriptive of the triumphant return of the youthful hero, Arsaces, from a successful war, is one of the best in the play, but shows, like many subsequent pas-

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* Barlow, in his notices of the men of science in America in the eighth book of the Columbiad, pays this tribute to Godfrey:—

> To guide the sailor in his wandering way,
> See Godfrey's glass reverse the beams of day.
> His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
> From adverse skies the counteracting rays;
> And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd roll,
> Each nice gradation from the steadfast pole.

Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, supported his claims to the invention.

* Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

sages, that the young dramatist had read Shakespeare.

FROM THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA.

Glad Ctes'phon
Pours forth her numbers, like a rolling deluge,
To meet the blooming Hero; all the ways,
On either side, as far as sight can stretch,
Are lin'd with crowds, and on the lofty walls
Innumerable multitudes are rang'd.
On ev'ry countenance impatience sate
With roving eye, before the train appear'd.
But when they saw the Darling of the Fates,
They rent the air with loud repeated shouts;
The mother show'd him to her infant son,
And taught his lisping tongue to name Arsaces:
E'en aged sires, whose sounds are scarcely heard,
By feeble strength supported, toss their caps,
And gave their murmur to the general voice.
Gotazes. The spacious streets, which lead up to the temple,
Are strew'd with flow'rs; each, with frantic joy,
His garland forms, and throws it in the way.
What pleasure, Phraates, must swell his bosom,
To see the prostrate nation all around him,
And know he's made them happy! to hear them
Tease the gods, to shower their blessings on him!
Happy Arsaces! fain I'd imitate
Thy matchless worth, and be a shining joy!

The following lines are happily expressed:—

Vardanes. Heav'ns! what a night is this!
Lysias. 'Tis filled with terror.
Vardanes. Terror indeed! it seems as sick'ning Nature
Had given her order up to gen'ral ruin;
The heavens appear as one continu'd flame,
Earth with her terror shakes, dim night retires,
And the red lightning gives a dreadful day,
While in the thunder's voice each sound is lost;
Fear sinks the panting heart in ev'ry bosom,
E'en the pale dead, affrighted at the horror,
As though unsafe, start from their marble goals,
And howling through the streets are seeking shelter.

Fain would I cast this tiresome being off,
Like an old garment worn to wretchedness.

How sweet the eloquence of dying men!
Hence poets feigned the music of the Swan,
When death upon her lays his icy hand,
She melts away in melancholy strains.

With a license to be matched nowhere out of Thomas Heywood and a few other early English dramatists, he has introduced, amidst his Persian scenes, a song to *Phillis*.

Among his miscellanies is what may be called a patriotic version of the first Psalm. Its opening stanza is—

Blest is the man who never lent
To bold, designing men his ear,
Who, on his country's good intent,
From bribing offices is clear.

He also wrote *A Pastoral to the Memory of General Wolfe*, and an ambitious poem on Victory, which contains some forcible imagery.

POESY —FROM THE COURT OF FANCY.

Sweet Poesy was seen their steps behind,
With golden tresses sporting in the wind;
In careless plaits did her bright garments flow,
And nodding laurels wav'd around her brow;
Sweetly she struck the string, and sweetly sung.
The attentive tribe on the soft accents hung.
'Tis her's to sing who great in arms excel,
Who bravely conquer'd or who glorious fell;
Heroes in verse still gain a deathless name,
And ceaseless ages their renown proclaim.
Oft to philosophy she lends her aid,
And treads the sage's solitary shade;
Her great first task is nobly to inspire
Th' immortal soul with virtue's sacred fire.

SONG.

Young Thyrsis with sighs often tells me his tale,
And artfully strives o'er my heart to prevail,
He sings me love-songs as we trace through the grove,
And on each fair poplar hangs sonnets of love.
Though I often smile on him to soften his pain,
(For wit I would have to embellish my train,)
I still put him off, for I have him so fast,
I know he with joy will accept me at last.

Among the gay tribe that still flatter my pride,
There's *Cloddy* is handsome, and wealthy beside;
With such a gay partner more joys I can prove
Than to live in a cottage with Thyrsis on love.
Though the shepherd is gentle, yet blame me who can,
Since wealth and not manners, 'tis now makes the man.
But should I fail here, and my hopes be all past,
Fond Thyrsis, I know, will accept me at last.

Thus Delia enliven'd the grove with her strain,
When Thyrsis the shepherd came over the plain;
Bright Chloris he led, whom he'd just made his bride,
Joy shone in their eyes, as they walk'd side by side;
She scorn'd each low cunning, nor wish'd to deceive,
But all her delight was sweet pleasure to give.
In wedlock she chose to tie the swain fast,
For shepherds will change if put off to the last.

A DITHYRAMBIC ON WINE.

I.

Come! let Mirth our hours employ,
The jolly God inspires;
The rosy juice our bosom fires,
And tunes our souls to joy.
See, great Bacchus now descending,
Gay, with blushing honours crown'd;
Sprightly Mirth and Love attending,
Around him wait,
In smiling state—
Let Echo resound
Let Echo resound
The joyful news all around.

II.

Fond Mortals come, if love perplex,
In wine relief you'll find;
Who'd whine for woman's giddy sex
More fickle than the wind?
If beauty's bloom thy fancy warms,
Here see her shine,
Cloth'd in superior charms;
More lovely than the blushing morn,
When first the op'ning day
Bedecks the thorn,
And makes the meadows gay.
Here see her in her crystal shrine;
See and adore; confess her all divine,
The Queen of Love and Joy
Heed not thy Chloe's scorn—

This sparkling glass,
With winning grace,
Shall ever meet thy fond embrace,
And never, never, never cloy,
No never, never cloy.

III.

Here, Poet, see, Castalia's spring—
Come, give me a bumper, I'll mount to the skies,
Another, another—'Tis done! I arise;
On fancy's wing,
I mount, I sing,
And now, sublime,
Parnassus' lofty top I climb—
But hark! what sounds are these I hear,
Soft as the dream of her in love,
Or zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the grove?
And now, more solemn far than fun'ral woe,
The heavy numbers flow!
And now again,
The varied strain,
Grown louder and bolder, strikes quick on the ear,
And thrills through every vein.

IV.

'Tis Pindar's song!
His softer notes the fanning gales
Waft across the spicy vales,
While, thro' the air,
Loud whirlwinds bear
The harsher notes along.
Inspir'd by wine,
He leaves the lazy crowd below,
Who never dar'd to peep abroad,
And, mounting to his native sky,
For ever there shall shine.
No more I'll plod
The beaten road;
Like him inspir'd, like him I'll mount on high;
Like his my strain shall flow.

V.

Haste, ye mortals! leave your sorrow;
Let pleasure crown to-day—to-morrow
Yield to fate.
Join the universal chorus,
Bacchus reigns
Ever great;
Bacchus reigns
Ever glorious—
Hark! the joyful groves rebound,
Sporting breezes catch the sound,
And tell to hill and dale around—
"Bacchus reigns"—
While far away,
The busy echoes die away.—*

THOMAS PAINE.

THE literary merits of Paine, associated with his services to the American cause during the Revolution, well entitle him to a place in this collection. The grossness of his pen in his attacks on the Christian religion, and the miserable last years of his life as painted by no friendly biographer, have thrown into the shade both his patriotism and the merits of his style, in those days when he came to America, and in clear trumpet tones sounded the notes of resistance to oppression, and faith in the success of the armies of Washington. In this mixed world of good and evil, we must learn to separate virtues and vices, and "pick our good from out much ill."

T Paine

Thomas Paine was born of Quaker parentage, the son of a stay-maker, at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, January 29, 1736. He received a grammar-school education in his native town, and early developed a taste for poetry, which his parents discouraged, confining him at the age of thirteen, for the next five years, to his father's uninteresting and laborious calling. In his twentieth year, young Paine went to London, where he worked at his trade, relieving its monotony by a cruise in a privateer. In 1758 he is stay-maker again at Dover, and in 1759, in the same occupation at Sandwich, where he married the daughter of an exciseman, who died the following year. The occupation of his father-in-law opened a new prospect for him, and he abandoned his trade for an office in the excise, which he attained after some preliminary training in his home at Thetford, at the age of twenty-five. His business of exciseman was varied by employment as teacher in two London academies, a position which enabled him to acquire some philosophical knowledge from the lectures delivered in the metropolis. In 1768 he became established at Lewes, in Sussex, as exciseman, where he married the daughter of a grocer and tobacconist recently deceased, to whose trade he succeeded. He belonged to a club of the place, where he maintained his stiff Whig opinions with pertinacity and elegance of expression. He wrote at Lewes his ode *on the Death of General Wolfe*, which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

His business as a grocer seems to have led him into some unwarrantable smuggling practices, for which he was dismissed the service in 1774, when he went to London as an adventurer, having previously parted with his wife by mutual

* As our Poet appears so warm on his subject it may not be amiss to remark here, that *he never drank any wine*, and that his *bumpers* are all *ideal*, which may serve, perhaps, as a refutation of that noted adage, that *a water drinker can never be a good Dithyrambic Poet.*

agreement. He was fortunate in procuring a letter to Benjamin Franklin from a commissioner of the excise, who had been impressed with the ability with which Paine had urged an increase of salary for the officers of that body, in a pamphlet which he had drawn up in their behalf. Franklin advised him to go to America, whither he set off immediately, reaching Philadelphia in the beginning of the year 1775, on the eve of the actual outbreak of the Revolution. He was at once employed by Aitken,* a bookseller of that city, with a salary of £25 currency a year, as editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine*, for which he wrote the introduction, a felicitous sentence of which has been noticed by his biographers. Alluding to the season, January, and the quite as chilling nature of such enterprises in those times, he says: "Thus encompassed with difficulties, this first number of the Pennsylvanian Magazine entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say, that like the early snowdrop it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choicer flowers are preparing to appear." Dr. Rush, who was attracted by his clever conduct of the Magazine,† formed his acquaintance in Aitken's bookstore, and suggested to him the preparation of a popular book to meet the objections to separation from the mother country. This was the origin of the famous pamphlet *Common Sense*.‡ Paine thought of calling it "Plain Truth," when Rush suggested the title which it bears.

Its influence upon the American cause was very great. Rush says it was published "with an effect which has been rarely produced by types and paper in any age or country." "I think this pamphlet," says Ashbel Green, of Princeton, in his autobiography, "had a greater run than any other ever published in our country. It was printed anonymously, and it was a considerable time before its author was known or suspected. In the meantime large editions were frequently issued; and in newspapers, at taverns, and at almost every place of public resort, it was advertised, and very generally in these words: 'Common Sense, for eighteen-pence.' I lately looked into a copy of this pamphlet, and was ready to wonder at its popularity, and the effect it produced when originally published. But the truth is, it struck a string which required but a touch to make it vibrate. The country was ripe for independence, and only needed somebody to tell the people so, with decision, boldness, and plausibility. Paine did this recklessly, having nothing to do whether his suggestions were received favorably or unfavorably, while wiser and better men than he were yet maturing their minds by reflection, and looking well to every step which they took or advised. Paine's talent, and he certainly possessed it eminently, was, to make a taking and striking appeal to popular feelings, when he saw it tending towards a point to which he wished to push it, whether for good or for evil."*

"I sent you from New York," writes John Adams to his wife, Philadelphia, February 18, 1776, "a pamphlet intituled Common Sense, written in vindication of doctrines which there is reason to expect that the further encroachments of tyranny and depredations of oppression will soon make the common faith; unless the cunning ministry, by proposing negotiations and terms of reconciliation, should divert the present current from its channel."†

No copyright was taken out; it was printed to the number of a hundred thousand, and its author, in the midst of success, was in debt to his printer for the work.

Paine's subsequent pretensions to priority in his Common Sense in setting the ball of revolution in motion were simply absurd. He arrived a foreigner under difficulties, a few months before the battle of Lexington. John Adams, in a letter to Rush, May 1, 1807,‡ seriously notices these vaporings. The fact is that Paine, admitting his merits to the full, was a humble though useful servant of the cause, never its master.

The University of Pennsylvania made him Master of Arts, and the legislature voted him the substantial honor of five hundred pounds. In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army, and was with Washington in his retreat before Howe to the Delaware. To arouse the spirit of the people and soldiery he commenced the publication of the series of patriotic tracts, *The Crisis*, the first number of which appeared December 19, 1776, and the last on the attainment of peace, April 19, 1783. There were eighteen numbers in all. Number one is now before us, as it may have been read to the corporal's guard in the camp—eight small octavo pages, in neat pica, and on very dingy paper. Its first stirring sentence is still familiar as a proverb:—"These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier

* Robert Aitken was a Scotchman who came to Philadelphia in 1769, and was a bookseller and printer. In the Revolution he sided with the American interest, and narrowly escaped a residence in the prison ships of New York. He published the Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum, from Jan. 1775, to June 1776. It had Francis Hopkinson and Witherspoon for contributors. Aitken died in 1802, at the age of sixty-eight.—Thomas's Hist. of Printing, ii. 76.

† The ode on Wolfe and some spirited Reflections on Lord Clive, from his pen, printed in the Magazine, were noticeable articles for the time.

‡ The original edition of "Common Sense" was published in Philadelphia by Robert Bell, with whom it is said that Paine was then employed as a clerk.—Notes on the Provincial Hist. of Penn. by T. J. Wharton. Penn. Hist. Soc. Memoirs, 1825, p. 151, where some amusing details are given of Bell. He was a Scotsman, who came to Philadelphia in 1766. He had been a partner as a bookseller in Dublin with the facetious George Alexander Stevens. He was first an auctioneer, and afterwards a bookseller in Philadelphia, where he published Blackstone's Commentaries by subscription in 1772, "a stupendous enterprise for the time." The Revolution broke up his business, and he turned auctioneer again and peddler, dying at Richmond, in Virginia, in 1784. He headed his auction announcements, "Jewels and diamonds to be sold or sacrificed by Robert Bell, humble provedore to the sentimentalists," and sought subscribers to Blackstone with the invitation, "Intentional encouragers who wish for a participation of this sentimental banquet, are requested to send their names to Robert Bell."

* Life of Ashbel Green, 46. The following lines appear in Carey's American Museum, i. 167:—

American Independence.

When pregnant Nature strove relief to gain,
Her nurse was Washington, her midwife Paine:
The infant, Independence, scarce began
To be, ere he had ripen'd into man,
France his godfather, Britain was his rod,
Congress his guardian, and his father God.

† John Adams, in his diary of 1779, tells us that on his arrival in France in that year, he was greeted as the famous Adams on the strength of the authorship of this pamphlet, which was translated into French, having been ascribed to him.—Works, iii. 189.

‡ Works, ix. 591.

and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman." The rest was as good; sarcasm for the enemy, eulogy for Washington, and a picturesque account of the camp scenes in which he had been engaged. After this, as Cheetham remarks: "Paine's pen was an appendage almost as necessary to the army of independence, and as formidable, as its cannon;" and he attributes "much of the brilliant little affair" which in the same month followed at Trenton, to the confidence inspired by this first number. Paine wrote a second on that victory; a third at Philadelphia in April, 1777, in which month he was elected by Congress Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a post which he held till 1779, when he was dismissed from the office for a violation of confidence in publishing a delicate statement affecting the loan or gift from France in opposition to the claim of the negotiator Silas Deane. The remaining numbers of the Crisis were occupied, as occasion arose, with war or finance, the encouragement of the army at home, and witty disparagement of the enemy in America and in Parliament. General Sir William Howe and Lord North were particular objects of his invective. Of the honors paid to the former, he says: "There are knights of various orders, from the knight of the windmill to the knight of the post," and proposes as a final substitute for the Egyptian method of embalming the more frugal American plan: "In a balmage, sir, of humble tar, you will be as secure as Pharaoh, and in a hieroglyphic of feathers rival in finery all the mummies of Egypt."

In 1780, Paine was appointed clerk to the Assembly in Pennsylvania. In 1781, he accompanied Col. Laurens in his mission to France, to obtain a loan. They set out in February, and returned in August with two millions and a half of specie. In 1782, he had published at Philadelphia his *Letter to the Abbé Raynal;* a neat production, correcting erroneous statements touching the Revolution, in which he shows his own skill in rhetoric at the expense of the foreign writer.

Paine's services during the war time were properly acknowledged by the government. When Washington was about resigning his commission to Congress, and was at Rocky Hill in the neighborhood of Princeton, he sent a letter to Paine at Bordentown, acknowledging his services, offering to impress them upon Congress, and inviting him to his table. In 1785, Congress discharged the obligation by a grant of three thousand dollars; Pennsylvania presented him five hundred pounds, and New York conferred upon him a handsome estate at New Rochelle, confiscated from a Royalist, which embraced three hundred acres of land.

In 1787, Paine returned to Europe, carrying with him the model of an iron bridge, which he made some stir with in England. Finding his mother in want, he settled upon her a stated payment for her support. When Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution appeared, he published his reply, the *Rights of Man*, the first part in 1791; the second in 1792. It has been generally acknowledged to be a work of ability. Many of its points of attack upon the British constitution are strongly taken, and held with success. Its views of hereditary Kingcraft and of Democratic representations, have passed, in this country at least, into truisms. One passage is very felicitous in expression, where he is picturing in terms equal to the language of the great writer whom he is answering, that orator's oversight of the victims of despotism in his poetical commiseration for the fate of its royal perpetrators. "Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives, a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon."

A state prosecution was on foot against him when a French deputation called him to France, to sit in Convention for the department of Calais. His reception on his arrival there in 1792 was sufficiently gratifying to his vanity. In the Convention, though he voted for the trial of the king, he endeavored to preserve his life by a speech, in which he recommended banishment to America. "Let," said he, "the United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn, from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair equal, and honorable representation." He was engaged in Constitution-making with Condorcet. He attracted the ill will of the extreme party, and was arrested and sent to prison by Robespierre, on the plea of being a foreigner, by the same vote which consigned famous Anacharsis Clootz to a dungeon and the guillotine. Paine escaped the latter fate by an accident. He was imprisoned (he writes in one of his letters) on a corridor of the Luxembourg, the door of his room opening outwards. While in this position it was marked by the officers for its supply of victims. When they came round the door was shut and the mark on the inside; so Paine was not guillotined; and the tyrant falling shortly after, Monroe, the American ambassador, reclaimed him and took him to his house. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, from Dec. 1793 to Nov. 1794. A first part of his infidel work, *The Age of Reason*, was published while Paine was in prison. The second part appeared in 1796.

In the same year with the completion of this wretched publication, Paine sent forth in Paris his Letter to George Washington, whom he charged with neglecting to use the influence of government for his release as an American citizen, and not content with this discussion, depreciated for the lack of qualities which he had expressly attributed to him in his American publications.*

* Paine gave vent to his feelings in the following epigram-

He had now by these writings made enemies of every friend of religion and his country (for patriotism was identical with respect for Washington), and when he returned to America in 1802, it was to fall rapidly in public estimation, with the additional incumbrance of the personal neglect and vices of intemperance and avarice into which he fell in his old age. That the former had anticipated his return to America is proved by the Paris correspondence of Gouverneur Morris, who writes of him June 25, 1793, as "a little more drunk than usual," and the following year, March 6, "in the best of times he had a larger share of every other sense than of common sense, and lately the intemperate use of ardent spirit has, I am told, considerably impaired the small stock which he originally possessed."

He visited Jefferson at Washington, who, remembering his early position, had agreed to his request to bring him home in a national vessel; but the most ardent political reminiscences could not compensate for Paine's personal habits, and the popular contempt into which he had fallen. His friend and biographer Rickman takes Barlow to task for omitting any mention of him among the heroes of the American war in the Columbiad, and proposes to give him a snug place between Washington and Franklin in the fifth book of that poem. His last days at New Rochelle and New York have been ruthlessly brought to the gaze of the world by his American biographer, Cheetham, who sometimes forgets the decencies due even to drunkenness, and always to old age.* Paine's vanity was wounded by the neglect into which he had fallen; his early habits of neatness, when he was painted by Romney, and "looked altogether like a gentleman of the old French school," could not be detected in the filth into which he had fallen. His intemperance was notorious. His treatment of Madame Bonneville, whom he had induced to follow him from Paris, not without scandal, was cruel. He was arraigned in court for a petty debt, and exposed by his servants: one of whom is said to have attempted his life in revenge for his ill treatment. Jarvis, the painter, tolerated his presence in his bachelor's quarters, and has left us a melancholy memorial of his appearance in the plaster bust which is preserved in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. While the artist was at work upon it, he exclaimed, "I shall secure him to a nicety, if I am so fortunate as to get plaster enough for his carbuncled nose."* He would lodge at different places about town as opportunity served, his habits rendering frequent changes of lodging inevitable. One of his tenements, in not the most agreeable locality, he shared with a show of wild beasts. Death approaching, he desired, in recollection of his Quaker parentage, to be interred in the cemetery of that body, but this consolation was refused him,—a circumstance which is said to have affected him deeply. In his closing days he was visited by clergymen and others to convert him from his irreligion or testify to his infidelity. He died quietly in New York, June 8, 1809. His remains were taken to New Rochelle where he was interred on his farm, with an inscription on a stone, "Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense." In 1819, ten years afterwards, when Cobbett wished to create a sensation, he absurdly rifled the grave of the bones, which he carried to England.

The merit of Paine's style as a prose writer is very great. He had the art of saying a familiar thing in a familiar way, and at the same time imparting to it great spirit and freshness. He could sometimes introduce an apposite story almost as well as Franklin. His wit was ready, and generally pungent enough. After his return to America in 1802, he writes, "Some of John Adams' loyal subjects, I see, have been to present him with an address on his birth-day; but the language they use is too tame for the occasion. Birth-day addresses, like birth-day odes, should not creep along like drops of dew down a cabbage leaf, but roll in a torrent of poetical metaphor."† To Franklin's saying, "Where liberty is, there is my country," his retort was, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." A minister of a new sect came to him to explain the Scriptures, asserting that the key had been lost these four thousand years, and they had found it. "It must have been very rusty, then," was his reply. Some of his sentences are felicitous as Sheridan's for neatness and point. Thus in his letter to the Earl of Shelburne, of the loss of reputation: "There are cases in which it is as impossible to restore character to life, as it is to recover the dead. It is a phœnix that can expire but once, and from whose ashes there is no resurrection;" and to the same nobleman on obedience to outlandish authority: "For a thousand reasons England would be the last country to yield it to. She has been treacherous, and we know it. Her character is gone, and we have seen the funeral." To the Abbé Raynal he says, holding Britain to account for keeping the world in disturbance and war: "Is life so very long that it is necessary, nay even a duty, to shake the sand and hasten out the period of duration?" "Science," he says, "the partisan of no country, but the benevolent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. The philosopher of one country sees not an enemy in the philosopher of another: he takes his seat in the

matic direction to the sculptor who should make the statue of Washington:

> Take from the mine the coldest, hardest stone,
> It needs no fashion, it is Washington;
> But if you chisel, let your strokes be rude,
> And on his breast engrave INGRATITUDE.

* Cheetham's revised private copy of the Life of Paine is in the New York Historical Society; the corrections in his own handwriting and intended for a second edition. In the preliminary address to Clinton, the strong animadversions on the despotism of Jefferson's democracy, and his fears of the duration of the Republic, are mitted. The style is generally improved by slight verbal alterations. In the description of his first interview with Paine in the Preface, the comparison of the philosopher's nose to Bardolph's, as described by Falstaff, is stricken out. Cheetham was an English radical from Manchester, who edited in New York the *American Citizen*, holding a trenchant pen for a newspaper. At first he was the friend of Paine. Paine has had numerous biographers, including Francis Oldys, a fictitious name on a partisan pamphlet, written by the refugee loyalist, the author of the Political Annals, George Chalmers. Paine's name is spelt Pain throughout this production. There is a volume of Memoirs by W. T. Sherwin, London, 1819; by Thomas Clio Rickman, of the same date; and a later volume by G. Vale, New York. 1841.

* Francis's Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, &c. There was an old couplet sung by the boys in the streets:—

> Tom Paine is come from far, from far,
> His nose is like a blazing star!

† Second Letter to the Citizens of the U. S. Nov. 19, 1802, in the Nat. Intell.

temple of science, and asks not who sits beside him." Literature, he calls "the tongue of the world." "War," he says in the Rights of Man, "is the Pharo table of governments, and nations the dupes of the game." It was this word and a blow, this powerful expression in ordinary symbols, which gained Paine the ear of the public during the Revolutionary war. His phrases put American resistance in an incontrovertible form.

Paine's slight claims as a poet depend upon a few showy pieces, more remarkable for their collocation of fine words than just thought or expression. He had fancy, but wanted poetic feeling.

In another light the study of Paine's character may be of importance to the world, in showing that a certain degree of ready tact and ability, and a certain amount of benevolence, may consist with the utter absence of the higher philosophical and moral qualities. Paine had a great deal of wit and sagacity, but their exercise was confined to a narrow field. When he undertook his attack upon the Christian religion, it was without the learning, the thought, or the feeling requisite for its study. It is much to ask us to believe that he was sustained by any better motive than vanity. Notwithstanding his experience of the French Revolution in the cell of the Luxembourg, he could not relinquish the egotism and self-sufficiency productive of the excesses which had placed him there. Suffering from lawlessness, he was vain and empty enough to seek to inflict that curse upon the world in its most important relations. The *Age of Reason* is justly treated with contempt, but it points a most significant moral of the worthlessness of the shallow powers of the understanding divorced from the control of the higher faculties of the soul. "It must soon sink into infamy," said William Linn, from the pulpit, who had commended Paine's political writings in the same place, and "carry his own name along with it. There is nothing new in the performance, save the bold and indecent manner. Indeed it is provoking to see the Christian religion, after having withstood the roarings of the lion, insulted by the brayings of the ass."* The prophecy has been verified, and under the odium into which he cast himself few readers of the present day are familiar with the brilliant qualities which once excited our forefathers.

ODE, ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat,
  Britannia sat wasted with care;
She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd against fate,
  And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
  With the feats of her favorite son;
And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
  Was engraved with the deeds he had done.

The sire of the Gods from his crystalline throne
  Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And moved with her tears he sent Mercury down,
  And these were the tidings that came.

Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
  For thy Wolfe so deservedly loved,
Your tears shall be changed into triumphs of joy,
  For thy Wolfe is not dead but removed.

The sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
  Have crept from their darksome abodes,
And this is the news as in heaven it was told,
  They were marching to war with the Gods;
A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
  And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be called to the armies above,
  And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
  He begg'd for a moment's delay;
He cry'd, Oh! forbear, let me victory hear,
  And then thy command I'll obey.
With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes,
  And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
  Should induce him again to return.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD CLIVE.

Ah! the tale is told—the scene is ended—and the curtain falls. As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe, but, be that globe a bubble; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep; and let Fame, in the character of a shadow, inscribe his honors on the air.

I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plassey, doubtful of life, health, or victory. I see him in the instant when "To be, or not to be," were equal chances to a human eye. To be a lord or a slave, to return loaded with the spoils, or remain mingled with the dust of India. Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of censure would be silent, and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound. But, oh, India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of enquiry, and shew a Christian world thou canst suffer and forgive.

Departed from India, and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the Cape and looking wistfully to Europe. I see him contemplating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honours. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling through the crowd in quest of homage, and his ear listening lest an applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his fame, and the short interval was a time of rest. From the crowd I follow him to the court, I see him enveloped in the sunshine of popular favour, rivalling the great in honours, the proud in splendour, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country, his equipage moves like a camp; every village bell proclaims his coming; the wandering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs over with joy.

But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him again to India. I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent remember and lament; the rival nabobs court his favour; the rich dread his power and the poor his severity. Fear and terror march like pioneers before his camp, murder and rapine accompany it, famine and wretchedness follow in the rear.

* Linn's Discourse, Fall of Antichrist. Series "Signs of the Times." 1794. An Epigrammatist wrote:

Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in liberty's defence,
But in his "Age of Reason" lost his "Common Sense."

Resolved on accumulating an unbounded fortune, he enters into all the schemes of war, treaty, and intrigue. The British sword is set up for sale; the heads of contending nabobs are offered at a price, and the bribe taken from both sides. Thousands of men or money are trifles in an Indian bargain. The field is an empire, and the treasure almost without end. The wretched inhabitants are glad to compound for offences never committed, and to purchase at any rate the privilege to breathe, while he, the sole lord of their lives and fortunes, disposes of either as he pleases, and prepares for Europe.

Uncommon fortunes require an uncommon date of life to enjoy them in. The usual period is spent in preparing to live: and unless nature prolongs the time, fortune bestows her excess of favours in vain.

The conqueror of the East having nothing more to expect from the one, has all his court to make to the other. Anxiety for wealth gives place to anxiety for life; and wisely recollecting that the sea is no respecter of persons, resolves on taking his route to Europe by land. Little beings move unseen, or unobserved, but he engrosses whole kingdoms in his march, and is gazed at like a comet. The burning desert, the pathless mountains, and the fertile valleys, are in their turns explored and passed over. No material accident distresses his progress, and England once more receives the spoiler.

How sweet is rest to the weary traveller; the retrospect heightens the enjoyment; and if the future prospect be serene, the days of ease and happiness are arrived. An uninquiring observer might have been inclined to consider Lord Clive, under all these agreeable circumstances: one, whose every care was over, and who had nothing to do but to sit down and say, *soul, take thine ease, thou hast goods laid up in store for many years.*

The reception which he met with on his second arrival was in every instance equal, and in many, it exceeded, the honours of the first. 'Tis the peculiar temper of the English to applaud before they think. Generous of their praise, they frequently bestow it unworthily; but when once the truth arrives, the torrent stops, and rushes back again with the same violence. Scarcely had the echo of applause ceased upon the ear, than the rude tongue of censure took up the tale. The newspapers, fatal enemies to ill-gotten wealth, began to buzz a general suspicion of his conduct, and the inquisitive public soon refined it into particulars. Every post gave a stab to fame —a wound to his peace, and a nail to his coffin. Like spectres from the grave they haunted him in every company, and whispered murder in his ear. A life chequered with uncommon varieties is seldom a long one. Action and care will, in time, wear down the strongest frame, but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick dispatch.

Say, cool deliberate reflection, was the prize, though abstracted from the guilt, worthy of the pains? Ah! no. Fatigued with victory, he sat down to rest, and while he was recovering breath he lost it. A conqueror more fatal than himself beset him, and revenged the injuries done to India.

As a cure for avarice and ambition, let us take a view of him in his latter years. Hah! what gloomy Being wanders yonder? How visibly is the melancholy heart delineated on his countenance. He mourns no common care—his very steps are timed to sorrow—he trembles with a kind of mental palsy. Perhaps 'tis some broken-hearted parent, some David mourning for his Absalom, or some Heraclitus weeping for the world. I hear him utter something about wealth—perhaps he is poor and hath not wherewithal to hide his head. Some debtor started from his sleepless pillow, to ruminate on poverty, and ponder on the horrors of a jail; poor man, I'll to him and relieve him. Hah! 'tis Lord Clive himself! Bless me, what a change! He makes, I see, for yonder cypress shade—fit scene for melancholy hearts! I'll watch him there, and listen to his story.

Lord Clive. Can I but suffer when a beggar pities me? Ere while I heard a ragged wretch, who every mark of poverty had on, say to a sooty sweep, "Ah, poor Lord Clive!" while he, the negro-colored vagrant, more mercifully cruel, curst me in my hearing.

There was a time when fortune, like a yielding mistress, courted me with smiles. She never waited to be told my wishes, but studied to discover them; and seemed not happy to herself, but when she had some favour to bestow. Ah, little did I think the fair enchantress would desert me thus, and after lavishing her smiles upon me, turn my reproacher, and publish me in folio to the world. Volumes of morality are dull and spiritless compared to me. Lord Clive is himself a treatise upon vanity, printed on a golden type. The most unlettered clown writes explanatory notes thereon, and reads them to his children. Yet I could bear these insults could I but bear myself. A strange unwelcome something hangs about me. In company I seem no company at all. The festive board appears to me a stage, the crimson-colored port resembles blood. Each glass is strangely metamorphosed to a man in armour, and every bowl appears a nabob. The joyous toast is like the sound of murder, and the loud laugh are groans of dying men. The scenes of India are all rehearsed, and no one sees the tragedy but myself. Ah! I discover things which are not, and hear unuttered sounds.

Oh, peace! thou sweet companion of the calm and innocent! whither art thou fled? Here, take my gold, and all the world calls mine, and come thou in exchange. Or thou, thou noisy sweep, who mix thy food with soot and relish it, who canst descend from lofty heights and walk the humble earth again, without repining at the change, come, teach that mystery to me. Or thou, thou ragged wandering beggar, who, when thou canst not beg successfully, will pilfer from the hound, and eat the dirty morsel sweetly—be thou Lord Clive, and I will beg, so I may laugh like thee.

Could I unlearn what I've already learned—unact what I've already acted—or would some sacred power convey me back to youth and innocence, I'd act another part—I'd keep within the vale of humble life, nor wish for what the world calls pomp.

> ——But since this cannot be.
> And only a few days and sad remain for me,
> *I'll haste to quit the scene; for what is life
> When ev'ry passion of the soul's at strife.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.—NUMBER ONE.

These are the times that try men's souls: The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly:—'Tis dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be

* Some time before his death, he became very melancholy—subject to strange imaginations—and was found dead at last.—*Author's Note.*

highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared, that she has a right (*not only to* TAX, but) "*to* BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER," and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to GOD.

Whether the Independence of the Continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves.* But no great deal is lost yet; all that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jersies a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that GOD Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who had so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose, that HE has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: A common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that Heaven might inspire some Jersey Maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows thro' them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain for ever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a dignified Tory has lately shewn his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those, who lived at a distance, know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being on a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on the defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed upon the apprehension that Howe would endeavour to penetrate the Jersies, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer, than the enemy directs his force against the particular object, which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information, that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven or eight miles above: Major-General Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to his Excellency General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not chuse to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the waggons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and to march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We staid four days at Newark, collected in our out-posts, with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy on information of their being advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship, in not throwing a body of forces off from Staatan Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania: But, if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential controul.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked, that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that GOD hath blest him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin

* "The present winter" (meaning the last) "is worth an age, if rightly employed, but if lost, or neglected, the whole Continent will partake of the evil; and there is no punishment that man does not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful."—*Author's Note.*

with asking the following question, Why is it that the enemy hath left the New England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with Tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to shew them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world to either their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a Tory? Good GOD! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred Whigs against a thousand Tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every Tory is a coward, for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of Toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally; for 'tis soldiers, and not Tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories: A noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as most I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "*Well! give me peace in my day.*" Not a man lives on the Continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent would have said, "*If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;*" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man may easily distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the Continent must in the end be conqueror; for, though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal never can expire.

America did not, nor does not, want force; out she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and thank GOD! they are again assembling. I always considered a militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city; should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined; if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be, that armies from both ends of the Continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle States: for he cannot go every where, it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the Tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish, with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the Continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge, call it rather the soft resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the GOOD OF ALL, have staked their OWN ALL upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardour of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out. I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on THIS State or THAT State, but on EVERY State; up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel, better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not, that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burthen of the day upon Providence, but, "*shew your faith by your works,*" that GOD may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, shall suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now, is dead: The blood of his children shall curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as strait and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief break into my house, burn and destroy my property, and kill or threaten to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "*bind me in all cases whatsoever,*" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it, is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman? whether it is done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case, and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one, whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being, who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him,

and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons too who see not the full extent of the evil that threatens them; they solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if they succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war: The cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf; and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms, and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace; "*a peace which passeth all understanding,*" *indeed!* A peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon those things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed: This perhaps is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, THAT State must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is a principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that State that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapours of imagination; I bring reason to your ears; and in language, as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear, I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jersies; but it is great credit to us, that, with an handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms thro' the country, the Jersies had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the Continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and cloathed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils—a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it!—and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

Philadelphia, December 19, 1776.

LIBERTY TREE,

A Song, written early in the American Revolution.

TUNE—"Gods of the Greeks."

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The GODDESS of LIBERTY came,
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish'd and bore:
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver or gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea:
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honour of LIBERTY TREE

But hear, O ye swains ('tis a tale most profane),
How all the tyrannical powers,
King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee:
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.

FROM THE CASTLE IN THE AIR TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.*

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My CASTLE of FANCY was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks, for the GODS and their LOVES,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold
My CASTLE was carried away.

* Mr. Paine, while in prison at Paris, corresponded with a lady under the signature of "The Castle in the Air," while she addressed her letters from "The Little Corner of the World." For reasons which he knew not, their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend to be in obscurity and distress. Many years afterwards, however, he met her unexpectedly at Paris, in affluent circumstances, and married to Sir Robert Smith. The following is a copy of one of these poetical effusions.—*Note by Thos. Olio Rickman.*

It past over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often of YOU.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That NATURE in silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gazed, and I envied with painful goodwill,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;
When all of a sudden my CASTLE stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view,
When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but YOU.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
I felt no more sorrow, nor pain;
But the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my CASTLE again.

ETHAN ALLEN.

ETHAN ALLEN, the hero of Vermont, was as proud of his literature as of his personal vigor and generalship. Indeed, no small part of the former was put into his writings. He wrote as he acted, a word and a blow. For a certain quick intense conception of things, the uninstructed *physique* of the mind, his narrative of his captivity is a model, like his own figure, of rude, burly strength. It is to be regretted that he did not choose a better province for the exercise of his intellect in his main work than a low form of infidelity and vulgar attack upon the Christian religion.

Ethan Allen, the son of a farmer in Connecticut, was born at Coventry in that state, Jan. 10, 1737. He removed to Vermont about the year 1772, and became the stalwart leader of the Green Mountain Boys in their resistance to the territorial claims of New York. His brilliant surprisal of Ticonderoga, in 1775, "*in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress*," need hardly be mentioned here. It was probably the success of that adventure which led to the rash attempt upon Montreal, where he was taken prisoner; a captivity which gave rise to his authorship of a volume which contains as much of the essence of military revolutionary whigism and anti-toryism, as it is possible to convey in the same space. This work tells a sad story of the lack of gallantry and of the oppression of the British service at that time. A prisoner taken in war by the English seems to have been regarded as something between an enemy and a convict, not entitled to the honorable courtesy due to the one, and not exactly responsible to the gallows assigned for the other. The intermediate term was a rebel, and the respect for consanguinity which England should have shown in the struggle, was lost in the contempt of familiarity—as an old-fashioned father would whip his own children and reverence those of other persons. In this humor of his conquerors, Allen was taken from Montreal confined hand and feet in irons, carried on board the Gaspee schooner-of-war, taken from Quebec to Liverpool in a government vessel, suffering the accommodations of a slave ship, landed with indignity at Falmouth; was kept a prisoner and a show at Pendennis castle; removed to the Solebay frigate, which putting into Cork, the stores which tender-hearted Irish friends sent him were confiscated for the use of the vessel; was brought to the coast of America, and kept in various degrees of restraint, latterly under freedom of parole at New York, till the victory of Saratoga brought about his release in 1778. He published the narrative of his captivity in the following year.

Ethan Allen

A few sentences of this production will show the man in the author. It opens directly with the affair of Ticonderoga:—"Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty." For a vivid picture of a personal encounter at a critical moment, witness his defence of himself against an Indian before Montreal, by seizing a British officer for a shield, and holding him before him:—

The officer I capitulated with, then directed me and my party to advance towards him, which was done; I handed him my sword, and in half a minute after, a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers intermixed with the hair of the other side of his head, came running to me with an incredible swiftness; he seemed to advance with more than mortal speed; as he approached near me, his hellish visage was beyond all description; snake's eyes appear innocent in comparison to his; his features extorted; malice, death, murder, and the wrath of devils and damned spirits are the emblems of his countenance; and in less than twelve feet of me, presented his firelock; at the instant of his present, I twitched the officer, to whom I gave my sword, between me and the savage; but he flew round with great fury, trying to single me out to shoot me without killing the officer; but by this time I was nearly as nimble as he, keeping the officer in such a position that his danger was my defence; but, in less than half a minute, I was attacked by just such another imp of hell: Then I made the officer fly around with incredible velocity, for a few seconds of time, when I perceived a Canadian, who had lost one eye, as appeared afterwards, taking my part against the savages; and in an instant an Irishman came to my assistance with a fixed bayonet, and drove away the fiends, swearing by

—— he would kill them. This tragic scene composed my mind. The escaping from so awful a death made even imprisonment happy; the more so as my conquerors on the field treated me with great civility and politeness.

We hardly need his assurance, that while confined on board the Gaspee schooner in irons, he was "obliged to throw out plenty of extravagant language, which answered certain purposes at that time, better than to grace a history." The nonchalant humor of the man was defiant even of death. "The cause," says he, "I was engaged in I ever viewed worthy hazarding my life for, nor was I, in the most critical moments of trouble, sorry that I engaged in it; and, as to the world of spirits, though I knew nothing of the mode and manner of it, I expected nevertheless, when I should arrive at such a world, that I should be as well treated as other gentlemen of my merit." His characters of those about him show a subtle knowledge of human nature, as this hint at a fool in authority: "I now found myself under a worse captain than Symonds, for Montague was loaded with prejudices against every body and every thing that was not stamped with royalty; and being by nature underwitted, his wrath was heavier than the others; or at least his mind was in no instance liable to be directed by good sense, humor, or bravery, of which Symonds was by turns susceptible." His account of Loring, the British commissary of prisoners in the days of prison-ships at New York, is in his strongest manner.

This Loring is a monster!—There is not his like in human shape. He exhibits a smiling countenance, seems to wear a phiz of humanity, but has been instrumentally capable of the most consummate acts of wickedness, which were first projected by an abandoned British council clothed with the authority of a Howe, murdering premeditatedly, in cold blood, near or quite two thousand helpless prisoners, and that in the most clandestine, mean, and shameful manner, at New York. He is the most mean spirited, cowardly, deceitful, and destructive animal in God's creation below, and regions of infernal devils, with all their tremendous horrors, are impatiently ready to receive Howe and him, with all their detestable accomplices, into the most exquisite agonies of the hottest region of hell fire.

Probably the British were as glad to part with a gentleman who could employ his tongue as powerfully as his sword, when he was denied the latter weapon, as Allen was to be released by Elias Boudinot, sent by Congress for the service, and fall into the open arms of General Washington, at Valley Forge, "with peculiar marks of his approbation and esteem." It is told of one of Allen's word encounters with a British officer, that the latter replied to his challenge, to produce another woman who had seven such sons as his mother—that Mary Magdalene was a case in point, who was also delivered of seven devils.

His interview with Rivington, the pleasure-loving king's printer at New York, during his parole, is characteristic of both parties. Rivington had offended him by his allusions, and Allen swore "he would lick him the very first opportunity he had." The sequel is told by Rivington himself. "I was sitting," says he, "after a good dinner, alone, with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said, "Master, he has come!" "I know it." "He entered the store and asked 'if James Rivington lived there?' I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; and now, master, what is to be done? There he is in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street." I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. "Show him up," said I; "and if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant." There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. "Is your name James Rivington?" "It is, sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen." "Sir, I have come ——" "Not another word, my dear colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira." "But, sir, I don't think it proper ——" "Not another word, colonel. Taste this wine. I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age." He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. "Sir, I come ——" "Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some queer events to detail." In short, we finished two bottles of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise."*

After his captivity, Allen returned to Vermont, where he was received with a hearty welcome at Bennington. He again identified himself with the history of the independence of Vermont both against England and the neighboring states, and after that was secured in 1791, lived mostly in retirement, composing his infidel work, *Reason the only Oracle of Man*,† which appeared in 1784.

* De Puy's Ethan Allen, p. 262.

† Reason the only Oracle of Man, or a compendious system of natural religion, alternately adorned with confutations of a variety of doctrines incompatible to it; deduced from the most exalted ideas which we are able to form of the Divine and Human characters, and from the universe in general. 8vo. pp. 477. Bennington, Vt. 1784. As the greater portion of this edition was destroyed by fire in its printing office, and it has not been reprinted entire, this is now a very scarce volume. A mutilated edition appeared about 1849 in New York.

When Graydon was a prisoner in New York in 1777, after the loss of Fort Washington, he met Allen, and has left in his Memoirs a striking account of his impressions of the man. "His figure was that of a robust, large-framed man, worn down by confinement and hard fare; but he was now recovering his flesh and spirits; and a suit of blue clothes, with a gold laced hat that had been presented to him by the gentlemen of Cork, enabled him to make a very passable appearance for a rebel Colonel. He used to show a fracture in one of his teeth, occasioned by his twisting off with it, in a fit of anger, the nail which fastened the bar of his handcuffs; and which drew from one of the astonished spectators the exclamation of "Damn

Of this book, Dr. Dwight, in his Travels, has remarked that "it was the first formal publication in the United States, openly directed against the Christian religion. When it came out, I read as much of it as I could summon patience to read. Decent nonsense may possibly amuse an idle hour; but brutal nonsense can only be read as an infliction of penal justice."*

The story of Allen's second marriage, illustrating these opinions, is told by his latest biographer, De Puy, in his interesting and valuable contribution to the history of Vermont.†

"General Allen, who had at various times resided at Bennington, Arlington, and Tinmouth, at last took up his residence on the Winooski. During a session of the court at Westminster, he appeared with a magnificent pair of horses and a black driver. Chief Justice Robinson and Stephen R. Bradley, an eminent lawyer, were there, and as their breakfast was on the table, they asked Allen to join them. He replied that he had breakfasted, and while they were at the table, he would go in and see Mrs. Buchanan, a handsome widow who was at the house. He entered the sitting-room, and at once said to Mrs. Buchanan, 'Well, Fanny, if we are to be married, let us be about it.' 'Very well,' she promptly replied, 'give me time to fix up.' In a few minutes she was ready, and Judge Robinson was at once called upon by them to perform the customary ceremony. Said Allen, 'Judge, Mrs. Buchanan and I have concluded to be married; I don't care much about the ceremony, and as near as I can find out, Fanny cares as little for it as I do; but as a decent respect for the customs of society requires it of us, we are willing to have the ceremony performed.' The gentlemen present were much surprised, and Judge Robinson replied, 'General Allen, this is an important matter; have you thought seriously of it?' 'Yes, yes,' exclaimed Allen, looking at Mrs. Buchanan; 'but it don't require much thought.' Judge Robinson then rose from his seat and said, 'Join your hands together. Ethan Allen, you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife: you promise to love and protect her according to the law of God and——' 'Stop, stop, Judge. The law of God,' said Allen, looking forth upon the fields, 'all nature is full of it. Yes, go on. My team is at the door.' As soon as the ceremony was ended, General Allen and his bride entered his carriage and drove off."

Two anecdotes of Allen show the best nature of the man. He once gave a note to a citizen of Boston, who put it in collection in Vermont. Judgment was about being taken, when Allen employed a lawyer to stay proceedings. To his surprise, he heard, from a distant part of the court-house, his lawyer deny the signature; upon which he rushed forward, and in a loud, indignant tone, confronted him: "Mr. ——, I didn't hire you to come here and lie. That is a true note. I signed it; I'll swear to it; and I'll pay it! I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for, was to get this business put over to the next court; not to come here and lie and juggle about it."* This proves his honor; another instance shows his humanity. When two children, daughters of a settler, were once lost in the woods of Vermont, search was made for them by the townspeople and given up. Allen mounted a stump, made an eloquent, pathetic appeal, rallied the company for a new expedition, and the children were restored to their parents. Another anecdote is somewhat ludicrous, but energetic. While at Tinmouth, he was one day in the house of the village physician when a lady was present for the purpose of having a tooth drawn. As often as the doctor was ready, the lady's timidity baulked his operations. Allen's big nature grew restive at the sight. "Here, Doctor, take out one of my teeth." "But your teeth are all sound." "Never mind. Do as I direct you." Out came a tooth. "Now, madam," says Allen to the lady, "take courage from the example." He once threatened to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* in this novel form on a somewhat larger scale. A man had been convicted of supplying the British with provisions, and been sentenced by a jury of six to be hung. A lawyer interposed for a new trial, as twelve must constitute a legal jury. The public was disappointed at the reprieve. Allen addressed them with an oath, advising to wait for the day next appointed, promising—"You shall see somebody hung at all events; for if Redding is not then hung, I will be hung myself."†

It was not long after the time of these stories, in the full possession of his powers, at the age of fifty, he was cut off suddenly by apoplexy, at Burlington, Vermont, February 12, 1789.

A brother of Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, wrote the Natural and Political History of the State of Vermont, published in an octavo volume in 1798.

CONQUEST OF TICONDEROGA.

Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations, doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully deter-

him, can he eat iron!" * * * His style was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassic and sometimes ungrammatical, it was highly animated and forcible. In the following sentence of his narrative, though it is not perhaps strictly correct in its construction, there is to me, a flash of moral pathos not unworthy a Robertson. 'When the fleet,' says he, 'consisting of about forty-five sail, including five men-of-war, sailed from the cove (of Cork) with a fresh breeze, the appearance was beautiful, abstracted from the unjust and bloody designs they had in view.' Notwithstanding that Allen might have had something of the insubordinate, lawless frontier spirit in his composition, having been in a state of hostility with the government of New York before the war of the revolution, he appeared to me to be a man of generosity and honor; several instances of which occur in his publication, and one not equivocally came under my own observation. General Washington, speaking of him in an official letter of May the 12th, 1788, observes, with a just discrimination, that there was an original something in him which commanded admiration."—Graydon's Memoirs, 243.

* II. 406.

† Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76, with a sketch of the Early History of Vermont, by Henry W. De Puy, author of "Louis Napoleon and his Times," "Kossuth," &c. Buffalo. Phinney & Co., 1853.

* Lossing's Field Book, i. 180.

† De Puy, p. 392, who vouches for the authenticity of the two last stories. He shows reason to doubt the common story of the message sent by Allen's daughter to him on her death-bed.

mined me to take part with my country. And, while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green-Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green-Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear-guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner, but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:—

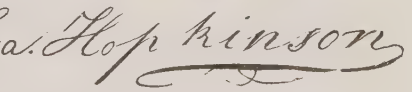
"Friends and fellow soldiers—You have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him: My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he shewed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the Capt. came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it: I answered him, "*In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*" The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison: with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two serjeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

HOPKINSON, the author of *The Pretty Story*, and the famous ballad, *The Battle of the Kegs*, was one of the prime wits of the Revolution, and may be ranked alongside of Trumbull for his efficiency in the cause. The genius of the two men may be readily distinguished. They had wit and humor in different combinations. The author of M'Fingal had more of the power, Hopkinson a larger proportion of that gentle quality which plays around the heart. The one had the advantage in verse, the other in prose. The works of both remain eminent ornaments of the literature of their country. We have had nothing better in their way since.



Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1738. His father, Thomas, was an Englishman, who emigrated to that city, having secured, it is said, government patronage through his marriage with the niece of the Bishop of Worcester. He assisted Franklin in his discoveries in electricity, and actively promoted the liberal improvements of the day. Upon his death his widow directed the education of the son who was sent to the College, since the University of Pennsylvania. He afterwards studied law. In 1761 he served as secretary in a conference held on the banks of the Lehigh, between the government of Pennsylvania and several Indian nations. One of his former

The Treaty, celebrates the event. In 1765 he was in England, remaining there two years, and passing his time between town and country. On his return to America he resided at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he married Miss Ann Borden of that place. His *Pretty Story*, written in the fashion of Arbuthnot's John Bull, though in a milder vein, was published with great success in a pamphlet in 1774. It represents England as a nobleman, possessed of a valuable farm, and with a great number of children and grandchildren, for the government of whom he had entered into various compacts. Parliament is represented as his wife, chosen for him every seven years by the family. The fortunes of the American settlers are depicted, and the encroachments of parliament none the less forcibly presented in the humorous description. The chapters end with a broken prophetic sentence: "These harsh and unconstitutional proceedings of the overseer so highly irritated Jack, and the other families of the new farm, that ******. *Cetera desunt.*" The author's "Prophecy," in 1776, and "Political Catechism" in 1777, helped to work out the sequel. The latter is a set of queries and answers respecting Lord North and the conduct of the war, ending with a tribute to Washington. "Who has the chief command of the American army?" "His Excellency General Washington!" "What is his character?" "To him the title of Excellency is applied with peculiar propriety. He is the best and the greatest man the world ever knew. In private life he wins the hearts and wears the love of all who are so happy as to fall within the circle of his acquaintance. In his public character he commands universal respect and admiration. Conscious that the principles on which he acts are indeed founded in virtue and truth, he steadily pursues the arduous work with a mind neither depressed by disappointment and difficulties, nor elated with temporary success. He retreats like a General, and attacks like a Hero. Had he lived in the days of idolatry he had been worshipped as a God. One age cannot do justice to his merit; but a grateful posterity shall, for a succession of ages, remember the great deliverer of his country." Hopkinson represented New Jersey in the general Congress of 1776, and signed the Declaration of Independence. His *Battle of the Kegs*, written about this time, and celebrating an actual incident, has been the most popular of American Revolutionary ballads. His humorous handling of Rivington, the royal printer at New York, is among his best political squibs.

When the war was concluded, a new general government was to be established and local difficulties overcome. Hopkinson's pen here achieved some of its greatest triumphs in exposing the dissensions and absurdities of state politicians. His *New Roof*, an allegory, containing in substance the arguments of the debate in the Convention of Pennsylvania in 1787, met to consider the Constitution of the United States, is a masterly production, and his song on the subject has happily preserved its spirit in verse.

His sharp raillery in his essays did much to mitigate the excessive litigation and newspaper controversies of the day. In his *Typographical Mode of Conducting a Quarrel* he anticipated Southey's fashion of telling his Bear story in the Doctor, by gradations of type. The paper made two belligerents of the day, a merchant and a lawyer, who were oppressing the public in the newspapers, ridiculous. It proposed a new style of printing for different degrees of abuse and invective—various type, from five line pica to minion, through French canon downwards. "There is no looking," says he, "at the first page of the Daily Advertiser, without imagining a number of people hollowing and bawling to you to buy their goods or lands, to charter their ships, or to inform you that a servant or a horse hath strayed away. For my part, I am so possessed with this idea, that as soon as I take up the paper of the day, I turn over to articles of intelligence as quick as possible, *lest my eyes should be stunned by the ocular uproar* of the first page." His *Thoughts on the Disease of the Mind; with a scheme for purging the moral faculties of the good people of Pennsylvania*, proposes that a weekly and daily newspaper should be expressly set apart and acknowledged as receptacles for all the filth and scandal of the town. The treatment is rather Swiftian, in occasional coarseness, but the satire is truthful. He compares the humors of the mind to the secretions of the body: "A sarcasm is nothing more than spitting,—and so it is usual to say, 'he has spit his spite.' A crude attempt at humor is parallel with blowing one's nose, for such humors are apt to collect in cold constitutions; and a young poetaster may be put into a considerable perspiration by the scorching flames of love." Hopkinson was a reformer in the cause of education, and wrote various papers laughing at its grammatical, metaphysical, and scientific perplexities. His *Modern Learning: exemplified by a specimen of a collegiate examination*, in which a salt-box is put through the various categories of the sciences, is the best of his papers of this class. In his sketches of the minor morals and manners of the day, he was equally happy. His Essay on *White-Washing* was mistaken for the composition of Franklin, and published among his writings. His friend, Dr. Rush, was a great admirer of his genius in these productions.

Hopkinson took pride in his share in planning the grand Fourth of July Federal Procession at Philadelphia, in 1788; a minute account of which he prepared and has left in his writings. In 1779 he was made Judge of the Admiralty of Pennsylvania. His decisions while in office were collected by him for the edition of his writings. In 1790 he was appointed by the President, Judge of the District Court. He died the following year, May 9, of an apoplectic fit. Before his death he had prepared the carefully arranged collection of his literary productions for the press, which was published by Dobson in Philadelphia, "in the dress in which he left them," in three octavo volumes in 1792, bearing the title: *The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq.* A more finished and accomplished work has never issued from the American press.

The prose of Hopkinson is quite unique and original; simple in style, and ingenious in thought and invention; always neat and elegant in expression, and perfect in its gentle playfulness. His poetry is of an agreeable turn, his *L' Allegro* and

Il Penseroso being familiar adaptations of Milton. His constant sensibility frequently becomes eloquent; and his verses have many ingenious passages. Many of his poems are occasional addresses to the fair, in which the charms of Delia and Rosalinda have every attention paid to them.

In person, Hopkinson is described as a lively man, a little below the common size, with small but animated features.* He had many general accomplishments, in music, painting, and conversation. As a kindly trait of his character, it is told that he had a pet mouse which would come to him at table, and that his familiar pigeons were quite famous.† He corresponded on novelties in science, for which he had a decided taste, with Franklin and Jefferson. His portrait, from which our vignette is taken, is painted by Pine.

His son, Joseph Hopkinson, wrote the song, Hail Columbia.

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN AMERICA, TO HIS FRIEND IN EUROPE, ON WHITE-WASHING.

DEAR SIR,—The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd, but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to any thing that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

The religion of a country is scarcely held in greater veneration than its established customs: and it is almost as difficult to produce an alteration in the one as in the other. Any interference of government for the reformation of national customs, however trivial and absurd they may be, never fails to produce the greatest discontent, and sometimes dangerous convulsions. Of this there are frequent instances in history. Bad habits are most safely removed by the same means that established them, viz. by imperceptible gradations, and the constant example and influence of the higher class of the people.

We are apt to conclude that the fashions and manners of our own country are most rational and proper, because the eye and the understanding have long since been reconciled to them, and we ridicule or condemn those of other nations on account of their novelty: yet the foreigner will defend his national habits with at least as much plausibility as we can our own. The truth is, that reason has little to do in the matter. Customs are for the most part arbitrary, and one nation has as good a right to fix its peculiarities as another. It is of no purpose to talk of convenience as a standard: every thing becomes convenient by practice and habit.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene; but the object is to transact the public business: they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

The *Chinese* have retained their laws and customs for ages immemorial: and although they have long had a commercial intercourse with European nations, and are well acquainted with their improvements in the arts, and their modes of civilization, yet they are so far from being convinced of any superiority in the European manners, that their government takes the most serious measures to prevent the customs of foreigners taking root amongst them. It employs their utmost vigilance to enjoy the benefits of commerce, and at the same time guard against innovations that might affect the characteristic manners of the people.

Since the discovery of the *Sandwich* islands in the South-Sea, they have been visited by ships from several nations; yet the natives have shown no inclination to prefer the dress and manners of the visitors to their own. It is even probable that they pity the ignorance of the Europeans they have seen, as far removed from civilization; and value themselves on the propriety and advantage of their own customs.

There is nothing new in these observations, and I had no intention of making them when I sat down to write, but they obtruded themselves upon me. My intention was to give you some account of the people of these new states; but I am not sufficiently informed for the purpose, having, as yet, seen little more than the cities of *New-York* and *Philadelphia*. I have discovered but few national singularities amongst them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the late revolution, the Americans were taught from their infancy to look up to the English as the patterns of perfection in all things.

I have, however, observed one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITE-WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of every thing about

* "At Mr. Peale's painter's room I met Mr. Francis Hopkinson, late a Mandamus Counsellor of New Jersey, now a member of the Continental Congress, who, it seems, is a native of Philadelphia; a son of a prothonotary of this country, who was a person much respected. The son was liberally educated, and is a painter and a poet. I have a curiosity to penetrate a little deeper into the bosom of this curious gentleman. He is one of your pretty, little, curious, ingenious men. His head is not bigger than a large apple, less than our friend Pemberton, or Doctor Simon Tufts. I have not met with anything in natural history more amusing and entertaining than his personal appearance—yet he is genteel and well bred, and is very social."—John Adams to his wife. Phila. Aug. 21, 1776.

† Delaplaine's Repository, Art. Hopkinson.

her: these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard, a wheelbarrow, with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than him. He has nothing for it but to abdicate, for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There* a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of *King Lear* unavoidably present themselves, and might with little alteration be made strictly applicable.

> "————Let the great gods
> That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads
> Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch
> That hast within thee undivulged crimes
> Unwhipt of justice————
> ————Close pent up guilt,
> Rive your concealing continents, and ask
> These dreadful summoners grace."

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped into a solution of lime called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but after long argument it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things *clean*. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made *clean* at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the super-incumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter! If the glass is clean and the frame shines it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long exerience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates, and all would be well again: but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, what I call *a custom*, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was, that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's: which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies, and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small

room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the white-washing season, and stands like the land of *Goshen* amidst the plagues of *Egypt*. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*, to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. I can give you an instance.

A gentleman was sued at law, by the executors of a mechanic, on a charge found against him on the deceased's books to the amount of £30. The defendant was strongly impressed with a belief that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment should be obtained against him. He then sat down seriously to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied and displayed on a table for the purpose. In the midst of his search he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room. The house-maid, who had been long looking for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room and *putting things to rights*. One of the first objects that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table. These, without delay, she huddled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which unfortunately happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dust-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his books. The defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

There is also another custom, peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied with the former. I mean that of washing the pavements before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first supposed this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite preparatory to the Sabbath: and it is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this large city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset and continues till ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings. He runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water dashed against his legs; but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known any where by a certain skip in his gait. The streets of New York are paved with rough stones. These, indeed, are not washed, but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from between them that they stand up sharp and prominent, to the great annoyance of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles every thing. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York. He walks the street with as much painful caution as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed by the gout: whilst a New Yorker, as little approving the plain masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement like a parrot upon a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience; yet the women would not be induced by any consideration to resign their privilege.

Notwithstanding this singularity, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world. And I don't doubt but you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

This letter has run on to a length I did not expect; I therefore hasten to assure you that I am as ever,

June, 1785. Your, &c. &c. &c.

MODERN LEARNING: EXEMPLIFIED BY A SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

Metaphysics.

* Prof. What is a SALT-BOX?

Stu. It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof. How is it divided?

Stu. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

Prof. Very well!—show the distinction?

Stu. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

Prof. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

Stu. Yes: by a partition.

Prof. What is the use of this partition?

Stu. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

Prof. How?—think a little.

Stu. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

Prof. To be sure:—it is to separate the fine from the coarse: but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

Stu. Yes: into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

Prof. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

Stu. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

Prof. Why so?

Stu. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

Prof. Very true:—for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

Stu. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

Prof. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

Stu. I know of none.

Prof. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

Stu. They are further divided into *substantive* and

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* *Prof.* professor; *Stu.* student; *Gov.* governor of the institution.

pendant: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

Prof. What is the idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

Prof. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

Prof. Very right:—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

Stu. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

Prof. True:—and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh; round or square; long or short: for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea, and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

Stu. It is *essential;* but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

Prof. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stu. It is called its contents.

Prof. And why so?

Stu. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof. You are very right:—I see you have not misspent your time: let us now proceed to

Logic.

Prof. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

Stu. Three. *Bottom, top,* and *sides.*

Prof. How many modes are there in salt-boxes?

Stu. Four. The *formal,* the *substantial,* the *accidental,* and the *topsey-turvey.*

Prof. Define these several modes.

Stu. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

Prof. Very well.—And what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

Stu. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

Prof. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

Stu. The top of the box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

Prof. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom, and the uppermost part is the top.—How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost?

Stu. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom: and this is called the *topsey-turvey* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental,* and frequently arises from it.

Prof. Very good.—But are not salt-boxes sometimes single and sometimes double?

Stu. Yes.

Prof. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

Stu. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

Prof. Hold! hold!—you are going too far.

Gov. We cannot allow further time for logic, proceed if you please to

Natural Philosophy.

Prof. Pray, Sir, what is a salt-box?

Stu. It is a combination of matter, fitted, framed, and joined by the hands of a workman in the form of a box, and adapted to the purpose of receiving, containing, and retaining salt.

Prof. Very good.—What are the mechanical powers concerned in the construction of a salt-box?

Stu. The ax, the saw, the plane, and the hammer.

Prof. How are these powers applied to the purpose intended?

Stu. The *ax* to fell the tree, the *saw* to split the timber.

Prof. Consider. Is it the property of the mall and wedge to split?

Stu. The *saw* to *slit* the timber, the *plane* to smooth and thin the boards.

Prof. How! Take time! Take time!

Stu. To thin and smooth the boards.

Prof. To be sure—the boards are first thinned and then smoothed—go on—

Stu. The *plane* to thin and smooth the boards, and the *hammer* to drive the nails.

Prof. Or rather tacks.—Have not some philosophers considered *glue* as one of the mechanical powers?

Stu. Yes; and it is still so considered, but it is called an inverse mechanical power: because, whereas it is the property of the *direct* mechanical powers to generate motion, and separate parts; *glue,* on the contrary, prevents motion, and keeps the parts to which it is applied fixed to each other.

Prof. Very true.—What is the mechanical law of the *saw?*

Stu. The power is to the resistance, as the number of teeth and force impressed multiplied by the number of strokes in a given time.

Prof. Is the *saw* only used in slitting timber into boards?

Stu. Yes, it is also employed in cutting boards into lengths.

Prof. Not *lengths:* a thing cannot properly be said to have been cut into *lengths.*

Stu. Into *shortnesses.*

Prof. Certainly—into shortnesses. Well, what are the mechanical laws of the hammer?

Gov. The time wastes fast; pass on to another science.

Mathematics.

Prof. What is a *salt-box?*

Stu. It is a figure composed of lines and surfaces.

Prof. What are the external figures of a salt-box?

Stu. Four parallelograms and two squares.

Prof. How are these disposed?

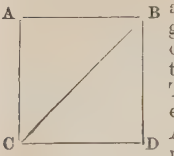
Stu. The four parallelograms are thus disposed: The *superior,* or top; the *anterior,* or front; the *inferior,* or bottom; and the *posterior,* or back; and the two squares form the two ends.

Prof. Very good.—Let us now consider one of the squares at the end of the salt-box. Suppose then a diagonal line to be drawn from one of the angles of this square to the opposite angle of the same, what will be the consequence?

Stu. It will divide the square into two equal and similar triangles.

Prof. Very true.—But can you demonstrate that these two equal and similar triangles are equal to each other?

Stu. I draw the square A B C D, whose sides are all equal, and the contained angles, all right angles. I then draw the diagonal B C, dividing the square into two equal parts. Then I say, that one of those equal parts, viz. the triangle A B C is equal to the other equal part or triangle B C D; and further, that those two triangles are not only equal but similar. For by the 105th proposition of the 49th Book of Euclid, if in two triangles, all the lines and angles of the one, are equal to all the corresponding lines and angles of the other, those two triangles will be equal and similar. But the leg A B of the triangle A B C, is equal to the leg C D of the triangle B C D, because they are two of the sides of the square A B C D, equal by construction: and the leg A C is equal to the leg B D for the same reason; and because the hypothenuse B C is common to both triangles, therefore the hypothenuse of the triangle A B C is equal to the hypothenuse of the triangle B C D. Now, because by the 115th proposition of the same book, equal legs subtend equal angles of the same radii; it follows, that all the angles of the triangle A B C are equal to the corresponding angles of the triangle B D C: *ergo*, those two triangles are equal and similar: and *ergo*, if a square be cut by a diagonal line into two equal parts, those parts will be equal. Q E D.



Prof. Very well! very well indeed!—Suppose now a right line to be let fall from a given point above a salt-box, till it shall touch the *superior* parallelogram, and another right line to be let fall from the same point till it should touch the *inferior* parallelogram of the same salt-box, can you demonstrate that these two lines must be unequal: or, in other words, can you prove that a line of 12 inches is shorter than a line of 18 inches in length?

Stu. If two lines—

Gov. We have just received intelligence that dinner is almost ready; and as the medical class is yet to be examined, we cannot afford time for this demonstration. Let the medical gentlemen come forward.

Anatomy.

Prof. What is a salt-box?

Stu. It is a body composed of wood, glue, nails, and hinges.

Prof. How is this body divided?

Stu. Into *external* and *internal*.

Prof. Very good—*external* and *internal*—very proper indeed.—And what are the *external* parts of a salt-box?

Stu. One *fundamental*, four *laterals*, and one *superlateral*.

Prof. And how do you find the *internal* parts of a salt-box?

Stu. Divided by a vertical membrane or partition into two large cavities or sinuses.

Prof. Are these cavities always equal?

Stu. They used to be so formerly; but modern joiners have thought it best to have them unequal, for the more convenient accommodation of the viscera or contents; the larger cavity for the reception of the coarser viscera, and the smaller for the fine.

Prof. Very true—thus have modern joiners, by their improvements, excelled the first maker of salt-boxes.—Tell me now what peculiarity do you observe in the *superlateral* member of a salt-box?

Stu. Whereas all the other members are fixed and stationary with respect to each other, the superlateral is moveable on a pair of hinges.

Prof. To what purpose is it so constructed?

Stu. For the admission, retention, and emission of the saline particles.

Gov. This is sufficient—our time is short—dinner must not wait—let us now proceed to

Surgery, and the Practice of Physic.

Prof. Mention a few of the principal disorders to which a salt-box is liable?

Stu. A cracked and leaky fundamental; a gaping of the joint in the laterals; luxation of the hinges: and an accession and concretion of filth and foulness external and internal.

Prof. Very well.—How would you treat those disorders?—begin with the first.

Stu. I would caulk the leak fundamental with pledgets of tow, which I would secure in the fissure by a strip of linen or paper pasted over. For the starting of the lateral joints, I would administer powerful astringents, such as the *gluten corneum;* and would bind the parts together by triple bandages until the joints should knit.

Prof. Would you not assist with chalybeates?

Stu. Yes—I would at—*tack* the disease with prepared iron, in doses proportioned to the strength of the parts.

Prof. How would you manage the luxation of the hinge?

Stu. I would first examine whether it was occasioned by the starting of the points which annex the processes to the *superlateral* or its *antagonist*, or to a loss of the fulcrum, or to an absolute fracture of the sutures. In the first case, I would secure the process by a screw; in the second, I would bring the sutures together, and introduce the fulcrum; and in the last, I would entirely remove the fractured hinge, and supply its place, *pro tempore*, with one of leather.

Prof. Very well, sir!—very well!—now for your treatment in case of accumulated foulness, external and internal—but first tell me, how is this foulness contracted?

Stu. *Externally*, by the greasy hands of the cook; and *internally*, by the solution and adhesion of the saline particles.

Prof. True.—And now for the cure.

Stu. I would first evacuate the *abominable* vessel, through the *prima via*. I would then exhibit detergents and diluents; such as the saponaceous preparation, with great plenty of *aqua fontana*.

Prof. Would not *aqua cœlestis* do better?

Stu. Yes—plenty of *aqua cœlestis* with the marine sand. I would also apply the friction brush, with a brisk and strong hand, until the excrementitious concrete should be totally dissolved and removed.

Prof. Very proper.—What next?

Stu. I would recommend the cold bath, by means of a common pump; and then apply lintal absorbents; and finally, exsiccate the body by exposition either in the sun, or before the kitchen fire.

Prof. In what situation would you leave the superlateral valve during the exsiccating operation?

Stu. I would leave it open to the extent, in order that the rarefied humidities might freely exhale from the *abominable* cavities or sinuses.

Chemistry.

Prof. You have mentioned the saponaceous preparation—pray, how is that procured?

Stu. By the action of a vegetable alkaline salt upon a pinguidinous or unctuous substance.

Prof. What is salt?

Stu. It is a substance *sui generis*, pungent to the taste, of an antiseptic quality, and is produced by crystallization on the evaporation of the fluid in which it is suspended.

Prof. How many kinds of salt occur in a salt-box?

Stu. Two—coarse and fine.

Prof. You have said that the saponaceous preparation is produced by the action of a vegetable alkaline salt on a pinguidinous or unctuous substance—describe the process?

Stu. If a great quantity of strong *lie* be procured by passing water through wood ashes, and if a very large body of a pinguidinous habit should be immersed in this *lie*, and exposed to a considerable heat, the action of the *lie*, or rather the salts with which it abounds, upon the pinguidinous body, would cause the mixture to coagulate and—[Here the examiner looked very sour, for he was *very fat*.]

At this instant a servant announced that dinner was on the table—the examination was concluded, and the parties separated—one rejoicing in the anticipation of a feast, and the examined happy in finding the fiery trial over.

May, 1784.

DIALOGUE ON THE ADDRESS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY TO DR. FRANKLIN.

[*For the Pennsylvania Packet.*]

I have perused with some attention the several addresses made to the venerable Doctor Franklin, by public bodies and private societies on his arrival in this city. So far as they express a sense of gratitude and esteem for his integrity and abilities as a public agent and a philosopher, they have my hearty concurrence and approbation: but they also afford some literary amusement, when considered merely as compositions, with a design of observing the various forms which the same subject matter may assume, in passing through the varied machinery of different pericraniums.

Talking on this subject with Mr. B. the address of the American Philosophical Society engaged our attention, as distinguished from all the others by a dearth of sentiment, awkwardness of style, and obscurity of expression. I am surprised, said I—but it will be better to give it in the way of dialogue, to avoid the number of said *I's* and said *he's*.

A. I am surprised that our Philosophical Society, from whom we might expect, on such an occasion, at least ease and propriety, if not something more, should exhibit so barren, so stiff, and costive a performance, as their address seems to be: it must certainly have been seethed too long in the author's brain, and so become hard like an over-boiled egg.

B. I perceive, sir, you are not a member of the Philosophical Society.

A. No, sir; I have not that honor.

B. So I thought by your mentioning *brains*. Why, sir, we never make use of any in writing letters, or drawing addresses: we manage these things in quite a different way. How do you imagine our address was produced?

A. Some member, I suppose, was appointed to draft the address, which was afterwards read before the society; and being corrected, was finally approved of, and so delivered.

B. When you shall become a philosopher you will know better: no, sir, we conduct all our business by ballot, as they choose magistrates—according to the spirit of our excellent constitution.

A. No doubt, when new members, or officers of the institution are to be elected; but how an address can be composed by ballot, I confess, I cannot comprehend.

B. Well, I will inform you. You must know we have four boxes: in one are put a number of *substantives*, the best the dictionary affords; in the second, an equal number of *adjectives;* in the third, a great number of *verbs*, with their *participles, gerunds*, &c.; and in the fourth, a still greater number of *pronouns, articles*, and *particles*, with all the small ware of the syntax. The secretary shakes these boxes for a considerable time, and then places them side by side on a table, each bearing its proper label of distinction. This done, the members proceed to ballot for the composition, whatever it may be; each member taking out one substantive, one adjective, two verbs, and four particles from the boxes respectively; and so they proceed, repeating the operation, until they have drawn the number of words, of which, according to a previous determination, the composition is to consist. Some ingenious member is then requested to take all the ballots or words so obtained, and arrange them in the best order he can. In the present case, this task fell to *****; and you can see how he has worked up the materials which chance threw in his way.

A. If this is your method it will sufficiently account for the short broken sentences, the harshness of the periods, and general obscurity which distinguish your address.

B. What do you mean by *obscurity?* I am sure our address, if not elegant, is at least intelligible.

A. Pray, inform me, then, what is meant by this paragraph:—"The high consideration and esteem in which we hold your character, so intimately combine with our regard for the public welfare, that we participate eminently in the general satisfaction which your return to America produces:"—and of this—"We derive encouragement and extraordinary felicity from an assemblage of recent memorable events: and while we boast in a most pleasing equality, permanently ascertained," &c., &c.

B. The meaning of your first quotation is, that our high consideration for the doctor, combining and intimately mixing with our regard for the public welfare, occasion a kind of chymical solution or effervescence in our minds, producing a *tertium quid*, which causes us to *participate eminently*, and so on; if you know anything of chymistry, you would have understood it well enough.

A. Well! it appears to me something very like nonsense; but, I confess, I am no philosopher.

B. As to the other passage you mentioned—the truth is, we were a little unlucky—it would have been the most elegant paragraph in the whole composition but for an unfortunate accident. You must know, that whilst ***** was arranging the ballots, a puff of wind blew away a number of excellent explanatory words, and carried them out of the window; the whole sentence had like to have gone: a careful search was made in the street, but no more could be recovered than what you see. It was, indeed, proposed to ballot over again for as many words as had been lost: but some members were of opinion that this might prove a dangerous precedent, and so the passage was suffered to pass as it now stands.

A. I observe further, that you mention "the growth of *sciences* and *arts;*" would it not have read better, "the growth of *arts* and *sciences;*" according to the usual mode of expression? which has this to justify it, that arts were known and practised before *sciences* were investigated; and besides, the expression is more musical and pleasing to the ear.

B. We had a long debate upon this subject; and the very reasons you now give were urged in favor of the common way of placing those words; but the learned compositor insisted, that as the *sciences* were more abstruse, and more eminent in dignity than the *arts*, they ought to be mentioned first, especially by a philosophical society.

A. This reminds me of what the town-clerk says

in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*:—"*To. Cl.* Write down that they hope they serve God: and be sure to write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains."

B. It is in vain to attempt explanation to a mind so prejudiced as your's. I perceive you are determined to find fault, and so let us drop the subject.

A. Why, do you imagine I believe one word of your boxes and your ballots? You are either ridiculing, or endeavoring to excuse a performance, which would, indeed, disgrace a schoolboy.

When I compare this address with the president's short but elegant reply, I cannot but observe, how strongly the difference is marked between an author who sits down to think what he shall write, and one who only sits down to write what he thinks.

VERSES

Wrote in a blank book which once belonged to Mr. *Shenstone* the poet, and was given by the *Lord Bishop of Worcester.*

Come little book, the giver's hand,
Shall add such worth to mine,
That I will hold thee highly priz'd,
And joy to call thee mine.

Come little book; nor in my care,
An humbler lot refuse,
Tho' Worcester own'd thee once, tho' once
Design'd for *Shenstone's* muse.

Had *Shenstone* in thy spotless page
In glowing numbers plac'd,
All that is pleasing, great, and good,
With ev'ry virtue grac'd:

Fill'd thee with gentleness and love,
With piety and truth;
The wisdom of experienc'd years,
The brilliant powers of youth;

With all the condescending ease
Of manners most refin'd,
Then hadst thou been an emblem fit,
Of *Worcester's* generous mind.

Come little book; and let me boast
No small, no common fame,
That in thy once so honour'd page,
I write my humble name.

Hartlebury Castle, in Worcestershire, 1767.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH.

As late beneath the hallow'd roof I trod,
Where saints in holy rapture seek their God;
Where heart-stung sinners suing Heav'n for grace,
With tears repentant consecrate the place.
Oh! how my soul was struck with what I saw,
And shrunk within me in religious awe:

The massy walls, which seem'd to scorn the rage
Of battering tempests and of mouldering age:
In long perspective stretched, till breadth and height
Were almost lost in distance from the sight;
With monumental decorations hung,
They spoke mortality with silent tongue.
There, sorrowing seraphs heav'nward lift their eyes,
And little cherubs weep soft elegies.
I trod—and started at the mighty noise;
The hollow pavement lifted up its voice;
The swelling arch receiv'd the rising sound,
Responsive to the stroke the walls around,
And sent it murm'ring to the vaults around,
Thro' lengthen'd aisles prolong'd the solemn sound.

Far in the west, and noble to the sight,
The gilded *organ* rears its tow'ring height:
And hark! methinks I from its bosom hear,
Soft issuing sounds that steal upon the ear
And float serenely on the liquid air.

Now by degrees more bold and broad they grow,
And riot loosely thro' the aisles below;
Till the full organ lifts its utmost voice,
And my heart shudders at the powerful noise:
Like the last trump, one note is heard to sound
That all the massy pillars tremble round:
The firm fixt building shivers on its base,
And vast vibration fills th' astonish'd place:
The marble pavements seem to feel their doom,
And the bones rattle in each hollow tomb.

But now the blast harmonious dies away,
And tapers gently in a fine decay:
The melting sounds on higher pinions fly,
And seem to fall soft oozing from on high;
Like evening dew they gently spread around
And shed the sweetness of heart-thrilling sound;
'Till grown too soft, too fine for mortal ear,
The dying strains dissolve in distant air.
Methought I heard a flight of angels rise,
Most sweetly chaunting as they gain'd the skies:
Methought I heard their less'ning sound decay
And fade and melt and vanish quite away.

Hail heav'n born music! by thy pow'r we raise
Th' uplifted soul to acts of highest praise;
Oh! I would die with music melting round,
And float to bliss upon a sea of sound.

A MORNING HYMN.

Once more the rising source of day,
Pours on the earth his genial ray:
Withdraws the starry veil of night,
And smiles on ev'ry mountain height.

Once more my soul, thy song prepare,
Thy *God* approach in praise and pray'r
With early voice salute the skies,
And on the lark's fleet pinions rise.

This hand did me from danger keep
When nature lay entranc'd in sleep:
When ev'ry sense forsook its post,
And reason's guardian pow'r was lost.

Soon as dark night o'erspreads the skies,
Cold mists and drowsy damps arise:
Contagious streams their confines break,
And slumber o'er the sluggish lake.

Loud shrieks the melancholy owl,
And prowling wolves through deserts howl
The fancied spectre glides the green,
And midnight murder walks unseen.

Forlorn the wearied wand'rer strays,
Lost in a labyrinthian maze;
Where'er he treads, is danger there,
And his soul sickens in despair.

Whilst slumbers soft my eye-lids close,
And golden dreams and sweet repose,
Wear the sad hours of night away,
And hasten on the cheerful day.

My God! shall not such goodness move
My soul to gratitude and love?
Or shall my heart forget to raise,
Her loud hosannahs to thy praise?

When shall my eager spirit rise,
And soar above these floating skies?
Oh! when with hosts seraphic join,
To sing thy majesty divine?

In realms where no returns of night,
Shall e'er the tim'rous soul affright?
But one eternal blaze of day,
Shines forth with unremitting ray?

AN EVENING HYMN.

At length the busy day is done,
And yon bright orb, the glorious sun,
Deep in the west reclines his head,
Where misty curtains shroud his bed.

Oh! God of hosts! with this day's close,
How many sleep in death's repose?
And with the sinking sun's decline,
To thee their fleeting souls resign.

Hark! 'tis the tolling bell I hear,
And slow and dull it strikes mine ear:
E'en whilst I tune my pensive song,
The solemn fun'ral moves along.

He whom this night th' expecting tomb,
Shall wrap within its dreary gloom,
At yester-morn, devoid of care,
Up rose and breath'd the healthful air.

Gay Hope o'erlook'd the present day,
Prospects of years before him lay;
He hasten'd distant joys to meet,
Nor saw the grave yawn at his feet.

Ambition, stop thy mad career,
Look on that corse and drop a tear;
E'en when thy hand would grasp the prize,
The stroke is giv'n, and glory dies.

Let *Av'rice*, feeble, grey and old,
Whilst his broad palm protects his gold,
Lift up his eyes, and sighing say,
Death is a debt we all must pay.

Let thoughtless youth, too often found,
In *sensual joy's* enchanting round,
Behold, and as he trembling stands,
Let Pleasure's cup fall from his hands.

And thou, my soul, thy thoughts employ,
On *God* thy glory, wealth and joy:
Virtue alone is stable here,
Nought but religion is sincere.

When mortal pangs his frame shall seize,
And the chill'd blood begins to freeze;
When my fixt eyes must roll no more,
And life escapes thro' ev'ry pore.

Ah! what shall cheer my drooping heart?
Shall worldly honours joy impart?
Can sensual pleasure sweeten death,
Or wealth redeem one parting breath?

Therefore, my soul, thy thoughts employ,
On *God*, thy *Glory*, *wealth* and joy:
Virtue alone is stable here,
Nought but religion is sincere.

AN EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

Sleep on, sweet babe! no dreams annoy thy rest,
Thy spirit flew unsullied from thy breast:
Sleep on, sweet innocent! nor shalt thou dread
The passing storm that thunders o'er thy head:
Thro' the bright regions of yon azure sky,
A winged seraph, now she soars on high;
Or, on the bosom of a cloud reclin'd,
She rides triumphant on the rapid wind;
Or from its source pursues the radiant day;
Or on a sun-beam, smoothly glides away;
Or mounts aerial to her blest abode,
And sings, inspir'd, the praises of her *God:*
Unveiled thence, to her extensive eye,
Nature, and Nature's Laws, expanded lie:
Death, in one moment, taught this infant more
Than years or ages ever taught before.

A CAMP BALLAD.

Make room, oh! ye kingdoms in hist'ry renowned
Whose arms have in battle with glory been crown'd,
Make room for America, another great nation,
Arises to claim in your council a station.

Her sons fought for freedom, and by their own brav'ry
Have rescued themselves from the shackles of slav'ry,
America's free, and tho' Britain abhor'd it,
Yet fame a new volume prepares to record it.

Fair freedom in Britain her throne had erected,
But her sons growing venal, and she disrespected;
The goddess offended forsook the base nation,
And fix'd on our mountains a more honour'd station.

With glory immortal she here sits enthron'd,
Nor fears the vain vengeance of Britain disown'd,
Whilst Washington guards her with heroes surrounded,
Her foes shall with shameful defeat be confounded.

To arms then, to arms, 'tis fair freedom invites us;
The trumpet shrill sounding to battle excites us;
The banners of virtue unfurl'd, shall wave o'er us,
Our hero lead on, and the foe fly before us.

On Heav'n and Washington placing reliance,
We'll meet the bold Briton, and bid him defiance.
Our cause we'll support, for 'tis just and 'tis glorious
When men fight for freedom they must be victorious.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.*

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran thro' the streets half naked.

* This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.—*Author's Note.*

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dream'd of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bed-side he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motly crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE NEW ROOF: A SONG FOR FEDERAL MECHANICS.

I.

Come muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

II.

Come up with *the plates,* lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they're the ground-work of all;
Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
Let no rotten part in our building be found:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, and our citizens free.

III.

Now hand up the *girders,* lay each in its place,
Between them the *joists,* must divide all the space;
Like assembly-men *these* should lie level along,
Like *girders,* our senate prove loyal and strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free.

IV.

The *rafters* now frame; your *king-posts* and *braces,*
And drive your *pins* home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free.

V.

Our *king-posts* are *judges;* how upright they stand,
Supporting the *braces;* the laws of the land:
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong
And strengthen the weak, by weak'ning the strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just, for a people that's free.

VI.

Up! up! with the *rafters;* each frame is a *state:*
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the walls, whilst the walls they defend:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

VII.

Now enter the *purlins,* and drive your pins through,
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true,
The *purlins* will bind all the rafters together:
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United as states, but as citizens free.

VIII.

Come, raise up the *turret:* our glory and pride;
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to *preside:*
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars and arches, and tow'ring height:
Our roof is now rais'd, and our song still shall be,
A federal head o'er a people that's free.

IX.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete;
The world shall admire Columbia's fair feat;
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof:
Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

JACOB DUCHÉ,

Who, at the suggestion of Samuel Adams, opened the old Continental Congress of 1774 with prayer, was for a time Chaplain to the Congress of 1776, and was much admired for his ease and elegance as a preacher in his day; was also a writer of some pretensions. Of Huguenot descent, he was

a native of Philadelphia, born about 1738. He took orders in England, and became a rector of the Episcopal church in his native city. In 1771 appeared from his pen the *Letters of Tamoc Caspipina*, an acrostic on his designation as Assistant Minister of Christ's Church, and St. Peters, in Philadelphia, in North America.* They have reference to the English politics of the times. One of them has an allusion to Sir William Draper, who was about that time in America, urging him to a fresh encounter with his antagonist Junius, "the knight of the polished armour."† The letters are addressed by Tamoc Caspipina to Right Hon. Viscounts, Lady Carolines, Lord Bishops, &c.; and give an easy account, with not too much matter, of some of the institutions of Philadelphia, a few trite moralities of religion, two or three feeble poems,

> Soon, Myrtilla, must thy friend
> Hasten to a distant shore, &c.,

and a passing mention of the volumes of Godfrey and Evans. In one of the letters there is a contemplation of the rising greatness of America, which is expressed in a flowing style—probably a very good specimen of the author's rhetorical manner in his sermons, which, joined to a good delivery, might readily produce the effect assigned to Duché's pulpit eloquence. This collection was several times reprinted. In an elegant edition, in two small volumes, published at Bath in England in 1777, there is an allusion to two prior ones; and there is one still later, published at London in 1791. To the Bath edition is appended, *A Brief Account of the Life of William Penn, Esq., Proprietor and Governor of Pennsylvania; in which his settlement of that Province is included, and to which is added his Character.*

The incidents of Duché's first services in the Continental Congress were striking. John Adams has given an account of the scene in a letter to his wife dated September 16, 1774. Duché appeared "with his clerk and his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect (psalter) for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seems as if Heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning. After this Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime—for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there was any faith in the Sortes Virgilianæ or Sortes Homericæ, or especially in the Sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential. Mr. Duché is one of the most ingenious men, and best characters, and greatest orators in the Episcopal order upon this continent—yet a zealous friend of liberty and his country."

He published two revolutionary sermons, a fast sermon before Congress, and another address to the militia. *The Duty of Standing Fast in our Spiritual and Temporal Liberties*, was the title of his discourse preached in Christ church, July 7, 1775, before the First Battalion of the city. He addressed his audience from the text, *Stand fast, therefore, in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free*, as freemen both in the spiritual and temporal sense. It is temperate to England, but animated for independence. In one sentence he indulges in a bit of sarcasm. "We wish not to possess the golden groves of Asia, to sparkle in the public eye with jewels torn from the brows of weeping nabobs, or to riot on the spoil of plundered provinces."

The American Line, was his fast-day sermon, delivered before the honorable Continental Congress the same month, in which he looks to the past prosperity of the country and invokes its continuance. He gave the pay of his chaplaincy to the families of the Whigs slain in battle. Though a man of conscientious views, and a lover of right, his judgment unfortunately wavered from timidity or the pressure of society around him on the British occupation of Philadelphia, and he felt himself called upon to write an unfortunate letter to General Washington,* urging him to abandon the cause of Independence, which Washington prudently laid before Congress, and which Duché's brother-in-law, Francis Hopkinson, replied to with great spirit and directness.† This action caused his retirement from the country. He was well received in England, where he published two volumes of sermons in 1780, and a sermon before the Humane Society in 1781. After the war he returned to Philadelphia in 1790, where he died in 1794.

FROM CASPIPINA'S LETTERS.

To the Right Honorable Lord Viscount P——, Queen Street, Westminster.

* * * My attachment to America, I am apt to think, in a great measure proceeds from the prospect of its growing greatness, to which every day seems more or less to contribute. In Europe, the several arts and sciences are almost arrived at their meridian of perfection; at least, new discoveries are less frequent now than heretofore. Architecture, gardening, agriculture, mechanics are at a stand. The eye is weary with a repetition of scenes, in which it discovers a perpetual sameness, though heightened by all the refinements of taste. Excellency itself, in works of human art, cloys the faculties, if the mind is not now and then relieved by objects of inferior beauty. After roving over the magnificence of churches and palaces, we are glad to fix a while upon a simple farm-house, or straw-built cottage. We feel a particular delight in tracing the windings of a beautiful river from its first springs till it empties itself into the vast ocean. The mind pursues it through an immense tract of variegated country, and

* Caspipina's Letters. Observations on a variety of subjects, literary, moral, and religious; in a series of original letters, written by a gentleman of foreign extraction who resided some time in Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1774.

† Graydon's Memoirs. Littell's Ed., p. 98.

* October 8, 1777.

† This letter was thought of importance enough to be published in England, in Bath, 1777, in 4to.

seems to flow and increase and widen along with it, till it loses itself in the abyss of waters.

The objects of art, as well as those of nature, in this new world, are at present in such a state, as affords the highest entertainment to these faculties of the mind. The progression is begun: here and there, in the midst of venerable woods, which, scarce a century ago, were the uncultivated haunts of roaming savages, the power of cultivation presents itself to the traveller's view, in opening lawns, covered with the richest verdure, fields of corn, orchards, gardens, and meadows fertilized by well directed streams. Hamlets, villages, and even populous cities, with their towering spires, excite our admiration. We are struck with the charm of novelty wherever we go. The comparison is always at hand—for, within the compass of a short mile, we may behold at once, nature in her original rusticity, and art rising by rapid advances to perfection.

The progress of the human mind may here likewise be observed to keep equal pace with the external improvements: the gradual polish of manners, from awkwardness itself even to courtly civility; from superstitious notions, and bigoted religious attachments, to genuine spiritual devotion, may very readily be traced by a thoughtful and inquisitive mind. All the powers of nature seem to be upon the stretch, as if they were in pursuit of something higher still, in science, in manners, in religion itself, than the mother country can afford.

Indeed, my Lord, I feel my heart expand at the immense prospect that irresistibly opens upon me. I see new kingdoms and empires rushing forth from their embryo state, eager to disclose their latent powers; whilst the old ones on the other side of the Atlantic, "hide their diminished heads," lost in a superior lustre. I see learning stripped of all scholastic pedantry, and religion restored to gospel purity. I see the last efforts of a powerful Providence exerted in order to reclaim our wandering race from the paths of ignorance and error. I see the setting rays of the *Sun* of *Righteousness* shining forth with seven-fold lustre to the utmost bourn of this Western Continent.

Wonder not then, my Lord, at my attachment to this favoured spot. I tread the hallowed soil with far higher pleasures from *anticipation* than your classic enthusiasts feel from *reflection*, whilst they kiss the floor of *Tusculum*, or walk the "*Eternal flint by Consuls trod.*"

There is one thought, indeed, that throws a damp upon that ardour of joy, which such speculations generally produce in my breast. From the strange propensity of human nature to abuse the richest gifts of Providence, (of which history as well as experience affords us so many sad examples) I fear, lest the old leaven of wickedness should insinuate itself again by degrees, till it has corrupted the whole mass; lest the melancholy scenes we have beheld in the kingdoms and churches of the East should be acted over again in the West; and the declension of sound knowledge and virtuous practice, should be more rapid than their increase and advancement.

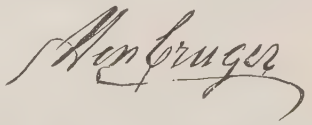
Your lordship has seen the works of the divine Herbert. You may remember how excessively fond Dr. R——y was of his poems, and how earnestly he would recommend his excellent little treatise, called *The Country Parson*, to all his pupils who were to be candidates for holy orders. Lest you should not have the book by you, I must beg leave to transcribe a very remarkable passage from a poem entitled '*The Church Militant*, which, as it relates wholly to America, and breathes a kind of prophetic spirit, has generally been called "Herbert's Prophecy." The language is uncouth and the measure far from harmonious—but there is something very striking and animated in the sentiment:—

> Religion stands on tip-toe in our land
> Ready to pass to the American strand, &c.*

You see, my Lord, from the short sketches which I have given you, that *Herbert's Prophecy*, if it may be so called (though it is no more than what our schoolmen have styled reading from *analogy*), is fulfilling fast. Arts and religion still keep pace with each other; and 'tis not impossible, as he conjectures, that their return to the East will be the "*time and place where judgement shall appear.*"

HENRY CRUGER.

Henry Cruger was the first American who sat in the British House of Commons. He was a member of a leading family in the society and politics of the colony and city of New York, and a nephew of John Cruger, mayor of New York, and speaker of the Colonial Assembly at the time of the passage of the stamp act, and a proposer, and afterwards prominent member of the first Provincial Congress held in New York, in 1765. The "Declaration of Rights" issued by that body was written by him. Henry Cruger was born in New York, in 1739, and on arriving at manhood became connected in business with his father, who had established himself at Bristol, which then held a position, in reference to American commerce, similar to that of Liverpool at the present day, and was elected mayor of the city. The father's popularity seems to have been shared by the son, as he was also chosen mayor, and in 1774 one of the two representatives of the city, in the House of Commons, his colleague being Edmund Burke.



The election was a sharply contested one. Burke was introduced on the hustings by Cruger, and made a brief speech, at the conclusion of which, a Mr. C—— is reported in the newspapers of the day to have exclaimed, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." The story has passed into the jest books, and been fastened upon Cruger, who, as he had just before spoken, is not likely to have spoken again; or if he did, would not, as his future career shows, have expressed himself so briefly. The true author of this famous speech was a Mr. Carrington.

Cruger made his maiden speech December 16, 1774, in the debate on the Army Estimates. Josiah Quincy, Jun., was present in the gallery, and mentions the circumstance in one of his letters. A New York clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Vardell, of Trinity Church, was also an auditor, and wrote home the following enthusiastic account of the new member, in a letter, which we find printed in the Memoirs of Peter Van Schaick:—

Mr. Cruger's fame has, I suppose, by this time reached his native shore. His applause has been universally sounded in this country. *Administra-*

* See Art. Berkeley, *ante*, p. 169.

tion applauds him for his moderation; *Opposition* for the just line he has drawn, and all men for his modest eloquence and graceful delivery. His enemies are silenced by the strongest confutation of their charges against him of illiberal invective against the people of England, by his manly defence of his country, and honorable approbation of his opponents wherever he thought them justifiable. I was in the house on the debate. It was remarkably crowded with members, and the galleries were filled with peers and persons of distinction. When Mr. Cruger rose, there was a deep silence. He faltered a little at first, but, as he proceeded, the cry of "Hear him! hear him!" animated him with resolution. Hood, the Irish orator, sat behind me. He asked, "Who is that? who is that? A young speaker? Whoever he is, he speaks more eloquently than any man I have yet heard in the house." I took great pains to learn people's sentiments, and found them all in his favor. Mr. Garrick, a few days after, in a discussion on the subject, said, "he never saw human nature more amiably displayed than in the modest manner of address, pathos of affection for his country, and graceful gesture, exhibited by Mr. Cruger in his speech." I am thus particular because you must be curious to know what reception the first American member met with in the most august assembly in Europe. My heart beat high with anxiety; I trembled when he arose with the most awful and affecting jealousy for the honor of my country. When "Hear him! hear him!" echoed through the house, joy rushed through every vein, and I seemed to glory in being a New-Yorker.

In this speech, while he dissents from many of the measures pursued by the Americans, he praises them for their love of liberty; dwells on the importance of the colonial trade to Great Britain; urges the necessity of conciliation, and the uselessness of coercion.

Even should coercive measures reduce them to an acknowledgment of the equity of Parliamentary taxation, what are the advantages that will result from it? Can it be believed that Americans will be dragooned into a conviction of this right? Will severities increase their affection and make them more desirous of a connection with, and dependence on Great Britain? Is it not, on the contrary, reasonable to conclude that the effect will be an increase of jealousy and discontent? That they will seek all occasions of evading laws imposed on them by violence? That they will be restless under the yoke and think themselves happy in any opportunity of flying to the protection of some other power, from the subjection of a mother whom they consider cruel and vindictive?

I would not be understood, sir, to deny altogether the good intentions of administration. The abilities of the minister,* it seems, are universally acknowledged. But, sir, I must add the maxim of "*humanum est errare.*" And though an American, I must applaud his zeal for the dignity of parliament, and must think the impolicy and inexpediency of the late measures may reasonably be imputed to the difficulty and embarrassments of the occasion, and the unsettled and undefined nature of the dependence of the Colonies on the mother country. But, on the other hand, candor must admit the same apology for any violence or mistakes of the Americans.

But, sir, since these measures have been found, by sad experience, to be totally inexpedient; since they have served only to widen the breach instead of closing it—have diminished the obedience of the Colonies instead of confirming it—have increased their turbulence and opposition instead of allaying them—it may well be hoped that a different course of conduct and of treatment may be pursued; and some firm, enlightened, and liberal constitution be adopted by the wisdom of this House, which may secure the Colonists in the enjoyment of their liberties, while it maintains the just supremacy of parliament.

* Lord North.

In the debate on the Disturbances in North America, Feb. 2, 1775, Colonel Grant remarked, "That he knew the Americans well, and was certain they would not fight," and was responded to so warmly by Cruger, that the latter was called to order by the Speaker. Cruger also spoke in the debate on the Representation and remonstrance of the General Assembly of New York, May 15, 1775, and in that on Mr. Fox's motion for an Enquiry into the cause of the ill-success of the British Arms in North America, February 20, 1776. We quote the conclusion of this, which is one of his most successful efforts.

Admitting for the present, sir, that a force sufficient to subdue the colonies can be sent out—admitting that this country will patiently bear the enormous weight of accumulated taxes, which so distant and unequal a war will require—admitting that foreign powers (the natural enemies of Britain) will, with composure and self-denial, neglect so favorable an opportunity of distressing their rivals—admitting that your fleets, unopposed, shall level to the ground those cities which rose under your protection, became the pillars of your commerce, and your nation's boast—admitting that foreign mercenaries spread desolation, that thousands fall before them, and that, humbled under the combined woes of poverty, anarchy, want, and defeat, the exhausted colonies fall suppliant at the feet of their conquerors—admitting all this will be the case, (which cannot well be expected from the past,) there necessarily follows a most momentous question; What are the great advantages that Great Britain is to receive in exchange for the blessings of peace and a lucrative commerce, for the affection and loyalty, for the prosperity, for the lives of so many of its useful subjects sacrificed? Would the bare acknowledgment of a right in Parliament to tax them, compensate for the millions expended, the dangers incurred, the miseries entailed, the destruction of human happiness and of life that must ensue from a war with our colonies, united as they are in one common cause, and fired to desperate enthusiasm by apprehensions of impending slavery? Or can you be so absurd as to imagine that concessions extorted in a time of danger and of urgent misery, will form a bond of lasting union? Impoverished and undone by their exertions, and the calamities of war, instead of being able to repay the expenses of this country, or to supply a revenue, they would stand in need of your earliest assistance to revive depressed and almost extinguished commerce, as well as to renew and uphold their necessary civil establishments.

I am well aware, sir, that it is said we must maintain the dignity of Parliament. Let me ask what dignity is that which will not descend to make millions happy—which will sacrifice the treasures and best blood of the nation to extort submissions, fruitless submissions, that will be disavowed and disregarded the moment the compulsory, oppressive force is removed? What dignity is that which, to enforce a disputed mode of obtaining a revenue,

will destroy commerce, spread poverty and desolation, and dry up every channel, every source, from which either revenue or any real substantial benefit can be expected?

Is it not high time then, Mr. Speaker, to examine the full extent of our danger, to pause and mark the paths which have misled us, and the wretched, bewildered guides who have brought us into our present difficulties? Let us seek out the destroying angel, and stop his course, while we have yet anything valuable to preserve. The breach is not yet irreparable, and permit me, with all deference, to say, I have not a doubt but that liberal and explicit terms of reconciliation, with a full and firm security against any unjust or oppressive exercise of parliamentary taxation, if held out to the colonies before the war takes a wider and more destructive course, will lead speedily to a settlement, and recall the former years of peace, when the affections and interests of Great Britain and America were one.

But, sir, if, on the contrary, we are to plunge deeper into this sea of blood; if we are to sacrifice the means and materials of revenue for unjust distinctions about the modes of raising it; if the laurels we can gain, and the dignity of Parliament we are to establish, can be purchased only by the miseries of our fellow-subjects, whose losses are our own; if the event is precarious, and the cause alien to the spirit and humanity of Englishmen; if the injury is certain, and the object of success unsubstantial and insecure, how little soever the influence my poor opinion and arguments can have on this House, I shall at least free my conscience by having explicitly condemned all such impolitic, unjust, inadequate, injudicious measures, and by giving to this motion my most hearty concurrence and support.

In the debate on Mr. Wilkes's motion for the Repeal of the American Declaratory Act, December 10, 1777, Cruger says: "From my connections in America I have had an opportunity of collecting the sentiments of men of all orders and parties, and have reason to believe that independency is not yet the great object of the majority of the people." On the 5th of May, 1780, in the debate on General Conway's bill for quieting the troubles in America, "Mr. Cruger contended that the bill by no means went far enough. He said the American war, the real source of all our distresses and burdens, should be put an end to at all events; in order to do this, the independency must be allowed, and the thirteen provinces treated as free states." This is the last mention of his name in Hansard's Reports. He spoke only on American affairs, and was evidently not desirous of a separation between the colonies and the mother country, but when such a step became inevitable, acquiesced. Had he lived in America, he would no doubt have been prominent on the side of independence.

It is characteristic of the manner in which families were divided in political opinions, during the Revolution, that while Henry Cruger was in parliament, one of his two brothers in America was a colonel in the royal army, and employed in the southern campaign, while the other, a New York merchant, trading with the West Indies, though taking no active part in the contest, was identified with the Whig side, and a friend of General Washington.

Henry Cruger returned to New York after the war, and was elected to the state senate, while still a member of the British House of Commons, his term of service not having expired. He does not appear to have taken any active part in the Legislature, nor in any public affairs after the expiration of his term of office. He died in New York on the 24th day of April, 1827.

He was noted throughout his career for his frank, and at the same time polished manners; qualities which, combined with a handsome figure, no doubt contributed their share to his great personal popularity in Bristol, and his high social position in his native city. He was not forgotten after resuming his residence in New York, by his old constituents on the other side of the water; a spirited election ballad of 1812 referring to past triumphs under his leadership, as an incitement to exertion in favor of a distinguished successor, Romilly. We quote its opening stanzas:

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF HARRY CRUGER.

Eight-and-thirty years ago,* by a resolute exertion,
BRISTOL'S independent sons broke the fetters of coercion;
And so glorious was the triumph, that it gain'd the approbation
Of ev'ry liberal-minded man throughout the British nation.

Chorus—
O the golden days of honest HARRY CRUGER!
With pleasure we reflect upon the days of HARRY CRUGER.

Then the minions of corruption, and the weight of their long purses,
Were scarcely more regarded than their promises or curses:
Each freeman was impelled by disinterested principle—
A stimulus that renders every honest cause invincible.

O the golden days, &c.

The patriot-fire that warm'd the heart on such a bright occasion,
Requires no more at present than a little renovation;
What freemen did in SEVENTY-FOUR, to rid themselves of slavery,
They very well may do in TWELVE, 'gainst arrogance and knavery.

O the golden days, &c.

WILLIAM BARTRAM.

COLERIDGE, whose love of universal knowledge and constant desire to gratify the imagination, led him to be a diligent reader of the reports of travellers, particularly those who made original observations in regions of adventure and discovery, of the fidelity and essential value of whose narratives he was a most discriminating judge, said of these productions, "the latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit every way."† The author, who was the honored subject of this eulogy, was William Bartram, who printed in Philadelphia in 1791, in an octavo volume, his *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee*

* Thirty-eight years before Mr. Cruger was first chosen Member of Parliament.

† Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, March 12, 1827.

Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Choctaws. Containing an account of the soil and natural productions of those regions; together with observations on the manners of the Indians. The style of this work is distinguished by its simple love of nature and vivacity. It breathes of the freshness of a new land: every sensation is pleasurable, welcomed by health. The writer lived before that stage of the civilization of great cities which silences the voice of natural emotion raised in the expression of gratitude to Heaven or affection to man. Perhaps the simple life and pure tastes of the Quaker facilitated his lively gratification of the senses and emotions. All his faculties are alive in his book, whether he describes a tree, a fish, a bird, beast, Indian, or hospitable planter. He detects fragrance, vitality, and health everywhere in the animal world.

William Bartram came naturally by his tastes in these pursuits. He was the fourth son of John Bartram—born in Pennsylvania in 1699—the earliest of American botanists, and the founder of the first Botanical Garden in the country. His acquaintance with medicine and occupation as a farmer had led him to the study of plants. The specimens which he collected were sent to London, and secured him the correspondence of Peter Collinson, the Quaker lover of science and the friend of Franklin. He was a great traveller in search of his favorite objects in natural history in the old provinces, making his way to the head waters of the lakes and rivers of New York and Pennsylvania, through what was then a wilderness, and accomplishing, when he was nearly seventy, a full exploration of the St. John's river in Florida. In 1751 some observations made by Bartram on his travels from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, and communicated to his friends in London, were published by them in a thin octavo, with an appendix containing the account of Niagara by the Swedish traveller Kalm.* The style of Bartram is crude, but his observations show the genius of the naturalist.

Of his southern journey an account was published in 1766.† It consists of a description of the country in its main features of climate, soil, natural productions, and opportunities for cultivation, with a journal appended of actual observations (Dec. 9, 1765, Feb. 11, 1766). These are introduced in the edition before us by a dedication and recommendation from the pen of Dr. William Stork, who had the settlement of the country at heart. Bartram's observations are plainly set down, and his tract has the interest of most original notices of the kind. His mention of the staple productions of the several colonies in 1766, is a point from which to measure the development of the country:—"Since every colony in America seems to have, as it were, a staple commodity peculiar to itself, as Canada the fur; Massachusetts Bay, fish; Connecticut, lumber; New York and Pennsylvania, wheat; Virginia and Maryland, tobacco; North Carolina, pitch and tar; South Carolina, rice and indigo; Georgia, rice and silk."

In a letter to Jared Eliot, dated Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1775, introducing John Bartram, Franklin writes, "I believe you will find him to be at least twenty folio pages, large paper, well filled, on the subjects of botany, fossils, husbandry, and the first creation." Hector St. John, in his Letters of an American Farmer, has a long description of an alleged visit paid by a Russian gentleman to John Bartram, which is evidently an account of his own observations of the amiable naturalist. He mentions an inscription over the door of his greenhouse,

> Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
> But looks through nature up to nature's God.

The character of John Bartram was marked by its strength and simplicity, and by his love for the moral precepts of the Bible. Born and educated a Quaker, he did not escape some imputations of imperfect orthodoxy. His natural piety was witnessed by the inscription engraved by his own hands upon a stone placed on the outside of his house, over the front window of his study—

> 'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
> The Holy one, by me adored.
> JOHN BARTRAM, 1770.

He died September 21, 1777.

It was at the Botanic Garden on the banks of the Schuylkill, which the father founded, and in the house also built by his own hands, that William Bartram, the son, was born, February 9, 1739. He had for his tutor Charles Thomson, subsequently the honest and spirited republican of the old Continental Congress. He had an early talent for drawing, which led him to think of the congenial pursuits of printing and engraving; but he adopted the life of a merchant, which he soon abandoned; for before he was thirty years of age

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* Observations on the Inhabitants, Climate, Soil, Rivers, Productions, Animals, and other matters worthy of notice, made by Mr. John Bartram, in his Travels from Pennsylvania to Onondago, Oswego and the Lake Ontario, in Canada. To which is annexed a curious account of the Cataracts at Niagara, by Mr. Peter Kalm, a Swedish gentleman who travelled there. London. J. Whiston & White, 1751. 8vo. pp. 94. Kalm was a pupil of Linnæus at Upsal, and came to America at his instigation. From 1748–51 he was in America, where he was intimate with Colden, Logan, Franklin, and Bartram. His three volumes of travels in this country were translated from the Swedish into German, and thence into English by J. Reinold Forster, in 1771. Kalm died in 1779.

† A Description of East-Florida, with a journal, kept by John Bartram, of Philadelphia. Botanist to His Majesty for the Floridas; upon a journey from St. Augustine up the river St. John's, as far as the Lakes. With explanatory botanical notes. Illustrated with an accurate Map of East Florida, and two plans, one of St. Augustine, and the other of the Bay of Espiritu Santo. The third edition, much enlarged and improved.

> Hic Segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ
> Arborei Fructus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
> Gramina Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus Odores,
> India mittet Ebur, molles sua Thura Sabæi?
> *Virgil, Georgics.*

London; sold by W. Nicoll, at No. 51 St. Paul's Church Yard; and T. Jefferies, at Charing-Cross, Geographer to his Majesty. MDCCLXIX.

we find him accompanying his father on his Florida tour, and engaging in the cultivation of indigo. His own travels in that region were com-

Bartram's House.

menced in 1772, at the request of Dr. Fothergill, the distinguished botanist and liberal and benevolent friend of science, and he occupied five years in his natural history pursuits in Georgia, South Carolina, and the Floridas. On his return to Philadelphia he quietly passed his time in scientific occupations, residing at the old Botanic Garden at Kingsessing, never marrying, though occasionally rallied on the subject by his London friend Collinson. In 1782 he was elected Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, but did not accept the position on account of his health. He assisted Wilson in his American Ornithology. His friend Barton was indebted to his pencil for drawings of the plates of his *Elements of Botany*. In 1789 he wrote a reply to a series of questions proposed to him on the condition of the Creek and Cherokee Indians, of whose manners he had been a diligent and curious observer, which has been lately reprinted from the original manuscript in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society. The name of his correspondent in this work has been lost, but the probability rests with Dr. B. S. Barton, who refers in his Memoir on the *Origin of the American Nations*, to a MS. of Bartram on these subjects in his possession.* His views of the character of the Southern Indians in this sketch, as well as in his Travels, place them in a very favorable light, for their possession of many honorable personal qualities.

In May, 1797, he was visited by Dunlap, in company with Brockden Brown, at the Botanic Garden, and the curious historiographer and painter has left a sketch of his appearance:—"Arrived at the botanist's garden, we approached an old man, who, with a rake in his hand, was breaking the clods of earth in a tulip bed. His hat was old and flapped over his face; his coarse shirt was seen near his neck, as he wore no cravat or kerchief; his waistcoat and breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. We approached and accosted him. He ceased his work, and entered into conversation with the ease and politeness of nature's nobleman. His countenance was expressive of benignity and happiness. This was the botanist, traveller, and philosopher we had come to see. He had pointed out many curious plants."*

Bartram appears to have been engaged in these friendly pursuits of science to the last, for it is recorded he wrote an article on the natural history of a plant, a few minutes before his death, which happened suddenly, by the rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs, July 22, 1823, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The correspondence of the Bartrams and Humphry Marshall, who was the cousin of John Bartram and author of a valuable *Treatise on the Forest Trees of North America*, with their scientific friends in Europe and at home, is of interest for its simple, unaffected character, and the curiosity and information of many of its details. This correspondence was published in 1849, with many other interesting memorials, by William Darlington.†

EPHEMERA.

Leaving Picolata, I continued to ascend the river. I observed this day, during my progress up the river, incredible numbers of small flying insects, of the genus termed by naturalists Ephemera, continually emerging from the shallow water near shore, some of them immediately taking their flight to the land, whilst myriads crept up the grass and herbage, where remaining for a short time, as they acquired sufficient strength, they took their flight also, following their kindred to the main land. This resurrection from the deep, if I may so express it, commences early in the morning, and ceases after the sun is up. At evening they are seen in clouds of innumerable millions, swarming and wantoning in the still air, gradually drawing near the river. They descend upon its surface, and there quickly end their day, after committing their eggs to the deep; which being for a little while tossed about, enveloped in a viscid scum, are hatched, and the little Larvæ descend into their secure and dark habitation, in the oozy bed beneath, where they remain gradually increasing in size, until the returning spring; they then change to a Nymph, when the genial heat brings them, as it were, into existence, and they again arise into the world. This fly seems to be delicious food for birds, frogs, and fish. In the morning, when they arise, and in the evening, when they return, the tumult is great indeed, and the surface of the water along shore broken into bubbles, or spirted into the air, by the contending aquatic tribes; and such is the avidity of the fish and frogs, that they spring into the air after this delicious prey.

Early in the evening, after a pleasant day's voyage, I made a convenient and safe harbor, in a little lagoon, under an elevated bank, on the West shore of the river; where I shall entreat the reader's patience, whilst we behold the closing scene of the short-lived Ephemera, and communicate to each other the reflections which so singular an exhibition might rationally suggest to an inquisitive mind. Our place of observation is happily situated under the protecting shade of majestic Live Oaks, glorious Magnolias, and the fragrant Orange, open to the view of the great river and the still waters of the lagoon just before us.

* Prefatory note, by E. G. Squier, to Observations on the Creek and Cherokee Indians, by William Bartram.—Transactions Am. Eth. Soc. vol. iii. pt. I.

* Hist. Am. Theatre, 170.

† Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall, with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries, by William Darlington, 1849.

At the cool eve's approach, the sweet enchanting melody of the feathered songsters gradually ceases, and they betake themselves to their leafy coverts for security and repose.

Solemnly and slowly move onward, to the river's shore, the rustling crowds of the Ephemera. How awful the procession! innumerable millions of winged beings, voluntarily verging on to destruction, to the brink of the grave, where they behold bands of their enemies with wide open jaws, ready to receive them. But as if insensible of their danger, gay and tranquil each meets his beloved mate in the still air, inimitably bedecked in their new nuptial robes. What eye can trace them, in their varied wanton amorous chases, bounding and fluttering on the odoriferous air! With what peace, love, and joy, do they end the last moments of their existence?

I think we may assert, without any fear of exaggeration, that there are annually of these beautiful winged beings, which rise into existence, and for a few moments take a transient view of the glory of the Creator's works, a number greater than the whole race of mankind that have ever existed since the creation; and that, only from the shores of this river. How many then must have been produced since the creation, when we consider the number of large rivers in America, in comparison with which, this river is but a brook or rivulet!

The importance of the existence of these beautiful and delicately formed little creatures, whose frame and organization are equally wonderful, more delicate, and perhaps as complicated as those of the most perfect human being, is well worth a few moments' contemplation; I mean particularly when they appear in the fly state. And if we consider the very short period of that stage of existence, which we may reasonably suppose to be the only space of their life that admits of pleasure and enjoyment, what a lesson doth it not afford us of the vanity of our own pursuits!

Their whole existence in this world is but one complete year; and at least three hundred and sixty days of that time they are in the form of an ugly grub, buried in mud, eighteen inches under water, and in this condition scarcely locomotive, as each larva or grub has but its own narrow solitary cell, from which it never travels or moves, but in a perpendicular progression of a few inches, up and down, from the bottom to the surface of the mud, in order to intercept the passing atoms for its food, and get a momentary respiration of fresh air; and even here it must be perpetually on its guard, in order to escape the troops of fish and shrimps watching to catch it, and from whom it has no escape, but by instantly retreating back into its cell. One would be apt almost to imagine them created merely for the food of fish and other animals.

CROCODILES ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

The evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live oak, which stood on the highest part of the ground, and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation, I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbour. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbour began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the waters soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphea and other aquatic plants; these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves, and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discoloured. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbour from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defence, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbour, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had half-way reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavouring to overset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears, as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when finding that they de-

signed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pursued to the last extremity, of saving myself by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last experiment alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore, they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was, in some degree, recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbour, while daylight continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark, and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded, and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon dispatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper: and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them: when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night, but by keeping constantly on the watch; I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after this, every moveable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way, in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time, that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun, and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an island exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks, or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbour, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult, that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon accounted for this prodigious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity? Should I say, that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless! What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued, while this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish; and that they were so well employed in their own element, that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish boiling, and my kettle of rice stewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance

over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar), I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the main land. I sprang up on my feet, and listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise: when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards' distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to snuff and look towards my camp: I snapped my piece but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creatures except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongst the leaves.

EVENING SCENE IN FLORIDA.

We approached the savanna at the south end by a narrow isthmus of level ground, open to the light of day, and clear of trees or bushes, and not greatly elevated above the common level, having on our right a spacious meadow, embellished with a little lake, one verge of which was not very distant from us; its shore is a moderately high, circular bank, partly encircling a cove of the pond, in the form of a half moon; the water is clear and deep, and, at the distance of some hundred yards, was a large floating field (if I may so express myself) of the Nymphæa nelumbo, with their golden blossoms waving to and fro on their lofty stems. Beyond these fields of Nymphæa were spacious plains, encompassed by dark groves, opening to extensive pine forests, other plains still appearing beyond them.

This little lake and surrounding meadows would have been alone sufficient to surprise and delight the traveller; but being placed so near the great savanna, the attention is quickly drawn off, and wholly engaged in the contemplation of the unlimited, varied, and truly astonishing native wild scenes of landscape and perspective, there exhibited: how is the mind agitated and bewildered, at being thus, as it were, placed on the borders of a new world! On the first view of such an amazing display of the wisdom and power of the supreme author of nature, the mind for a moment seems suspended, and impressed with awe.

This isthmus being the common avenue or road of Indian travellers, we pitched our camp at a small distance from it, on a rising knoll near the verge of the savanna, under some spreading Live Oaks; this situation was open and airy, and gave us an unbounded prospect over the adjacent plains. Dewy evening now came on; the animating breezes, which cooled and tempered the meridian hours of this sultry season, now gently ceased; the glorious sovereign of the day, calling in his bright beaming emanations, left us in his absence to the milder government and protection of the silver queen of night, attended by millions of brilliant luminaries. The thundering alligator had ended his horrifying roar; the silver plumed gannet and stork, the sage and solitary pelican of the wilderness, had already retired to their silent nocturnal habitations, in the neighbouring forests; the sonorous savanna cranes, in well-disciplined squadrons, now rising from the earth, mounted aloft in spiral circles, far above the dense atmosphere of the humid plain; they again viewed the glorious sun, and the light of day still gleaming on their polished feathers, they sung their evening hymn, then in a straight line majestically descended, and alighted on the towering Palms or lofty Pines, their secure and peaceful lodging places. All around being still and silent, we repaired to rest.

EDWARD BANCROFT.

Of this political writer, who figured in England during the Revolution, we find an account in the Autobiography of John Adams,* from which it appears that he was a native of Massachusetts Bay, in the town of Suffield; that he had been a pupil of Silas Deane, when that negotiator was a schoolmaster; that after "some education" he had been apprenticed to a trade, from which he ran away and went to sea, in debt to his master; that he was successful in his adventures, and returned to his native town to make honorable compensation to his employer: after this that he "went to sea again," reappearing in England, where he took up his residence and published his *Natural History of Guiana*, "a work, considering the advantages of the author, of great merit;" that in addition he wrote in England the *History of Sir Charles Wentworth*, "a novel which no doubt was recommended to many readers, and procured a considerably better sale, by the plentiful abuse and vilification of Christianity which he had taken care to insert into it;" that "he had also been in the intimacy and confidence of Dr. Franklin, who had recommended him to the editors and proprietors of the *Monthly Review*, in which his standing share was to review all publications relative to America." Adams adds that he had this latter information from Franklin himself, and says—"I understood this very well, as I thought—to wit that Bancroft was the ostensible reviewer, but that Franklin was always consulted before the publication." The other details given by Adams are curious. "Bancroft," he goes on to say from information given by the personage himself, "was a meddler in the stocks as well as reviews, and frequently went into the alley, and into the deepest and darkest retirements and recesses of the brokers and jobbers, Jews as well as Christians, and found amusement as well perhaps as profit, by listening to all the news and anecdotes, true or false, that were there whispered or more boldly pronounced." Bancroft became afterwards "a confidential associate of Franklin in Paris." "He had," continues Adams, "a clear head and a good pen. He wrote some things relative to the connection between France and America, with the assistance of Franklin and Deane as I presume, which were translated into French by M. Turgot or the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, I forget which, and printed in a publication called *Affaires de l'Angleterre et de l'Amerique*, and which were very well done. After the peace he obtained a patent in France for the exclusive importation of the bark of the yellow oak for the

* Works, iii. 141.

dyers, and then he went to England and procured a similar patent there, by both of which together he is said to have realized an income of eight hundred a year."

The work on Guiana alluded to, was published in London in 1769.* It is in the form of letters addressed to his brother from River Demerary, in 1766, and is dedicated to Dr. William Pitcairn, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Bancroft was a member of this society, as also a Fellow of the Royal Society. In his book are described the wourali poison, and other novelties for that time, of the country. It is a readable account mainly of the savages and animals in a picturesque region. In the same year he published a volume in support of American Colonial Rights, entitled *Remarks on the Review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies*, the author of the review in question being William Knox, Under-Secretary of State.†

When Bancroft went to Paris, as stated by Adams, it was to meet Deane and render assistance to the American cause. He is also remembered as the authority, with Priestley, for the story of Franklin's having worn the Court suit of "spotted Manchester velvet," in which he was dressed at the Privy Council meeting with Wedderburn, again at the signing of the treaty with France. Bancroft was present at the Privy Council scene, and subsequently gave an account of the whole affair to William Temple Franklin.‡ His name appears occasionally in the Franklin Correspondence.

In 1794, Bancroft published the first volume of a work entitled *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colors, and the best means of producing them by dyeing, calico printing*, &c., followed by a second in 1813.

He never returned to America. His death occurred in 1821.§

BENJAMIN CHURCH.

Benjamin Church was born at Newport, Rhode Island, August 24, 1734. He was the son of a deacon of the same name in Dr. Byles's Church in Boston, and entered the Latin school of that city in 1745. In 1754 he was graduated at Harvard. His first poetical production, *The Choice, a poem, after the manner of Mr. Pomfret, by a young Gentleman*, was composed while he was at college.* It is smoothly written, and among the best of the many imitations of that pleasant castle in the air.

In this poem the author warms with his favorite tastes in books, for rural and domestic life. In the first he shows his attachment to the ruling poet of the day, "unequalled Pope." His choice in a wife and a country-seat is to be commended. With Freneau he has the honor of helping Campbell with a line and an idea. Noticing the physician Boerhaave, he writes of his death —

> At length, fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,
> And Health, with Boerhaave, bade the world farewell;

which will recall the lines in the Pleasures of Hope, written nearly half a century later, where

> Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell.

The coincidence is creditable to Benjamin Church at the age of eighteen.

He appears to have next studied medicine in London, and while in England married Miss Hannah Hill of Ross (Pope's Ross). He returned to Boston, where he established himself in the practice of his profession. He contributed one or two English poems to the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, a volume of congratulatory verses in Latin, Greek, and English, addressed to George III. on his accession, by members of Harvard College. In 1765 he published *The Times, a poem by an American*, in an anonymous pamphlet of sixteen pages. It was written soon after the passage of the stamp act, and its satire is chiefly directed against that measure and its abettors. In 1766 he wrote an Elegy on the death of Dr. Mayhew, which is characterized by much more than the ordinary vigor sufficient for such productions. His introduction invoking the spirit of truth over the ashes of the dead, has such lines as these:—

> Great is the task and glorious is the end,
> When the chaste Muse in Virtue's cause engage;
> Tis her's to patronize, protect, defend,
> And hold th' exemplars to a distant age.
>
> Deep into times rolled by—to dart her ken,
> At the tribunal of her lowly mind,
> T' arraign the conduct of the mightiest men,
> Acquit, or doom the Nimrods of mankind:

and in 1769 *An Address to a Provincial Bashaw. By a Son of Liberty. Printed in (the Tyrannic Administration of St. Francisco*) 1769. Like The Times, it is full of the warmest expressions of sympathy with the popular cause, of which the author was now one of the recognised leaders. In 1770 he examined the body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slain in the Boston massacre, and his deposition appears in the narrative published by the town. In 1773 he delivered an oration on the fourth anniversary of the contest in the Old South church, which was so densely crowded that the orator and moderator of the meeting, John Hancock, had to be introduced through a window. Public expectation was not disappointed, the address being received with "univer-

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* An Essay on the Natural History of Guiana in South America, containing a description of many curious Productions in the Animal and Vegetable Systems of that Country. Together with an Account of the Religion, Manners, and Customs, of several tribes of its Indian inhabitants, interspersed with a variety of Literary and Medical Observations; in several letters from a gentleman of the Medical Faculty during his residence in that country. London: Becket. 1769. 8vo. pp. 402.

† Remarks on the Review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies, in which the Errors of its Author are exposed, and the Claims of the Colonies vindicated, upon the evidence of Historical Facts and authentic records, to which is subjoined a proposal for terminating the present unhappy dispute with the Colonies; recovering their Commerce; reconciliating their Affection; securing their rights; and establishing their dependence on a just and permanent basis. Humbly submitted to the consideration of the British Legislature. By Edward Bancroft.

> Consilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
> Et perdunt operam et deridentur turpiter.
> Phœd. Fab. xxv.

London: Printed in the year 1769. New-London, in New England: Reprinted and Sold by T. Green. 1771. 8vo. pp. 180.

‡ Sparks's Franklin, iv. 453.

§ Rose, Biog. Dict.

* It is so stated in a reprint of the poem in 1802, by Isaiah Thomas.

† Governor Bernard.

The Old South Church.

sal applause," and soon after printed by request. It maintains its place in public estimation as one of the best of the Boston Massacre orations. In addition to these productions Church wrote *An Elegy to the memory of that pious and eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield*, on his death September 30, 1770, and was a frequent contributor of political essays and popular songs to the periodicals of the day. He was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and of the Provincial Congress in 1774, and in the same year physician-general to the American army.

Church resided in an elegant mansion at Raynham, on Nippenickett pond, near Boston, which he had erected about the year 1768, and where he appears to have led an extravagant and licentious life. Want of money to support wasteful expenditure seems, as in the case of Arnold, to have led to the treason which suddenly changed a career of honor to one of infamy. In 1774 Church was found to have written parodies of popular songs composed by himself in favor of liberty, for the Tory journals. It was also noticed that his articles in defence of the American cause were followed by ably written answers in the government journals. General Gage was also found to be constantly informed in relation to the patriot movements. Soon after the battle of Lexington in 1775 further suspicion was excited by a visit which Church made to Boston on the pretext of obtaining medicines for the use of the army. He stated on his return that he was arrested on crossing the lines and taken before General Gage, who examined him; but on the subsequent testimony of Deacon Caleb Davis, who happened to call at Gage's house at the same time, he appears to have visited Gage more as a friend than a prisoner. The charge of treasonable conduct seems to be further established by the testimony of "a gentleman who studied with Church," who stated to Paul Revere, of Boston, a year or two after, that he knew for certain that, a short time before the Battle of Lexington—for he then lived with him and took care of his business and books—he had no money by him, and was much drove for money; that all at once he had several hundred new British guineas.

This double dealing was soon to be closed. On the fifth of October of the same year Washington writes to Hancock: "I have now a painful, though necessary duty to perform, respecting Dr. Church, director-general of the hospital. About a week ago, Mr. Secretary Ward of Providence, sent up to me one Wainwood, an inhabitant of Newport, with a letter directed to Major Cane in Boston, in characters; which he said, had been left with Wainwood some time ago, by a woman who was kept by Dr. Church. She had before pressed Wainwood to take her to Capt. Wallace, at Newport, Mr. Dudley the collector, or George Rowe, which he declined. She then gave him a letter, with a strict charge to deliver it to either of those gentlemen. He suspecting some improper correspondence, kept the letter, and after some time opened it; but not being able to read it, laid it up, where it remained until he received an obscure letter from the woman, expressing an anxiety after the original letter. He then communicated the whole matter to Mr. Ward, who sent him up with the papers to me. I immediately secured the woman; but for a long time she was proof against every threat and persuasion to discover the author. However, at length she was brought to a confession, and named Dr. Church. I then immediately secured him, and all his papers. Upon his first examination, he readily acknowledged the letter; said it was designed for his brother Fleming, and when deciphered would be found to contain nothing criminal. He acknowledged his never having communicated the correspondence to any person here but the girl, and made many protestations of the purity of his intentions. Having found a person capable of deciphering the letter, I, in the meantime, had all his papers searched, but found nothing criminal among them. But it appeared, on inquiry, that a confidant had been among the papers before my messenger arrived."

Church was convicted by the General Court, notwithstanding an eloquent defence made by himself, in which he endeavored to prove that his communications to the enemy were designed to impress them with "a high opinion of the strength of the Americans, in order that the meditated attack might be delayed till the continental army was stronger,"* and to obtain information from the royalist forces which he had imparted to the American leaders and used for the benefit of his country.† He was expelled from the House of Representatives of the State, and convicted by a court-martial at which Washington presided. His sentence was referred to Congress, and that body resolved that he be closely confined in some secure jail in Connecticut, without the use of pen, ink, and paper; and that no person be allowed to converse with him except in the presence and hearing of a magistrate, or the sheriff of the county.‡ He was consequently imprisoned in Norwich jail, but his health failing, was re-

* Kettell, i. 147.
† Church's Defence is published in the Mass. Hist. Coll.
‡ Holmes's Annals, ii. 235.

leased in May, 1776, and permitted to leave the country. He sailed from Boston* for the West Indies in a vessel which was never afterwards heard from. His family received a pension from the English crown.

THE CHOICE—A POEM.

If youthful fancy might it's Choice pursue,
And act as natural reason prompts it to;
If inclination could dispose our state,
And human will might govern future fate;
Remote from grandeur, I'd be humbly wise,
And all the glitter of a court despise:
Unskil'd the proud, or vicious to commend,
To cringe to insolence, or fools attend;
Within myself contented and secure,
Above what mean ambition can endure;
Nor yet so anxious to obtain a name,
To bleed for honour on the fields of fame;
Empty parade, is all that heroes know,
Unless fair Virtue hover in the show.

But in these walls, where Heav'n has fix'd my stay,
One half of life I'd wish to breathe away:
The fall and winter of each future year
I'd humbly hope to spend contented here;
'Mid the fierce ravage of a wintry storm,
Kind friends to cheer me, moderate wine to warm,
Securely happy we'd delude the day,
And smile the seasons cheerfully away,
No needless show my modest dome should claim,
Neat and genteel without, within the same:
Decently furnish'd to content and please,
Sufficient for necessity and ease;
Vain is the pomp of prodigal expense,
Frugality denotes the man of sense;
My doors the needy stranger should befriend,
And hospitality my board attend;
With frugal plenty be my table spread,
Those, and those only, whom I love be fed:
The meek and indigent my banquet share,
Who love the master, and approve the fare;
Thy mellow vintage, Lisbon! should abound,
Pouring a mirthful inspiration round;
While laughing Bacchus bathes within the bowl,
Love, mirth, and friendship swallow up the soul.

I'd have few friends, and those by nature true,
Sacred to friendship, and to virtue too;
Tho' but to few an intimate profest,
I'd be no foe, nor useless to the rest:
Each friend belov'd requires a friendly care,
His griefs, dejections, and his fate to share;
For this my choice should be to bounds confin'd,
Nor with a burst of passion flood mankind.

Above the rest, one dear selected friend,
Kind to advise, and cautious to offend;
To malice, envy, and to pride unknown,
Nor apt to censure foibles, but his own;
Firm in religion, in his morals just,
Wise in discerning, and advising best;
Learn'd without pedantry, in temper kind,
Soft in his manners, happy in his mind;
Is there in whom these social virtues blend,
The Muse lisps *Pollio*, and she calls him friend:
To him, when flush'd with transport I'd repair,
His faithful bosom should my solace share;

To him I'd fly when sorrows prove too great,
To him discover all the stings of fate:
His social soul should all my pangs allay,
Tune every nerve and charm my griefs away.
O how I wish to join the friendly throng,
Elude the hours, and harmonize the song;
Each generous soul still sedulous to please,
With calm good temper, and with mutual ease;
Glad to receive and give, the keen reply,
Nor approbation to the jest deny.

But at a decent hour with social heart,
In love and humour should my friends depart:
Then to my study, eager I'd repair,
And feast my mind with new refreshment there;
There plung'd in tho't my active mind should tread,
Through all the labours of the learned dead;
Homer, great parent of heroick strains,
Virgil, whose genius was improv'd with pains;
Horace, in whom the wit and courtier join'd,
Ovid, the tender, amorous and refin'd;
Keen Juvenal, whose all-correcting page,
Lash'd daring vice, and sham'd an impious age;
Expressive Lucan who politely sung,
With hum'rous Martial tickling as he stung;
Elaborate Terence, studious where he smil'd,
Familiar Plautus, regularly wild;
With frequent visit these I would survey,
And read, and meditate the hours away.

Nor these alone should on my shelves recline,
But awful Pope! majestically shine,
Unequal'd bard! Who durst thy praise engage?
Not yet grown reverend with the rust of age;
Sure Heav'n alone thy art unrival'd taught,
To think so well, so well express the thought;
What villain hears thee, but regrets the smart?
But tears the lurking demon from his heart?
Virtue attends thee with the best applause,
Conscious desert! great victor in her cause,
She faithful to thy worth, thy name shall grace,
Beyond all period, and beyond all space:
Go, shine a seraph and thy notes prolong
For angels only merit such a song!

Hail Briton's genius, Milton! deathless name!
Blest with a full satiety of fame:
Who durst attempt impertinence of praise?
Or sap insidious thy eternal bays?
For greater song, or more exalted fame,
Exceeds humanity to make, or claim.
These to peruse, I'd oft forget to dine,
And suck refection from each mighty line.
Next Addison's great labours should be join'd,
Prais'd by all tongues and known to all mankind:
With Littleton the tender and correct,
And copious Dryden, glorious in defect;
Nor would I leave the great and pious Young,
Divinely fir'd, and sublime in song.
Next would I add the unaffected Gay,
And gentle Waller, with his flowing lay;
Last nature-limning Thomson should appear,
Who link'd eternity within his year.
These for diversion, with the comic throng,
Should raise my fancy, and improve my song;
Extend my view, 'till opening visions roll,
And all Piæria bursts upon my soul.

But to inform the mind, and mend the heart,
Great Tillotson and Butler, light impart;
Sagacious Newton, with all science blest,
And Locke, who always thought and reason'd best.

But lo! for real worth, and true desert,
Exhaustless science, and extensive art,
Boerhaave superior stands; in whom we find
The other Saviour of diseas'd mankind:

* The authorities differ both as to the birth-place of Dr. Church and the port from which he finally left his country; Boston being assigned as the scene of both exploits by some, and Newport by others. We have followed in both cases the narrative of Mr. Loring, in the Hundred Boston Orators, which he states to be derived from a descendant of Hannah, the daughter of Dr. Church, and wife of William Kirkby, a merchant of London.

Whose skilful hand could almost life create,
And make us leap the very bounds of fate;
Death, tyrant death, beholding his decline,
That Boerhaave would his kingdom undermine,
Arm'd with his surest shafts attack'd this foe,
Who long eluded the repeated throw,
At length fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.
Thus 'till the year recedes, I'd be employed,
Ease, health and friendship happily enjoy'd;
But when the vernal sun revolves its ray,
Melting hoar winter with her rage away,
When vocal groves a gay perspective yield,
And a new verdure springs from field to field:
With the first larks I'd to the plains retire,
For rural pleasures are my chief desire.

Ah doubly blest! on native verdure laid,
Whose fields support him, and whose arbours shade;
In his own hermitage in peace resides,
Fann'd by his breeze, and slumb'ring by his tides;
Who drinks a fragrance from paternal groves,
Nor lives ungrateful for the life he loves.

I'd have a handsome seat not far from town,
The prospect beauteous, and the taste my own;
The fabrick modern, faultless the design,
Not large, nor yet immoderately fine;
But neat economy my mansion boast,
Nor should convenience be in beauty lost:
Each part should speak superior skill and care,
And all the artist be distinguish'd there.
On some small elevation should it stand,
And a free prospect to the South command;
Where safe from damps I'd snuff the wholesome gale,
And life and vigour thro' the lungs inhale;
Eastward my moderate fields should wave with grain,
Southward the verdure of a broad champaign;
Where gamesome flocks, and rampant herds might play,
To the warm sunshine of the vernal day;
Northward, a garden on a slope should lie,
Finely adjusted to the nicest eye;
In midst of this should stand a cherry grove,
A breezy, blooming canopy of love!
Whose blossom'd boughs the tuneful choir should cheer,
And pour regalement on the eye and ear:
A gay parterre the vivid box should bound,
To waft a fragrance thro' the fields around;
Where blushing fruits might tempt another Eve,
Without another serpent to deceive.
Westward, I'd have a thick-set forest grow,
Thro' which the bounded sight should scarcely go;
Confus'dly rude, the scenery should impart,
A view of nature unimprov'd by art.—

Rapt in the soft retreat, my anxious breast
Pants eager still for something unpossess'd;
Whence springs this sudden hope, this warm desire?
To what enjoyment would my soul aspire?
'Tis love! extend my wishes, and my care,
Eden was tasteless 'till an Eve was there:
Almighty love! I own thy powerful sway,
Resign my soul, and willingly obey.

Grant me, kind heav'n, the nymph still form'd to please,
Impassionate as infants when at ease;
Fair as the op'ning rose; her person small,
Artless as parent Eve before her fall;
Courteous as angels, unreserv'dly kind,
Of modest carriage, and the chastest mind;
Her temper sweet, her conversation keen,
Not wildly gay, but soberly serene;
Not talkative, nor apt to take offence.
With female softness join'd to manly sense;
Her dress and language elegantly plain,
Not sluttish, forward, prodigal, or vain;
Not proud of beauty, nor elate with praise,
Not fond to govern, but by choice obeys;
True to my arms in body and in soul,
As the touch'd needle to th' attractive pole.
Caution, oppos'd to charms like these were vain,
And man would glory in the silken chain;
Unlike the sensual wish that burns and stains,
But where the purest admiration reigns;
Give me, O give me! such superior love,
Before the nectar of the gods above;
Then time on downy wings would steal away,
And love still be the business of the day.

While sporting flocks in fond rotations court,
And to the thicket pair by pair resort;
While tuneful birds in tender murmurings plead,
Chanting their amorous carols thro' the mead;
Link'd arm in arm we'd search the twilight grove,
Where all inspires with harmony and love:
Ye boughs, your friendly umbrage wide extend!
Guard from rude eyes, and from the sun defend:
Ye wanton gales! pant gently on my fair,
Thou love-inspiring goddess meet us there!
While soft invited, and with joy obey'd,
We press the herbage, and improve the shade.

But is th' Almighty ever bound to please?
Rul'd by my wish, or studious of my ease?
Shall I determine where his frowns shall fall?
And fence my grotto from the lot of all!
Prostrate, his sovereign wisdom I adore,
Intreat his mercy, but I dare no more:
No constant joys mortality attend,
But sorrows violate, and cares offend;
Heav'n wisely mixt our pleasures with alloy,
And gilds our sorrows with a ray of joy;
Life without storms a stagnant pool appears,
And grows offensive with unruffled years.
An active state is virtue's proper sphere,
To do, and suffer is our duty here:
Foes to encounter, vices to disdain,
Pleasures to shun, and passions to restrain;
To fly temptation's open, flow'ry road,
And labour to be obstinately good.

Then, blest is he who takes a calm survey,
Of all th' events that paint the chequer'd day;
Content, that blessing makes the balance even,
And poises fortune, by the scale of heav'n.

I'll let no future ill my peace destroy,
Or cloud the aspect of a present joy;
He who directed and dispens'd the past,
O'errules the present, and shall guide the last,
If Providence a present good has giv'n,
I clasp the boon in gratitude to heav'n:
May resignation fortify my mind,
He cannot be unhappy that's resign'd.
Guard my repose, thou Lord of all within!
An equal temper, and a soul serene,

O! teach me patience when oppos'd to wrong.
Restrain the mad'ning heart, and curb the tongue;
May prudence govern, piety control,
All slander, rage, and bitterness of soul:
Peace, plenty, health and innocence be made,
The blissful tenants of my tranquil shade.

O let me not maliciously comply,
To that curst action that shall raise a sigh;
Or cause the wretched orphan to complain.
Or see the widow's tears, and see in vain:
From a remorseless soul O set me free,
And prompt a pang for every wretch I see.

Whatever station be for me design'd,
May virtue be the mistress of my mind:
May I despise th' abandon'd and the base,
Tho' opulent, or dignified with place;
And spurn the wretch, who, meanly lost to shame,
Thinks wealth or place, a substitute for fame:
If wisdom, wealth, or honour, heav'n lend,
Teach me those talents happily to spend;
Nor make so blest, as I would wish to live,
Beyond those moments Heav'n is pleas'd to give;
Then when life trembles on the verge of rest,
And brings expended minutes to the test;
Absolve me conscience, thou imperial power!
O bless me with a self-approving hour.

ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

Elizabeth, the youngest child of Dr. Thomas Graeme, a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, and a grand-daughter on the mother's side of Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in the year 1739. Her early years were passed at Graeme Park, the country seat of her father, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, a place celebrated alike for its cultivated beauties and the hospitalities of its host; where she enjoyed the society of a numerous and refined circle of persons. In her seventeenth year she became engaged to a young gentleman. The marriage was to be celebrated after his return from a residence in London, for the completion of his legal studies. The match was for unexplained reasons broken off, an event productive of much mental suffering to Miss Graeme. To divert her mind by occupation, she commenced and completed a translation of *Fenelon's Telemaque* in English blank verse. It has never been published, but the MS. has been deposited in the Philadelphia Library. She devoted herself so closely to this task that her health was impaired, and a voyage to Europe became necessary, as a means of restoration. Her mother urged her departure not only from solicitude for the daughter's health, but from a strange wish that her mind might not be distracted from spiritual contemplation by her daughter's presence at her anticipated speedy dissolution.

The daughter departed, and the mother died, as she had anticipated, during her absence.

Miss Graeme was accompanied in her visit to England by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, by whom she was introduced to many of the leading literary men of the day. Accidentally taking a seat at the York races, next to Lawrence Sterne, her remark on betting a small sum on one of the horses in the rear at the outset, that "the race was not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," attracted his notice, and turning to her he requested the honor of her acquaintance. The incident was followed by a long aud agreeable conversation.

She was much visited on her return, and a Journal which she had prepared of her travels, was much sought after. She was urged to publish it, but declined. Her society was eagerly sought, and on Saturday evenings, when she remained at home to receive her friends, her father's house was thronged by delighted guests.

One of these Saturday evening visitors was Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome young Scotchman, who was so charmed by his hostess, that, though ten years her junior, he offered her his hand. He was accepted, and in a few months married. They settled at Graeme Park, which, by the death of her father, had become Mrs. Ferguson's property, where they resided until the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775; when the husband took the side of the Crown, and the pair separated, and were not again united. Mrs. Ferguson remained at her country residence, where she performed in an unostentatious manner many acts of benevolence, among which are recorded the gift of a large quantity of linen to the American prisoners taken at the battle of Germantown, and the gift of twenty dollars, the eighth part of her income at the time, to a ruined merchant thrown into jail by his creditors. She refused to give her name to the beneficiary, and the good deed was only discovered by his description of her person being identified.

Mrs. Ferguson figures in the history of the Revolution as the bearer, immediately after the British occupation of Philadelphia, of an offensive letter from the Rev. Mr. Duché to Washington. The General sent the letter to Congress, and hinted to Mrs. Ferguson, that he "highly disapproved the intercourse she seemed to have been carrying on, and expected it would be discontinued." She does not seem to have profited by this, as we soon after find her mixed up in the proposal of Governor Johnstone to offer Joseph Reed "ten thousand guineas and the best post in the government" to exert his influence with Washington, and in other directions, "to settle the contest," the only result of which was the memorable reply of Reed reported by Mrs. Ferguson in a narrative of the transaction, which she afterwards published in her own defence. "My influence is but small, but were it as great as Governor Johnstone would insinuate, the king of Great Britain has nothing within his gift that would tempt me." *

Mrs. Ferguson's correspondence is spoken of as exerting a wide influence, and evidencing high intellectual power. Several of her letters have been printed in the Port Folio. Her social influence was also great and beneficial: under her care her nephew, John Young, when a boy of twelve, is said to have been strangely imbued with a taste for literature by being locked up for twenty-four hours for some offence by his aunt in her father's library, where he, to relieve his imprisonment, took up a book and became so interested in its contents that he not only read other books under more favorable circumstances, but in due time made a contribution to literature by translating D'Argent's Ancient Geography. He died a Lieutenant in the British army. The copy of his translation in the Philadelphia library contains a tribute to his memory by Mrs. Ferguson.

Although nearly ruined in consequence of the war, Mrs. Ferguson steadily refused to receive any of the pecuniary aid pressed upon her by her friends; her simple mode of life rendering her independent. She took much interest in theology; and to impress the Bible more firmly on her memory, transcribed its entire contents.

During the latter part of her life, she suffered severe pain from sickness. She died on the twenty-third day of February, 1801, at the house of a Quaker, Seneca Lukens, near Graeme Park, and was interred, in accordance with her previously

* Life of Joseph Reed, by Wm. B. Reed. i. 337.

expressed request, beside her parents in the graveyard of Christ Church, Philadelphia.*

The poems of Evans contain a poetical correspondence between Miss Graeme, under the name of Laura, and himself, growing out of a passage in Pope, which presents a pleasant specimen of the lady's early versification. We extract the whole, as the individual portions mutually illustrate each other; and the Rev. Nathaniel Evans being but a few years the lady's junior, is soon to be in due course presented to the reader.

SOME LINES OUT OF MR. POPE'S ELOISE TO ABELARD.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind;
Each prayer accepted and each wish resign'd:
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING LINES BY A LADY ASSUMING THE NAME OF LAURA.

How happy is the country Parson's lot?
Forgetting *Bishops*, as by *them* forgot;
Tranquil of spirit, with an easy mind,
To all his *Vestry's* votes he sits resign'd:
Of manners gentle, and of temper even,
He jogs his flocks, with easy pace, to heaven.
In Greek and Latin, pious books he keeps;
And, while his clerk sings psalms, he—soundly sleeps.
His garden fronts the sun's sweet orient beams,
And fat church-wardens prompt his golden dreams.
The earliest fruit, in his fair orchard, blooms;
And cleanly pipes pour out tobacco's fumes.
From rustic bridegroom oft he takes the ring;
And hears the milk-maid plaintive ballads sing.
Back-gammon cheats whole winter nights away,
And Pilgrim's Progress helps a rainy day.

N. B. The foregoing *Parody* occasioned the following epistolary contest, and poetical *Raillery*, between our Author and *Laura*.

AN EPISTLE TO LAURA, ON HER PARODY.

I lately saw, no matter where,
A parody by Laura fair;
In which beyond dispute, 'tis clear,
She means her country friend to jeer;
For, well she knows, her pleasing lays,
(Whether they banter me or praise,
Whatever merry mood they take)
Are welcome for their author's sake.

Tobacco vile, I never smoak,
(Tho' Laura loves her friend to joke)
Nor leave my flock all in the lurch,
By being lullaby'd in church;
But, change the word from clerk to priest,
Perhaps I lull my sheep to rest.

As for the table of Back-*gammon*,
'Tis far beyond the reach of Damon:
But, place right *gammon* on a table,
And then to play a knife—I'm able.

"*How happy is my lot*," you say,
Because from *Bishops* far away!
Happy I am, I'll not deny,
But then it is when you are nigh;
Or gently rushes o'er my mind
Th' idea of the nymph refin'd;
In whom each grace and virtue meet,
That render woman-kind complete;
The sense, the taste, the lovely mien
Of *Stella*, pride of *Patrick's Dean*.

O Laura! when I think of this,
And call you friend—'tis greater bliss,
Than all the "*fat church-wardens' schemes*,"
Which rarely "*prompt my golden dreams*;"
Yet, if the happiness, fair maid,
That sooths me in the silent shade,
Should, in your eye, appear too great,
Come, take it all—and share my fate!

LAURA'S ANSWER.

Laura to *Damon* health doth send,
And thus salutes her *saucy* friend.

Because you would exert your wit,
You take the cap ne'er made to fit;
And then your sprightly verse display,
To prove me out in every way—
But I'll proceed, nor care one farthing;
Nor shall you make me sue for pardon,
Nor once recant what I asserted,
Tho' from my pen in haste it flirted.

Truly, because you do inherit
Some portion of the *Dean's* queer spirit,
You want to prove, in wondrous haste,
That *Laura* too has *Stella's* taste;
As if it must directly follow,
Since you are favour'd by Apollo,
That he his choicest gifts must send,
To ev'ry scribbling female friend.
I thank you, sir—you're wond'rous kind!
But think me not so vain or blind,
As to believe the pretty things,
Your muse, with ease, at Laura flings.

'Tis true, the moments I beguil'd,
And at a *country parson* smil'd;
Unhappy me! who ne'er could dream,
That you should think yourself the theme:
Unless my muse, thro' rank ill-nature,
Had turn'd what follows into satyr—

"A manner frank and debonnair,
A heart that's open and sincere,
Plain sense, stript of pedantic rules,
And formal precepts, hatch'd in schools;
Firm honesty without parade,
Simplicity in truth array'd;
A sprightly vein of humour too,
Known only by a favour'd few."

Had *Madam Muse*, in spleen or spight,
Plac'd all those graces in a light,
To make us laugh, more than admire—
Then Damon might have taken fire,
And said—*'tis past dispute and clear,*
I meant my country friend to jeer.

Yet, e'er I close—allow me time,
But just to add another rhyme.
Since I esteem your bliss so great,
In penance you will chuse a mate,
And tell me—"I may share your fate!"
The scheme is good, I must confess,
If you have bliss, to make it less!
Yet take a hint, before resolv'd,
And in the *dragging chain* involv'd,
While youthful joys around you shine,

* The Portfolio, quoted in Hazard's Pennsylvania Register, iii. 394.

Haste not to bend at Hymen's shrine;
Let friendship, gen'rous friendship, be
The bond to fetter you and me,
Vestal, Platonic—what you will,
So virtue reigns with freedom still.
But if, in matrimonial noose,
You must be bound—and have a spouse;
The faithful rib that heav'n shall send,
I'll fondly greet, and call her friend.

TO LAURA; IN REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

LAURA, for once excuse, I pray,
The pertness of a rural lay:
And I will ne'er again offend,
Or need the name of *saucy* friend;

Stella, (for now I see it clearly,
Who loves a little mischief dearly)
Resolv'd to carry a gay farce on,
Told me I was the country parson,
Described in your melodious strain:
To which I now return again.

I, like my namesake without* guile,
Thought in my turn that I might smile,
So seis'd my pen, in a brisk sally,
Determin'd to pay off the tally;
And, in a fit of *warm regard,*
Dropt a few words—*quite off my guard;*
For which I Laura's mercy crave,
And shall remain her humble slave—
She's pleas'd to say, that "I inherit,
Some portion of the DEAN's *queer spirit.*"
If aught in me was ever seen.
Resembling Patrick's boasted Dean:
It was his faults, I fear—rank pride,
Which, for my life, I cannot hide,
And one less vain than Swift—or me,
Might e'en both proud and *saucy* be,
When such fine things of him are said
By Laura, the harmonious maid;
Yet still her compliments, I fear,
Are only sent her friend to *jeer,*
Or sugar o'er a little *smart,*
And close the bleedings of a heart—
Thus, without cause, when children cry,
And put their finger in their eye,
Kind *mamma* gives them aught that's handy,
Cakes, marmalade, or sugar-candy.

Fair Laura hints—the hint I take,
And honour for its mistress' sake—
Yet when great Cupid is inclin'd,
To fix his empire o'er my mind,
A *silken* cord, no "dragging chain,"
Shall lead me to his sacred fane;
For none, I trust, shall e'er discover,
In me aught like the whimp'ring lover;
The fault'ring voice, the sigh of care,
The languid look, the dying air.
When abject thus behaves the muse,
May I kind Laura's friendship lose,
That friendship which I dearer hold,
Than silver heaps or shining gold.

And now, farewell!—may ev'ry hour
Fresh happiness on *Laura* pour—
Whether in sacred wedlock join'd,
Or to the *Vestal* state inclin'd;
May constant joys before her rise,
Till, for low earth, she gains the skies!

* Nathaniel.

JAMES ALLEN.

JAMES ALLEN, the son of a wealthy merchant of Boston, was born in that city, July 24th, 1739. He entered Harvard College, but owing to his indolent habits and a supposed want of orthodoxy, left the institution at the end of the third year of his course. He resided, after this, in Boston, occasionally amusing himself by writing essays or verses, but without any serious devotion to literary or professional pursuits. He died, a bachelor, in 1808.

The publication of his chief production, *Lines on the Massacre*, is due more to accident than design. It was written at the request of Dr. Warren, to accompany the oration on the same subject, which the doctor had been appointed to deliver. The poem was submitted to the committee having the matter in hand, who decided that it should be printed with the oration, but afterwards, owing to suspicions as to the writer's political faith, it was suppressed. Allen, with his usual indolence, gave himself no trouble about the matter, but his friends, indignant at the treatment the poet had received, procured a copy from him, and published it, with extracts from *The Retrospect*, another poem by the same hand, which they accompanied by a commentary by themselves, exhibiting the author's political soundness and poetical merits.*

Allen also wrote a patriotic epic, entitled *Bunker Hill*, but after making arrangements for its publication, was too listless to proceed further, and the manuscript is now supposed to be lost. These, with the exception of a few slight magazine pieces, form the whole of his writings.

FROM THE POEM ON THE MASSACRE.

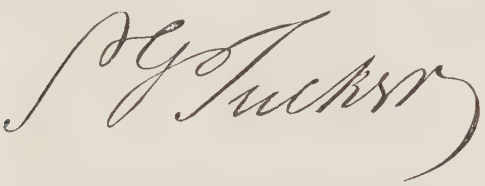
From realms of bondage, and a tyrant's reign,
Our godlike fathers bore no slavish chain.
To Pharaoh's face the inspired patriarchs stood,
To seal their virtue, with a martyr's blood;
But lives so precious, such a sacred seed,
The source of empires, heaven's high will decreed;
He snatch'd the saints from Pharaoh's impious hand,
And bid his chosen seek this distant land:
Thus to these climes the illustrious exiles sped,
'T was freedom prompted, and the Godhead led.
Eternal woods the virgin soil defaced,
A dreary desert, and a howling waste;
The haunt of tribes no pity taught to spare,
And they opposed them with remorseless war.
But heaven's right arm led forth the faithful train,
The guardian Godhead swept the insidious plain,
Till the scour'd thicket amicable stood,
Nor dastard ambush trench'd the dusky wood:
Our sires then earn'd no more precarious bread,
Nor 'midst alarms their frugal meals were spread.
Fair boding hopes inured their hands to toil,
And patriot virtue nursed the thriving soil,
Nor scarce two ages have their periods run,
Since o'er their culture smiled the genial sun;
And now what states extend their fair domains,
O'er fleecy mountains, and luxuriant plains!
Where happy millions their own fields possess,
No tyrant awes them, and no lords oppress;
The hand of rule, divine discretion guides,
And white-robed virtue o'er her path presides,
Each policed order venerates the laws,

* The Poem which the committee of the town of Boston had voted unanimously to be published with the late oration. Boston, E. Russell, 1772. Pp. 30.

And each, ingenuous, speaks in freedom's cause;
Not Spartan spirit, nor the Roman name,
The patriot's pride, shall rival these in fame;
Here all the sweets that social life can know,
From the full fount of civil sapience flow;
Here golden Ceres clothes th' autumnal plain,
And art's fair empress holds her new domain;
Here angel Science spreads her lucid wing,
And hark, how sweet the new-born muses sing;
Here generous Commerce spreads her liberal hand,
And scatters foreign blessings round the land.
Shall meagre mammon, or proud lust of sway,
Reverse these scenes—will heaven permit the day?
Shall in this era all our hopes expire,
And weeping freedom from her fanes retire?
Here shall the tyrant still our peace pursue,
From the pain'd eyebrow drink the vital dew?
Not nature's barrier wards our father's foe,
Seas roll in vain, and boundless oceans flow.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

JUDGE TUCKER, of Virginia, was born in the island of Bermuda, June 29, 1752 O. S., went to college at William and Mary, in Williamsburg, and in 1778 married Mrs. Randolph, the mother of John Randolph of Roanoke. He became



Judge of the Court of Appeals in 1803, on the death of Edmund Pendleton. He published an essay on the question, How far the Common Law of England is the Common Law of the United States; a treatise on Slavery, in 1796; a letter on the Alien and Sedition Laws, 1799, and an annotated edition of Blackstone. He died in Nelson county, Virginia, in November, 1827. He was a man of literary taste, great amiability, and thorough patriotism in the revolutionary struggle. These fugitive stanzas, attributed to his pen, are much admired:—

STANZAS.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall:
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray:
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight:
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

ELIAS BOUDINOT.

ELIAS BOUDINOT, of one of the numerous Huguenot families which, taking refuge in America from persecutions in France, made its return in patriotic efforts when America was to be defended, was born in Philadelphia, May 2d, 1740. He studied law with Richard Stockton, and his first wife was a sister of that distinguished statesman. He married, afterwards, a lady of New York, of the Beekman family, who survived him.

Boudinot became distinguished as a member of Congress, of which body he was President in 1782, and was rewarded by Washington with the appointment of Director of the Mint, as the successor of Rittenhouse, in 1796. He was the first president of the American Bible Society, on its creation in 1816. He took great interest in the cause of missions, particularly with reference to the Indians, the question of whose descent he endeavored to solve in his elaborate volume, *A Star in the West; or a humble attempt to discover the long lost ten tribes of Israel, preparatory to their return to their beloved city, Jerusalem.* This he published at Trenton, in New Jersey, in 1816. It is a curious work, which displays considerable diligence in the collection of facts and conjectures, and is written with an unaffected tone of sincerity, The writer evidently regarded the work as a religious duty. From his study of the sacred writings, his own observations of the Indian character, and the writings of Adair (who had taken this view), Colden, Brainerd, and others furnishing facts exhibiting similarity of customs, he established himself in the conclusion that the American Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes.

He also published, in 1790, *The Age of Revelation; or the Age of Reason an Age of Infidelity;* an oration before the Society of Cincinnati, 1793; and *The Second Advent of the Messiah*, 1815. He was generous and public-spirited, giving the Bible Society on one occasion ten thousand dollars, and founding in his lifetime a costly cabinet of natural history at Princeton. He left numerous liberal legacies at his death, for charitable uses.

THEODORIC BLAND. RICHARD BLAND.

COL. THEODORIC BLAND was of an old Virginia family, and the uncle of John Randolph. He was born in 1742. He was educated in Great Britain, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, at a school to which Richard Henry Lee had been sent, and at Edin-

burgh, where he received his Doctor's degree. In 1764 or '5, he returned to America, and practised medicine in Virginia. At the outbreak of the Revolution he celebrated the Battle of Lexington, in some verses, and took part in the struggle as a captain of Virginia cavalry. Col. Bland was present at the Battle of Brandywine, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of Washington, who frequently corresponded with him. He was a member of Congress from 1779 to 1783, and was again elected to the new Congress, in attendance upon which, at New York, he died June 1, 1790.

Col. Bland held a correspondence with the leading actors of the Revolution, which he preserved with care, but which was exposed to the

disaster of two fires. What escaped those injuries was nearly lost by negligence, a negro man on one occasion offering eggs for sale in a basket lined with the manuscripts of Washington, picked from the damaged remnants of the collection in a cellar. John Randolph in vain endeavored to get possession of the papers. The remnants were at last secured by a Virginia gentleman of antiquarian tastes, Mr. Charles Campbell, by whom they were published as *The Bland Papers*, in 1840 and 1843.*

Mr. Campbell has preserved in his memoir portions of the verses, the manuscript of which was considerably broken. This is the close :—

Shall Brunswick's line, exalted high,
And freely placed on Britain's throne,
See hapless freedom prostrate lie,
And trampled on by Brunswick's son.

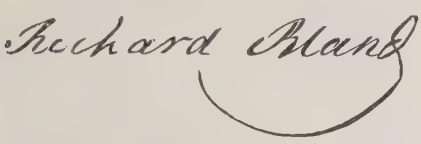
Ye nobles great, ye barons bold,
Remember glorious Runnymede,
Your ancestors, nor bought nor sold,
Stood ready for their rights to bleed.

Then spurn the proffered bribe with scorn—
The chartered rights your sires have won
Purely transmit to those unborn—
Let not the sire [enslave] the son.

Your brothers free in distant climes,
With noble ardor on you call,
Prepared to meet tempestuous times,
And prop the fabric ere it fall.

The collection is one of the most interesting memorials of our Revolutionary History, with its notices of old Virginia manners, and the public events of the times. Besides Col. Bland's own letters, the correspondence includes letters of Henry St. George Tucker, Arthur Lee, Jefferson, and others.

Col. Theodoric Bland is not to be confounded with his partial contemporary, Richard Bland,



"the Virginia Antiquary," who bore a prominent part as a political writer in the Revolution. He published in 1767, *An Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies*, after the House of Burgesses had declared the independence of the people of Virginia of the Parliament of Great Britain in matters of taxation.† Wirt, in a note to the Life of Patrick Henry, commemorates him as "one of the most enlightened men in the colony; a man of finished education, and of the most unbending habits of application. His perfect mastery of every fact connected with the settlement and progress of the colony, had given him the name of the Virginia Antiquary. He was a politician of the first class, a profound logician, and was also considered as the first writer in the colony." He died in 1778.

* The Bland Papers, being a selection from the MSS. of Col. Theodoric Bland, Jr., of Prince George County, Va., to which are prefixed an Introduction and a Memoir of Col. Bland. Edited by Charles Campbell. Petersburg: Edmund and Julian C. Ruffin. 1840–3.

† Jefferson's Notes on Va., Qy. xxiii., where another revolutionary pamphlet, The Monitor's Letters, by Arthur Lee, 1769, is mentioned.

NATHANIEL EVANS.

Nathaniel Evans was born in Philadelphia, June 8, 1742. He was educated at the Academy of that city, and then apprenticed to a merchant. At the expiration of his indentures he entered the college, which had in the meantime been established. At the Commencement in 1765 he received the degree of Master of Arts, although he had not taken that of Bachelor, in consequence of the interruption in his studies. He immediately after left for England, for the purpose of being ordained, and returned in December of the same year, having passed a highly successful examination as one of the missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and was stationed in Gloucester county, New Jersey, where he remained, occupied with the duties of his profession, until his death, October 29, 1767.

One of his fellow-passengers on his return voyage from England was Miss Elizabeth Graeme, afterwards Mrs. Ferguson. The acquaintance formed on shipboard ripened into a friendship which was only interrupted by his death. Several of his poems are addressed to her as *Laura;* the title of his *Ode written at G——me Park*, shows that he visited at her family country-seat; and the Rev. Dr. Smith acknowledges her aid in the preparation of the collection of her friend's poems,* which he published, with a brief memoir, in 1772. This volume contains, in addition to the pieces already mentioned, and a brief poetical correspondence between Laura and himself, a few fugitive verses on contemporary topics, including an *Ode to the Memory of General Wolfe*, and a similar composition on the *Peace*, with an *Imitation of Horace* addressed to Thomas Godfrey, and an *Elegy* to the memory of the same friend, with paraphrases of a few of the Psalms, and two or three pastorals. One of his poems is addressed to *Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D.*, occasioned by hearing him play on the harmonica.

His verses are smoothly written in the taste of the period, but do not possess high literary merit. The lines which we select are a version of a Latin poem, also by the author, addressed to a friend.

AD GULIELMUM LAUDERUM, P.P.

Caseus pinguis, pyra, mala, nectar
Te manent mecum, Gulielme, sextam
Occidens quum Sol properabit horam
Axe fugaci.

Diligit pullos nitidumque nidum
Uxor, at tecum gradiatur audax:
Filio quisquam nec erit venusto
Gratior umbra.

Risus et musæ comitentur almæ,
Innocens et te jocus et lepores:
Linque sed curas, et amara vitæ
Linque severæ.

* Poems on Several Occasions, with some other Compositions. By Nathaniel Evans, A.M., late Missionary (appointed by the Society for Promoting the Gospel) for Gloucester county, in New Jersey, and Chaplain to the Lord Viscount Kilmorey, of the Kingdom of Ireland. Philadelphia, 1772.

Hanc moram rugis sapiens futuris
Ponito: quamvis viridem senectam
Cautus arceto, remorare vitæ
Gaudia blandæ.

Vive nunc: ætas fugit impotentis
Fluminis ritu, volucrisve venti:
Vis stitit nulla, et revocavit horas
Nulla volantes.

Umbra seu pulvis fumus, aut inanis
Fumus, et nostrum remanebit olim
Nil nisi virtus, monumenta sacra
Ingeniique.

TO WILLIAM LAUDER, P.P.

Pears, apples, cheese, dear Will, and wine,
If thou wilt grace mine house, are thine
(For these are in my pow'r).
When the last ray of yon bright sun,
Shall round its whirling axle run,
And hasten the sixth hour.

Thy wife delights in her neat home
And babes, but let her boldly come,
Provided she's at leisure.
Thy beauteous boy shall also find,
Although unask'd, a welcome kind,
And be receiv'd with pleasure.

And with thee haste the virgin Muse,
And jest that laughter shall diffuse,
And mirth that cheers the soul:
Banish afar corroding care,
Severity with gloomy air,
That might our joys control.

More wisely thou procrastinate
These evils to a wrinkled state,
When life's no more inviting:
E'er age comes on, while yet thy blood
Flows in a sprightly vig'rous flood,
Be cheerful and delighting.

Live! live, my Will, for now's the day;
Time, like a current, glides away,
Or th' evanescent wind;
Unstaid by stout Herculean force,
Nought can protract its rapid course,
And fleeting moments bind.

Shadows we are, or empty dust,
And vapor-like dissolve we must,
Nor are we more secure;
Nought can escape the dreary pit
But virtue and immortal wit,
Which endless shall endure.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.

This eminent political leader was born in South Carolina in 1742. He was educated in England, at Westminster School and at the University of Oxford. He was appointed in 1771 Privy Councillor for the Province, and in 1774 Assistant Judge; distinguishing himself by his maintenance of the rights of the colonists. On the eve of the meeting of the Continental Congress he published a pamphlet under the signature of "Freeman," in which he marked out the line to be pursued, and submitted a "bill of American rights." In consequence of this publication he lost his place in the colonial judiciary. In 1775 he became president of the Provincial Congress, and was soon appointed by that body Chief Justice of the Colony, when he delivered his celebrated political charge to the Grand Jury of Charleston, April 23, 1776, on the Necessity of Independence. It is one of the masterly state papers of the Revolution.* Its enumeration of royal grievances gave something more than a hint to Jefferson for his draft of the Declaration of Independence. The address was an assertion of the rights of the people of South Carolina in forming the administration under which he acted. Its language was direct, and its line of argument legal and convincing. "I proceed to lay before you," said he, "the principal causes leading to the late revolution of our government, the law upon the point, and the benefits resulting from that happy and necessary establishment. The importance of the transaction deserves such a statement, the occasion demands, and our future welfare requires it. I will expound to you the constitution of your country." He thus directly states the precedent of the revolutionary course which had been pursued:—

The house of Brunswick was yet scarcely settled in the British throne, to which it had been called by a free people, when in the year 1719, our ancestors in this country, finding that the government of the lords proprietors operated to their ruin, exercised the rights transmitted to them by their forefathers of England; and casting off the proprietary authority, called upon the house of Brunswick to rule over them—a house elevated to royal dominion, for no other purpose than to preserve to a people their unalienable rights. The King accepted the invitation; and thereby indisputably admitted the legality of that revolution. And, in so doing, by his own act, he vested in them our forefathers, and in us their posterity, a clear right to effect another revolution, if ever the government of the house of Brunswick should operate to the ruin of the people. So the excellent Roman Emperor Trajan delivered a sword to Saburanus, his captain of the Pretorian guard, with this admired sentence, "Receive this sword, and use it to defend me if I govern well, but against me if I behave ill."

He then proceeds to draw out the legal argument of the Revolution of 1688, and closes with a review of the conditions of accommodation with England, which he summed up in this vigorous phrase:—

In short, I think it my duty to declare in the awful seat of justice, and before Almighty God, that, in my opinion, the Americans can have no safety but by the Divine favor, their own virtue, and their being so prudent *as not to leave it in the power of their British rulers to injure them.* Indeed the ruinous and deadly injuries received on our side, and the jealousies entertained, and which, in the nature of things, must daily increase against us on the other; demonstrate to a mind, in the least given to reflection upon the rise and fall of empires, that true reconcilement never can exist between Great Britain and America, the latter being in subjection to the former. The Almighty created America to be independent of Britain. Let us beware of the impiety of being backward to act as instruments in the Almighty hand, now extended to accomplish his purpose; and by the completion of which alone, America, in the nature of human affairs, can be secure against the craft and insidious designs of her enemies who think her prosperity and power already

* It is mentioned by Paine in the third number of the Crisis, as "of the first rank in America."

by far too great. In a word our piety and political safety are so blended, that, to refuse our labors in this divine work is to refuse to be a great, a free, a pious, and a happy people.

And now, having left the important alternative, political happiness or wretchedness, under God, in a great degree in your own hands; I pray the Supreme Arbiter of the affairs of men, so to direct your judgment, as that you may act agreeably to what seems to be his will, revealed in his miraculous works in behalf of America, bleeding at the altar of liberty.

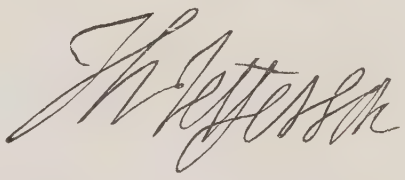
Drayton also published a pamphlet in opposition to Lord Howe's plan of reconciliation with the mother country. In 1777 he was made President of South Carolina, and the next year took his seat in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia; and while connected with this body, died suddenly in that city at the early age of thirty-six.* In addition to his political pamphlets he prepared a large body of materials for a history of the American Revolution, which were put into shape by his son John Drayton and published in two volumes in 1821.† John Drayton had previously published, in 1802, an *Historical View of South Carolina*. He died in Charleston in 1822 at the age of sixty, holding the office of District Judge of the United States.

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

The author of the Declaration of Independence, was born on his father's estate at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, in the neighborhood of Monticello, April 2, 1743. On the father's side his ancestry was Welsh, "from near the mountain of Snowdon," he notices in his Autobiography, and adds, "the highest in Great Britain." His grandfather, who was settled in Virginia, left three sons, of whom the youngest, Peter, married Jane Randolph of Goochland in the state, and of Scottish descent. Of eight children by this marriage Thomas was the first born. The father was a man of "a strong mind and sound judgment, and eager after information," as his son afterwards described him, whose neglected education in youth did not prevent his accomplishing himself sufficiently to be employed on a boundary survey between Virginia and North Carolina, and making the first actual map of the state on record. He died when his son was in his fifteenth year, having placed him on the track of a liberal education—under the instruction of Mr. Douglass, a clergyman from Scotland, who taught him French with the elements of Greek and Latin. On the death of his father, he was educated by the Reverend Mr. Maury, "a correct classical scholar," for two years, when in 1760 he entered William and Mary College, where he also remained two years. At the college his intellectual habits were greatly formed by the lectures and personal friendship of Dr. William Small, the Professor of Philosophy, from Scotland, a man of an active and liberal mind, who had a happy art of communicating his information on science, ethics, and the belles-lettres. "This acquaintanceship," says Jefferson, looking back to these early years, when he commenced his Autobiography at the age of seventy-seven, "was my great good fortune, and probably fixed the destinies of my life." The Professor introduced him to George Wythe, the able lawyer and patriot, with whom he studied law. The Autobiography recalls the *partie carrée* which these three friends formed, in company with Governor Fauquier at his table, where conversation never lacked intelligence. Small returned to Scotland in 1762.

Jefferson has left the warmest acknowledgments in his Correspondence and Autobiography, of his obligations to Wythe, who led him into business at the bar, and lived for forty years his friend.*

At the age of twenty-six, he entered public life as member of the legislature from his native county. In 1772 he married a widow lady of the age of twenty-three, the daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer of position and attractive personal qualities, a share of whose property on his death in 1773, doubled the fortunes of the pair. Jefferson had inherited from his father the land on which



* Ramsay's Hist. Rev. S. C. i. 94. Hist. S. C. ii. 454.
† Memoirs of the American Revolution.

* In his notes for a biography of Wythe, prepared in 1820, Jefferson thus draws his character. "No man ever left behind him a character more venerated than George Wythe. His virtue was of the purest tint; his integrity inflexible and his justice exact; of warm patriotism, and devoted as he was to liberty, and the natural and equal rights of man, he might truly be called the Cato of his country, without the avarice of the Roman; for a more disinterested person never lived. Temperance and regularity in all his habits gave him general good health, and his unaffected modesty and suavity of manners endeared him to every one. He was of easy elocution, his language chaste, methodical in the arrangement of his matter, learned and logical in the use of it, and of great urbanity in debate; not quick of apprehension, but with a little time, profound in penetration and sound conclusion. In his philosophy he was firm, and neither troubling, nor perhaps trusting, any one with his religious creed, he left the world to the conclusion, that that religion must be good which could produce a life of exemplary virtue. His stature was of the middle size, well formed and proportioned, and the features of his face were manly, comely, and engaging. Such was George Wythe, the honor of his own, and the model of future times."

he was born, and the adjacent grounds of Monticello.

His early opposition to the British colonial policy is well known. The details belong to political rather than literary history. His views on the position of the country were expressed in a draft of instructions which he prepared for delegates to a general Congress, to be sent from the convention at Williamsburg, in 1774. The paper was read by the members, and not brought up to be adopted, but it was published in a pamphlet form with the title *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*. Edmund Burke, when it reached London, interpolated some passages in it, in which form it passed through several editions.* In 1775, Jefferson succeeded Peyton Randolph in his seat in Congress at Philadelphia. He was thirty-two years of age, and the youngest man but one in that body. He was immediately engaged in its affairs, his legal and literary abilities† being called for to assist the committee to prepare a declaration of the causes of taking up arms. The draft which Jefferson prepared was too ardent for his colleague, Dickinson, and the latter substituted a statement in milder form. When the consideration of the question of Independence arose, Jefferson was appointed chairman of the Committee of Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, to prepare a Declaration. "The committee," he says, in his Autobiography, "desired me to do it: it was accordingly done." A few verbal corrections appear in the fac-simile of the original draft in the hand-writing of Franklin and Adams. The paper was reported on Friday, 28th June, 1776, laid on the table, and on Monday referred to a committee of the whole, discussed for the three following days, abridged of several superfluous phrases and some passages bearing severely upon Great Britain and affecting the question of slavery. On the evening of the memorable Fourth it was adopted in its present form.

A discussion has arisen with respect to the authorship of several striking phrases of this document, alleged to have been anticipated by the Mecklenburg North Carolina Resolutions of May 20, 1775. In the last mentioned paper the following language occurs: "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby *dissolve the political bands* which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation. * * * That we do hereby declare ourselves a *free and independent* people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no person, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly *pledge to each other*, our mutual co-operation, *our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor*." The lines which we have marked in italics suggest plagiarism from one quarter or the other. The comparison between the two was brought up in a letter from John Adams to Mr. Jefferson, dated June, 1819. Jefferson in reply, at the age of seventy-six, when he may have forgotten the contemporary report of the affair, doubted the authenticity of the paper. The fact of the declaration at Mecklenburg and the words of the Resolutions were maintained afterwards by a report of the legislature of North Carolina, which investigated the evidence. Professor Tucker, in his Life of Jefferson, published in 1837, admits the agreement and the plagiarism lying between the two, and does not question the fact that a declaration was made at Mecklenburg, but argues that the Jeffersonian phrases were interpolated subsequently from the Declaration of Congress.*

But whatever coincidences of expression may be noticed by the curious students of such matters, in the language of Webster on the solemn occasion of the funeral eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, "as a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him, clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his work well would be doing him injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him."†

Leaving Congress in September after the Declaration, Jefferson's faculties were employed in legal reforms in the legislature of his state, of which he became Governor in 1779, retaining the office till 1781, when he resigned it, thinking a man of military education was required for the conduct of affairs. He was offered several foreign appointments, to negotiate treaties in Europe, and finally embarked from Boston in 1784, to join Franklin and Adams in Paris for this purpose. When Adams was appointed minister to London, and Franklin returned home in 1785, Jefferson was left minister in Paris. He remained in that situation, travelling in France and visiting Holland and Piedmont till 1789, when he returned to America. On his arrival in Virginia he was met by the appointment from Washington of Secretary of State, which office he entered upon in New York, retaining it till the close of 1793. He then passed three years in retirement, from which the Vice-Presidency withdrew him, succeeded at the end of the term in 1801 by his election to the Presidency. After eight years, he retired to Monticello for the remainder of his career, and lived the life of a planter and student. His interest in education led him to be appointed chairman of the commission which formed the University at Charlottesville, in his vicinity, of which he became the rector.

In 1815, his pecuniary circumstances having become straitened, he sold his library of about seven thousand volumes to Congress, for which he received twenty-three thousand dollars. It was arranged by him on the Baconian plan of

* Autobiography, Works, i. 7. Ed. 1830.

† "Mr. Jefferson came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression."—John Adams's Letter to Timothy Pickering, Aug. 6, 1822.

* Art. on Tucker's Life of Jefferson, New York Review, No. I. March, 1837. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, a lecture by the Rev. Francis L. Hawks before the N. Y. Historical Society, Dec. 16, 1852.

† Works, i. 126.

a division under Memory, Reason or Judgment, and the Imagination. The departments showed a liberal range of study on science and literature, including an allowance of the Fine Arts. In the fire in the Library Room in 1852, most of these books were destroyed.

Jefferson's last days were passed in the rural enjoyments of Monticello, and with unimpaired mental pleasures. He died on the fourth of July, 1826, on the completion of fifty years from the date of his signing the Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson's popular literary reputation will mainly rest on the stirring sentences of this Declaration. There is abundant material in the nine octavo volumes of his writings,* but little of it is coined for current circulation. The autobiography, written in extreme age, has nothing of the repose and relish of Franklin's; the reports, messages, and other political writings may be sometimes referred to, but will seldom be perused; while the Correspondence, when perfectly arranged and annotated, will remain the best and most agreeable picture of the man.

The *Notes on the State of Virginia* were written at the suggestion of M. Marbois of the French legation in Philadelphia, who in 1781, in accordance with the wishes of his government for information, proposed to Jefferson a set of queries. As the latter had always been in the habit of jotting down memoranda of statistical and useful matters relating to the country, he took this opportunity of arranging them in order. Copies were in request among the author's friends, and for their satisfaction the work was privately printed, an edition of two hundred copies in Paris, in 1784, and distributed abroad and in America. One of the European copies, on the death of its owner, was obtained by a bookseller, who had it bunglingly translated by the Abbé Morellet into French, the author hearing of it in time to make some corrections and changes, when it appeared—*Observations sur la Virginie, par M. J***, traduites de l' Anglois*, 8vo. Paris, 1786. The next year, Jefferson gave the original to an English publisher.†

The correspondence of Jefferson, as published by his grandson,‡ contains the finest specimens of his literary powers. Many of the letters are written with a care that smells of the lamp. There is scarcely one of them which does not contain something suggestive or useful. During his residence in France he was very industrious as a correspondent, and his letters on the political affairs of the country, during the early period of the Revolution, addressed to Washington, Jay, and others, are valuable for their observation and sagacity. Madison is his chosen correspondent on American political ideas. He addresses John Adams on state affairs in France, and when they both become veterans, in retirement from public life, Braintree and Monticello exchange notes on topics of ethics and religion. He interests himself while in Europe, in all the liberal pursuits of his friends. He writes to Rittenhouse on points raised in the *Notes on Virginia;* to Francis Hopkinson concerning his musical improvements and inventions, and asks (in 1786) "what is become of the lunarium for the king?" He is solicitous for Houdon the sculptor, Tom Paine's iron bridge and its mathematical principles, the ethnological promises of Ledyard's travels, his friend Buffon's museum, that it be furnished with American specimens, and cheerfully fills the duties of a Paris commissioner in supplying the libraries of his friends at home with foreign books. His letters to his nephew Peter Carr show the warmth of his family attachments, and his zealous study of the nature of a practical education for mind and body; and the politician and philosopher can gaily unbend from graver studies to compliment his lady correspondents with his refinements of expression. To Mrs. Cosway he addresses the fine dialogue between Head and Heart on American nature, and discourses very prettily to Mrs. Bingham on the fopperies of Parisian life.

In 1787, on the 28th February, suffering from a dislocated wrist, Jefferson set out, by advice of his physician, on a tour to the mineral waters of Aix. By the time he returned to Paris, in June, he had passed through the heart of the country, and traversed the boundaries of France on the south and west, advancing in Italy along the Mediterranean as far as Genoa. He was greatly impressed with the architecture of that noble relic of antiquity, the *Maison Quarrée*, at Nismes. He writes to Madame la Comtesse de Tesse, on the beauties of a statue; to La Fayette, calling upon him to make the same journey,—"and to do it most effectually, you must be absolutely *incognito*, you must ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread, loll on their beds, under pretence of resting yourself, but in fact to find if they are soft. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of this investigation, and a sublimer one hereafter, when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds, or the throwing a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables." His memoranda apply to the wines of Burgundy, the agriculture and labor of the Rhone districts, the mode of living of the peasantry, the agricultural improvements;—the itinerary of an useful, intelligent, and active-minded tourist. Approaching the close of life, in 1816, he writes to John Adams,—"You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say, yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. * * My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy."

This was the cheerful close of a life of activity. His intellectual habits were those which wear well; keen, subtle, sagacious in thinking and acting as a politician, he was neat in composition, skilful in statement, curious and philosophical in speculation. Quick, active, versatile, he exercised the ingenuity of a man of talent, rather than

* This is the new edition edited by H. A. Washington, prepared from the MS. bequeathed to Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his grandson, and purchased by Congress in 1848.

† Autobiographical Memoir, p. 50.

‡ Memoir, Correspondence, and Miscellanies, from the papers of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo.

the unconscious instinct of a man of genius. His mind was clear on objects which admitted of being presented in a transparent light and profound on material issues. Politics he made an art, and was sensitive to every fibre of the web of political intrigue. He was not an orator or a great debater, but a good talker, an artful writer, master of that cunning instrument the pen—and an adept in personal management. In politics and philosophy what force he employed was rectilinear and progressive. His writings lack weight for the man of deep thought or feeling. They are agreeable studies for the philosophical amateur, and profitable ones for the politician who follows out in action his far-sighted speculations.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HEAD AND HEART.

In a Letter to Mrs. Cosway, Paris, Oct. 12, 1786.

My Dear Madam,—Having performed the last sad office of handing you into your carriage, at the *pavillon de St. Dénis*, and seen the wheels get actually into motion, I turned on my heel and walked, more dead than alive, to the opposite door, where my own was awaiting me. Mr. Danquerville was missing. He was sought for, found, and dragged down stairs. We were crammed into the carriage, like recruits for the Bastille, and not having soul enough to give orders to the coachman, he presumed Paris our destination, and drove off. After a considerable interval, silence was broke, with a "*Je suis vraiment affligé du depart de ces bons gens.*" This was a signal for mutual confession of distress. We began immediately to talk of Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, of their goodness, their talents, their amiability; and though we spoke of nothing else, we seemed hardly to have entered into the matter, when the coachman announced the *rue St. Dénis*, and that we were opposite Mr. Danquerville's. He insisted on descending there, and traversing a short passage to his lodgings. I was carried home. Seated by my fireside, solitary and sad, the following dialogue took place between my Head and my Heart.

Head. Well, friend, you seem to be in a pretty trim.

Heart. I am indeed the most wretched of all earthly beings. Overwhelmed with grief, every fibre of my frame distended beyond its natural powers to bear, I would willingly meet whatever catastrophe should leave me no more to feel, or to fear.

Head. These are the eternal consequences of your warmth and precipitation. This is one of the scrapes into which you are ever leading us. You confess your follies, indeed; but still you hug and cherish them; and no reformation can be hoped where there is no repentance.

Heart. Oh, my friend! this is no moment to upbraid my foibles. I am rent into fragments by the force of my grief! If you have any balm, pour it into my wounds; if none, do not harrow them by new torments. Spare me in this awful moment! At any other, I will attend with patience to your admonitions.

Head. On the contrary, I never found that the moment of triumph, with you, was the moment of attention to my admonitions. While suffering under your follies, you may perhaps be made sensible of them; but, the paroxysm over, you fancy it can never return. Harsh, therefore, as the medicine may be, it is my office to administer it. You will be pleased to remember, that when our friend Trumbull used to be telling us of the merits and talents of these good people, I never ceased whispering to you that we had no occasion for new acquaintances; that the greater their merit and talents, the more dangerous their friendship to our tranquillity, because the regret at parting would be greater.

Heart. Accordingly, Sir, this acquaintance was not the consequence of my doings. It was one of your projects which threw us in the way of it. It was you, remember, and not I, who desired the meeting at Legrand and Motinos. I never trouble myself with domes nor arches. The *Halle au bles* might have rotted down, before I should have gone to see it. But you, forsooth, who are eternally getting us to sleep with your diagrams and crotchets, must go and examine this wonderful piece of architecture; and when you had seen it, oh! it was the most superb thing on earth! What you had seen there was worth all you had yet seen in Paris! I thought so too. But I meant it of the lady and gentleman to whom we had been presented; and not of a parcel of sticks and chips put together in pens. You then, Sir, and not I, have been the cause of the present distress.

Head. It would have been happy for you, if my diagrams and crotchets had gotten you to sleep on that day, as you are pleased to say they eternally do. My visit to Legrand and Motinos had public utility for its object. A market is to be built in Richmond. What a commodious plan is that of Legrand and Motinos; especially, if we put on it the noble dome of the *Halle au bles*. If such a bridge as they showed us can be thrown across the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, the floating bridges taken up, and the navigation of that river opened, what a copious resource will be added, of wood and provisions, to warm and feed the poor of that city? While I was occupied with these objects, you were dilating with your new acquaintances, and contriving how to prevent a separation from them. Every soul of you had an engagement for the day. Yet all these were to be sacrificed that you might dine together. Lying messengers were to be despatched into every quarter of the city, with apologies for your breach of engagement. You, particularly, had the effrontery to send word to the Duchess Danville, that on the moment we were setting out to dine with her, despatches came to hand which required immediate attention. You wanted me to invent a more ingenious excuse; but I knew you were getting into a scrape, and I would have nothing to do with it. Well; after dinner from St. Cloud, from St. Cloud to Ruggieri's, from Ruggieri's to Krumfoltz; and if the day had been as long as a Lapland summer day, you would still have contrived means among you to have filled it.

Heart. Oh! my dear friend, how you have revived me, by recalling to mind the transactions of that day! How well I remember them all, and that when I came home at night, and looked back to the morning, it seemed to have been a month agone. Go on, then, like a kind comforter, and paint to me the day we went to St. Germains. How beautiful was every object! the *Port de Reuilly*, the hills along the Seine, the rainbows of the machine of Marly, the terras of St. Germains, the *chateaux*, the gardens, the statues of Marly, the pavilion of Lucienne. Recollect, too, Madrid, Bagatelle, the King's garden, the Desert. How grand the idea excited by the remains of such a column. The spiral staircase, too, was beautiful. Every moment was filled with something agreeable. The wheels of time moved on with a rapidity of which those of our carriage gave but a faint idea. And yet, in the evening, when one took a retrospect of the day, what a mass of happiness had we travelled over! Retrace all those scenes to

me, my good companion, and I will forgive the unkindness with which you were chiding me. The day we went to St. Germains was a little too warm, I think; was it not?

Head. Thou art the most incorrigible of all the beings that ever sinned! I reminded you of the follies of the first day, intending to deduce from thence some useful lessons for you; but instead of listening to them, you kindle at the recollection, you retrace the whole series with a fondness, which shows you want nothing but the opportunity to act it over again. I often told you, during its course, that you were imprudently engaging your affections, under circumstances that must cost you a great deal of pain; that the persons, indeed, were of the greatest merit, possessing good sense, good humor, honest hearts, honest manners, and eminence in a lovely art; that the lady had, moreover, qualities and accomplishments belonging to her sex, which might form a chapter apart for her; such as music, modesty, beauty, and that softness of disposition which is the ornament of her sex, and charm of ours: but that all these considerations would increase the pang of separation; that their stay here was to be short; that you rack our whole system when you are parted from those you love, complaining that such a separation is worse than death, inasmuch as this ends our sufferings, whereas that only begins them; and that the separation would, in this instance, be the more severe, as you would probably never see them again.

Heart. But they told me they would come back again the next year.

Head. But, in the mean time, see what you suffer: and their return, too, depends on so many circumstances, that if you had a grain of prudence, you would not count upon it. Upon the whole, it is improbable, and therefore you should abandon the idea of ever seeing them again.

Heart. May Heaven abandon me, if I do!

Head. Very well. Suppose, then, they come back. They are to stay two months, and when these are expired what is to follow? Perhaps you flatter yourself they may come to America?

Heart. God only knows what is to happen. I see nothing impossible in that supposition: and I see things wonderfully contrived sometimes to make us happy. Where could they find such objects as in America for the exercise of their enchanting art; especially the lady who paints landscapes so inimitably? She wants only subjects worthy of immortality to render her pencil immortal. The Falling Spring, the Cascade of Niagara, the Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Mountains, the Natural Bridge; it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see these objects; much more to paint and make them, and thereby ourselves, known to all ages. And our own dear Monticello; where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye?—mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we there ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet! and the glorious sun when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains, and giving life to all nature! I hope in God, no circumstance may ever make either seek an asylum from grief! With what sincere sympathy I would open every cell of my composition to receive the effusion of their woes! I would pour my tears into their wounds; and if a drop of balm could be found on the top of the Cordilleras, or at the remotest sources of the Missouri, I would go thither myself to seek and to bring it. Deeply practised in the school of affliction, the human heart knows no joy which I have not lost, no sorrow of which I had not drank! Fortune can present no grief of unknown form to me! Who, then, can so softly bind up the wound of another, as he who has felt the same wound himself? But Heaven forbid they should ever know a sorrow! Let us turn over another leaf, for this has distracted me.

Head. Well. Let us put this possibility to trial, then, on another point. When you consider the character which is given of our country by the lying newspapers of London, and their credulous copyers in other countries; when you reflect that all Europe is made to believe we are a lawless banditti, in a state of absolute anarchy, cutting one another's throats, and plundering without distinction, how could you expect that any reasonable creature would venture among us?

Heart. But you and I know that all this is false: that there is not a country on earth where there is greater tranquillity; where the laws are milder, or better obeyed; where every one is more attentive to his own business, or meddles less with that of others; where strangers are better received, more hospitably treated, and with a more sacred respect.

Head. True, you and I know this, but your friends do not know it.

Heart. But they are sensible people, who think for themselves. They will ask of impartial foreigners, who have been among us, whether they saw or heard on the spot any instance of anarchy. They will judge, too, that a people occupied, as we are, in opening rivers, digging navigable canals, making roads, building public schools, establishing academies, erecting busts and statues to our great men, protecting religious freedom, abolishing sanguinary punishments, reforming and improving our laws in general; they will judge, I say, for themselves, whether these are not the occupations of a people at their ease; whether this is not better evidence of our true state than a London newspaper, hired to lie, and from which no truth can ever be extracted, but by reversing every thing it says.

Head. I did not begin this lecture, my friend, with a view to learn from you what America is doing. Let us return, then, to our point. I wish to make you sensible how imprudent it is to place your affections without reserve on objects you must so soon lose, and whose loss, when it comes, must cost you such severe pangs. Remember the last night. You knew your friends were to leave Paris to-day. This was enough to throw you into agonies. All night you tossed us from one side of the bed to the other; no sleep, no rest. The poor crippled wrist, too, never left one moment in the same position; now up, now down, now here, now there; was it to be wondered at if its pains returned? The surgeon then was to be called, and to be rated as an ignoramus, because he could not divine the cause of this extraordinary change. In fine, my friend, you must mend your manners. This is not a world to live at random in, as you do. To avoid those eternal distresses, to which you are for ever exposing us, you must learn to look forward before you take a step which may interest our peace. Every thing in this world is matter of calculation. Advance, then, with caution, the balance in your hand. Put into one scale the pleasures which any object may offer; but put fairly into the other the pains which are to follow, and see which preponderates. The making an acquaintance is not a matter of indifference. When a new one is proposed to you view it all round. Consider what advantages it presents, and to what inconveniences it may expose you. Do not bite at the bait of pleasure till you know there is no hook beneath it. The art of life is the art of avoiding

pain; and he is the best pilot who steers clearest of the rocks and shoals with which it is beset. Pleasure is always before us; but misfortune is at our side; while running after that, this arrests us. The most effectual means of being secure against pain is to retire within ourselves, and to suffice for our own happiness. Those which depend on ourselves are the only pleasures a wise man will count on; for nothing is ours which another may deprive us of. Hence the inestimable value of intellectual pleasures. Ever in our power, always leading us to something new, never cloying, we ride serene and sublime above the concerns of this mortal world, contemplating truth and nature, matter and motion, the laws which bind up their existence, and that Eternal Being who made and bound them up by those laws. Let this be our employ. Leave the bustle and tumult of society to those who have not talents to occupy themselves without them. Friendship is but another name for an alliance with the follies and the misfortunes of others. Our own share of miseries is sufficient; why enter then as volunteers into those of another? Is there so little gall poured into our cup that we must need help to drink that of our neighbor? A friend dies, or leaves us: we feel as if a limb was cut off. He is sick: we must watch over him, and participate of his pains. His fortune is shipwrecked: ours must be laid under contribution. He loses a child, a parent, or a partner: we must mourn the loss as if it were our own.

Heart. And what more sublime delight than to mingle tears with one whom the hand of Heaven hath smitten! to watch over the bed of sickness, and to beguile its tedious and its painful moments! to share our bread with one to whom misfortune has left none! This world abounds indeed with misery: to lighten its burthen we must divide it with one another. But let us now try the virtue of your mathematical balance, and as you have put into one scale the burthens of friendship, let me put its comforts into the other. When languishing, then, under disease, how grateful is the solace of our friends! how are we penetrated with their assiduities and attentions! how much are we supported by their encouragements and kind offices! When Heaven has taken from us some object of our love, how sweet is it to have a bosom whereon to recline our heads, and into which we may pour the torrent of our tears! Grief, with such a comfort, is almost a luxury! In a life where we are perpetually exposed to want and accident, yours is a wonderful proposition, to insulate ourselves, to retire from all aid, and to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-sufficiency! For assuredly nobody will care for him, who cares for nobody. But friendship is precious, not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine. I will recur for proof to the days we have lately passed. On these, indeed, the sun shone brightly! How gay did the face of nature appear! Hills, valleys, chateaux, gardens, rivers, every object wore its liveliest hue! Whence did they borrow it? From the presence of our charming companion. They were pleasing, because she seemed pleased. Alone, the scene would have been dull and insipid: the participation of it with her gave it relish. Let the gloomy monk, sequestered from the world, seek unsocial pleasures in the bottom of his cell! Let the sublimated philosopher grasp visionary happiness while pursuing phantoms dressed in the garb of truth! Their supreme wisdom is supreme folly: and they mistake for happiness the mere absence of pain. Had they ever felt the solid pleasure of one generous spasm of the heart, they would exchange for it all the frigid speculations of their lives, which you have been vaunting in such elevated terms. Believe me, then, my friend, that that is a miserable arithmetic, which could estimate friendship at nothing, or at less than nothing. Respect for you has induced me to enter into this discussion, and to hear principles uttered, which I detest and abjure. Respect for myself now obliges me to recall you into the proper limits of your office. When nature assigned us the same habitation, she gave us over it a divided empire. To you she allotted the field of science; to me that of morals. When the circle is to be squared, or the orbit of a comet to be traced; when the arch of greatest strength, or the solid of least resistance is to be investigated, take up the problem; it is yours; nature has given me no cognizance of it. In like manner, in denying to you the feelings of sympathy, of benevolence, of gratitude, of justice, of love, of friendship, she has excluded you from their control. To these she has adapted the mechanism of the heart. Morals were too essential to the happiness of man to be risked on the uncertain combinations of the head. She laid their foundation, therefore, in sentiment, not in science. That she gave to all as necessary to all: this to a few only, as sufficing with a few. I know, indeed, that you pretend authority to the sovereign control of our conduct, in all its parts: and a respect for your grave saws and maxims, a desire to do what is right, has sometimes induced me to conform to your counsels. A few facts, however, which I can readily recall to your memory, will suffice to prove to you that nature has not organized you for our moral direction. When the poor wearied soldier, whom we overtook at Chickahominy, with his pack on his back, begged us to let him get up behind our chariot, you began to calculate that the road was full of soldiers, and that if all should be taken up, our horses would fail in their journey. We drove on, therefore. But soon becoming sensible you had made me do wrong, that though we cannot relieve all the distressed, we should relieve as many as we can, I turned about to take up the soldier; but he had entered a by-path, and was no more to be found: and from that moment to this, I could never find him out to ask his forgiveness. Again, when the poor woman came to ask a charity in Philadelphia, you whispered, that she looked like a drunkard, and that half a dollar was enough to give her for the ale-house. Those who want the dispositions to give, easily find reasons why they ought not to give. When I sought her out afterwards, and did what I should have done at first, you know, that she employed the money immediately towards placing her child at school. If our country, when pressed with wrongs at the point of the bayonet, had been governed by its heads instead of its hearts, where should we have been now? Hanging on a gallows as high as Haman's. You began to calculate, and to compare wealth and numbers: we threw up a few pulsations of our blood; we supplied enthusiasm against wealth and numbers; we put our existence to the hazard, when the hazard seemed against us, and we saved our country: justifying, at the same time, the ways of Providence, whose precept is to do always what is right, and leave the issue to him. In short, my friend, as far as my recollection serves me, I do not know that I ever did a good thing on your suggestion, or a dirty one without it. I do for ever, then, disclaim your interference in my province. Fill paper as you please with triangles and squares: try how many ways you can hang and combine them together. I shall never envy nor control your sublime delights. But leave me to decide when and where friendships are to be contracted. You

say I contract them at random. So you said the woman at Philadelphia was a drunkard. I receive none into my esteem till I know they are worthy of it. Wealth, title, office, are no recommendations to my friendship. On the contrary, great good qualities are requisite to make amends for their having wealth, title, and office. You confess, that, in the present case, I could not have made a worthier choice. You only object that I was so soon to lose them. We are not immortal ourselves, my friends; how can we expect our enjoyments to be so? We have no rose without its thorn; no pleasure without alloy. It is the law of our existence; and we must acquiesce. It is the condition annexed to all our pleasures, not by us who receive, but by him who gives them. True, this condition is pressing cruelly on me at this moment. I feel more fit for death than life. But when I look back on the pleasures of which it is the consequence, I am conscious they were worth the price I am paying. Notwithstanding your endeavors, too, to damp my hopes, I comfort myself with expectations of their promised return. Hope is sweeter than despair; and they were too good to mean to deceive me. "In the summer," said the gentleman; but "In the spring," said the lady; and I should love her for ever, were it only for that! Know, then, my friend, that I have taken these good people into my bosom; that I have lodged them in the warmest cell I could find; that I love them, and will continue to love them through life; that if fortune should dispose them on one side the globe, and me on the other, my affections shall pervade its whole mass to reach them. Knowing, then, my determination, attempt not to disturb it. If you can at any time furnish matter for their amusement, it will be the office of a good neighbor to do it. I will, in like manner, seize any occasion which may offer, to do the like good turn for you with Condorcet, Rittenhouse, Madison, La Cretelle, or any other of those worthy sons of science, whom you so justly prize.

I thought this a favorable proposition whereon to rest the issue of the dialogue. So I put an end to it by calling for my nightcap. Methinks, I hear you wish to Heaven I had called a little sooner, and so spared you the *ennui* of such a sermon. I did not interrupt them sooner, because I was in a mood for hearing sermons. You, too, were the subject; and on such a thesis I never think the theme long; not even if I am to write it, and that slowly and awkwardly, as now, with the left hand.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

To Dr. Walter Jones, Monticello, Jan. 1814.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:—

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt; but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying, at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agricultural and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

MORALITIES.

To Thomas Jefferson Smith, Monticello, Feb. 21, 1825.

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its councils. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life, into which you have entered, be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the

dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Monticello, February 21st, 1825.

The Portrait of a Good Man, by the most sublime of Poets, for your imitation.

Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there?
'T is he, whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak, the thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge, his neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report, by malice whispered round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power, can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags, religiously respect.
Who to his plighted vows and trust, has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe, the guiltless to destroy.
The man, who by this steady course has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand, by Providence secured.

A Decalogue of Canons for observation in practical life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

NATHANAEL EMMONS

Was a native of Connecticut, born in the town of East Haddam, county of Hartford, May 1, 1745. In his Autobiography, written towards the close of his life, he tells us that his parents, finding him of "a volatile, trifling spirit," as a schoolboy, altered their purpose of sending him to college, and determined to make a farmer of him; a resolution which put him upon his mettle for study. He bought a Latin accidence and grammar with his own money, before he attended a grammar-school. In 1763, he entered Yale, where he was a classmate of the poet Trumbull, and found himself, on the completion of his course, by the loss of his parents, without money or a home. School-keeping was the obvious and uniform resource in such cases, and Emmons taught school for some months, till he entered the family of the Rev. Nathan Strong, of Coventry, Conn., teaching his children, and himself acquiring theology. He also placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Smalley.*

In 1769, he was licensed by the South Association in Hartford county. In 1773, he was ordained to the pastoral care of the Second church, in Wrentham, Mass., the name of the district from which the town of Franklin was subsequently organized in 1778, receiving its name in honor of the philosopher.

After having sustained a pastoral relation with his congregation of more than fifty years, he retired from his ministry at the first decided warning of the loss of his powers, in May, 1827. He still, however, though fully relinquishing his office, retained a connexion with its new ministry, and at the time of his death had been for seventy years, in all, connected with the church at that place.

Emmons was thrice married; to the first wife, Miss Deliverance French, the daughter of Moses French, of Braintree, Mass., who died three years after, in 1775; in less than two years after, he married the daughter of the Rev. Chester Williams, of Hadley, Mass., who was his partner till 1829, for a period of nearly fifty years; and in 1831, in his eighty-seventh year, he was married (her third ministerial husband) to Mrs. Abigail M. Mills, the widow of a clergyman of Sutton. The loss of several children in advanced life caused him much affliction, and drew from him, on the death of a favorite daughter, one of the most touching passages of his discourses. His death occurred September 23d, 1840, in his ninety-sixth year. While his memory and personal vivacity and activity were somewhat impaired, in the few latter years of his life, he was still a great reader. "When he was ninety years of age," says his biographer, the Rev. A. R. Baker, "and often found it difficult to remember the name of yesterday's visitor, he would relate the contents of the last book he read with surprising accuracy, and would make extemporaneous criticisms upon it which would have ornamented the pages of a quarterly."†

The writings of Emmons are numerous. He published, Prof. Park tells us, "more than seven thousand copies of nearly two hundred sermons, besides four labored dissertations and numerous essays for periodicals." The collection of his works, by his son-in-law, Dr. Ide, containing two hundred and twenty-two sermons, fills six large octavo volumes; and the editor remarks, that he has the material for ten more in his hands, as valuable as those which he has published.‡ Besides these sermons, Emmons's uncollected writings include more than a hundred articles, mostly on religious topics, in the New England Ecclesiastical reviews and periodicals, the Massachusetts Missionary Magazine, the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, the Hopkinsian Magazine, and the Christian Magazine.

The style of Emmons as a writer is clear and

* This divine was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1734, and died in 1820. He was minister at Berlin, Conn.; published sermons on Natural and Moral Inability, 1760; sermons on Connected Subjects, 1803, with other sermons and occasional publications.

† Memoir, Am. Quar. Reg. xv. 121.

‡ The Works of Nathanael Emmons, D.D., late Pastor of the Church in Franklin, Mass., with a Memoir of his Life. Edited by Jacob Ide, D.D. 6 vols. 8vo. Boston: Crocker & Brewster, 1842.

plain, direct and forcible, without richness or ornament. His own theory on the subject is expressed in one of his aphorisms,—"Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window; a heavy sash will obscure the light. The object is to have as little sash as will hold the lights, that we may not think of the frame, but have the most light." This is true in some respects, though genuine ornament is part of the substance, and when the sash is provided, much depends upon the purity of the glass and the force of the sun.

With respect to Emmons's theological views, as the author of his memoirs remarks, "A perusal of his works is that only which can give the reader a full and accurate knowledge of his opinions." They involve many niceties of metaphysical and polemical discussion on the freedom of the will and the work of conversion. Dr. Ide has arranged two volumes of the discourses under the title, Systematic Theology, though the author himself never prepared a professed system. He appears to have engrafted on the doctrine of total depravity a theory of "the free, voluntary, selfish affections," and he held that "men are active and not passive in regeneration."* When once asked, "What is the difference between natural depravity and original sin?" he replied, in his quick way, "Natural depravity is the truth; original sin is a lie."

His Jeroboam sermon, on the annual fast of April 9th, 1801,† shortly after the inauguration of Jefferson, has been generally understood to have been levelled at the new President. It could hardly be mistaken, as it plays off Solomon against the infidel Rehoboam with artful parallelism to the new nineteenth century. It is long drawn, solemn, and withering. Reading it with the substitution of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson for their scriptural prototypes, and taking the federal politics of the time into view, it is a curious analogy—for example:

Jefferson as Secretary of State.—And Solomon, seeing the young man that he was industrious, made him ruler over all the charge of the house of Joseph. His appointment to such an office, by such a penetrating prince, is an infallible evidence of his popular talents and pleasing address. These excellent and amiable accomplishments, had they been properly directed to the public good, would have rendered him a great benefit to the nation.

Jefferson in Paris.—His flight into Egypt seems to have been the most fatal period in Jeroboam's life. * * He could not have lived among a more dangerous people than the Egyptians, who were then the most noted nation in the world for learning, magnificence, superstition, and the grossest idolatry. Hence his residence in Egypt prepared him to return to his native country a more bitter enemy to the God of Israel, and a more malignant opposer of all his sacred rites and institutions than any pagan priest or Egyptian philosopher. Such was the ominous character of Jeroboam the son of Nebat before he reached the object of his wishes, and was placed in the first seat of Government.

Jeroboam's new appointments to office.—He was resolved to shake every sacred as well as civil officer from his seat rather than to lose his own. We are not, indeed, informed whom he appointed to stand around his person and assist him in the administration of government; but who can doubt whether he did not display the same corruption of heart in appointing the officers of state which he had displayed in appointing the officers of religion?

His powers of conversation.—It appears from his character and conduct in early life, that he possessed in a high degree the art of captivating and corrupting all sorts of people with whom he conversed. And when he was clothed with the ensigns of royalty his power and opportunity of corrupting his subjects greatly increased. He became the standard of taste and model of imitation. His sentiments and manners became a living law to his subjects. In his familiar intercourse with all around him he undoubtedly seized those soft moments which were the most favorable to his malignant design of seduction. This he could do without departing from the dignity of his station.

If terms and phrases like these needed any "improvement," they had it in the sequel of the doctor's discourse:

It is more than possible that our nation may find themselves in the hands of a Jeroboam, who will drive them from following the Lord, and whenever they do they will rue the day, and detest the folly, delusion, and intrigue which raised him to the head of the United States.

And he asks the pertinent question—

Who can say that men in power may not catch the spirit of the times, and follow the example of Jeroboam, or rather that of the late apostates in Europe? We are becoming more and more connected with those infidel nations, whose politicians and philosophers are the bold patrons and preachers of infidelity. This mutual intercourse affords a peculiar opportunity to try the whole force of their infatuating philosophy upon us in America. And it is beyond a doubt that our rulers are the most exposed to their fatal delusions.

Emmons's federal politics were clearly announced in his sermon on American Independence, July 5, 1802, in which he claims not only all the sound principles of government for his friends, but also the right of celebration of the National Jubilee. "It is presumption," he said from the pulpit, "in republicans to claim this day as their own."*

There is a well drawn and interesting account of Emmons, entitled *Miscellaneous Reflections of a Visiter upon the character of Dr. Emmons*, in "a familiar lecture" to the senior class in Andover Theological Seminary, by Prof. Edwards A. Park. It is prefixed to the collection of the works, where it forms forty-five closely printed octavo pages. We may best gather from this the memorabilia of this extraordinary man. "In person he was not more than five feet and seven inches high, but he stood erect, and was in all senses upright. When he appeared in the streets of a New England city, in his latter days, with his three-cornered hat, the bright buckles on his shoe and knee, his white locks flowing down his shoulders, the boys flocked after him, as after a military general. System characterized his movements. His guests would

* Schedule of doctrines found among his papers.—Ide's Memoir, lxxvii.

† Works, ii. 184.

* Works, ii. 229.

always find his hat hanging on the same nail in the study. Every chair was in its place; every book on its shelf, save the one he was reading; and that was put into the book-case as soon as a visitor arrived. His style of writing was neat as his white locks. He was always attentive to his chirography, and wrote a better hand at the age of seventy-five than at thirty-five."

The doctor was an odd man, but there was method in his oddity, and his wit was not always to be encountered. "A certain divine," Prof. Park tells the story, "the junior of Dr. Emmons by several years, unequal to him in acumen and theological knowledge, and under some peculiar obligation to treat him with deference, was fond, although doubtless a very good man, of appearing like a metropolitan before the minister of Franklin, and as he was physically at least a great man, much superior in altitude to the doctor, he was inclined to look down on the country parson, as the smaller of the two. This domineering treatment was endured with patience until patience ceased to be a virtue. Having read Dr. Emmons's sermon on the Atonement, a sermon which was encountering at that time some opposition, he sent to the Franklin minister the following epistle: 'May 1st. My Dear Brother, —I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it. Yours affectionately, A. B. C.' These admonitory words were no sooner read than the following was written and sent to the post-office: 'May 3d. Dear Sir,—I have read your letter and laughed at it. Yours, Nathanael Emmons.' " To a young preacher he said, "Your sermon was too much like Seekonk plain, long and level." A drunken sceptic asked him, "What is understood by the soul of man?" "No," said the doctor, "I can't tell a man that hasn't got any." Conversing once with a lapsing theological opponent, whom he had pressed hard, when the victim took refuge in the assertion, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom"—"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

His shrewd, vigorous sense is exhibited in many a dogmatic utterance. On being asked what was the best system of rhetoric for a clergyman, he gave these two rules:—"First, have something to say; second, say it." Many of his terse conversational aphorisms have been preserved. "Of the two Edwardses," he said, "the father had more reason than his son, but the son was a greater reasoner than his father." "Great men," was one of his maxims, "always committed great errors." Of the pulpit, it was his remark, "Preach with animation enough to produce a great excitement of the natural sympathies, which will make persons think they have some native goodness;" and, "Be short in all religious exercises. Better leave the people longing than loathing. No conversions after the hour is out." "A man must not only know the truth, but know that he knows it." "The worst books," he said, "were the best: they compel us to think."

The doctor kept a jealous eye upon his flock, sedulously guarding them from sectarian wolves. That we do not use the last word unadvisedly may be learnt from an anecdote illustrating Emmons's downright brusque manner, preserved in the memoir of Ide. "A very respectable clergyman of another denomination was solicited by a gentleman in Franklin to come and preach at his house, and, as Dr. Emmons thought, with a view to make an impression upon his people in favor of the peculiarities of that denomination. Shortly after receiving the invitation, this clergyman met Dr. Emmons in Boston, and told him that he had been invited to come and give his people a sermon. The doctor very pleasantly replied, 'You have a very important sphere of labor assigned you where you are. You need not take the trouble to come to Franklin. I can take care of my own flock.' 'But,' said the clergyman, 'you will not object to my coming?' The doctor, understanding by this that he was still inclined to come, notwithstanding the hint which had been given him, made the following characteristic reply: 'I do object, and if you come to Franklin in our present circumstances I'll consider and treat you as a wolf in sheep's clothing.' This clergyman never came."

There are some interesting observations by Prof. Park in his notes on Emmons, with respect to the habits of study, and longevity of the clergy of New England. "We read of the two Edwardses, Hopkins, Smalley, Stiles, Chauncy, and Dwight, as at their books thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen hours of the day. Dr. Emmons, in this respect, equalled any of them. Mr. Stoddard of Northampton died at eighty-six; Dr. Increase Mather at eighty-four; Dr. Cotton Mather at sixty-five; Dr. Stiles at sixty-eight; Dr. Johnson at seventy-six; Dr. Hopkins at eighty-three; Dr. Bellamy at seventy-two; Dr. Hart at sixty-nine; President Chauncy, of Harvard, and Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, at eighty-two; Dr. Smalley at eighty-six; Dr. West* at eighty-four; Dr. Strong at sixty-eight; Dr. Lothrop at ninety. These divines lived abstemiously, but neglected physical exercise. 'I do not ascribe my long continued health,' said Dr. Emmons, 'to any whimsical care of my diet; what has hurt me I have not eaten. I have avoided stimulating liquids, have seldom drunk coffee unless it were half milk and half sugar, have been always temperate in the use of simple food, and have secured good sleep.' "† There

* There were three Wests of repute in the old New England churches: Samuel, the minister of New Bedford, who died in 1807, at the age of seventy-seven. He published, among other doctrinal writings, "Essays on Liberty and Necessity," in two parts, in 1793 and 1795, in which he reviewed the arguments of Edwards. Another Samuel West, born at Martha's Vineyard, in 1738, was minister at Needham and in Boston. He died in 1808, having published a number of sermons and the Essays, in the Columbian Centinel, of "an Old Man," in 1806 and '7. Stephen West, the minister of Stockbridge, published an Essay on Moral Agency in 1772, and was also the author of a Treatise on the Atonement. He was born in Tolland, Conn., 1736, and died in 1819. Joseph Bellamy was a native of Connecticut, born at New Cheshire, in 1719. He was fifty years minister of the church at Bethlem. He died in 1790. His works were collected in three volumes, in 1811, and were reprinted in two volumes octavo, in 1853, by the Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, Boston. His True Religion Delineated was published in 1750.

† Emmons sat in the same study chair more than half a century, and when about ninety years of age he relaxed the severity of his mental toil, he fitly consented to abandon the old arm chair for a new and easier one. "I should like well enough to travel," he said in his latter days of leisure, "if I could take my study with me. Habits are stubborn things; and I have become so accustomed to this room, to this desk, to this chair, and to this spot where I sit, that I do not feel at home anywhere else. I cannot talk anywhere else." He had a regular hour for conversation with his students and friends; and a peculiar movement of his body towards the study table was equal to a sheriff's order that the room should be cleared, and he be left alone.—Prof. Park's Notices.

was much, too, in the assurance of a settled position, and the absorption of care in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

JAMES MOODY,

A LOYALIST of the American war, whom the outbreaking of the Revolution found at his farm in New Jersey, has left a well written account of his celebrated partisan warfare, which gave much trouble to the movements of Washington, in a pamphlet published in London in 1783, entitled *Lieut. James Moody's Narrative of his Exertions and Sufferings in the Cause of Government, since the year* 1776, with certificates from Gov. Wm. Franklin, of New Jersey, the Rev. Dr. Inglis of New York, and others. He went through many perilous, hair-breadth adventures, preserving his life in extraordinary emergencies by his self-possession and bravery. As his pamphlet is now very scarce, we present one or two of these scenes in his well written narrative.* Here is an anecdote of his ubiquitous presence; for like the true partisan, he was everywhere, at least to the imagination of his enemies; with an affecting story of a true man, who deserved a better fate:—

Returning again into Sussex county, he now heard that several prisoners were confined, on various suspicions and charges of loyalty, in the jail of that county; and that one of them was actually under sentence of death. This poor fellow was one of Burgoyne's soldiers, charged with crimes of a civil nature, of which, however, he was generally believed to be innocent. But when a clergyman of the Church of England interposed with his unrelenting prosecutor, and warmly urged this plea of innocence, he was sharply told, that, though he might not perhaps deserve to die for the crime for which he had been committed, there could be no doubt of his deserving to die, as an enemy to America. There was something so piteous, as well as shameful, in the case of this ill-fated victim to republican resentment, that it was determined, if possible, to release both him and his fellow-prisoners. For this purpose, Mr. Moody took with him six men; and, late at night, entered the country town, about seventy miles from New York. The inhabitants of the town were but too generally disaffected. This suggested the necessity of stratagem. Coming to the jail, the keeper called out from the window of an upper room, and demanded what their business was? The Ensign instantly replied, He had a prisoner to deliver into his custody. "What! one of *Moody's* fellows?" said the jailor. "Yes," said the Ensign. On his inquiring what the name of this supposed prisoner was, one of the party, who was well known by the inhabitants of that place to be with Mr. Moody, personated the character of a prisoner, and spoke for himself. The jailor gave him a little ill language; but, notwithstanding, seemed highly pleased with the idea of his having so notorious a Tory in his custody. On the Ensign's urging him to come down, and take charge of the man, he peremptorily refused; alleging, that in consequence of Moody's being out, he had received strict orders to open his doors to no man after sunset; and that therefore he must wait till morning. Finding that this tale would not take, the Ensign now changed his note; and, in a stern tone, told him, "Sirrah, the man who now speaks to you is Moody: I have a strong party with me, and if you do not this moment deliver up your keys, I will instantly pull down your house about your ears." The jailor vanished in a moment. On this Mr. Moody's men, who were well skilled in the Indian war-whoop, made the air resound with such a variety of hideous yells, as soon left them nothing to fear from the inhabitants of New Town, which, though the county town, consists only of twenty or thirty houses. "The Indians! the Indians are come," said the panic-struck people; and happy were they who could soonest escape into the woods. While these things were thus going on, the Ensign had made his way through a casement, and was met by a prisoner, whom he immediately employed to procure him a light. The vanquished jailor was now again produced, and most obsequiously conducted Mr. Moody to the dungeon of the poor wretch under sentence of death.

It may seem incredible, but it is an undoubted fact, that, notwithstanding all the horrors and awfulness of his situation, this poor, forlorn, condemned British soldier was found fast asleep, and had slept so sound as to have heard nothing of the uproar or alarm. There is no possibility of describing the agony of this man, when, on being thus suddenly aroused, he saw before him a man in arms, attended by persons, whom, though they were familiarly known to him, so agitated were his spirits, he was utterly at a loss then to recognise. The first, and the only idea that occurred to him was, that, as many of the friends of Government had been privately executed in prison, the person he saw was his executioner. On Mr. Moody's repeatedly informing him of his mistake, and that he was come to release him in the name of *King George*, the transition from such an abyss of wretchedness to so extravagant a pitch of joy had well nigh overcome him. Never before had the writer been present at so affecting a scene. The image of the poor soldier, alternately agitated with the extremes of despair and rapture, is, at this moment, present to his imagination, as strong almost as if the object were still before him; and he has often thought, there are few subjects on which a painter of taste and sensibility could more happily employ his pencil. The man looked wild, and undoubtedly was wild, and hardly in his senses; and yet he labored, and was big with some of the noblest sentiments and most powerful passions by which the human mind is ever actuated. In such circumstances it was with some difficulty that the English got him away. At length, however, his clothes were got on; and he, with all the rest who chose to avail themselves of the opportunity, were conducted into safety, notwithstanding a warm pursuit of several days.

The humane reader, Mr. Moody persuades himself, will not be less affected than he himself was, at the mournful sequel of this poor soldier's tale. In the course of war he was again taken, and again conducted to the dungeon, and afterwards actually executed on the same sentence on which he had been before convicted; though he left the world with the most solemn asseverations of his innocence as to any crime of which he had been accused, excepting only an unshaken allegiance to his sovereign.

A few other particulars respecting this poor man, who, though but a common soldier in a marching regiment, was, in all the essential and best parts of the character, an hero, the writer cannot excuse himself from the relation of. His situation and circumstances in the rebel country being peculiar, Mr. Moody not thinking it proper himself to return thither so soon, took the earliest means he could to

* We are indebted for a copy of this work to the courtesy of Mr. W. J. Davis, of this city.

have him conveyed safe to New York. But no arguments, no entreaties could prevail with him to leave his deliverer. "To you," said he, "I owe my life; to you and in your service let me devote it. You have found me in circumstances of ignominy; I wish for an opportunity to convince you that you have not been mistaken in thinking me innocent. I am, and you shall find me, a good soldier." It was to this fatal but fixed determination that he soon after owed the loss of his life.

When he was brought to the place of execution, the persons who had charge of him told him they had authority to promise him a reprieve; and they did most solemnly promise it to him, on condition only that he would tell them who the loyalists in the country were, that had assisted Moody. His reply was most manly and noble; and proves that real nobility and dignity of sentiment are appropriated to no particular rank or condition of life. "I love life," he said, "and there is nothing which a man of honor can do, that I would not do to save it; but I cannot pay this price for it. The men you wish me to betray must be good men, because they have assisted a good man in a good cause. Innocent as I am, I feel this an awful moment. How far it becomes you to tempt me to make it terrible, by overwhelming me in the basest guilt, yourselves must judge. My life is in your power; my conscience, I thank God, is still my own."

Another extraordinary circumstance is said to have befallen him, which, as well as the preceding, Mr. Moody relates, on the testimony of an eye-witness, yet living. Though he was a small and light man, yet the rope with which he was suspended broke. Even still this poor man's admirable presence of mind and dignity of conscious innocence did not forsake him. He instantly addressed himself to the surrounding multitude, in the following words: "Gentlemen, I cannot but hope that this very extraordinary event will convince you of what I again solemnly protest to you, that I am innocent of the crime for which you have adjudged me to die." But he still protested in vain.

The supposed crime for which he suffered was, the plundering and robbing the house of a certain furious and powerful rebel. But it would be unjust to his memory not to certify, as Mr. Moody does, that he has since learned, from the voluntary confession of a less conscientious loyalist, that this honest man was charged wrongfully, inasmuch as he himself, without the knowledge of the other, on the principles of retaliation and revenge, had committed the crime. The name of the above-mentioned honest soldier and martyr was Robert Maxwell, a Scotsman, who had had a good education.

He made a famous attempt to secure the person of Gov. Livingston, of New Jersey, in which he failed from information given by one of his comrades. His favorite exploit was to cut off the American despatches, which he frequently brought into New York. He was taken and imprisoned at West Point, where he found General Arnold a rigorous jailor. Writing some time after Arnold's treason, he naively says, "Under new masters, it is hoped, General Arnold has learned new maxims. Compelled by truth, however, Mr. Moody must bear him testimony, that he was *then* faithful to his employers, and abated not an iota in fulfilling both the letter and the spirit of their general orders and instructions." His subsequent escape is thus told:—

The ways of Providence are often mysterious, frequently bringing about its ends by the most unlikely means. To this inhuman treatment in General Arnold's camp, Mr. Moody owed his future safety. On the 1st of September, he was carried to Washington's camp, and there confined near their Liberty pole. Colonel Skammel, the Adjutant General, came to see him put in irons. When they had handcuffed him, he remonstrated with the Colonel, desiring that his legs, which were indeed in a worse situation than even his wrists, might be examined; farther adding only, that death would be infinitely preferable to a repetition of the torments he had just undergone. The Colonel did examine his legs; and on seeing them, he also acknowledged that his treatment had indeed been too bad; and asked if General Arnold had been made acquainted with his situation. Mr. Moody feels a sincere pleasure in thus publicly acknowledging his obligations and his gratitude to Colonel Skammel, who humanely gave orders to the Provost Marshal to take good care of him, and by no means to suffer any irons to be put on his legs, till they were likely to prove less distressing.

Mr. Moody attended the rebel army in its march over the New Bridge; and had an opportunity of observing their whole line, and counting their artillery. Everything seemed smooth and fair; and he felt himself much at ease, in the prospect of being soon exchanged; when, very unexpectedly, he was visited by an old acquaintance, one of their Colonels, who informed him that he was in two days' time to be brought to trial; that Livingston was to be his prosecutor, and that the Court Martial was carefully picked for the purpose. He subjoined that he would do well to prepare for eternity, since, from the evidence which he knew would be produced, there was but one issue of the business to be expected. Mr. Moody requested to be informed, what it was the purpose of this evidence to prove? It was, his well-wisher told him, that he had assassinated a Captain Shaddock and a Lieutenant Hendrickson. These were the two officers who had fallen fairly in battle near Black Point, as has been already related. The Ensign replied, that he felt himself much at ease on that account, as it could be sufficiently cleared up by their own people, who had been in, and had survived the action, as well as by some of their officers, who were at the time prisoners to him, and spectators of the whole affair. "All this," said his friend, "will be of little avail; you are so obnoxious; you have been, and are likely to be, so mischievous to us, that, be assured, we are resolved to get rid of you at any rate. Besides, you cannot deny, and it can be proved by incontestable evidence, that you have enlisted men, in this state, for the King's service, and this, by our laws, is death."

Ensign Moody affected an air of unconcern at this information; but it was too serious and important to him to be really disregarded; he resolved, therefore, from that moment, to effect his escape, or to perish in the attempt.

Every precaution had been taken to secure the place in which he was confined. It was nearly in the centre of the rebel camp. A sentinel was placed within the door of his prison, and another without, besides four others close round, and within a few yards of the place. The time now came on when he must either make his escape, or lose the opportunity forever. On the night, therefore, of the 17th of September, busy in ruminating on his project, he had, on the pretence of being cold, got a watch-coat thrown across his shoulders, that he might better conceal, from his unpleasant companion, the operations which he meditated against his handcuffs,

While he was racking his invention, to find some possible means of extricating himself from his fetters, he providentially cast his eye on a post fastened in the ground, through which an hole had been bored with an auger; and it occurred to him that it might be possible, with the aid of this hole, to break the bolt of his handcuffs. Watching the opportunity, therefore, from time to time, of the sentinel's looking another way, he thrust the point of the bolt into the above-mentioned hole, and by cautiously exerting his strength, and gradually bending the iron backwards and forwards, he at length broke it. Let the reader imagine what his sensations were, when he found the manacles drop from his hands! He sprung instantly past the interior sentinel, and rushing on the next, with one hand he seized his musket, and with the other struck him to the ground. The sentinel within, and the four others who were placed by the fence surrounding the place of his confinement, immediately gave the alarm; and in a moment the cry was general—"Moody is escaped from the Provost." It is impossible to describe the uproar which now took place throughout the whole camp. In a few minutes every man was in a bustle; every man was looking for Moody, and multitudes passed him on all sides, little suspecting that a man whom they saw deliberately marching along, with a musket on his shoulder, could be the fugitive they were in quest of. The darkness of the night, which was also blustering and drizzly, prevented any discrimination of his person, and was indeed the great circumstance that rendered his escape possible.

But no small difficulty still remained to be surmounted. To prevent desertion, Washington had surrounded his camp with a chain of sentinels, posted at about forty or fifty yards' distance from each other; he was unacquainted with their stations; to pass them undiscovered was next to impossible; and to be discovered would certainly be fatal. In this dilemma Providence again befriended him. He had gained their station without knowing it, when luckily he heard the watchword passed from one to another—"Look sharp to the chain: Moody is escaped from the Provost." From the sound of the voices he ascertained the respective situations of these sentinels; and throwing himself on his hands and knees, he was happy enough to crawl through the vacant space between two of them, unseen by either. Judging that their line of pursuit would naturally be towards the British army, he made a detour into the woods on the opposite side. Through these woods he made as much speed as the darkness of the night would permit, steering his course, after the Indian manner, by occasionally groping and feeling the white oak. On the south side the bark of this tree is rough and unpleasant to the touch, but on the north side it is smooth; hence it serves the sagacious traverser of the desert, by night as well as by day, for his compass. Through the most dismal woods and swamps he continued to wander till the night of the 21st, a space of more than fifty-six hours, during which time he had no other sustenance than a few beech leaves (which, of all that the woods afforded, were the least unpleasant to the taste, and least pernicious to health), which he chewed and swallowed, to abate the intolerable cravings of his hunger.

In every inhabited district he knew there were friends of Government; and he had now learned also, where and how to find them out, without endangering their safety, which was always the first object of his concern. From some of these good men he received minute information how the pursuit after him was directed, and where every guard was posted. Thus assisted, he eluded their keenest vigilance: and, at length, by God's blessing, to his unspeakable joy he arrived safe at Paulus Hook.

Moody went to England, at the close of the war, with recommendations to Government from Sir Henry Clinton, and afterwards settled on his half pay in Nova Scotia, where he died at Sissibou, in 1809, at the age of sixty-five.*

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

Edmund, the first of the name of Quincy, in New England, landed at Boston with John Cotton, the eminent divine, in September, 1633. We hear in 1635 of a grant of land on Mount Wollaston to him by the town, and soon after of his death, at the age of thirty-three. His only son, Edmund, born in England in 1627, who lived on the lands at Mount Wollaston, afterwards called Braintree, was a country magistrate, and died in 1697. He had two sons, Daniel and Edmund, both of whom died before him. Daniel left a son John, born in 1689, who served for forty years as a representative of his district in the Provincial Legislature, and as a member of the Executive Council, and died a day after the birth of his great-grandson, John Quincy Adams.

The youngest son of Daniel's brother, Edmund, was born in 1681, and died at London in 1738, while engaged as the agent of the colony in pressing her claims in the dispute as to the boundary between her territory and that of New Hampshire. During the latter part of his life he filled the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Josiah, the youngest of his two sons, was born in 1709, and in 1755 appointed by Governor Shirley to negotiate with New York and Pennsylvania for the establishment of the frontier post of Ticonderoga. He executed other important public trusts, and died in 1784. His youngest son, Josiah Quincy, Jr., was born at Boston, Feb. 22, 1744, and educated at the school of Mr. Joseph Marsh in Braintree. He entered Harvard in 1759, and was a hard student, not only of the Greek and Latin but also of the English classics. A closely written manuscript of seventy pages quarto, filled with extracts from Shakespeare, is still extant with the date 1762. On taking his Master's degree in 1766, he delivered an English oration on Patriotism, a fitting commencement of his public career. He had previously to this, in 1763, commenced the study of law with the distinguished Oxenbridge Thacher of Boston. He succeeded, on the death of his instructor, in July, 1765, to the care of the office, and on his admission to the bar, to a large practice. A number of MS. volumes of Reports from his hand at this time proves his industry and enthusiasm in his profession. He is said to have been the first

* Sabine's Biographical Sketches of American Loyalists, p. 471.

lawyer who put his name on a "shingle" at his office door.

Quincy commenced his career as political writer by the publication of two articles in the Boston Gazette, in September and October, 1767, on the recent restrictions on the commerce and enlargement of the military forces of the colonies. One of these contains this spirited passage.

In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world cannot dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy, with which a slave shall quit his existence. Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his conscience he will go off the stage. A crown of joy and immortality shall be his reward. The history of his life his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sire shall excite their emulation.

He followed these by others of a similar character during the next year. The landing of troops in October called forth a vigorous appeal.

Oh, my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings? As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred; any regard to the dearest treasure on earth;—if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the whole world;—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear,—we will die,—if we cannot live freemen!

Be not lulled, my countrymen, with vain imaginations or idle fancies. To hope for the protection of Heaven, without doing our duty, and exerting ourselves as becomes men, is to mock the Deity. Wherefore had man his reason, if it were not to direct him? Wherefore his strength, if it be not his protection? To banish folly and luxury, correct vice and immorality, and stand immovable in the freedom, in which we are free indeed, is eminently the duty of each individual, at this day. When this is done, we may rationally hope for an answer to our prayers; for the whole counsel of God, and the invincible armour of the Almighty.

However righteous our cause, we cannot, in this period of the world, expect a miraculous salvation. Heaven will undoubtedly assist us, if we act like men; but to expect protection from above, while we are enervated by luxury, and slothful in the exertion of those abilities with which we are endued, is an expectation vain and foolish. With the smiles of Heaven, virtue, unanimity, and firmness will insure success. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, Tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

His increasing practice prevented him from supervising the printing of these essays, but an inscription on one of his MSS., "Let Samuel Adams, Esq., correct the press," shows that this duty also was in patriot hands. In October, 1769, he married a daughter of William Phillips, a Boston merchant, who afterwards rendered liberal financial assistance to the great cause. He still continued his communications under various signatures, and on the 12th of February, 1770, said in one of these—

From a conviction in my own mind, that America is now the slave of Britain; from a sense that we are every day more and more in danger of an increase of our burdens, and a fastening of our shackles, I wish to see my countrymen break off,—*off for ever!*—all social intercourse with those, whose commerce contaminates, whose luxuries poison, whose avarice is insatiable, and whose unnatural oppressions are not to be borne. That Americans will know their rights, that they will resume, assert, and defend them, are matters of which I harbour no doubt. Whether the arts of *policy*, or the arts of *war*, will decide the contest, are problems, we will solve at a more convenient season. He, whose heart is enamoured with the refinements of political artifice and finesse, will seek one mode of relief; he whose heart is free, honest, and intrepid, will pursue another, a bolder, and more noble mode of redress. This reply is so intelligible, that it needs no comment or explanation.

The Boston Massacre occurred on the fifth of March following, and Quincy, to his surprise, was chosen by Colonel Preston, the English commander, as his counsel. He accepted and discharged the duty with his colleague, John Adams, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends and the censure of an excited public opinion. That opinion has long since justified a prediction contained in a letter to his father, explanatory of his course.

I dare affirm, that you and this whole people will one day REJOICE, that I became an advocate for the aforesaid "criminals," *charged* with the murder of our fellow-citizens.

I never harboured the expectation, nor any great desire, that all men should speak well of me. To inquire my duty, and to do it, is my aim. Being mortal, I am subject to error; and conscious of this, I wish to be diffident. Being a rational creature, I judge for myself, according to the light afforded me. When a plan of conduct is formed with an honest deliberation, neither murmuring, slander, nor reproaches move. For my single self, I consider, judge, and with reason hope to be immutable.

There are honest men in all sects.—I wish their approbation;—there are wicked bigots in all parties,—I abhor them.

Preston was defended and acquitted, but the opinions of his counsel remained unchanged on the political bearing of the act. In a communication published February 11, 1771, he laments "hearing so little discourse relative to a decent, manly, and instructive commemoration of the melancholy tragedy of the fifth of March, 1770." An oversight which was speedily corrected, the "Boston Massacre Orations" having been commenced on the first anniversary of that event, and continued for several years.

At the close of 1772, symptoms of pulmonary disease having begun to develope themselves in

consequence of Mr. Quincy's intense application to business, he sought relief in a voyage to Charleston. He returned by land, and his journal, containing a curious though brief sketch of the places he visited, is printed in his life by his son. He returned in May with improved health. During the next month the celebrated letters of Hutchinson and others were discovered and transmitted to the colonies by Franklin. Soon after their publication Quincy wrote a series of papers with the signature of *Marchmont Needham*, one of which contains this passage:—

If to appear for my country is treason, and to arm for her defence is rebellion,—like my fathers, I will glory in the name of rebel and traitor,—as they did in that of puritan and enthusiast.

In May, 1774, he published a political pamphlet, *Observations on the act of Parliament, commonly called "The Boston Port Bill," with Thoughts on Civil Society and Standing Armies.* It is sound and forcible in its reasoning, and contains passages of much eloquence.

In September, 1774, Mr. Quincy sailed for England, with the double hope of reinvigorating his constitution and effecting something for the benefit of his country with the home government. He became acquainted in London with Lord North and other leading statesmen of both parties, and also with Franklin. Of the last he writes, November 27, 1774—

Be careful what parts of this letter you publish; without absolute necessity, do not publish any. Dr. Franklin and others complain much of their letters being made public. It is a fear of that, that prevents him and many more from writing to you.

Dr. Franklin is an American in heart and soul. You may trust him; his ideas are not contracted within the narrow limits of exemption from taxes, but are extended upon the broad scale of total emancipation. He is explicit and bold upon the subject, and his hopes are as sanguine as my own, of the triumph of liberty in America.

His correspondence soon bears witness to the hopelessness of negotiation, and the necessity of firmness and resolution on the part of America. He continued to reside in London, attending the American debates in Parliament, visiting, and now and then going to see Garrick, but without improvement to his health. On the 16th of March, 1775, he sailed for Boston. When not more than three days at sea, he dictated to a seaman a farewell latter to his friends at home, anticipating that he should not live through the voyage. In it he says:—

Foreseeing that there will be many inexplicable circumstances in the way of my friends, to account for many things relating to my conduct, I should have been glad, if God had spared my life, to converse with them once more. But this, his holy Providence seems fully settled to deny. Some few matters I have prevailed with a friend on board to minute for their information.

My going to America at this time was very considerably against my inclinations, especially as Doctor Fothergill was of opinion that Bristol waters would be of great advantage to me. But he did not dissuade me from going to America, but advised it very strongly in preference to my staying in London, or its environs.

The most weighty motive of all that determined my conduct, was the extreme urgency of about fifteen or twenty most staunch friends to America, and many of them the most learned and respectable characters in the kingdom, for my immediately proceeding to Boston. Their sentiments what ought to be the conduct of Boston, and of the continent, at this, and the approaching season, I had heard very often in the social circle; and in what things they differed I perfectly knew. It appeared of high importance that the sentiments of such persons should be known in America. To commit their sentiments to writing, was neither practicable nor prudent at this time. To the bosom of a friend they could intrust what might be of great advantage to my country. To me that trust was committed, and I was, immediately upon my arrival, to assemble certain persons, to whom I was to communicate my trust, and had God spared my life, it seems it would have been of great service to my country. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Ever since I have been out, almost everything has been different from what I expected. Instead of pleasant weather, the most inclement and damp, which removes me entirely from the deck, and when I was flattered with the hope of getting into port six days ago, I am yet here, as distant from it as when the encouragement was given me. Had Providence been pleased that I should have reached America six days ago, I should have been able to converse with my friends. I am persuaded that this voyage and passage are the instruments to put an end to my being. His holy will be done!

He grew weaker and weaker, and on the twenty-sixth of April, within sight of land, and almost within hearing of the news of the battle of Lexington, expired "in solitude, amidst suffering, without associate, and without witness; yet breathing forth a dying wish for his country, desiring to live only to perform towards her a last and signal service."* His remains were brought into port in the ship at Gloucester, and the siege of Boston having dispersed his relatives and friends, were buried there by kind but strange hands. As soon as the district was sufficiently tranquil, they were removed by his aged father to the burial-ground at Braintree. A monument was raised over his resting-place after his widow had been, in 1798, placed beside him, with an inscription by John Quincy Adams, closing with these well-turned lines:—

STRANGER,

In contemplating this monument, the frail tribute
Of filial gratitude, and affection,

Glows thy bold breast with patriotic flame?
Let his example point the paths of fame!
Or seeks thy heart, averse from public strife,
The milder graces of domestic life?
Her kindred virtues let thy soul revere,
And o'er the best of mothers drop a tear.

JEREMY BELKNAP.

This eminent New England clergyman and historian was born June 4, 1744, in Boston, where the family resided for three generations. His habits in childhood showed the future antiquarian and historian. At ten years of age he made neat

* Life by J. Quincy, p. 348.

abstracts of the sermons at the Old South Church; and from his entrance at Harvard, at fifteen, kept, through his life, series of interleaved annotated almanacs, a favorite mode of diary of the Eastern clergyman, of which some curious specimens are preserved. He had, too, his manuscript books, *Quotidiana Miscellanea*, *&c.*, for extracts from the authors he read. The first entry on the first page of these is significant of his tastes thus early forming, from Eckard's Roman History:— "there are required so many qualifications and accomplishments in an historian, and so much care and niceness in writing an history; that some have reckoned it one of the most difficult labors human nature is capable of." He left Harvard with the class of 1762, and became, like so many others, a schoolmaster. After four years in this employment, and when he had fully established his resolution, he was ordained as a preacher. He married Ruth Eliot, of Boston, and became pastor of the church in Dover, New Hampshire, in 1767, where he passed twenty years. His historical tastes soon developed themselves; but they were somewhat interrupted by the opening scenes of the Revolution, in which Belknap bore the part of a good Whig, counselling the people by his pen. He was chosen chaplain to the troops of New Hampshire at Cambridge, but declined the appointment. In 1787 he left Dover for the charge of the Federal Street Church in Boston, a position which he held till his death, caused suddenly by paralysis, June 20, 1798. He had himself in some lines of poetry, found among his papers, invoked a speedy departure.

> When faith and patience, hope and love,
> Have made us meet for heaven above,
> How blest the privilege to rise
> Snatched in a moment to the skies!
> Unconscious, to resign our breath,
> Nor taste the bitterness of death.
> Such be my lot, Lord, if thou please,
> To die in silence and at ease.
> When thou dost know that I'm prepared,
> O seize me quick to my reward.
> But if thy wisdom sees it best
> To turn thine ear from this request—
> If sickness be the appointed way,
> To waste this frame of human clay;
> If, worn with grief and racked with pain,
> This earth must turn to earth again;
> Then let thine angels round me stand—
> Support me by thy powerful hand;
> Let not my faith or patience move,
> Nor aught abate my hope or love;
> But brighter may my graces shine,
> Till they're absorbed in light divine.

His distinct historical labors commenced with his residence in New Hampshire, where he engaged in the study and preparation of manuscripts, using great diligence in his pioneer work. Before the Revolution, Belknap had studied his subject in the steeple of the Old South Church, among the books collected by his pastor, Mr. Prince. In the preface to his first volume, Belknap suggests a public repository for MSS., under proper regulations. This first volume of his *History of New Hampshire* appeared at Philadelphia in 1784, under the superintendence of Ebenezer Hazard, the Postmaster-General, and compiler of the State Papers. The second appeared at Boston in 1791, and the third in the same city, in the following year. To assist him in the work, which at the time of the publication of the last volume had fallen short of the actual expenses, the Legislature of New Hampshire granted him fifty pounds. Its merits at the present day would secure it a better reception. The first volume comprehends the events of one complete century, from the discovery of the river Pascataqua; the second, seventy-five years, from 1715; the third is occupied with a geographical description of the state; with sketches of its natural history, productions, improvements, and present state of society and manners, laws and government.

The candor and agreeable style of this work are no less remarkable than its historical tact and fidelity. It has long ranked at the head of the local state histories of the country. The author had everything to acquire and arrange. He overcame these difficulties, and seized his subject with the grasp of an earnest thinker and accomplished writer. The interesting chapters in the third volume on physical geography and natural history show that he took no narrow view of the relations of his subject.

On the completion of this work, an editor of a newspaper in Keene, N.H., made the modest announcement to his readers that "to render his paper as useful and entertaining as possible, he proposed to commence upon the Rev. Mr. Belknap's late History of New Hampshire, and continue a small part of the same weekly. As every member of the community is equally interested in this much-approved History, the editor flatters himself that the above attempt to please will meet with the approbation of his generous patrons. This information is given to accommodate those who have a desire of becoming subscribers for the *Cheshire Advertiser*, that they may apply in season, and not be disappointed of the first part of this valuable History." To which cool proposition, when the author was informed of it by his friend, Isaiah Thomas, he replied: "As I am particularly interested in the success of that literary adventure, I beg you would set me down as a subscriber for the Cheshire Advertiser for one year, to commence from the first portion of the said History which you may reprint, and send the papers to me regularly by the post. If you are desirous of reprinting the certificate from the Clerk of the Federal Court, which secures the copyright of the said History to me and my heirs, agreeably to the laws of the United States, be so good as to let me know it, and I will send you an authenticated copy."

In 1790, Belknap projected the Massachusetts Historical Society, which became long since an established precedent for similar organizations throughout the country. At the request of this body he delivered, Oct. 23, 1792, a centennial *Discourse intended to commemorate the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus*, on the completion of the third century since that event. Four dissertations are added on points raised by the address. The whole is well filled with ingenious philosophical suggestions.

In the same year with this address appeared in successive numbers of the Columbian Magazine, a production entitled *The Foresters, an American tale, being a sequel to the history of John Bull*

the Clothier, in a series of letters to a friend. This was written by Dr. Belknap. The papers were collected in a volume, and printed again with two additional letters, continuing the story, in 1796.

The Foresters is an apologue, written after the manner of Arbuthnot's John Bull, in which the leading states and interests of the American continent are represented under catch-words of easy interpretation. The Foresters themselves are the people of the United States; Onontio is Canada; Robert Lumber, New Hampshire; John Codline, Massachusetts; Peter Bull-Frog, New York; Walter Pipeweed, Virginia; his grandson, General Washington; Charles Indigo, South Carolina; Ethan Greenwood, Vermont. The several settlements of the country are related in neatly turned phrase, together with the incidents of the Revolution and the circumstances out of which it arose, followed by a graphic picture of the new constitution, and the attempt of Genet at French interference. There is much sly humor in this book, hit off in a neat quiet style.*

In 1793 he published anonymously a *Life of Watts*, in connexion with Kippis's Life of Doddridge. In the conclusion of this life he states what he interpreted as the views of Watts in relation to the Trinity. This portion has been added by his grand-daughter to the judicious memoir she has published of Belknap.†

In 1794 Belknap published the first volume of a series of American biographical sketches—*An Historical account of those persons who have been distinguished in America as Adventurers, Statesmen, Philosophers, Divines, Warriors, Authors, and other remarkable characters, comprehending a recital of the events connected with their lives and actions.*

The second volume of the Biographies was completed and in press at the time of the author's death.

The next year he issued a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, which was in use for a while with the New England Congregational churches. Several of these were written by himself.

In 1795 appeared Dr. Belknap's *Dissertations on the Character, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the Evidence of his Gospel, with Remarks on some sentiments advanced in a book entitled "The Age of Reason."*

As an anecdote of Dr. Belknap's historical accuracy, it may be mentioned, that the year before his death he sailed from New Bedford to ascertain the island discovered by Gosnold in 1602, which he had stated incorrectly in the first volume of his Biographies. Finding the exact locality on the island of Cuttyhunk, he rewrote the life for the second volume, and introduced a description of the spot.

THE OLD CONFEDERATION —FROM THE FORESTERS.

When the foresters had broken their connexion with Bull, it was uncertain what connexions they might form abroad, but it was judged expedient for them to be united among themselves, that no one family should connect itself in trade with any merchant or factor, without the consent of the others. In short, it became necessary for them to enter into a partnership for their mutual interest and convenience. To do this was a nice point, and required much delicacy. It was to them a new subject, and they had an untrodden path before them. After much consultation and inquiry, their ingenuity suggested to them the idea of an original social compact. "Why should we (said they) look abroad for precedents, when we have enough among ourselves? See the *beavers* in our own brooks and meadows, how they work in complete partnership, each family has its own cell, and a number of cells are placed in one pond. They carry on their operations with peace and unanimity, without even the appearance of a *master*. Here is a perfect republic, a complete equality, a striking example of order without subordination, of liberty without jealousy, of industry without coercion, of economy without parsimony, of sagacity without overbearing influence. Every one knows his own business and does it, their labour goes on with regularity and decency; their united efforts serve the common cause, and the interest of every one is involved in that of the whole. Let us go and do likewise." The hint took, and a plan of CONFEDERATION, as it was called, was drawn up on principles of the purest equality; each family retaining the entire control of its own domestic concerns, without any interference of the others, and agreeing to contribute *voluntarily* its proportion of labour and money to support the common interest.

This was, in theory, a very pretty device, exactly suited to a set of people who thought themselves

* This production was pleasantly revived on a late occasion by the poet Bryant, at the semi-centennial celebration of the New York Historical Society. In a speech at the dinner at the Astor House, Nov. 20, 1854, he spoke of the Foresters, "a work which sought to embellish our history with the charms of wit and humor," in connexion with the American Biography, which he recollected as amongst his earliest reading and assigned to Belknap "the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive." "Sixty-two years ago" Mr. Bryant continued, "he published the Foresters, long a favorite at New England firesides."

† Life of Jeremy Belknap, D.D., the Historian of New Hampshire, with selections from his correspondence and other writings. Collected and arranged by his grand-daughter Harper & Brothers. 1847.

completely virtuous. But as it often happens that great ingenuity exists without much judgment or policy, so it proved here. These foresters did not consider that their intellects were not, like those of the beavers, confined to a few particular objects; that they were not, like the beavers, void of passions and prejudices, void of ambition, jealousy, avarice, and self-interest. With all the infirmities of humanity, they were expecting to establish a community on a plan similar to that in which no such deformities can possibly find admittance.

Though for a while, and during the period of the law-suit, when common danger impelled them to keep themselves close together, this plan answered the end better than none; yet *in fact* the notion of *independence* had so intoxicated their minds, that having cast off their dependence on Mr. Bull, they thought themselves independent of all the world beside. When they had got entirely clear of the controversy with him, they were in the condition of a young heir just come of age, who feels proud of his freedom, and thinks he has a right to act without control. Each family felt its own importance, and expected a degree of respect from the others, in proportion to its numbers, its property, its exertions, its *antiquity*, and other trifling considerations, which ought never to have had any place in a partnership of complete equality; and in consequence of this intoxicating idea of independence, each family claimed the right of giving or withholding its consent to what was proposed by any or all of the others.

In the club room, among a number of ingenious devices, there was a clock, of a most curious and intricate construction, by which all the common concerns of the partnership were to be regulated. It had *one* bell, on which *thirteen* distinct hammers struck the hours. Each hammer was moved by independent wheels and weights, each set of wheels and weights was inclosed in a separate case, the key of which was kept, not as it ought to have been, by the person who represented the family at club, but in each mansion house; and every family claimed a right either to keep the key at home or send it to club, when and by whom they pleased. Now as this clock, like all other automatons, needed frequently to be wound up, to be oiled and cleaned, a very nice and particular adjustment of circumstances was necessary to preserve the regularity of its motions, and make the hammers perform their functions with propriety. Sometimes one or two of the hammers would be out of order, and when it came to the turn of one to strike it would be silent; then there must be a running or sending home for the key, and the houses being at a considerable distance, much time was spent in waiting Sometimes the messenger arrived at an unseasonable hour, when the family was asleep, or abroad in the fields, and it would take up a considerable time to collect them, and lay the case before them, that they might deliberate and determine whether the key should be sent or not; and before this could be done, the clock would get more out of order. By this means, the club was frequently perplexed; they knew neither the hour of the day, nor the day of the month; they could not date their letters, nor adjust their books, nor do business with any regularity.

Besides this, there was another inconvenience. For though they had a strong-box, yet it was filled with nothing but bills of parcels, and accounts presented for payment, contracts of loans, and indentures for services. No money could be had from any of the families, but by their own voluntary consent; and to gain this consent there was great difficulty. Some had advanced what they supposed to be more than their proportion; others had paid less. The former would give no more, till the latter had made up their quotas, and there was no authority which could call any one to account, or make him do his duty. Their whole estates were mortgaged for the money which they had borrowed of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Frog; and yet they could carry on no business in partnership. In fact they had formed such an unheard of kind of partnership, that though they could run themselves in debt, yet they could not oblige one another to raise any money to discharge their debts.

Each family, however, carried on a separate trade, and they contrived to undersell each other, both at home and at market. Each family also had a separate debt, which some were providing means to discharge, and others neglected. In one or two of the families they went to loggerheads among themselves. John Codline's family was, for several days, a scene of confusion and disorder; nothing was seen or heard, but cursing and calling names, kicking shins and pulling noses. John at first tried to silence them by gentle means, but finding these ineffectual, he at length drew his hanger, and swore he would cut off the ears of the first that should dare to make any more noise. This threatening drove two or three turbulent fellows out of doors, after which the house was tolerably quiet. Something of the same kind happened in Robert Lumber's family, but he made so good a use of his fist as quelled the disturbance at once.

In the family of Roger Carrier there seemed to be a predominant lurch for knavery, for he publicly advertised that he was ready to pay his debts by notes of hand, subject to a discount, the amount of which was indefinite, because continually increasing; and that whoever did not take his pay, when thus offered, might go without. The other families were alarmed at his conduct; but had no power to oblige him to deal honestly, and he carried his roguery so far as to bid them all defiance.

In this state of debility and distraction, it became necessary to consult on some measures for a better plan of union. They began to be convinced that they were not *beavers*, nor capable of subsisting in such a state of society as had been adopted from them. Something more energetic was wanted to compel the lazy, to check the knavish, to direct the industrious, and to keep the honest from being imposed upon. It had been often in contemplation to amend the mode of partnership; but now the disorders in some of the families became so alarming, that though they had been quelled for the present, it was uncertain whether they would not break out again, especially as one whole family seemed determined openly to patronize roguery. These considerations served to hasten the change which had been contemplated. It was accordingly moved in the club, that each family should appoint one or more persons to meet together and consult upon some alterations and improvements in the partnership.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The professed design of the meeting was to reform and amend the plan; but in fact when they came to examine it, they found themselves obliged to pass the same sentence on it that was once delivered concerning the famous poet Alexander Pope, whose usual ejaculation was *God mend me!* "Mend you," said a hackney coachman (looking with contempt on his dwarfish form and hump back), "it would not be half so much trouble to make a new one."

A new one was accordingly entered upon, and the fundamental principle of it was, not to suppose men as good as they ought to be, but to take them as

they are. "It is true," said they, "that all men are naturally free and equal; it is a very good idea, and ought to be understood in every contract and partnership which can be formed; it may serve as a check upon ambition and other human passions, and put people in mind that they may some time or other be called to account by their equals. But it is as true that this equality is destroyed by a thousand causes which exist in nature and in society. It is true that all beasts, birds, and fishes are naturally free and equal in some respects, but yet we find them unequal in other respects, and one becomes the prey of another. There is, and always will be, a superiority and an inferiority, in spite of all the systems of metaphysics that ever existed. How can you prevent one man from being stronger, or wiser, or richer than another? and will not the strong overcome the weak? will not the cunning circumvent the foolish? and will not the borrower become servant to the lender? Is not this noble, free and independent creature man, necessarily subject to lords of his own species in every stage of his existence? When a child, is he not under the command of his parents? Send him to school, place him out as an apprentice, put him on board a ship, enrol him in a company of militia, must he not be subject to a master? Place him in any kind of society whatever, and he has wants to be supplied, and passions to be subdued; his active powers need to be directed, and his extravagances to be controlled, and if he will not do it himself, somebody must do it for him. Self-government is indeed the most perfect form of government in the world; but if men will not govern themselves, they must have some governors appointed over them, who will keep them in order, and make them do their duty. Now if there is in fact such an inequality existing among us, why should we act as if no such thing existed? We have tried the *beaver* scheme of partnership long enough, and find it will not do. Let us then adopt the practice of another kind of industrious animals which we have among us—Let us imitate the *bees*, who are governed by one supreme head, and, under that direction, conduct their whole economy with perfect order and regularity."

On this principle they drew up an entire new plan, in which there was one chief steward, who was to manage their united interest, and be responsible to the whole for his conduct. He was to have a kind of council to advise and direct him, and several inferior officers to assist him, as there might be occasion; and a certain contribution was to be levied on the trade, or on the estates of the whole, which was to make a common stock for the support of the common interest; and they were to erect a tribunal among themselves, which should decide and determine all differences. If nine of the families should agree to this plan, it was to take place; and the others might or might not adopt it; but if any one should finally refuse, or if any should adopt it and afterward fall from it, he was to be looked upon as an outcast, and no person was to have any connexion with him.

The meeting having continued a long time, everybody became extremely anxious to know what they were about; the doors were kept shut, and no person whatever was let into the secret till the whole was completed. A copy was then sent to each family, for them to consider at their leisure.

Though curiosity was now gratified, yet anxiety was not relaxed. The new plan of partnership went by the name of *the fiddle;* those who were in favour of it called themselves *fiddlers*, and those who opposed it were styled *antifiddlers*. The former said it was the best plan that human wisdom had ever contrived. The latter imagined it "pregnant with mischief." The former compared it to a strong fence about a rich field of wheat. The latter compared it to the whale that swallowed up Jonah.

In each family a consultation was held on the question, Whether it should be adopted or not? and liberty was given for every one to speak his mind with the utmost freedom. The objections, answers, replies, rejoinders, and rebutters, which were produced on this occasion, would make a curious collection, and form an important page in the history of man. The *fiddlers* were extremely fond of having it examined, because they said it was like a rich piece of plate, which the more it be rubbed shines the brighter. The *antifiddlers* said it was like a worm-eaten bottom of a ship, the defects of which would more evidently appear, the more it was ripped to pieces; they were therefore for rejecting it at once, without any examination at all.

When they were urged to point out its defects, they would say, "It is dangerous to put so much power into the hands of any man, or set of men, lest they should abuse it. Our liberty and property will be safe whilst we keep them ourselves, but when we have once parted with them, we may never be able to get them back again."

If the plan was compared to a *house*, then the objection would be made against building it too high, lest the wind should blow it down. How shall we guard it against fire? how shall we secure it against robbers? and how shall we keep out rats and mice?

If it was likened to a *ship*, then it would be asked, how shall we guard it against leaking? how shall we prevent it from running on the rocks and quicksands?

Sometimes it would be compared to a *clock*, then the question was, how shall we secure the pendulum, the wheels and the balance from rust? who shall keep the key, and who shall we trust to wind it up?

Sometimes it was represented by a *purse*, and then it was said to be dangerous to let any one hold the strings. Money is a tempting object, and the best men are liable to be corrupted.

In short, the whole of the arguments against it might be summed up in one word—JEALOUSY; which is well known to be the highest degree of republican virtue.

To show the futility of these arguments, it was observed by the opposite party, that it was impossible to put it into any man's power to do you good, without at the same time putting it into his power to do you hurt. If you trust a barber to shave your beard, you put it into his power to cut your throat. If you trust a baker to make your bread, or a cook to dress your meat, you put it into the power of each to poison you; nay, if you venture to lie in the same bed with your wife, you put it into her power to choak you when you are asleep. Shall we therefore let our beards grow till they are long enough to put into our pockets, because we are afraid of the barber? shall we starve ourselves because the baker and the cook *may* poison us? and snall we be afraid to go to bed with our wives? Fie, fie, gentlemen, do not indulge such whims: Be careful in the choice of your barbers, your bakers, your cooks, and your wives; pay them well, and treat them well, and make it their *interest* to treat you well, and you need not fear them.

After much debate and discussion, some of the families adopted it without exception, but in others, the opposition was so strong that it could not be made to pass, but by the help of certain *amendments*, which were proposed; and of these amendments every family which thought proper to make any, made as many as they pleased. The new plan with

its appendage of amendments, cut such a grotesque figure, that a certain wag in one of the families, like Jotham, the son of Gideon, ridiculed it in the following fable:

"A certain man hired a taylor to make him a pair of *small clothes;* the taylor measured him and made the garment. When he had brought it home, the man turned and twisted and viewed it on all sides; it is too small here, said he, and wants to be let out; it is too big here, and wants to be taken in; I am afraid there will be a hole here, and you must put on a patch; this button is not strong enough, you must set on another. He was going on in this manner, when his wife overhearing him, said, have you put on the small clothes, my dear? No, said he. How then, replied she, can you possibly tell whether they will fit you or not? If I had made such objections to a gown or a pair of stays before I had put them on, how would you have laughed at my *female* wisdom? The man took his wife's advice, and saved the taylor a deal of trouble."

In like manner the new plan of partnership was *tried on*, and was found to fit very well. The amendments were thrown by, for future consideration; some of them have been since adopted, but they are so few and so trifling, as to make no essential difference.

ELIJAH FITCH.

Elijah Fitch was born in 1745. He was educated at Yale, and received an honorary degree of A.M., from Harvard, in 1770. He became a clergyman at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, where he died, as we learn from a notice accompanying his poems, "on the sixteenth of December, 1788, in the forty-third year of his age, and seventeenth of his ministry." He wrote *The Beauties of Religion, a poem addressed to youth*, in five books, and a short poem entitled *The Choice*, which were published at Providence in 1789.

The objects of the principal poem are concisely stated in the "Advertisement of the Author." "The design of these Essays is to paint religion in her native beauties. They are principally intended for youth, to give them just views of religion, and to persuade them to love and practise it. The subject required me to study perspicuity more than elegance, and truth more than poetical embellishments."

In the first three books the desires of the soul, the sufficiency of the Gospel to supply its longing, the goodness of God in the material creation, and the need of religion to hallow it to our use, the happiness of a holy life, the evils produced by sin, especially war, are enforced, with occasional narrative episodes. Book IV. contains the soliloquy of an infidel, who, "after a debauch, awakes with a resolution to pursue nothing but the pleasures of the world." He is unable to escape the rebukes of conscience, and expires in misery. An animated description then follows of the beauty and variety of nature, and the sufficiency of harmless pleasures to secure happiness. In the last book the "soliloquy of a believer" is given, in which the happiness of a holy life of devout meditation and participation in the ordinances of public worship is dwelt upon.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

See now the man of wond'rous birth,
Born from above, but dwells on earth,
Whose heart religion fills:
By wisdom guided in his way,
On wings of faith he mounts to-day
Towards everlasting hills.

Lord of himself, his noble mind,
From fetters free and unconfined,
A flight sublime maintains;
But little his concern to know,
What's done by mortals here below,
Who drag about their chains.

Pleased with himself and satisfied,
While streams of pleasure gently glide
From fountain-head on high;
Possesses all beneath the sun,
And smiles to see how mortals run,
To catch those things which fly.

Pleased with the present, he enjoys
Himself at ease, nor wants those toys
Which little minds call great;
Crowns, riches, honours, and such things,
Which please the vulgar, yea and kings,
He treads beneath his feet.

In love with that fair Goddess bright,
Who sits enthroned in realms of light,
No meaner flame can burn;
'Tis she that leads to Jesus' arms,
And gives possession of his charms;
Christ and religion's one.

Love this fair Goddess; and serene
She'll make you pass thro' life's dark scene,
And gild your passing day:
Grace your last moments with her light,
Then waft your soul to regions bright,
To join angelic lays.

THE CHOICE.

Would Heaven's high sov'reign condescend
To crown my wish, and let me spend
The days on earth he's pleased to give,
In that fair place I'd choose to live,
Where upon a rising ground,
A little distance from the town,
Far beyond the noisy rout
Of carts and waggons driv'n about,
Or the more confounded din
Of men contending for a pin:
Where Aurora spreads her light
First in the morn, and last at night;
Where sweet Zephyr's breath is pure,
Which all diseases helps to cure,
Fresh at ev'ry hour should come,
Wafting spices, myrrh, and gum;
And at eve more fragrant grows,
Like the sweet-briar and the rose.
A placid stream with gentle tide,
Meand'ring thro' a mead, should glide,
Enamel'd o'er with every hue,
Which on the earth yet ever grew,
And lofty pine and oak in rows,
And the elm with careless boughs,
On each side should raise their head,
Shading fishes in their bed.
To the east this stream should run,
As emulous to meet the sun,
Whose beams, reflected from that glass,
Make double morn my life compass;
While pleasure-boats, with silken sails,
And streamers gay, delight the vales.
Men of all professions there
Should issue forth to take the air;
Two or three in ev'ry line,
Should be invited to my wine:
Such whose tempers were serene,
And had with books familiar been.

A garden interspersed with trees,
Waving to the gentle breeze,
Laden with all kinds of fruit
Which the climate e'er could suit:
Peaches, apples, plums and cherris,
Pears and apricots, with berries,
Creeping latent through the grass
All other pleasure should surpass,
Surprising oft the eye with joy,
And to the grateful touch not coy.
A purling rill, with winding course,
Now gentle, and then sounding hoarse,
Thro' arbours and by pleasant walks,
Where flowers should grow on all their stalks,
The pink, and rose, and daffodil,
Lady's delight, which crowns the hill,
Narcissus fair, with tulip gay,
Which finely dress themselves in May.
With all the summer's shining train,
Which breathe more fragrant for the rain,
And afford a sweet repast
For busy bees which love their taste;
There humming-birds, with plumage gay,
Shining bright as flow'rs in May,
Around my head should sprightly play;
On nimble wings they seem to dance,
Suspended *still* without advance,
And then away as swift as light,
So sudden that they 'scape the sight;
Their plumes of scarlet, gold and green,
A lively hue as e'er was seen;
These o'er my flow'rs should rove at pleasure,
Partake the joy, not spoil the treasure,
But with their little tube-like bill
From op'ning blossoms drink their fill:
And on farina fine they feed,
Which fully satisfies their need.

Frequent here would I resort,
To enjoy the blissful sport,
And to view with pleasing eye
All that blooms beneath the sky;
See where the primrose dips her bill
Among the dew-drops on the hill,
And where the lily hangs her head
O'er the violet's purple bed;
All bestrew'd with green and gold,
Where pretty birds sweet dalliance hold.
There the lark his mate invites
To pass with him the summer nights,
And early in the morn awake,
Together the first dawn partake,
And on their silver pinions rise,
And sing their mattins to the skies;
With sweetest notes they fill the air,
And call forth shepherds to their care.
I'd hear the bleating flocks of sheep,
When the dawn begins to peep,
And from my couch would rise alert,
To join and share the sweet concert;
Hear the dulcet harmony
Warble sweet from ev'ry tree,
From the meads and from the vales,
On the hills and in the dales;
Various notes of flocks and herds,
Mingling with the singing birds,
Should echo fast from hill to hill,
Till ev'ry part of air they fill.

I'd have a little grove fast by,
There to repair in milder sky:
My morn and ev'ning walk should be,
To view the birds perch'd on the tree,
Their shiny glossy plumes would fill
My ravish'd eye with pleasure still.

There the linnet, thrush, and quail,
There the mock-bird, feme and male,
There the sparrow, with robin-hood,
And ev'ry bird that loves the wood,
Should live at ease, secure from fear,
No cruel fowler should come near;
The whip-poor-will should cheer the night
With her sweet notes, which sleep invite;
About my farm tame fowls should rove,
Geese and turkeys, ducks and dove;
Nor would I want the guinea-hen,
Which imitates the chatt'ring wren;
And the proud cock, who struts and crows
Defiance to his neighb'ring foes.
Martins and swallows, chatt'ring sweet,
In friendship round my house should meet;
The peacock, with majestic mien,
And richest plumes, should oft be seen,
Spreading his waving glories high,
With dazzling lustre charm the eye.

Nor would I want those joys refin'd,
With holy wedlock which are join'd;
For Hymen's mystic knot unites
Sublimest joys and sweet delights.

With one fair in love I'd join,
Whose pleasing words should cheer like wine;
Whose soul to mine so near was grown,
No striking difference could be known,
But blended in sweet bands of love,
In concert both should always move,
And dimpled smiles, with mutual glance,
Should joys reciprocal advance.

To crown the whole, and give a relish
To all the pleasures life embellish,
On holy days I would not lose
The pleasure which from worship flows;
And near my house should be the seat
Where those who love to praise should meet,
To tread the courts of God most high,
And hear his message from the sky,
From one who knows how to dispense
The joyful truths sent down from thence,
And join with those whose souls were graced
With love, and truth, and righteousness;
To pray and praise, adore and sing
Loud anthems to th' eternal King;
With joy my heart should more dilate,
Than all the favours of the great.
But give me such a pleasing spot,
And I'll not envy kings their court.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

The reader who takes up the autobiography of Lindley Murray with no other previous preparation than his early schoolboy recollections of the grammar, will have a sensation as agreeable as unexpected. It is like meeting the schoolmaster after we have grown up, and finding him a pleasant courteous gentleman instead of the monster we had so often vowed to thrash on arriving at the vigor of manhood prerequisite for the achievement.

Lindley Murray made a dolorous entrance into life: for six months after his birth, in 1745, he was, says the editor of his autobiography, "almost perpetually crying." After that time he grew healthier. In 1753, he removed with his parents from Swetara, near Lancaster, Pa., to the city of New York. After receiving the rudiments of an English education he was placed in the counting-house of his father, a prosperous merchant, who was naturally desirous that his son

Lindley Murray

should step into the opening he had provided for him. This, however, did not suit the son's wishes, which were bent upon the law. He ascribes his dislike to his father's calling to the strictness of the rule to which that parent subjected him, a strictness which led to an outbreak on the son's part, the only ripple in the placid stream of his existence.

I have sometimes hesitated, respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history. But as it is intimately connected with events of this period, and contains some traits of disposition and character in early life, I have at length concluded to relinquish my scruples on this subject. The following is the occurrence to which I allude.

Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave the house, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though I thought not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much alleviation. I could not bear it; I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers: and I presumed that, with health and strength which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country; where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me; and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the post-office; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as as soon as I arrived at New-York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes

thought of putting it into the post-office; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me; the importance of the trust; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had rode a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as it respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention: and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house; but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence; and that I should be unkind and undutiful, if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in: and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony: and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

He resumed his studies under the charge of a private tutor, and his father at last granted him permission to pursue the profession of his choice. He was a fellow student with John Jay; was admitted and commenced practice with good success, which continued until the commencement of the American Revolution, when finding nothing to do in the courts, and wishing to recruit his health, he retired with his wife (he had become a married man some years before) to Islip, Long Island. Here he remained four years, and then becoming tired of country sports and comparative inaction, returned to the city and entered into mercantile business with such success, that at the close of the war he found himself possessed of a handsome property. He retired from business to a beautiful country-seat, Bellevue, then a few miles from the city, but long since included in its limits, where he resided for three years. He was then forced to leave this pleasant home in quest of health. After passing some time with the Moravians at Bethlehem, he sailed to England by the advice of his physicians, in order to avoid the rigors of a New York winter. His sojourn was not designed to be extended beyond a year; but, though he earnestly desired to return to his native country, the state of his health would not permit the change, and he passed the remainder of his long life in England, at a small country-seat in the vicinity of York. The disease with which he was afflicted was a weakness in the lower limbs, which precluded him from walking, and after a time from any exercise whatever. His Christian fortitude and cheerfulness, however, enabled him to bear up against this calamity: and just at the time when his life seemed about to become useless to himself, it began to be pre-eminently useful to others. With a well educated and active mind, he naturally turned to literature as a pursuit, and he has recorded the beneficial results to his health which this course produced.

In the course of my literary labours, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them, was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded, that if I had suffered my time to pass away, with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened. I have therefore reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled, under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have, for so many years, afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavour to discover, whether there are not some means yet left us, of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may, in some degree, shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances, we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him, who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions, by comparing them with our disposition and ability.

His debut in literature was a modest one. He prepared a work, *The Power of Religion on the Mind*, giving the testimony of many eminent men "in recommendation of religion, as the great promoter of our happiness here and hereafter," and printed five hundred copies at his own expense, which he presented anonymously to the principal inhabitants of the vicinity. It was so well received that the author was induced to publish it in the ordinary manner. It met with a large sale; other editions were called for, and on the issue of the sixth, he was induced to put his name to the title-page.

His next work was the English Grammar. This originated in the following manner. A school had been established in York for the education of young ladies. Mr. Murray was desirous that the

close study of the English language should form a portion of the course pursued. As the young teachers at first employed themselves needed instruction in this branch of knowledge, he assembled them in his own house for oral instruction. They found themselves so much benefited by his exertions, that they urged him to write an English grammar for the use of their pupils. This he consented to do. The work was published in 1795, and was followed by a volume of exercises, and a key explanatory of their construction. These were published in 1797, and an abridgment, by the author, of his grammar for the use of schools appeared the same year.

The series was completed by the issue of a volume of extracts from the best authors of the language, under the title of the *English Reader*. He soon after published a volume of similar character devoted to French literature.

The author's autobiography* closes with the year 1809. It was continued by the Friend to whom it was addressed, Elizabeth Frank, to the close of his long life of 81 years, February 16, 1826. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, survived him. They had no children. His will provided for the investment of his property, after the death of his wife, in the hands of trustees in the city of New York, and the expenditure of its yearly income

In liberating black people who may be held in slavery, assisting them when freed, and giving their descendants or the descendants of other black persons, suitable education: in promoting the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America; in the purchase and distribution of books tending to promote piety and virtue, and the truth of Christianity, and it is his wish that "The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death," with the author's latest corrections and improvements, may form a considerable part of those books; and in assisting and relieving the poor of any description, in any manner that may be judged proper, especially those who are sober, industrious, and of good character.

The lines "To my Wife" have been generally attributed to Lindley Murray. They were published in the Southern Literary Messenger, for October, 1836, from a manuscript copy, endorsed *Lindley Murray to his Wife*, "apparently written as far back as 1783," found among a parcel of letters from the sisters of the grammarian to a lady friend. They, however, appear, with the exception of the last stanza, in the Weccamical Chaplet, a selection of original poetry, comprising smaller Poems, serious and comic; classical trifles; sonnets, inscriptions, and epitaphs; songs and ballads; mock heroics; epigrams, fragments, &c. Edited by George Huddesford. Cr. 8vo., pp. 223, 6s. bds. Leigh & Sotheby, 1805; a collection which derives its name from the circumstance, that all its contributors were educated at Winchester school, founded by William of Wickham. The Poem in question, with the title, "Song—Mutual Love," is quoted as one of the novelties, or new poems, of this publication in the Monthly Review, for February, 1806; and is stated to be, with many of the best pieces of the volume, by Huddesford, who is spoken of as a "legitimate (literary) descendant of Mat Prior."

Huddesford published in 1801, Poems, including Salmagundi, Topsy Turvy, Bubble and Squeak, and Crambe Repetita, Lond. 1801. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. Most of these had previously appeared in a separate form. The shorter pieces are interspersed with poems by his friends. In 1805, he published his Champignons du Diable, or Imperial Mushrooms, a mock heroic poem in five cantos; including a Conference between the Pope and the Devil, on his Holiness' Visit to Paris, illustrated with Notes. 12mo. (Noticed in Monthly Review, 38, p. 272.)

Huddesford's Poems show great ease and spirit in versification, with abundant wit. He seems to have thrown off effusions on subjects of the day, being probably a gentleman of easy fortune, writing for amusement. His Chaplet is dedicated by permission to Lord Loughborough: and among his school associates at Winchester were the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished persons.* His claim to the verses in question appears superior to that of Murray, but neither deserves any greater praise than that of an adapter, as the lines in question are taken with slight alteration from the song, "Matrimonial Happiness," by John Lapraik, a Scotchman, who was born in 1727; published a volume of Poems in 1778; and died the keeper of the post-office at the village of Muirkirk, in 1807. Burns hearing the song sung at a "rockin, to ca' the crack and weave the stockin," was so struck with its beauty, that he addressed a rhyming epistle to the author. In it he says,

> There was ae sang amang the rest,
> Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
> That some kind husband had addrest
> To some sweet wife;
> It thrill'd the heart strings through the breast,
> A' to the life.
>
> I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
> What generous manly bosoms feel;
> Thought I, can this be Pope, or Steele,
> Or Beattie's work?
> They tould me 'twas an odd kind chiel
> About Muirkirk.

The letter, as it well might, led to a correspondence, which includes two other poetical Epistles by Burns,† between the poets. Burns says that Lapraik "often told him that he composed the song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes," which consisted in the loss of their small estate at Dalfram, near Muirkirk; "which little property he was obliged to sell, in consequence of some connexion, as security, for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, *The Ayr Bank*."

Having thus traced the poem to the original source, we present it in its successive stages.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

[*By John Lapraik.*]

> When I upon thy bosom lean,
> And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a Series of Letters, written by himself; with a preface, and a continuation of the Memoirs. By Elizabeth Frank. New York. 1827.

* Southern Lit. Messenger, April, 1837.

† Chambers's Life and Works of Burns, i. 115, 119, 130. Book of Scottish Song, p. 301.

I glory in the sacred ties
That make us one, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin kiss:
E'en years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? It's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And, if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

SONG—MUTUAL LOVE.

[*From the Weccamical Chaplet.*]

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look, the melting kiss.
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

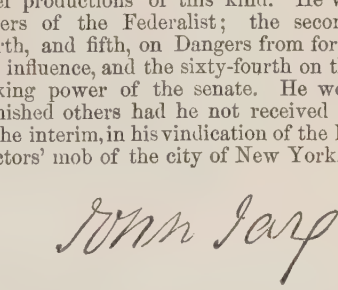
If cares arise—and cares will come,—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Additional stanza, added in the copy attributed to Lindley Murray:—

Have I a wish? 'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one,
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

JOHN JAY.

The literary reputation of Jay is incidental to his political career, and attaches to the national state papers which he sent forth from the Continental Congress, which did much to prepare the way for American liberty, and to his contributions to the Federalist, by which he assisted in permanently securing that liberty which he was one of the first to promote. His "Address to the people of Great Britain," in 1774, called forth the admiration of Jefferson. It is marked by moral earnestness and patriotic fervor, qualities shared by his address to the inhabitants of Canada and the people of Ireland. The appeal of the Convention of the State of New York to the people in 1776, and the address of Congress to the country in 1799, meeting the financial condition of the times, and his Address to the people of the State of New York, in support of the adoption of the Constitution, are his other chief productions of this kind. He wrote five papers of the Federalist; the second, third, fourth, and fifth, on Dangers from foreign force and influence, and the sixty-fourth on the treaty-making power of the senate. He would have furnished others had he not received an injury in the interim, in his vindication of the law in the Doctors' mob of the city of New York.



Of Huguenot descent, Jay was a native of the city of New York, born December 12, 1745, a graduate of Columbia College, a delegate to the first revolutionary Congress at the age of twenty-eight, three years later Chief Justice of his State, Minister of Spain and negotiator of the peace with Great Britain, Secretary of State, Chief Justice of the United States, Governor of his own State: abundant honors and employment, which still left him nearly thirty years of rural retirement at Bedford, where he died May 17, 1829, at the age of eighty-four. Moral worth and sober judgment have had no finer exemplification in our best political annals. His life, written by his son William Jay, contains a Selection from his Correspondence.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE NEW YORK CONVENTION, 1776.

"Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wilderness of America. By their industry, they made it fruitful—and by their virtue, a happy country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed; and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

"It is a well known truth, that no virtuous people were ever oppressed; and it is also true, that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews, those favourites of Heaven, met with the frowns, whenever they forgot the smiles of their benevolent Creator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome, they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God, their own crimes bursting on their own heads, received the rewards justly due to their violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

"You were born equally free with the Jews, and have as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain, as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by no

ties of gratitude or consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties. A people, by whose side we have fought and bled; whose power we have contributed to raise; who owe much of their wealth to our industry, and whose grandeur has been augmented by our exertions. * * * * * * *

"You may be told that your forts have been taken; your country ravaged; and that your armies have retreated; and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true, that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is also true, that the King of Heaven is not, like the king of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from his anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away. Let a general reformation of manners take place—let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practised. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defence of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And when you have done all things, then rely upon the good Providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without his blessing, all our efforts will inevitably fail. * * * * * * *

"Cease, then, to desire the flesh-pots of Egypt, and remember her task-masters and oppression. No longer hesitate about rejecting all dependence on a king who will rule you with a rod of iron: freedom is now in your power—value the heavenly gift: remember, that if you dare to neglect or despise it, you offer an insult to the Divine bestower—nor despair of keeping it. After the armies of Rome had been repeatedly defeated by Hannibal, that imperial city was besieged by this brave and experienced general, at the head of a numerous and victorious army. But, so far were her glorious citizens from being dismayed by the loss of so many battles, and of all their country—so confident were they in their own virtue and the protection of Heaven, that the very land on which the Carthaginians were encamped, was sold at public auction for more than the usual price. These heroic citizens disdained to receive his protections, or to regard his proclamations. They invoked the protection of the Supreme Being—they bravely defended their city with undaunted courage—they repelled the enemy and recovered their country. Blush, then, ye degenerate spirits, who give all over for lost, because your enemies have marched through three or four counties in this and a neighbouring State—ye who basely fly to have the yoke of slavery fixed on your necks, and to swear that you and your children shall be slaves for ever. * * *

"Rouse, brave citizens! Do your duty like men; and be persuaded that Divine Providence will not permit this western world to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider, that from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty, and reason have been bending their course towards the setting sun. The holy gospels are yet to be preached in these western regions; and we have the highest reason to believe that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, it will not be.

"But if there be any among us, dead to all sense of honour, and love of their country; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue, and religion; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their ancestors, and the happiness of their children; if neither the examples nor the success of other nations—the dictates of reason and of nature; or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity, have any effect upon them—if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for, the future blessings or curses of their children—the applause or the reproach of all mankind—the approbation or displeasure of the Great Judge—or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them;—then let them be assured, that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom, and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine; remember not that they have children: and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being: let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews; and be a reproach and a by-word among the nations. But we think better things of you,—we believe and are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in heaven."

BENJAMIN RUSH.

THE benevolent and ingenious Dr. Benjamin Rush, the friend of Franklin, was born on his father's farm near Philadelphia, December 24, 1745. One of his ancestors, John Rush, a captain of horse under Cromwell, emigrated from England to the state among its first settlers. In his boyhood he was fortunate, after the death of his father, in being placed under the instruction of his aunt's husband, Dr. Finley, afterwards President of Princeton, then at Nottingham, a country town in Maryland, remarkable for the simplicity and purity of its people. At fourteen he entered the College at Princeton, then presided over by the eloquent and patriotic Davies. He was graduated the next year, studied medicine with Dr. Redman, translated the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and wrote a Eulogy on the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, the associate of Whitefield, at Philadelphia, passed to Edinburgh, where he took his degree in 1768, returning the next year to America after a residence in London and Paris. He then became connected with the College of Philadelphia as Lecturer on Chemistry, and afterwards, when that institution became the University of Pennsylvania, as a Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, delivering courses of medical lectures for forty-four years. His theories, and the story of his success in the treatment of the yellow fever of 1793, in which he derived aid from the acumen of Dr. Mitchell of Virginia,* of which he published an account in 1794, belong to the annals of medical science.

His political principles were displayed in his zeal on the breaking out of the Revolution, when

* John Mitchell, an Englishman, Fellow of the Royal Society, settled in Virginia as physician about 1700, wrote on botany, and also an Essay on the Causes of the Different Colours of People of Different Climates, attributing the variation to climate, published in the Philosophical Transactions. His paper on the Yellow Fever of Virginia, in MS., was communicated by Franklin to Rush, who made one of its hints on the use of purgatives, the basis of his medical practice in that disease. He died about 1750.—Ramsay's Eulogy on Rush, Thacher's Med. Biog. Miller's Retrospect, i. 318.

he sat in Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence. He bore a medical appointment in the military service. In 1787 he was a member of the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In the latter years of his life he held the government appointment of Treasurer of the Mint. He was greatly honored and esteemed at home and abroad. His death occurred at Philadelphia, April 19, 1813, in his sixty-eighth year. Jefferson, writing to John Adams the ensuing month, says, "Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the Independence of our country: and a better man than Rush could not have left us, more benevolent, more learned, of finer genius, or more honest."

Of his numerous professional writings, his *Medical Inquiries and Observations* form a series of four volumes. This work, which was published in a third edition, revised and enlarged by the author, in Philadelphia, in 1809, with a number of special medical topics, includes the *Inquiry into the Cause of Animal Life*, the *Natural History of Medicine among the North American Irdians*, the *Influence of Physical Causes upon the Moral Faculty*, a paper *On the State of the Body and Mind in Old Age*, and the ingenious *Account of the Influence of the Military and Political Events of the American Revolution upon the Human Body.**

His *Medical Inquiries* and *Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind*, following the same general title, form another volume, which appeared in 1812, not long before his death; a book which is of interest to the general reader by the variety of its topics and its frequent personal anecdotes.

His reading was various, and all brought to bear on his medical studies. It was his constant object to popularize and render attractive the principles of medicine. His *Introductory Lectures to Courses of Lectures upon the Institutes and Practice of Medicine*, connect many important moral topics with the science which he discussed.

There is a pleasant early volume of his *Essays, Literary, Moral, and Philosophical*, collected by him in an octavo, in 1798, chiefly from his papers in the *Museum* and *Columbian Magazine* of Philadelphia. It is a favorable display of his tastes and powers. His habits of intellectual industry were ingenious and unceasing. He was greatly influenced by the example of Franklin, of whose conversation he meditated writing a volume, an undertaking which it is much to be regretted he did not execute. He was always in company with a book—if not a written volume, at least, as his eulogist Dr. Ramsay remarked, the book of nature. He kept with him a note-book, in one part of which he inserted facts, in another, ideas and reflections, as they arose in his own mind, or were the suggestions of others. He advised his pupils to lay every person they met with in stage-coaches, packets, or elsewhere, under contribution for facts in the physical sciences. It was a saying of his, which reminds

Benjamin Rush

one of his free use of the lancet, "that ideas, whether acquired from books or by reflection, produced a plethora in the mind, which can only be relieved by depletion from the pen or tongue." His judgment was not, however, always equally sound, his restless inquisitiveness of knowledge being sometimes at fault. The Rev. Dr. Staughton, who delivered a funeral sermon on his death, said, "His intellect was a Columbus, mistaking sometimes the nature and extent of discovery, but delighting in the voyage, calm, persevering, and successful." One of these false discoveries in intellectual geography, was the notion expressed in his *Observations on the Study of the Latin and Greek Languages*, of the worthlessness of that branch of education. His zeal carried him so far on this point, as to advance the thesis, "the cultivation of these languages is a great obstacle to the cultivation and perfection of the English language."

Schoolboys had in him a good friend. His paper *On the Amusements and Punishments proper for Schools** resolutely opposes corporal punishment, as his Essay on the *Punishment of Crimes by Death*, does hanging, for he thought the best means of prevention to be, "by living, and not by dead examples." His *Paradise of Negro Slaves—A Dream*, the vision appended to his notice of the Life of Anthony Benezet, is a dramatic and highly pathetic appeal for humanity to the African. His benevolence was shown in his efforts to improve the condition of prisons; and his practical Christianity, by the disposition which he made of his Sunday fees. He gave them entirely to objects of charity. His generosity led him, in the yellow fever time, to communicate freely to the public the remedies, the success of which had brought him a great accession of practice. When he received five thou-

* Corvisart, in his Essay on the *Diseases and Organic Lesions of the Heart and great Vessels*, notices the increase of affections of that nature under the excitement of the French Revolution.

* He thought the study of grammar was too early forced upon the attention of children. He recommended geography and natural history as primary studies. "By making natural history the first study of a boy," says he, with great beauty, "we imitate the conduct of the first teacher of man. The first lesson that Adam received from his Maker in Paradise, was upon Natural History."

sand dollars in the libel suit against Cobbett, he gave the money to the poor.*

His religion was inwrought with his love of country. A Christian, he said, could not fail of being a republican. His *Inquiry into the Effect of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind* places him among the earliest promoters of the Temperance cause.

The amiable activity of Rush was shown in his causing Beattie, the poet, to be elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and sending him a certificate subscribed by Franklin. This was in 1786. His letter to the poet commences: "The American Revolution, which divided the British empire, made no breach in the republic of letters."†

A pleasing instance of the happy sympathetic turn of Rush is in his short biographies of the Quaker Benezet and the eccentric Benjamin Lay, as well as in his *Account of the Life and Character of Christopher Ludwick*, "the baker-general of the army of the United States during the Revolutionary war," which he wrote in *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*, in 1801.‡

The personal description, in Sanderson's Lives of the Signers, answering to the portrait by Sully, represents him as "above the middle size; of a slender but well proportioned figure. The diameter of his head, from back to front, was uncommonly large. He had a prominent forehead; aquiline nose; highly animated blue eyes, with a chin and mouth expressive and comely; his look was fixed, his aspect thoughtful."§ John Adams, who met him in Philadelphia, during the Congress of 1774–5, notices his residence upon Water street, and the fine prospect of Delaware River and New Jersey, from his window; and describes his person characteristically—"an elegant, ingenious body; a sprightly, pretty fellow. He is a republican; he has been much in London; acquainted with Sawbridge, Macaulay, Burgh, and others of that stamp. Dilly sends him books and pamphlets, and Sawbridge and Macaulay correspond with him."*

He married in his thirty-second year, in 1776, the daughter of the Hon. Judge Stockton, by which marriage he had thirteen children.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE MILITARY AND POLITICAL EVENTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION UPON THE HUMAN BODY.

There were several circumstances peculiar to the American revolution, which should be mentioned previously to an account of the influence of the events which accompanied it upon the human body.

1. The revolution interested every inhabitant of the country of both sexes, and of every rank and age that was capable of reflection. An indifferent, or neutral, spectator of the controversy was scarcely to be found in any of the states.

2. The scenes of war and government which it introduced were new to the greatest part of the inhabitants of the United States, and operated with all the force of *novelty* upon the human mind.

3. The controversy was conceived to be the most important of any that had ever engaged the attention of mankind. It was generally believed, by the friends of the revolution, that the very existence of *freedom*, upon our globe, was involved in the issue of the contest in favour of the United States.

4. The American revolution included in it the cares of government, as well as the toils and dangers of war. The American mind was, therefore, frequently occupied, at the *same time*, by the difficult and complicated duties of political and military life.

5. The revolution was conducted by men who had been born *free*, and whose sense of the blessings of liberty was of course more exquisite than if they had just emerged from a state of slavery.

6. The greatest part of the soldiers in the armies of the United States had family connections and property in the country.

7. The war was carried on by the Americans against a nation, to whom they had long been tied by the numerous obligations of consanguinity, laws, religion, commerce, language, interest, and a mutual sense of national glory. The resentments of the Americans of course rose, as is usual in all disputes, in proportion to the number and force of these ancient bonds of affection and union.

8. A predilection to a limited monarchy, as an essential part of a free and safe government, and an attachment to the reigning king of Great Britain (with a very few exceptions) were universal in every part of the United States.

9. There was at one time a sudden dissolution of civil government in *all*, and of ecclesiastical establishments in several, of the states.

10. The expenses of the war were supported by means of a paper currency, which was continually depreciating.

From the action of each of these causes, and frequently from their combination in the same persons, effects might reasonably be expected, both upon the mind and body, which have seldom occurred; or if they have, I believe were never fully recorded in any age or country.

It might afford some useful instruction, to point

* The eagerness of Rush led him to carry his theories and notions to excess. Cobbett seized upon some of his weak points for annoyance, and committing his pen to a libel, was mulcted by an indignant jury of the good Doctor's townspeople (encouraged by his counsel, Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail Columbia,") in the sum of five thousand dollars, which, with the sacrifices of his property and the incidental damages, he sets down in the *Rush-Light* at eight thousand. This was his famous rejoinder to the libel suit, and was published at New York, in 1800, in a periodical 12mo. pamphlet, in four numbers, in which he brings all his artillery of squib and detraction against the Doctor. It had a large sale, for the public relishes witty personality, and Cobbett had a method of always getting readers for his writings. Perhaps the comparison of Rush to Sangrado, in his bleeding practice, supported by parallel passages taken from Gil Blas and the Doctor's writings, and the eulogies by his friends, is the best portion. He soon left for England, when Freneau celebrated his departure with an allusion to his extinguished Rush-light, and the popular charge of his pension from England as a supporter of monarchical ideas in America, and an enemy to free institutions.

Five thousand dollars, we may guess,
Have made his pension something less—
So, Peter left us—in distress.

† Life of Beattie, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

‡ Ludwick was a man of mark, a German, who, after various adventures, as a soldier in the wars of the Austrians against the Turks, and a sailor out of England, reached Philadelphia in 1753. With the proceeds of a small mercantile venture he went to London, and learned the business of a gingerbread baker and confectioner; returning to Philadelphia in 1774 with a stock of gingerbread prints, with which he became famous for his manufacture of that article. He joined the Revolution at its outset, and sacrificed his property in the cause. He assisted the commissariat with his skill as a baker. He died in 1801, in his eightieth year, leaving a considerable property for benevolent uses, mainly for charity schools. In 1881, the newspaper account of him, by Rush, was revised and republished, by direction of the Philadelphia Society for the establishment and support of charity schools, in a thin 18mo. volume.

§ Biography of the Signers, iv. 285.

* Adams's Diary, Works, ii. 380, 427.

out the influence of the military and political events of the revolution upon the understandings, passions, and morals of the citizens of the United States; but my business in the present inquiry is only to take notice of the influence of those events upon the human body, through the medium of the mind.

I shall first mention the effects of the military, and, secondly, of the political events of the revolution. The last must be considered in a two-fold view, accordingly as they affected the friends, or the enemies, of the revolution.

I. In treating of the effects of the military events, I shall take notice, first, of the influence of *actual* war, and, secondly, of the influence of the military life.

In the beginning of a battle, I have observed *thirst* to be a very common sensation among both officers and soldiers. It occurred where no exercise, or action of the body, could have excited it.

Many officers have informed me, that after the first onset in a battle they felt a glow of heat, so universal as to be perceptible in both their ears. This was the case, in a particular manner, in the battle of Princeton, on the third of January, in the year 1777, on which day the weather was remarkably cold.

A veteran colonel of a New England regiment, whom I visited at Princeton, and who was wounded in the hand at the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778 (a day in which the mercury stood at 90° of Fahrenheit's thermometer) after describing his situation at the time he received his wound, concluded his story by remarking, "that fighting was hot work on a cold day, but much more so on a warm day." The many instances which appeared after that memorable battle, of soldiers who were found among the slain without any marks of wounds or violence upon their bodies, were probably occasioned by the heat excited in the body, by the emotions of the mind, being added to that of the atmosphere.

Soldiers bore operations of every kind, immediately *after* a battle, with much more fortitude than they did at *any time* afterwards.

The effects of the military life upon the human body come next to be considered under this head.

In another place I have mentioned three cases of pulmonary consumption being perfectly cured by the diet and hardships of a camp life.

Doctor Blane, in his valuable observations on the diseases incident to seamen, ascribes the extraordinary healthiness of the British fleet in the month of April, 1782, to the effects produced on the spirit of the soldiers and seamen, by the victory obtained over the French fleet on the 12th of that month; and relates, upon the authority of Mr. Ives, an instance, in the war between Great Britain and the combined powers of France and Spain, in 1744, in which the scurvy, as well as other diseases, were checked by the prospect of a naval engagement.

The American army furnished an instance of the effects of victory upon the human mind, which may serve to establish the inferences from the facts related by Doctor Blane. The Philadelphia militia who joined the remains of General Washington's army, in December, 1776, and shared with them a few days afterwards in the capture of a large body of Hessians at Trenton, consisted of 1500 men, most of whom had been accustomed to the habits of a city life. These men slept in tents and barns, and sometimes in the open air, during the usual colds of December and January; and yet there were but two instances of sickness, and only one of death, in that body of men in the course of nearly six weeks, in those winter months. This extraordinary healthiness of so great a number of men, under such trying circumstances, can only be ascribed to the vigour infused into the human body by the victory of Trenton having produced insensibility to all the usual remote causes of diseases.

Militia officers and soldiers, who enjoyed good health during a campaign, were often affected by fevers and other diseases, as soon as they returned to their respective homes. I know one instance of a militia captain, who was seized with convulsions the first night he lay on a feather bed, after sleeping several months on a mattress, or upon the ground. These affections of the body appeared to be produced only by the sudden abstraction of that tone in the system, which was excited by a sense of danger, and the other invigorating objects of a military life.

The NOSTALGIA of Doctor Cullen, or the *home-sickness*, was a frequent disease in the American army, more especially among the soldiers of the New England states. But this disease was suspended by the superior action of the mind, under the influence of the principles which governed common soldiers in the American army. Of this General Gates furnished me with a remarkable instance in 1776, soon after his return from the command of a large body of regular troops and militia at Ticonderoga. From the effects of the nostalgia, and the feebleness of the discipline which was exercised over the militia, desertions were very frequent and numerous in his army, in the latter part of the campaign; and yet during the *three weeks* in which the general expected every hour an attack to be made upon him by General Burgoyne, there was not a single desertion from his army, which consisted at that time of 10,000 men.

The patience, firmness, and magnanimity, with which the officers and soldiers of the American army endured the complicated evils of hunger, cold and nakedness, can only be ascribed to an insensibility of body produced by an uncommon tone of mind, excited by the love of liberty and their country.

Before I proceed to the second general division of this subject, I shall take notice, that more instances of apoplexies occurred in the city of Philadelphia, in the winter of 1774–5, than had been known in former years. I should have hesitated in recording this fact, had I not found the observation supported by a fact of the same kind, and produced by a nearly similar cause, in the appendix to the practical works of Doctor Baglivi, professor of physic and anatomy at Rome. After a very wet season in the winter of 1694–5, he informs us, that "apoplexies displayed their rage; and perhaps (adds our author) some part of this epidemic illness was owing to the universal grief and domestic care, occasioned by all Europe being engaged in a war. All commerce was disturbed, and all the avenues of peace blocked up, so that the strongest heart could scarcely bear the thoughts of it." The winter of 1774–5 was a period of uncommon anxiety among the citizens of America. Every countenance wore the marks of painful solicitude for the event of a petition to the throne of Britain, which was to determine whether reconciliation, or a civil war, with all its terrible and distressing consequences, were to take place. The apoplectic fit, which deprived the world of the talents and virtues of Peyton Randolph, while he filled the chair of Congress, in 1775, appeared to be occasioned in part by the pressure of the uncertainty of those great events upon his mind. To the name of this illustrious patriot, several others might be added, who were affected by the apoplexy in the same memorable year. At this time a difference of opinion upon the subject of

the contest with Great Britain had scarcely taken place among the citizens of America.

II. The political events of the revolution produced different effects upon the human body, through the medium of the mind, according as they acted upon the friends or enemies of the revolution.

I shall first describe its effects upon the former class of citizens of the United States.

Many persons, of infirm and delicate habits, were restored to perfect health, by the change of place, or occupation, to which the war exposed them. This was the case in a more especial manner with hysterical women, who were much interested in the successful issue of the contest. The same effects of a civil war upon the hysteria, were observed by Doctor Cullen in Scotland, in the years 1745 and 1746. It may perhaps help to extend our ideas of the influence of the passions upon diseases, to add, that when either love, jealousy, grief, or even devotion, wholly engross the female mind, they seldom fail, in like manner, to cure or to suspend hysterical complaints.

An uncommon cheerfulness prevailed everywhere, among the friends of the revolution. Defeats, and even the loss of relations and property, were soon forgotten in the great objects of the war.

The population in the United States was more rapid from births during the war, than it had ever been in the same number of years since the settlement of the country.

I am disposed to ascribe this increase of births *chiefly* to the quantity and extensive circulation of money, and to the facility of procuring the means of subsistence during the war, which favoured marriages among the labouring part of the people.* But I have sufficient documents to prove, that marriages were more fruitful than in former years, and that a considerable number of unfruitful marriages became fruitful during the war. In 1783, the year of the peace, there were several children born of parents who had lived many years together without issue.

Mr. Hume informs us, in his History of England, that some old people, upon hearing the news of the restoration of Charles II., died suddenly of joy. There was a time when I doubted the truth of this assertion; but I am now disposed to believe it, from having heard of a similar effect from an agreeable political event, in the course of the American revolution. The door-keeper of Congress, an aged man, died suddenly, immediately after hearing of the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army. His death was universally ascribed to a violent emotion of political joy. This species of joy appears to be one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the human mind.

Perhaps the influence of that ardour in trade and speculation, which seized many of the friends of the revolution, and which was excited by the fallacious nominal amount of the paper money, should rather be considered as a disease, than as a passion. It unhinged the judgment, deposed the moral faculty, and filled the imagination, in many people, with airy and impracticable schemes of wealth and grandeur. Desultory manners, and a peculiar species of extempore conduct, were among its characteristic symptoms. It produced insensibility to cold, hunger, and danger. The trading towns, and in some instances the extremities of the United States, were frequently visited in a few hours or days by persons affected by this disease; and hence, "to travel with the speed of a speculator," became a common saying in many parts of the country. This species of insanity (if I may be allowed to call it by that name) did not require the confinement of a Bedlam to cure it, like the South-Sea madness described by Doctor Mead. Its remedies were the depreciation of the paper money, and the events of the peace.

The political events of the revolution produced upon its enemies very different effects from those which have been mentioned.

The hypochondriasis of Doctor Cullen occurred, in many instances, in persons of this description. In some of them, the terror and distress of the revolution brought on a true melancholia.* The causes which produced these diseases may be reduced to four heads. 1. The loss of former power or influence in government. 2. The destruction of the hierarchy of the English church in America. 3. The change in the habits of diet, and company, and manners, produced by the annihilation of just debts by means of depreciated paper money. And 4. The neglect, insults, and oppression, to which the loyalists were exposed, from individuals, and, in several instances, from the laws of some of the states.

It was observed in South Carolina, that several gentlemen, who had protected their estates by swearing allegiance to the British government, died soon after the evacuation of Charleston by the British army. Their deaths were ascribed to the neglect with which they were treated by their ancient friends, who had adhered to the government of the United States. The disease was called, by the common people, the *protection fever*.

From the causes which produced this hypochondriasis, I have taken the liberty of distinguishing it by the name of *revolutiana*.

In some cases, this disease was rendered fatal by exile and confinement; and, in others, by those persons who were afflicted with it seeking relief from spirituous liquors.

The termination of the war by the peace in 1783 did not terminate the American revolution. The minds of the citizens of the United States were wholly unprepared for their new situation. The excess of the passion for liberty, inflamed by the successful issue of the war, produced, in many people, opinions and conduct, which could not be removed by reason nor restrained by government. For a while, they threatened to render abortive the goodness of Heaven to the United States, in delivering them from the evils of slavery and war. The extensive influence which these opinions had upon the understandings, passions, and morals of many of the citizens of the United States, constituted a form of insanity, which I shall take the liberty of distinguishing by the name of *anarchia*.

I hope no offence will be given by the freedom of any of these remarks. An inquirer after philosophical truth should consider the passions of men in the same light that he does the laws of matter or motion. The friends and enemies of the American revolution must have been more, or less, than men, if they could have sustained the magnitude and rapidity of the events that characterised it, without discovering some marks of human weakness, both in body and mind. Perhaps these weaknesses were permitted, that human nature might receive fresh honours in America, by the contending parties (whether produced by the controversies about independence or the national government) mutually forgiving

* Wheat, which was sold before the war for seven shillings and sixpence, was sold for several years *during* the war for four, and in some places for two and sixpence Pennsylvania currency, per bushel. Beggars of every description disappeared in the year 1776, and were seldom seen till near the close of the war.

* Insania partialis sine dyspepsia, of Doctor Cullen.

each other, and uniting in plans of general order and happiness.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF ANTHONY BENEZET.

This excellent man was placed by his friends in early life in a counting-house, but finding commerce opened temptations to a worldly spirit, he left his master, and bound himself as an apprentice to a cooper. Finding this business too laborious for his constitution, he declined it, and devoted himself to school-keeping; in which useful employment he continued during the greatest part of his life.

He possessed uncommon activity and industry in every thing he undertook. He did every thing as if the words of his Saviour were perpetually sounding in his ears, "wist ye not, that I must be about my Father's business?"

He used to say, "the highest act of charity in the world was to bear with the *unreasonableness* of mankind."

He generally wore plush clothes, and gave as a reason for it, that after he had worn them for two or three years, they made comfortable and decent garments for the poor.

He once informed a young friend, that his memory began to fail him; "but this," said he, "gives me one great advantage over thee—for thou canst find entertainment in reading a good book only *once* —but I enjoy that pleasure as often as I read it; for it is always new to me."

He published several valuable tracts in favour of the emancipation of the blacks, and of the civilizing and christianizing the Indians. He also published a pamphlet against the use of ardent spirits. All these publications were circulated with great industry, and at his own expense, throughout every part of the United States.

He wrote letters to the queen of Great-Britain, and to the queen of Portugal, to use their influence with their respective courts to abolish the African trade. He accompanied his letter to the queen of Great-Britain with a present of his works. The queen received them with great politeness, and said after reading them "that the author appeared to be a very good man."

He also wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, in which he endeavoured to convince him of the unlawfulness of war.

During the time the British army was in possession of the city of Philadelphia, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to render the situation of the persons who suffered from captivity as easy as possible. He knew no fear in the presence of his fellow men, however dignified they were by titles or station, and such were the propriety and gentleness of his manners in his intercourse with the gentlemen who commanded the British and German troops, that when he could not obtain the objects of his requests, he never failed to secure their civilities, and frequently their esteem.

So great was his sympathy with every thing that was capable of feeling pain, that he resolved, towards the close of his life, to eat no animal food. Upon coming into his brother's house one day, when his family was dining upon poultry, he was asked by his brother's wife, to sit down and dine with them. "What! (said he) would you have me eat my neighbours?"

This misapplication of a moral feeling was supposed to have brought on such a debility in his stomach and bowels, as produced a disease in those parts of which he finally died.

Few men, since the days of the apostles, ever lived a more disinterested life. And yet, upon his deathbed, he said, he wished to live a little longer, that "he might bring down SELF."

The last time he ever walked across his room, was to take from his desk six dollars, which he gave to a poor widow whom he had long assisted to maintain.

He bequeathed after the death of his widow, a house and lot in which consisted his whole estate, to the support of a school for the education of negro children, which he had founded and taught for several years before his death.

He died in May, 1784, in the 71st year of his age.

His funeral was attended by persons of all religious denominations, and by many hundred black people.

Colonel J——n, who had served in the American army during the late war, in returning from the funeral, pronounced an eulogium upon him. It consisted only of the following words: "I would rather," said he, "be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Washington with all his fame."

July 15, 1788.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE OF BENJAMIN LAY.

There was a time when the name of this celebrated Christian philosopher was familiar to every man, woman, and to nearly every child, in Pennsylvania. His size, which was not much above four feet, his dress, which was always the same, consisting of light-coloured plain clothes, a white hat, and half-boots;—his milk-white beard, which hung upon his breast; and, above all, his peculiar principles and conduct, rendered him to many, an object of admiration, and to all, the subject of conversation.

He was born in England, and spent the early part of his life at sea. His first settlement was in Barbadoes, as a merchant, where he was soon convinced of the iniquity of the slave trade. He bore an open testimony against it, in all companies, by which means he rendered himself so unpopular, that he left the island in disgust, and settled in the then province of Pennsylvania. He fixed his home at Abington, ten miles from Philadelphia, from whence he made frequent excursions to the city, and to different parts of the country.

At the time of his arrival in Pennsylvania, he found many of his brethren, the people called Quakers, had fallen so far from their original principles, as to keep negro slaves. He remonstrated with them, both publicly and privately, against the practice; but, frequently with so much indiscreet zeal, as to give great offence. He often disturbed their public meetings, by interrupting or opposing their preachers, for which he was once carried out of a meeting-house, by two or three friends. Upon this occasion he submitted with patience to what he considered a species of persecution. He lay down at the door of the meeting-house, in a shower of rain, till divine worship was ended; nor could he be prevailed upon to rise, till the whole congregation had stepped over him in their way to their respective homes.

To show his indignation against the practice of slave-keeping, he once carried a bladder filled with blood into a meeting; and, in the presence of the whole congregation, thrust a sword, which he had concealed under his coat, into the bladder, exclaiming, at the same time, "Thus shall God shed the blood of those persons who enslave their fellow-creatures." The terror of this extravagant and unexpected act, produced swoonings in several of the women of the congregation.

He once went into the house of a friend in Philadelphia, and found him seated at breakfast, with his family around him. Being asked by him to sit down and breakfast with them, he said, "Dost thou keep

slaves in thy house?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then I will not partake with thee, of the fruits of thy unrighteousness."

He took great pains to convince a farmer and his wife, in Chester county, of the iniquity of keeping negro slaves, but to no purpose. They not only kept their slaves, but defended the practice. One day he went into their house, and after a short discourse with them upon the wickedness, and particularly the inhumanity of separating children from their parents, which was involved in the slave trade, he seized the only child of the family, (a little girl about three years old) and pretended to run away with her. The child cried bitterly, "I will be good —I will be good," and the parents showed signs of being alarmed. Upon observing this scene, Mr. Lay said, very emphatically, "You *see* and *feel* now a little of the distress you occasion every day, by the inhuman practice of slave-keeping."

This singular philosopher did not limit his pious testimony against vice, to slave-keeping alone. He was opposed to every species of extravagance. Upon the introduction of tea, as an article of diet, into Pennsylvania, his wife bought a small quantity of it, with a set of cups and saucers, and brought them home with her. Mr. Lay took them from her, brought them back again to the city, and from the balcony of the court-house scattered the tea, and broke the cups and saucers, in the presence of many hundred spectators, delivering, at the same time, a striking lecture upon the folly of preferring that foreign herb, with its expensive appurtenances, to the simple and wholesome diet of our country.

He possessed a good deal of wit, and was quick at repartee. A citizen of Philadelphia, who knew his peculiarities, once met him in a crowd, at a funeral, in Germantown. Being desirous of entering into a conversation with him that should divert the company, the citizen accosted him, with the most respectful ceremony, and declared himself to be "his most humble servant." "Art thou my servant?" said Mr. Lay; "Yes, I am!" said the citizen. "Then," said Mr. Lay, (holding up his foot towards him,) "clean this shoe." This unexpected reply turned the laugh upon the citizen. Being desirous of recovering himself in the opinion of the company, he asked him to instruct him in the way to heaven. "Dost thou indeed wish to be taught?" said Mr. Lay. "I do!" said the citizen. "Then," said Mr. Lay, "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

He wrote a small treatise upon negro-slavery, which he brought to Dr. Franklin to be printed. Upon looking over it, the Doctor told him that it was not paged, and that there appeared to be no order or arrangement in it. "It is no matter," said Mr. Lay, "print any part thou pleasest first." This book contained many pious sentiments, and strong expressions against negro slavery; but even the address and skill of Dr. Franklin were not sufficient to connect its different parts together so as to render it an agreeable or useful work. This book is in the library of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Lay was extremely attentive to young people. He took great pleasure in visiting schools, where he often preached to the youth. He frequently carried a basket of religious books with him, and distributed them as prizes among the scholars.

He was fond of reading. In the print of him, which is to be seen in many houses in Philadelphia, he is represented with "Tryon on Happiness" in his hand, a book which he valued very much, and which he frequently carried with him in his excursions from home.

He was kind and charitable to the poor, but had no compassion for beggars. He used to say, "there was no man or woman, who was able to go abroad to beg, that was not able to earn *four pence* a day, and this sum, he said, was enough to keep any person above want or dependence in this country."

He was a severe enemy to idleness, insomuch that when he could not employ himself out of doors, or when he was tired of reading, he used to spend his time in spinning. His common sitting-room was hung with skeins of thread, spun entirely by himself. All his clothes were of his own manufactory.

He was extremely temperate in his diet, living chiefly upon vegetables. Turnips boiled, and afterwards roasted, were his favourite dinner. His drink was pure water. From a desire of imitating our Saviour in every thing he once attempted to fast for forty days. This experiment, it is said, had nearly cost him his life. He was obliged to desist from it long before the forty days were expired; but the fasting, it was said, so much debilitated his body as to accelerate his death. He lived above eighty years, and died in his own house in Abington, about thirty years ago.

In reviewing the history of this extraordinary man, we cannot help absolving him of his weaknesses, when we contemplate his many active virtues. He was the pioneer of that war, which has since been carried on so successfully against the commerce and slavery of the negroes. Perhaps the turbulence and severity of his temper were necessary to rouse the torpor of the human mind, at the period in which he lived, to this interesting subject. The meekness and gentleness of Anthony Benezet, who completed what Mr. Lay began, would probably have been as insufficient for the work performed by Mr. Lay, as the humble piety of De Renty, or of Thomas A'Kempis, would have been to have accomplished the works of the zealous Luther, or the intrepid Knox, in the sixteenth century.

The success of Mr. Lay, in sowing the seeds of a principle which bids fair to produce a revolution in morals, commerce, and government, in the new and in the old world, should teach the benefactors of mankind not to despair, if they do not see the fruits of their benevolent propositions, or undertakings, during their lives. No one seed of truth or virtue ever perished. Wherever it may be sowed, or even scattered, it will preserve and carry with it the principle of life. Some of these seeds produce their fruits in a short time, but the most valuable of them, like the venerable oak, are centuries in growing; but they are unlike the pride of the forest, as well as all other vegetable productions, in being incapable of a decay. They exist and bloom for ever.

February 10th, 1790.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

In the division of the Presbyterian Church, connected with the Whitefield revival or agitation, which occurred in America in 1741, the future education of the clergy became a matter of important consideration; and New Jersey belonging to the Synod of New York in the separation from the Synod of Philadelphia, it was determined to establish a seat of learning in the former state. The religious education of the new Church party had been more effectively than ostentatiously provided for at the school established by the Rev. William Tennent at Neshaminy, known as the Log College, which had sent forth from its humble doorway several eminent divines and preachers.* The decline of this seminary with the age

* Its history has been written by Dr. Archibald Alexander. William Tennent, Sen'r, was a native of Ireland and belonged

of its founder, and the unfortunate expulsion of the pious Brainerd from Yale, hastened the work of preparation for the College of New Jersey. A charter was obtained with difficulty in 1746,* the peculiar religious interests of the applicants being little regarded in New Jersey. Jonathan Dickinson, a native of Massachusetts and graduate of Yale, acted as its first President, at Elizabethtown, where he was settled as a clergyman for a short time, till his death in 1747, within a year of the organization. He was a man of ability as a preacher, and left a large number of sermons and theological publications. A new charter was now obtained from Governor Belcher† in 1748, and the Rev. Aaron Burr was chosen President. This pious man, the friend of Whitefield, and the son-in-law of Jonathan Edwards, was the father of the subsequent unhappy politician who bore his name. He was born in Connecticut in 1716, and arrived at the College of New Jersey through his settlement as a clergyman at Newark, where the College was held during his life. He died in 1757, in which year the institution was removed to Princeton. Burr's character is spoken of with great admiration for his energy in affairs, his happy temper and pulpit eloquence.‡ President Burr prepared a Latin grammar, published in New York in 1752, which was used in the College and known as the "Newark Grammar;" and as a specimen of his Latinity there is extant in manuscript an oration in that language which he delivered in Newark before the Board of Trustees on the death of Dr. Philip Doddridge, who had been a friend of the College.* The Eulogium on his Death, by William Livingston, celebrates his virtues and acuteness with animated panegyric.†

Burr was succeeded by the eminent metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards, who arrived from Stockbridge in 1758, and whose death occurred, when he had scarcely entered upon his new duties, but a few months later. The Rev. Samuel Davies, a native of Pennsylvania, was called from Virginia, where he had passed a distinguished career as a faithful and eloquent preacher, to the post in 1758. He had previously visited England with the Rev. Gilbert Tennent,‡ in a successful tour for contributions. The College building erected in 1756 with the funds thus collected, was at first to be called Belcher Hall, but the Governor, modestly setting aside his own claims, gave it the name of Nassau Hall, in honor of the great Protestant hero William III. It has been said to have been the best college structure in its time in the country, and the largest single edifice in the colonies.§ Declining this first appointment Davies was elected again in 1759, when he left Hanover, where his influence was very great, and entered upon the duties of the Presidency, which he held till his death, only a year and a half after, in 1761, at the early age of thirty-six. His reputation as an ardent missionary and zealous preacher was very great, and his personal character greatly strengthened the college. His early discourses on the Expedition of Braddock, in a note to one of which in August, 1755, entitled "Religion and Patriotism the Constituents of a Good Soldier," he prophetically "points out to the public that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country," and a third addressed to the Militia of Hanover

originally to the Episcopal Church. Whitefield visited his school at Neshaminy in 1739, and speaks of "the place wherein the young men study, in contempt called the College." It was a simple back-country structure of the log-cabin order.

* Hist. Sketch of the Origin of the College of New Jersey, by Ashbel Green. Notes to Discourses, 288.

† Jonathan Belcher was a man of spirit in the Colonial annals. He was born in 1681, of a good family at Cambridge, Mass., was graduated at the College, travelled in Europe, and lived at Boston as a merchant on his return, till he was appointed to the Government of Massachusetts in 1730. He was a good scholar. His frankness and energy caused his removal from office, when the Government of New Jersey was given him, where he lived ten years, dying in office in 1757. His friend Aaron Burr at Princeton preached his sermon a few days only before his own death.

‡ Burr is buried in the graveyard at Princeton, where his son at last came to be laid beside him. The Latin inscription on his monument is of more than usual eloquence. The cenotaphs at Princeton are noticeable in this particular.

Quæris Viator qualis quantusque fuit?
Perpaucis accipe.
Vir corpore parvo et tenui,
Studiis, vigiliis, assiduisque laboribus,
Macro.
Sagacitate, Perspicacitate, Agilitate,
Ac Solertia (si fas dicere),
Plusquam humana, pene
Angelica.
Animâ ferme totus.
Omnigena Literatura instructus,
Theologia præstantior:
Concionator volubilis, suavis et suadus:
Orator facundus.
Moribus facilis, candidus et jucundus,
Vita egregie liberalis ac beneficus:
Supra vero omnia emicuerunt
Pietas et Benevolentia.
Sed ah! quanta et quota Ingenii,
Industriæ, Prudentiæ, Patientiæ,
Cæterarumque omnium Virtutum
Exemplaria,
Marmoris sepulchralis Angustia
Reticebit.
Multum desideratus, multum
Dilectus,
Humani generis Deliciæ.
O! infandum sui Desiderium,
Gemit Ecclesia, plorat
Academia:
At Cœlum plaudit, dum ille
Ingreditur
In Gaudium Domini
Dulce loquentis,
Euge bone et fidelis
Serve!
Abi Viator tuam respice finem.

* Dr. J. F. Stearns's Hist. Discourse relating to the First Presbyterian Church in Newark, p. 188. There are numerous distinct and forcible notices of Burr in this book.

† A Funeral Eulogium on the Reverend Mr. Aaron Burr, late President of the College of New Jersey, by William Livingston, Esq.

Of comfort no man speak!
Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth. Shaks.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

New York, Printed: Boston; Reprinted by Green and Russell in Queen street, for J. Winter, in Union-street 1758. 4to. pp. 28.

‡ Tennent was of much celebrity in his day as a follower of Whitefield. He affected some eccentricity in his preaching, entering the pulpit on his New England tour in an overcoat bound with a leathern girdle, and with long hair. His eloquence was in the line of the terrific. Whitefield, who was with Tennent in New York in 1739, has described his preaching: "never before heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bottom, indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar. He is 'a son of thunder,' and does not regard the face of man." With his energy he sometimes forgot courtesy and Christian humility, and was very abusive. Dr. Alexander furnishes a list of his publications.—History of the Log College, 91–94.

§ Dr. Jas. W. Alexander's MS. Centennial Discourse at Princeton, 1846.

Co., at a general muster in May, 1759, when his eloquence at once filled the ranks, have connected his name with the public history of his country. He published numerous sermons, a collection of which in three volumes "on the most useful and important subjects" has been much read. His style was warm and passionate.

Davies was not only an energetic declaimer of poetic prose, but wrote verses of considerable excellence. His elegy on the death of his old preceptor, Samuel Blair,* with its warmth of feeling shows a modern taste in composition which may be contrasted with the cramped effusions of a similar character of which we have given specimens in the old Puritan literature.

——— Blair is no more—then this poor world has lost
As rich a jewel as her stores could boast;
Heaven, in just vengeance, has recalled again,
Its faithful envoy, from the sons of men,
Advanced him from his pious toils below,
In raptures there, in kindred plains to glow.

O had not the mournful news divulged,
My mind had still the pleasing dream indulged—
Still fancied Blair, with health and vigor blessed,
With some grand purpose laboring in his breast.
In studious thought, pursuing truth divine,
Till the full demonstration round him shine;
Or, from the sacred desk, proclaiming loud,
His Master's message, to the attentive crowd,
While heavenly truth with bright conviction glares,
And coward error shrinks, and disappears;
While quick remorse, the hardy sinner feels,
And Calv'ry's balm, the bleeding conscience heals.†

In 1769, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gibbons, who was the London editor of Davies's Sermons, published a Collection of Hymns in which there are fifteen assigned to Davies. These were found among the manuscripts of the latter. Two of them may be quoted as well for their historical as their devotional interest.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS DEPRECATED, AND NATIONAL MERCIES PLEADED.‡

I.

While o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
While heav'n its fruitful show'rs denies,
And nature round us fades and dies;

II.

While clouds collecting o'er our head
Seem charg'd with wrath to smite us dead,
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct our cry?

III.

The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief:

IV.

On thee our guardian God we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?

V.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here!

VI.

Revive our with'ring fields with rain,
Let peace compose our land again,
Silence the horrid noise of war!
O spare a guilty people, spare!

VII.

We plead thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

VIII.

These pleas, by faith urg'd at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too!

ON THE SAME.

I.

While various rumours spread abroad,
And hold our souls in dread suspense,
We look, we fly to thee our God;
Our refuge is thy Providence.

II.

This wilderness, so long untill'd,
An hideous waste of barren ground,
Thy care has made a fruitful field,
With peace and plenty richly crown'd.

III.

Thy Gospel spreads an heav'nly day
Throughout this once benighted land,
A Land once wild with beasts of prey,
By impious heathen rites profan'd;

IV.

Thy Gospel, like a gen'rous vine,
Its branches wide began to spread,
Refresh'd our souls with heav'nly wine,
And bless'd us with its cooling shade;

V.

And shall these mercies now remove?
Shall peace and plenty fly away?
The land, that Heav'n did thus improve,
Will Heav'n give up an helpless Prey?

VI.

O must we bid our God adieu?
And must the Gospel take its flight?
O shall our children never view
The beamings of that heav'nly light?

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* Samuel Blair was born in Ireland, came to America as a youth, and was educated at the Log College. He was settled as a preacher at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, and in New Londonderry, or Fogg's Manor, in Pennsylvania, where he formed a classical school in which Davies, the Rev. John Rodgers, and other divines, were educated. He died young, at the age of thirty-nine. His tomb at Fogg's Manor bears the inscription—

In yonder sacred house I spent my breath,
Now silent, mouldering, here I lie in death;
These lips shall wake and yet declare,
A dread amen to truths they published there.

John Blair, his brother, was Professor of Divinity at the College of New Jersey, 1767 to 1769. One of his sisters married the Rev. Robert Smith of Pequea, the father of President Smith of the College, of John Blair Smith, and of the Rev. William Smith.

† We are indebted for this extract to Dr. Alexander's *Log College*, as we are for the knowledge of the hymns which follow, to his son, Dr. James W. Alexander. Davies's elegy was published in a volume of the writings of the Rev. Samuel Blair, Philadelphia, 1754.

‡ This and the following Hymn were printed by the Author, with two Discourses on Amos iii. 1–6, entitled Virginia's *Danger and Remedy*, and occasioned by the severe Drought in sundry Parts of that Country, and the defeat of General Braddock, 1756.—Gibbon's note.

VII.

Forbid it, Lord; with arms of faith
We'll hold thee fast, and thou shalt stay;
We'll cry while we have life or breath,
Our God, do not depart away!

VIII.

If broken hearts and weeping eyes
Can find acceptance at thy throne,
Lo, here they are; this sacrifice
Thou wilt accept thro' Christ thy Son.

The Rev. Samuel Finley succeeded to the Presidency at Princeton. He was of Irish birth, coming early to America, had taken part in the Whitefield revival, and was settled as a clergyman at Nottingham in Maryland for seventeen years, when he was called to the office. He instituted an academy at Nottingham, where his scholarship had brought around him a number of pupils who afterwards became men of distinction.* Finley was an assiduous College President, and when,

Nassau Hall.

as with his predecessors, his term of office was briefly closed, his remains were carried to his grave at Philadelphia where he died, borne, according to his request, by eight members of the senior class of the College of New Jersey.

Finley's death occurred in 1766, when Dr. Witherspoon was invited to the Presidency from Scotland. He came and was inaugurated in 1768. He enlarged the field of the college by promoting the study of mathematics and mental philosophy. During the Revolution the President was transferred in Congress to a wider sphere.

Immediately after the battle of Princeton, in 1777, the College became the scene of a conflict between its British occupants and a portion of the army of Washington. In the chapel in Nassau Hall hung at this time a portrait of George II., which was destroyed by an American cannon-shot passing through the canvas. Within the same frame now hangs a portrait of Washington, painted by Peale, and purchased with the fifty guineas which were presented to the College by the General after the conflict. The British plundered the library. Some of the books were afterwards found in North Carolina, left there by the troops of Cornwallis.*

There is a picture of the College in the opening days of the Revolution, by John Adams, in his diary of the date of Aug. 26, 1774, when the young lawyer was on his way to the Continental Congress.

The college is conveniently constructed; instead of entries across the building, the entries are from end to end, and the chambers are on each side of the entries. There are such entries, one above another, in every story; each chamber has three windows, two studies with one window in each, and one window between the studies to enlighten the chamber. Mr. Euston, the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, showed us the library; it is not large, but has some good books. He then led us into the apparatus; here we saw a most beautiful machine—an orrery or planetarium, constructed by Mr. Rittenhouse of Philadelphia. By this time the bell rang for prayers; we went into the chapel; the President soon came in, and we attended. The scholars sing as badly as the Presbyterians at New York. After prayers the President attended us to the balcony of the college, where we have a prospect of a horizon of about eighty miles' diameter.

On the establishment of peace, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, the vice-president, became the acting governor of the College, and on the death of Witherspoon in 1794, its head. He held the

* Ashbel Green's Memoirs, pp. 136, 144. This old North College, the original Nassau Hall, which had thus suffered the attack of the troops, was nearly destroyed by fire in 1812. Again, in 1855, on the evening of March 9 it was entirely burnt, the walls only being left standing. The pictures in the College Gallery were fortunately preserved.

* "His method of instruction in the Latin and Greek languages was thorough and accurate. Dr. Finley boarded most of the scholars in his own house, and when they were at meals he was in the habit of relaxing from the severity of the pedagogue, and indulging in facetious remarks, saying that nothing more helped digestion than a hearty laugh. His own temper was remarkably benignant and sweet, and his manners affable and polite."—Alexander's Log College, p. 366.

position until he resigned it, from the infirmities of age, in 1812.

Samuel Stanhope Smith, whose accomplishments were the delight of the last generation of scholars and divines, was the son of a minister in Pennsylvania, Dr. Robert Smith, of Scoto-Irish descent, who came to this country in his childhood,—a man of education and character. Two of his sons became quite noted in the literary and religious affairs of America: John Blair Smith, an eloquent preacher in Virginia, and the first president of Union College; and Samuel Stanhope Smith, the president of Princeton. The latter was born at Pequea, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, the seat of his father's pastoral duties, March 16, 1750; studied at Princeton; was the first head of the Presbyterian Theological College of Hampden Sidney, in Virginia; was called in 1799 to the chair of moral philosophy at Princeton, and succeeded Witherspoon, his father-in-law, in the presidency, on his death in 1794. He resigned this office on account of ill health in 1812. He died August 21, 1819.

The best known of his literary productions is his *Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species*, which he published in 1788, and a second edition of which, enlarged with a reply to his English critic, Charles White, and some strictures on Lord Kames's Discourse on the Original Diversity of Mankind, appeared in 1810. The argument of this work is, a defence of the unity of the race, accounting for the varieties by the influences of climate, of the state of society, and the manner of living. Though superseded by other works in the great advance of the knowledge of facts and study of Ethnology, this work may still be read with interest for the amenity of its style and the ingenuity of its views.

The late Dr. Alexander, in his memoirs, has left us a distinct account of the impression of President Smith upon his contemporaries. He describes his appearance at Princeton in 1801: "Certainly, viewing him as in his meridian, I have never seen his equal in elegance of person and manners. Dignity and winning grace were remarkably united in his expressive countenance. His large blue eye had a penetration which commanded the respect of all beholders. Notwithstanding the want of health, his cheek had a bright rosy tint, and his smile lighted up the whole face. The tones of his elocution had a thrilling peculiarity, and this was more remarkable in his preaching, where it is well known that he imitated the elaborate polish and satirical glow of the French school."*

Ashbel Green, who succeeded to President Smith, was a native of New Jersey, born at Hanover, July 6, 1762. He was a graduate of the College of 1783; entered the ministry; was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Princeton from 1785 to 1787; was chaplain to Congress in Philadelphia from 1792 to 1800, a position which brought him into relation with Washington, whom he had seen in the field in his early militia days in New Jersey, and the best society of the day; was elected to the presidency of the College of New Jersey in 1812, which he occupied for ten years,—the marked incidents of his career being the great insubordination and revival; on his retirement, conducting a Presbyterian religious journal, the *Christian Advocate*, in Philadelphia, for twelve years; in his subsequent leisure preparing a memoir of Witherspoon, which is still in manuscript; and at the age of eighty-two commencing an autobiography, which he continued to write till within two years of his death, which occurred in his eighty-sixth year, May 19, 1848. His chief publications are the periodical which we have mentioned, his posthumous autobiography, and a collection of his discourses, with an appendix, containing among other articles a history of his college, and tributes to its presidents, which appeared in Philadelphia in 1822. He had been also engaged in revising for the American market the articles in Rees's and the Edinburgh Encyclopædias, for which, he tells us, he received as compensation a set of the works. His autobiography contains much devotional matter, a few anecdotes of Washington and his early "court" days, and an interesting diary of a tour which he made into New England in the summer of 1791.* He was a polished writer. His portrait shows a fine dark eye, which, though he was an amiable man, contributed to the severity of his countenance, according to the college reputation of his austere appearance.†

Dr. Green was succeeded in the year 1823 by the Rev. James Carnahan, D.D., who held the chair more than thirty years; probably the period most marked by prosperity; which it has largely owed to the fidelity, diligence, wisdom, and exemplary gentleness of this excellent man. President Carnahan is reputed an excellent classical scholar, and a sound teacher of philosophy and religion. Less brilliant than his predecessors, he brought to the service of education a balance and constancy of solid qualities, and an administrative talent in finance, which, joined to proverbial truth and uprightness, have made his green old age peculiarly honorable. His agreeable retirement is within sight of the *Tusculum* of Witherspoon.

The tenth president is the Rev. John Maclean, D.D., who was inaugurated in 1854. The present condition of Princeton College is prosperous in a high degree. In the departments of Mathematics and Physical Science, it has acquired some *éclat* from the methods and labors of Professor Henry, now of the Smithsonian Institution, but again professor elect in the college, and the eminent astronomer, Stephen Alexander. The beauty of the grounds, presenting a certain cloistered shadiness, reminding one of certain scenes in Oxford, together with a position midway between the great cities, continues to make this a favorite resort. The entire number of alumni has been 3,390, of whom 2,023 are now living. Among its graduates, besides some named above,

* The Life of Archibald Alexander, p 265. Dr. James W. Alexander notices Smith's bearing at Princeton, and his French style, "in which endeavor his most celebrated pupil was the Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock, one of the most ornate yet vehement orators whom our country has produced." Ib. p. 359.

* It was published with a continuation after his death:—"The Life of Ashbel Green, V. D. M., begun to be written by himself in his 82d year, and continued till his 84th. Prepared for the press, at the author's request, by Joseph H. Jones. New York, 1849."

† Parish and other Pencillings, by Kirwan, p. 135.

are the two Richard Stocktons, President Reed of Pa., Dr. Benjamin Rush, William Patterson, Tapping Reeve, Francis Hopkinson, David Ramsay, Oliver Ellsworth, Dr. Samuel Spring, Pierpont Edwards, Hugh H. Brackenridge, James Madison, Pres. of U. S., Aaron Burr, Henry Lee, Morgan Lewis, Edward Livingston, John Sergeant, Samuel L. Southard, and Theodore Frelinghuysen.

Of the old professors in this institution, Dr. John Maclean was one of the most distinguished. He filled the chairs of Chemistry and Natural History, and of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, with much distinction, from 1795 to 1812. He was a native of Scotland, and had studied the sciences in Paris. Dr. Archibald Alexander speaks of him as "the soul of the Faculty" at Princeton, and records his claim as "one of the first to reproduce in America the views of the new French school in Chemistry, a subject on which he waged a successful war with Dr. Priestley, the great champion for phlogiston."*

Walter Minto was professor in the College of New Jersey from 1787 to 1796. He was a Scotchman of good family and great science. His early life had been eventful; for after his university curriculum, he became tutor of the two sons of the Hon. George Johnstone, M.P., well known in Jamaica, and as Commissioner to this country in 1778; and with them he travelled over much of Europe, and lived awhile at Pisa. Here he became acquainted with Dr. Slop, the astronomer, and through him with the then novel applications of the higher analysis to the heavenly motions. Quarrelling with the boys and their father, he remained some years at Pisa, and never afterwards resided in his native country. His only publication was an *Inaugural Address on the Mathematical Sciences;* but the college library contains some careful and curious MSS. on Mathematical Analysis.†

Among the benefactors of the institution have been Col. Henry Rutgers and his family, of New York; Elias Boudinot, who founded a cabinet of Natural History, and bequeathed the sum of eight thousand dollars and four thousand acres of land; and Dr. David Hosack, one of its alumni, who gave a valuable mineralogical cabinet. In the Philosophic Hall there are preserved the electrical machine of Franklin, and the orrery of Rittenhouse.

JOHN WITHERSPOON.

One of the happiest instances of sterling character transplanted from the old world to bear genial fruit in the new, at the period of the Revolution, was John Witherspoon, President of the College of New Jersey, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a man of native force and vigor, which were not overlaid by education or society, though no one knew better how to appreciate both. He had good blood in his veins for the reformation of abuses, since he was lineally descended from old John Knox by his daughter Elizabeth. His father was minister of the parish of Yester, near Edinburgh, where the son was born February 5, 1722. At fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he remained employed in its studies till he was twenty-one, when he was licensed as a preacher. He declined dependence upon his father as his assistant, and became settled at Beith, in the west of Scotland. While he was at this parish, the Pretender landed in Scotland. Witherspoon took the part of his country, and stimulated the raising of a corps of militia, of which he put himself at the head, and marched to Glasgow. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, and imprisoned in Doune Castle, where he remained until after the battle of Culloden; so that he had already acted the patriotic part in the old country* which he was not backward in repeating in America. In an effort to escape from the battlements of the castle in which he was imprisoned, with a party of seven, by a rope from the wall, he fortunately drew the lot for the last. Four of the company got safely down; the rope broke with the fifth, and the sixth was much injured, when Witherspoon gave up the attempt.

Leaving Beith, he became minister in Paisley, whence he was called to the presidency of the college at Princeton, in New Jersey, a post which he accepted, though a rich old bachelor friend offered to make him his heir to a large property if he would remain in Scotland. Benjamin Rush, then a young student at Edinburgh, was delegated by the college, of which he was an alumnus, to urge his coming to America. His tastes and principles led him in search of a simpler and more earnest religious society than presented itself at that time in Scotland, the features of which he set forth with strength and humor in a work, published while he was at Paisley, entitled *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*,† and which was admired by Warburton. It was levelled at the moderate party, at the head of whom stood Dr. Robertson, the historian. It is in a series of maxims, ironically handled, exposing the worldliness of a portion of the clergy—a paragraph of which will show his delicate raillery. He is rebuking the indifference as to religious services:—

> Sometimes, indeed, it may happen, by a concurrence of circumstances, that one of us may, at bedtime, be unequally yoked with an orthodox brother, who may propose a little unseasonable devotion between ourselves, before we lie down to sleep: but there are twenty ways of throwing cold water upon such a motion; or, if it should be insisted upon, I could recommend a moderate way of complying with it, from the example of one of our friends, who, on a like occasion, yielded so far, that he stood up at the back of a chair, and said: "O Lord, we thank thee for Mr. Bayle's Dictionary. Amen." This was so far from spoiling good company, that it contributed wonderfully to promote social mirth, and sweetened the young men in a most agreeable manner for their rest.†

The irony of the Characteristics appears to have been misunderstood in some quarters; at any rate, it drew from the writer *A Serious*

* Life of A. Alexander, 267.

† For a memoir of Dr. Minto see Princeton Magazine, vol. i. 38–47.

* Blackwood's Magazine, ii. 433.

† Ecclesiastical Characteristics: or, the Arcana of Church Policy—being an Humble Attempt to open the Mystery of Moderation, likewise is shewn a plain and easy way of attaining to the character of a Moderate Man, as at present in repute in the Church of Scotland.

Apology for the Ecclesiastical Characteristics, by the real Author of that Performance, in which the use of satire of that kind is defended, and its application in the particular instance enforced. He instances passages of irony from the sacred writings, and "from the most grave and venerable of the fathers," and urges the necessity of making some provision for the levity and sloth of the readers of the day. Another motive was to meet the worldliness of the times on its own terms:—

> The great patron and advocate for these was Lord Shaftesbury, one of whose leading principles it is, that "Ridicule is the test of truth." This principle of his had been adopted by many of the clergy; and there is hardly any man conversant in the literary world, who has not heard it a thousand times defended in conversation. I was therefore willing to try how they themselves could stand the edge of this weapon; hoping, that if it did not convince them of the folly of the other parts of their conduct, it might at least put them out of conceit with this particular opinion. The last of these I do really think the publication of the Characteristics has in a great measure effected; at least within my narrow sphere of conversation. It is but seldom we now hear it pretended, that ridicule is the test of truth. If they have not renounced this opinion, they at least keep it more to themselves, and are less insolent upon it in their treatment of others.

He takes care, however, to state that he does not adopt the test of ridicule as a criterion of what is true and excellent.

Another apologue, somewhat similar in idea to the Characteristics, was his *History of a Corporation of Servants, discovered a few years ago in the interior parts of South America, containing some very Surprising Events and Extraordinary Characters*, which is a narrative, under a pleasant disguise, of the Church History of Great Britain.

His *Serious Enquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Stage* originated with the performance, in Edinburgh, of *Douglas*, written by the clergyman Home.*

Witherspoon arrived in America, and was inaugurated president at Princeton, August 17, 1768. He improved the finances of the institution, and extended its literary and philosophical instruction by his courses on Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric, in which he anticipated the published works of Reid and Blair. These lectures are included in his works, and are highly finished productions for their day, of this species of writing.

On the opening of the war, the college, on the highroad of hostilities, was broken up for the time, when Witherspoon was elected delegate to the Convention of New Jersey for the formation of a state constitution, and being sent by the Provincial Congress to the General Congress at Philadelphia, took his seat in time to sign the Declaration of Independence. To a member of Congress, who said that the country was not ripe for such a declaration, he replied, "In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe but rotten." He attended Congress with exemplary punctuality throughout the war, and was actively engaged in its committees. He was a member of the Secret Committee and of the Board of War, in which latter capacity he brought before Congress a report respecting the cruel treatment of prisoners by the British in New York, and was one of a committee who prepared a protest on the subject. He visited the camp at head-quarters, to improve the state of the troops, and was sent to the East to assist in the adjustment of the New Hampshire grants. He wrote the Congressional addresses to the people, ecommending fasts, *Thoughts on American Liberty*, and on several war topics in the newspapers. He was thoroughly identified with the American cause. "No man," we quote the words of Dr. J. W. Alexander in his Princeton Address, "thinks of Witherspoon as a Briton, but as an American of the Americans: as the friend of Stockton, the counsellor of Morris, the correspondent of Washington, the rival of Franklin in his sagacity, and of Reed in his resolution; one of the boldest in that Declaration of Independence, and one of the most revered in the debates of the Congress."*

Witherspoon's *Essay on Money* was a reproduction of his speeches in Congress, where he opposed the repeated issues of paper currency. His memory was very great; he carefully matured his speech, and lay in wait with it in his mind till opportunity arose, when he prefaced it with extempore remarks, and surprised his audience by his fulness and method. In 1781 he wrote several periodical essays on social and literary topics, the corruptions of languages and other matters, with the title, *The Druid*.

On the revival of the college it was mainly left in the hands of his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, who succeeded him in the office of President at his death. In 1783 he was induced to visit England for the purpose of collecting funds for the institution; a rather early application after the war, which was unsuccessful. He returned the next year. Some time afterwards, when he was about seventy, he occasioned much comment among his friends by marrying a lady of twenty-three.† He married his first wife in Scotland, by whom he had a son who became a major in the Revolutionary army, and was killed at the battle of Germantown. Ramsay, the historian, married his daughter. He resided at a country-seat near Princeton, to which he gave the name of Tusculum. Within the last two years of his life he was afflicted with blindness. He died, Nov. 15, 1794.

His portrait by Pine shows a fine, manly countenance. His personal appearance, being six feet in height, was impressive, and he has been in this respect compared with Washington. He spoke with a strong Scottish accent. His sermons,

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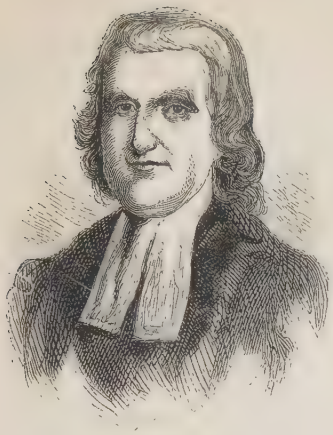
* Witherspoon's Serious Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Stage, and a Letter respecting Play Actors, with a Sermon by Dr. Samuel Miller, on the Burning of the Theatre at Richmond, with an Introductory Address, were published in a small volume, by Whiting & Watson, New York, 1812.

* J. W. Alexander's MS. Centennial Address at Princeton.

† Ashbel Green has this entry in his Diary, July 29, 1791:—"Spent this day at Princeton. After making several calls, I went with Dr. Smith and Dr. Stockton to Tusculum, in the afternoon, to take tea with Dr. Witherspoon, and to pay my respects to his young wife. I had heard her represented as very handsome. She is comely; but to my apprehension, nothing more. The Doctor treated us with great politeness."



which were evangelical, simple in matter and methodical in arrangement, were well delivered, though a dizziness to which he was subject restrained his expression of emotion. "He had a small voice," Ashbel Green tells us, "and used but little gesture in the pulpit, but his utterance was very distinct and articulate; and his whole manner serious and solemn." While sitting in Congress he always wore his clerical dress. In his general course, he has the merit of having equally avoided flattery and scandal. His sagacity was shown in the old Continental Congress, when he earnestly opposed the appointment of Thomas Paine as Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, whom he already distrusted, though fresh in the success of the "Crisis."* A turn of his self-reliant character is given in his remark to Brackenridge, afterwards the witty judge, then a student at Princeton, who, complaining of his straitened fortunes, quoted the line of Juvenal—

> Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
> Res angusta domi.

"There you are wrong, young man," said the Doctor; "it is only your *res-angusta-domi* men that do emerge."†

Witherspoon was never deficient in ardor when it was properly called for; at other times he was not lightly to be moved from his balance. Graydon, in his memoirs, tells a story of a cool reception of an effort which he made with him for the liberation of one of his Scottish countrymen, a young officer who had got into jail through a street encounter with the Whigs of the day. Witherspoon was then member of Congress, and had some power in the matter. Graydon met him at dinner, and made his appeal. "I counted," he says, "something upon the national spirit, supposed to be so prevalent among North Britons; and yet more, upon the circumstance of knowing from Dunlap and two other young Scotchmen, his fellow prisoners, that Doctor Witherspoon had been well acquainted with their families. I did not find, however, that the Doctor was much melted to compassion for the mishap of his countryman, as he contented himself with coldly observing, that if I could suggest any substantial ground for him to proceed upon, he would do what he could for the young man. It appeared to me, that enough had been suggested, by my simple relation of the facts; and I had nothing more to offer. But whether or not my application was of any benefit to its object, my presentation of the *laddies* to the recollection of the Doctor, seemed to have something of national interest in it; and had the effect to incite him to a shrewd remark, according to his manner. He told me he had seen the young men soon after they had been taken, and was surprised to find one of them, whose name I forget, so much of a cub. His father, said he, was a very sprightly fellow, when I knew him. This lad is the fruit of a second marriage; and I immediately concluded, when I saw him, said the Doctor, that Jemmey, or Sawney something, mentioning the father's name, had taken some *clumsy girl* to wife for the sake of a fortune."*

Dr. Ashbel Green gives an account of his passage with Governor Franklin in Congress:—"Dr. Witherspoon was a member of the Provincial Congress with my father, when Governor Franklin was brought before it, under a military guard. The governor treated the whole Congress with marked indignity, refused to answer any questions that were put to him, represented it as a lawless assembly, composed of ignorant and vulgar men, utterly incapable of devising anything for the public good, and who had rashly subjected themselves to the charge and deserved punishment of rebellion. When he finished his tirade of abuse, Dr. Witherspoon rose and let loose upon him a copious stream of that irony and sarcasm which he always had at command; and in which he did not hesitate to allude to the governor's illegitimate origin, and to his entire want, in his early training, of all scientific and liberal knowledge. At length he concluded, nearly, if not exactly, in these words—'On the whole, Mr. President, I think that Governor Franklin has made us a speech every way worthy of his exalted birth and refined education.'"†

When General James Wilkinson made his tardy appearance on the floor of Congress with the standards which he had been delegated to carry there by General Gates after the victory of Saratoga, it was moved by a member to honor the laggard messenger with a costly sword, when Witherspoon rose and proposed, that in place of a sword he should be presented with a pair of golden spurs.‡

At his death his eulogy was pronounced by Dr. John Rodgers of New York, and his works were collected in 1802 at Philadelphia, in four octavo volumes.

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* John Adams's Autobiography, Works, ii. 507.
† Biog. Notice of H. H. Brackenridge. Modern Chivalry. 1846. Vol. ii. 153.

* Graydon's Memoirs, pp. 366–7.
† Life of Green, p. 61.
‡ Sanderson's Biog. of the Signers, v. 180.

MAXIM V.—FROM THE CHARACTERISTICS.

A minister must endeavor to acquire as great a degree of politeness, in his carriage and behavior, and to catch as much of the air and manner of a fine gentleman, as possibly he can.

This is usually a distinguishing mark between the moderate and the orthodox; and how much we have the advantage in it is extremely obvious. Good manners is undoubtedly the most excellent of all accomplishments, and in some measure supplies the place of them all when they are wanting. And surely nothing can be more necessary to, or more ornamental and becoming in a minister: it gains him easy access into the world, and frees him from that rigid severity which renders many of them so odious and detestable to the polite part of it. In former times, ministers were so monkish and recluse, for ordinary, and so formal when they did happen to appear, that all the jovial part of mankind, particularly rakes and libertines, shunned and fled from them; or, when unavoidably thrown into their company, were constrained, and had no kind of confidence to repose in them: whereas now, let a moderate, modern, well-bred minister go into promiscuous company, they stand in no manner of awe, and will even swear with all imaginable liberty. This gives the minister an opportunity of understanding their character, and of perhaps sometimes reasoning in an easy and genteel manner against swearing. This, though indeed it seldom reforms them, yet it is as seldom taken amiss; which shows the counsel to have been administered with prudence.

How is it possible that a minister can understand wickedness, unless he either practises it himself (but much of that will not yet pass in the world) or allows the wicked to be bold in his presence? To do otherwise, would be to do in practice what I have known narrow-minded bigoted students do as to speculation, viz. avoid reading their adversaries' books because they were erroneous; whereas it is evident no error can be refuted till it be understood.

The setting the different characters of ministers in immediate opposition, will put this matter past all doubt, as the sun of truth rising upon the stars of error, darkens and makes them to disappear. Some there are, who may be easily known to be ministers by their very dress, their grave demure looks, and their confined precise conversation. How contemptible is this! and how like to some of the meanest employments among us; as sailors, who are known by their rolling walk, and taylors, by the shivering shrug of their shoulders! But our truly accomplished clergy put off so entirely everything that is peculiar to their profession, that were you to see them in the streets, meet with them at a visit, or spend an evening with them in a tavern, you would not once suspect them for men of that character. Agreeably to this, I remember an excellent thing said by a gentleman, in commendation of a minister, that "he had nothing at all of the clergyman about him."

I shall have done with this maxim, when I have given my advice as to the method of attaining to it; which is, That students, probationers, and young clergymen, while their bodies and minds are yet flexible, should converse, and keep company, as much as may be, with officers of the army under five and twenty, of whom there are no small number in the nation, and with young gentlemen of fortune, particularly such as, by the early and happy death of their parents, have come to their estates before they arrived at the years of majority. Scarce one of these but is a noble pattern to form upon; for they have had the opportunity of following nature, which is the all-comprehensive rule of the ancients, and of acquiring a free manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, without either the pedantry of learning, or the stiffness contracted by a strict adherence to the maxims of worldly prudence.

After all, I believe I might have spared myself the trouble of inserting this maxim, the present rising generation being of themselves sufficiently disposed to observe it. This I reckon they have either constitutionally, or perhaps have learned it from the inimitable Lord Shaftsbury, who in so lively a manner sets forth the evil of universities, and recommends conversation with the polite Peripatetics, as the only way of arriving at true knowledge.

JAMES RIVINGTON,

The Royal Printer of New York during the Revolution, if not a man of much literature in himself, was the prolific cause of literature in others, having excited by his course some of the best effusions of Witherspoon, Hopkinson, and Freneau. He was from London, where he had attained considerable wealth as a bookseller, which he had lost by his gay expenses at Newmarket. He failed in business and came to America in 1760. He was at first a bookseller in Philadelphia, and the next year opened a store in Wall street in New York, where he took up his residence, in 1763 entering upon the printing business. He commenced his newspaper, the *New York Gazetteer; or the Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson's River and Quebec Weekly Advertiser*, April 22, 1773, "at his ever open and uninfluenced press." He received support from the government and advocated British interests; not always to the acceptance of the popular feeling. In 1775 he appears to have been confined by order of Congress, when he addressed to that body a very submissive remonstrance and petition, "humbly presuming that the very respectable gentlemen of the Congress now sitting at Philadelphia, will permit him to declare, and, as a man of honor and veracity, he can and does solemnly declare, that however wrong and mistaken he may have been in his opinions, he has always meant honestly and openly to do his duty as a servant of the public. * * It is his wish and ambition to be an useful member of society. Although an Englishman by birth, he is an American by choice, and he is desirous of devoting his life, in the business of his profession, to the service of the country he has adopted for his own."* In Nov. 1775, Capt. Isaac Sears, a representative of the sons of liberty, who had retired to Connecticut, returned with a troop of seventy-five light horse, which he had got together, "beset" the habitation of Rivington, destroyed his press and carried off his types, which were converted into bullets. Rivington then left for England, procured a new press, and was appointed King's Printer in New York. Oct. 4, 1777, he recommenced the Gazette with the old title, which he soon exchanged to Rivington's New York Loyal Gazette, and December 13 to the Royal Gazette, which became so notorious in his hands, and

* The letter is given in Sabine's Loyalists, pp. 558–561.

which he continued till 1783. On the withdrawal of the British, Rivington remained in New York, a circumstance which surprised the returning Americans till it became known that he had been, during the latter days of the war, a spy for Washington. He wrote his communications on thin paper, and they found their way bound in one of the books in which he dealt to the American camp, by the hands of agents ignorant of the service. He continued his paper with the royal arms taken down, and the title changed to *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*, but it was considered "a wolf in sheep's clothing;" support dropped off, and the paper soon stopped in 1783. Rivington, in reduced circumstances, lived till 1802, when he died at the age of seventy-eight. There is a portrait of him by Stuart in the possession of the Hunter family in Westchester Co., New York.

The Royal Gazette undoubtedly bore a very bad character for its statements. People were accustomed to call it the Lying Gazette. The resolutions of the Rhode Island Whigs at Newport on this head are sufficiently explicit: "Whereas, a certain James Rivington, a printer and stationer in the city of New York, impelled by the love of sordid pelf and a haughty, domineering spirit, hath for a long time in the dirty Gazette, and in pamphlets, if possible still more dirty, uniformly persisted in publishing every falsehood," &c.* "Even the royalists," says Isaiah Thomas, "censured Rivington for his disregard to truth. During the war, a captain of militia at Horseneck, with about thirty men, marched to Kingsbridge, and there attacked a house within the British lines, which was garrisoned by refugees, and took most of them prisoners. Rivington published an account of this transaction which greatly exaggerated the affair in favor of the refugees; he observed, that 'a large detachment of rebels attacked the house, which was bravely defended by a refugee colonel, a major, a quartermaster, and fifteen privates—and, that after they were taken and carried off, another party of refugee dragoons, seventy-three in number, pursued the rebels, killed twenty-three of them, took forty prisoners, and would have taken the whole rebel force, had not the refugee horse been jaded to a stand-still.'"†

Rivington's Royal Gazette was conducted for the Tory side with cleverness, and Rivington must have been, in many ways, a man of talent and ability.‡ The paper was well put together and supplied with news from abroad, and was constantly replenished with poetical and prose squibs directed at the rebels. There was no lack of very pretty poems full of facetiousness at the expense of the Revolutionary leaders and their French allies. Gov. Livingston, in particular, was honored with many humorous epithets as the Don Quixote of the Jerseys, the Itinerant Dey of New Jersey, the Knight of the most honorable Order of Starvation and Chief of the Independents. "If Rivington is taken," Gov. Livingston wrote about 1780, "I must have one of his ears; Governor Clinton is entitled to the other, and General Washington, if he pleases, may take his head." Writing to a friend in 1779, he says, "If I could send you any news I should do it with pleasure; and to make it, you know, is the prerogative of Mr. Rivington."*

Rivington's Gazette relishes of many other things besides war and politics. The officers lived well and daintily, if we may judge from his advertising columns. "Ratafia and Liqueurs to be sold in boxes. Enquire of the Printer." "Wanted. A Very Good Fiddle. Enquire of the Printer," are advertisements of 1779. His own bookselling stock was at the same time daintily set forth—"Novels, New Plays, and other Bagatelles, just imported and sold by James Rivington—as The Memoirs of Lady Audley—The Journey of Dr. Robert Bon Gout and his lady to Bath, and plays of the very pleasant Master Samuel Foot, now first published." We have also "Dr. Smollett's pleasant expedition of Humphrey Clinker,"—and "the facetious history of Peregrine Pickle." All things are as pleasant as possible to his friends in Rivington's paper. But as a salad is worth nothing without a few drops of vinegar, that ingredient is supplied at the cost of the great Dr. Johnson. There is advertised, in 1780—"a Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland, a *very sour performance* published by the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of a lusty Dictionary of the English language." In his paper of May 3, 1780, Rivington offers for sale "Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion which the vandals of America are aping;" but this, perhaps, was a treasonable compliment to the "rebels," with a wink over the pen to Washington!

He had not, however, all the laughter to himself. The grave and venerable Witherspoon, who never threw away a joke in an unprofitable way, though he had always wit at command, wrote a Supplication of J. R——, a parody of Rivington's Petition to Congress, which must have stirred the gall of its victim, as it tickled the midriff of all who knew the man. It purports to be addressed to his Excellency Henry Laurens, Esquire, President and others, the members of the Honorable the American Congress, &c., and thus at the opening, Respectfully Sheweth:—

> That a great part of the British forces has already left this city, and from many symptoms there is reason to suspect, that the remainder will speedily follow them. Where they are gone or going, is perhaps known to themselves, perhaps not; certainly, however, it is unknown to us, the loyal inhabitants of the place, and other friends of government who have taken refuge in it, and who are therefore filled with distress and terror on the unhappy occasion.
>
> That as soon as the evacuation is completed, it is more than probable the city will be taken possession of by the forces of your high mightinesses, followed by vast crowds of other persons—whigs by nature and profession—friends to the liberties, and

* Sabine's American Loyalists, p. 558, where several other proceedings of this kind are given.

† Thomas's Hist. Printing, ii. 314.

‡ "He knew how to get money, and as well knew how to spend it; being facetious, companionable, and still fond of high living; but, like a man acquainted with the world, he distinguished the guests who were his best customers."—Thomas's Hist. Printing, ii. 112.

* Sedgwick's Livingston, pp. 247, 338.

foes to the enemies of America. Above all, it will undoubtedly be filled with shoals of Yankies, that is to say, the natives and inhabitants (or as a great lady in this metropolis generally expresses it, the *wretches*) of New-England.

That from several circumstances, there is reason to fear that the behavior of the wretches aforesaid, may not be altogether gentle to such of the friends of government as shall stay behind. What the government powers of the state of New-York may do also, it is impossible to foretell. Nay, who knows but we may soon see, *propria persona*, as we have often heard of *Hortensius*, the governor of New-Jersey, a gentleman remarkable for severely handling those whom he calls traitors, and indeed who has exalted some of them (quanquam animus meminisse horret lectuque refugit) to a high, though dependent station, and brought *America under their feet*, in a sense very different from what Lord North meant when he first used that celebrated expression.

That your petitioner, in particular, is at the greatest loss what to resolve upon, or how to shape his course. He has no desire at all, either to be roasted in Florida, or frozen to death in Canada or Nova Scotia. Being a great lover of fresh cod, he has had thoughts of trying a settlement in Newfoundland, but recollecting that the New-England men have almost all the same appetite, he was obliged to relinquish that project entirely. If he should go to Great-Britain, dangers no less formidable present themselves. Having been a bankrupt in London, it is not impossible that he might be accommodated with a lodging in Newgate, and that the ordinary there might oblige him to say his prayers, a practice from which he hath had an insuperable aversion all his life long.

He urges "sundry reasons" for leniency, one of which is the following:—

Any further punishment upon me, or any other of the unhappy refugees who shall remain in N. York, will be altogether unnecessary, for they do suffer and will suffer from the nature of the thing, as much as a merciful man could wish to impose upon his greatest enemy. By this I mean the dreadful mortification (after our past puffing and vaunting) of being under the dominion of the Congress, seeing and hearing the conduct and discourse of the friends of America, and perhaps being put in mind of our own, in former times. You have probably seen many of the English newspapers, and also some of mine, and you have among you the *few* prisoners who by a miracle escaped death in our hands. By all these means you may learn with what infinite contempt, with what provoking insult, and with what unexampled barbarity, your people have, from the beginning to the end, been treated by the British officers, excepting a very small number, but above all by the tories and refugees, who not having the faculty of fighting, were obliged to lay out their whole wrath and malice in the article of speaking. I remember, when one of the prisoners taken after the *gallant* defence of Fort Washington had received several kicks for not being in his rank, he said, is this a way of treating a gentleman? The answer was, gentleman? G—— d——— your blood, who made you a gentleman? which was heard by us all present with unspeakable satisfaction, and ratified by general applause. I have also seen one of your officers, after long imprisonment, for want of clothes, food and lodging, as meagre as a skeleton and as dirty and shabby as a London beggar, when one of our friends would say with infinite humour, look you there is one of King Cong's ragged rascals. You must remember the many sweet names given you in print, in England and America, Rebels, Rascals, Raggamuffins, Tatterdemallions, Scoundrels, Blackguards, Cowards, and Poltroons. You cannot be ignorant how many and how complete victories we gained over you, and what a fine figure you made in our narratives. We never once made you to *retreat*, seldom even to *fly* as a routed army, but to *run off into the woods*, to *scamper away through the fields*, and to *take to your heels as usual*. You will probably soon see the gazette account of the *defeat* of Mr. Washington at Monmouth. There it will appear how you scampered off, and how the English followed you and mowed you down, till their officers, with that humanity which is the *characteristic of the nation*, put a stop to this carnage, and then by a masterly stroke of generalship, stole a march in the night, lest you should have scampered back again and obliged them to make a new slaughter in the morning.

Now, dear gentlemen, consider what a miserable affair it must be for a man to be obliged to apply with humility and self-abasement to those whom he hath so treated, nay, even to beg life of them, while his own heart upbraids him with his past conduct, and perhaps his memory is refreshed with the repetition of some of his rhetorical flowers. It is generally said that our friend Burgoyne was treated with abundance of civility by General Gates, and yet I think it could not be very pleasing to him to see and hear the boys when he entered Albany, going before and crying *Elbow Room* for General Burgoyne there. Fear and trembling have already taken hold of many of the Refugees and friends of government in this place. It would break your hearts to hear poor Sam. S————, of Philadelphia, weeping and wailing, and yet he was a peaceable Quaker who did nothing in the world but hire guides to the English parties who were going out to surprise and butcher you. My brother of trade, G—— is so much affected, that some say he has lost, or will soon lose, his reason. For my own part I do not think I run any risk in that respect. All the wisdom that I was ever possessed of is in me still, praised be God, and likely to be so. * * * * I have heard some people say that dishonor was worse than death, but with the great Sancho Pancha, I was always of a different opinion. I hope, therefore, your honors will consider my sufferings as sufficient to atone for my offences, and allow me to continue in peace and quiet, and according to the North-British proverb, *sleep in a whole skin*.

And does not forget his lighter accomplishments:

I beg leave to suggest, that upon being received into favor, I think it would be in my power to serve the United States in several important respects. I believe many of your officers want politeness. They are like old Cincinnatus, taken from the plow; and therefore must still have a little roughness in their manners and deportment. Now, I myself am the pink of courtesy, a genteel, portly, well-looking fellow, as you will see in a summer's day. I understand and possess the *bienseance*, the *manner*, the *grace*, so largely insisted on by Lord Chesterfield; and may without vanity say, I could teach it better than his lordship, who in that article has remarkably failed. I hear with pleasure, that your people are pretty good scholars, and have made particularly very happy advances in the art of swearing, so essentially necessary to a gentleman. Yet I dare say they will themselves confess, that they are still in this respect far inferior to the English army. There is, by all accounts, a coarseness and sameness in their

expression; whereas there is variety, sprightliness, and figure, in the oaths of gentlemen well educated. Dean Swift says very justly, "a footman may swear, but he cannot swear like a lord." Now we have many lords in the English army, all of whom, when here, were pleased to honor me with their friendship and intimacy; so that I hope my qualifications can hardly be disputed. I have imported many of the most necessary articles for appearance in genteel life. I can give them Lavornitti's soap-balls, to wash their brown hands clean, perfumed gloves, paint, powder, and pomatum. I can also furnish the New-England men with rings, seals, swords, canes, snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases, and many other such *notions*, to carry home to their wives and mistresses, who will be *nation*-glad to see them. You are also to know that I import a great many patent medicines, which may be of use to your army. It is said that some of them are exceedingly liable to a disorder called by physicians the *rancomania*, which is frequently followed by the two twin diseases of plumbophobia and siderophobia. If they will but submit to a strict regimen, and take the tincture drops and pills which I prepare, I am confident the cure in most cases would be infallible.

Nor his capacity as an editor:—

Finally, I hope I may be of service to the United States, as a writer, publisher, collector, and maker of news. I mention this with some diffidence; because perhaps you will think I have foreclosed myself from such a claim, by confessing (as above) that my credit as a news-writer is broken by over-stretching. But it is common enough for a man in business, when his credit is wholly gone in one place, by shifting his ground, and taking a new departure, to flourish away, and make as great or greater figure than before. How long that splendor will last is another matter, and belongs to an after consideration. I might therefore, though my credit is gone in New-York, set up again in the place which is honored with your residence. Besides, I might write those things only or chiefly, which you wish to be disbelieved, and thus render you the most essential service. This would be aiming and arriving at the same point, by *manœuvring retrograde*. Once more, as I have been the ostensible printer of other people's lies in New-York, what is to hinder me from keeping incog. and inventing or polishing lies, to be issued from the press of another printer in Philadelphia? In one, or more, or all of these ways, I hope to merit your approbation. It would be endless to mention all my devices; and therefore I will only say further, that I can take a truth, and so puff and swell and adorn it, still keeping the proportion of its parts, but enlarging their dimensions, that you could hardly discover where the falsehood lay, in case of a strict investigation.

Francis Hopkinson published one of his wittiest papers at Rivington's expense in the following

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. BY JAMES RIVINGTON.*

New York, Nov, 1, 1781.

The late surrender of *Lord Cornwallis* and his army, together with a variety of other circumstances, having rendered it convenient for the subscriber to remove to Europe, all those who are indebted to, or have any demands against him, are earnestly requested to make as speedy a settlement of their accounts as possible.

NOTICE *is also hereby given*, that the subscriber will dispose of his remaining stock in trade by public auction. The sales to begin at his store on Monday, the 19th instant, and will be continued from day to day (Sundays excepted) from the hours of ten to one in the forenoon, until the whole shall be disposed of.

It is well known that his store is furnished with not only an extensive library of the most approved authors, but also a greater variety of curious and valuable articles than hath ever been exhibited in one collected view on this side of the Atlantic. The scanty limits of an advertisement are by far insufficient to admit of an adequate display of his extraordinary and miscellaneous collection. The subscriber must, therefore, content himself with selecting, for the present, a few articles for public attention: but a complete catalogue is now under the press, and will be distributed at the time and place of sale.

BOOKS.

THE History of the American War: or, The glorious exploits of the British Generals, *Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, and Clinton.*

The Royal Pocket Companion: being a New System of Policy, founded on rules deduced from the nature of man, and proved by experience: whereby a prince may in a short time render himself the abhorrence of his subjects, and the contempt of all good and wise men.

Select Fables of Æsop, with suitable Morals and Applications—Amongst which are, *The Dog and the Shadow—The Man and his Goose, which laid a Golden Egg*, &c., &c.

A New System of Cruelty; containing a variety of Modern Improvements in that Art. Embellished with an elegant Frontispiece, representing an Inside View of *a Prison Ship.*

The Right of Great Britain to the Dominion of the Sea—a poetical Fiction.

THE State of Great Britain in October 1760 and October 1781, compared and contrasted.

A *Geographical, Historical,* and *Political History* of the Rights and Possessions of the Crown of Great Britain in North America. This valuable Work did consist of thirteen Volumes in Folio: but is now abridged by a royal Author to a single Pocket Duodecimo; for the greater convenience of himself, his successors, and subjects.

The Law of Nations, revised and amended. To which is added, by way of Appendix, a full and true account of the Capture of the Island of St. Eustatia, by *Admiral Rodney.*

The Conquest of the four Southern rebel Colonies, with Notes critical and explanatory by *Earl Cornwallis.*

A narrative of the Ship-wreck of *Lord Rawdon*, in his voyage from Charlestown, South Carolina, to London.

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* ☞ JAMES RIVINGTON, printer of the Royal Gazette at New York, whilst the British troops were in possession of that city, had been exceedingly virulent, abusive, and illiberal in his publications against the Americans, their congress, their army, their officers, and their measures: Every paper abounded with the grossest falsities, misrepresentations, and insults; till at last, facts repeatedly contradicting his positive intelligence, the Royal Gazette lost all credit, even in Europe, where his accounts of the events of the war were chiefly intended to operate. This conduct of Mr. Rivington, and of those who countenanced and assisted him, provoked some sarcasms in return—amongst which was this publication.—*Author's Note.* To appreciate fully the humor of this ironical inventory, the reader should consult the files of Rivington's paper and note the provocation to mirth, in the glowing advertisements, arranged pretty much according to Hopkinson's order, of the royal printer's pamphlets, maps, charts, views and plans of battles, musical instruments, &c. There is a complete set of Rivington's Gazette in the Library of the New York Historical Society.

Miracles not ceased: or, an instance of the remarkable Interposition of Providence in causing the Moon to delay her setting for more than two hours, to favour the retreat of General *Joshua* and the British Army after the *battle of Monmouth.*

Tears of Repentance: or, the present state of the loyal Refugees in New York, and elsewhere.

The political Liar: a weekly Paper, published by the Subscriber, bound in Volumes.

PLAYS.

WEST Point Preserved: or, The Plot discovered.

Miss M'Crea: A Tragedy.

Burgoyne's Address to the people of Saratoga.

The sleeveless Errand: or, the Commissioners of Peace.

The march to the Valley Forge; or much ado about nothing. *The unsuccessful attempt by* Gov. Johnson.

The amorous Hero and *contented Cuckold,* by Gen. Howe and Mr. Loring—Comedies.

The Meschianza: a pantomime.

The Battle of the Kegs: a Farce.

Who'd have thought it? or, the Introduction of 24 Standards to the rebel Congress. A procession.

MAPS AND PRINTS.

AN elegant Map of the British empire in North America, upon a very small scale.

AN *accurate Chart* of the Coast of North America from New Hampshire to Florida; with the Soundings of all the principal Inlets, Bays, Harbours, and Rivers. This work was undertaken and completed by his Majesty's special command; and at a national expense of many millions of Guineas, thousands of Men, and hundreds of Merchantmen and royal Ships of War.

A Survey of Lord Cornwallis's Rout through the Southern Colonies: beginning at Charlestown, in South Carolina, and terminating at York in Virginia. As the preceding Chart gives an accurate description of the Sea Coast, so it was intended to form a correct Map of the interior parts of this Country; but the rude Inhabitants grew jealous of the operation, and actually opposed his Lordship's progress.

The Battle of Saratoga, and *the Surrender at York;* two elegant Prints, cut in Copper, and dedicated to the King.

British Representations of the principal Transactions of the present War, *highly coloured* by eminent hands. These pieces are so ingeniously contrived, that by *reversing* any one of them, it will exhibit an *American* or a *French* view of the same subject *uncoloured.*

A very humourous Representation of the memorable Procession of Brigadier General ARNOLD; with his Friend and Counsellor, through the streets of Philadelphia.*

The Times: A satyrical Print, representing the British Lion blind in both Eyes, thirteen of his Teeth drawn, and his Claws pared off; with Lord *North,* in the character of a Farrier, bleeding him in the Tail for his recovery.

PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS.

A curious new invented magic Lanthorn: very useful for those who are at the head of affairs. This Machine was constructed by an able Artist, under *Lord North's* immediate direction, for the amusement of the good people of England. The Spectators are gratified with an *illuminated* view of the fictitious objects presented, but kept totally in the dark with respect to the *real* objects around them.

Multiplying Glasses; whereby the numbers of an Enemy may be greatly encreased to cover the disgrace of a Defeat, or enhance the glory of a Victory.

Microscopes, for magnifying small objects, furnished with a select set ready fitted for use. Amongst these are a variety of real and supposed Successes of the British Generals in America.

A complete Electrical Apparatus, with improvements, for the use of the King and his Ministers. This Machine should be exercised with great caution; otherwise, as experience hath shown, the operator may unexpectedly *receive* the shock he intends to give—*Pocket glasses* for short-sighted Politicians.

PATENT MEDICINES.

Aurum Potabile. This preparation was formerly supposed to be a never failing Specific; but has been found not so well adapted to the American Climate, having been frequently tried here without effect: But its reputation is again rising, as it has lately been *administered* with success in the case of *General Arnold.*

Vivifying Balsam: excellent for weak Nerves, Palpitations of the Heart, over Bashfulness and Diffidence. In great demand for the Officers of the Army.

Sp. Mend.: Or the genuine spirit of *Lying,* extracted by distillation from many hundreds of the *Royal Gazette of New York.* Other papers have been subjected to the same process, but the success did not answer the Expence and Trouble of the operation, the produce being of an inferior quality —*Therefore beware of Counterfeits.* The Ink and Paper of the *Royal Gazette* can alone furnish this excellent Sp. Mend. in its greatest perfection. By administering due proportions of this admirable Medicine, Lies may be formed which will operate for a day, a week, a month or months; near at hand or at a distance; in America, or in Europe; according to the design of the party. N. B. The true Sp. Mend. is authenticated by the Seal of the Subscriber, who is the Inventor and Patentee thereof.

Cordial Drops for low spirits, prepared for the special use of the Honorable the *Board of loyal Refugees* at New York.

Anodyne Elixir, for quieting Fears and Apprehensions: very necessary for *Tories* in all parts of America.

WITH a great variety of other Articles too tedious to enumerate.

N. B. To every Purchaser to the value of five Pounds, will be delivered *gratis,* One Quire of counterfeit Continental Currency. Also two Quires of Proclamations, offering Pardon to *Rebels.*

JAMES RIVINGTON.

Hopkinson also published Rivington's reply to this, very much in the style of Witherspoon. Lastly, we have these witty morçeaux, by Freneau, who found capital vent for his humor in the character of this curiously compounded gentleman. He wrote a number of verses on the tempting theme. First, an Epigram "occasioned by the title of Mr. Rivington's New York Royal Gazette being scarcely legible;" then, "Lines occasioned by Mr. Rivington's new titular types to his Royal Gazette," but became very much dissatisfied with the execution of the king's arms; and when that was remedied, produced a more stinging Epigram still,

* After the Discovery and Failure of General Arnold's treasonable design to betray the whole garrison of West-point, with the person of Gen. Washington, the minister of France, Baron Steuben, and other principal Characters, into the hands of the Enemy; an effigy of the General, as large as the life, was constructed by an able artist at Philadelphia, and seated in a cart, with the figure of the Devil at his elbow, holding a Lanthorn up to the face of Arnold to show him to the people. The cart was paraded a whole evening through the streets of the City, with Drums and Fifes playing the Rogue's march, and other marks of Infamy, and attended by a vast concourse of People. —*Author's Note.*

"on Mr. Rivington's New Engraved King's Arms to his Royal Gazette." The "Reflections" and "Confessions" are most searching and candid—since Freneau did not spare him; but perhaps of all these, the best was his

RIVINGTON'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Since life is uncertain, and no one can say
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,
And settles, in season, his worldly affairs.

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avail crying,
And think when they're making their wills they are dying;
'Tis surely a serious employment—but still,
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will?

Let others be sad when their lives they review,
But I know *whom* I've serv'd—and *him* faithfully too;
And though it may seem a fanatical story,
He often has show'd me a glimpse of his glory.

Imprimis, my carcase I give and devise,
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,
To nourish those Tories whose spirits may droop,
And serve the king's army with portable soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read
That "worms on the dead shall deliciously feed;"
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,
For what are our Tories and soldiers but vermin!

This soup of all soups can't be call'd that of beef,
(And this may to some be a matter of grief,)
But I am certain the Bull would occasion a laugh,
That beef-portable-soup should be made of a calf.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full sett
(In volumes bound up) of the Royal Gazette,
In which he will find the vast records contain'd,
Of provinces conquer'd, and victories gain'd.

As to Arnold, the traitor, and Satan, his brother,
I beg they will also accept of another;
And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,
Provided they'll read it, like brothers, together.

But if Arnold should die, 'tis another affair,
Then Satan, surviving, shall be the sole heir;
He often has told me he thought it quite clever,
So to him and his heirs I bequeath it forever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought wise)
Who say my Gazette is a record of lies;
In answer to this, I shall only reply—
All the choice that I had was, to starve or to lie.

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guitars,
I leave to our heroes, now weary of wars—
To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,
The captains shall play, and the soldiers shall dance.

To Sir *Henry Clinton*, his use and behoof,
I leave my French brandy, of very good proof;
It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter,
And make him *feel bolder* by land and by water.

But I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong,
'Tis *avant la viande, et après le poisson**—
It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turning,
And digest the affront of his effigy-burning.

To Baron Knyphausen, his heirs and assigns,
I bequeath my *old Hock*, and my Burgundy wines,
To a true Hessian drunkard, no liquors are sweeter,
And I know the old man is no foe to the *creature*.

To a General, my namesake,* I give and dispose
Of a purse full of clipp'd, *light, sweated* half joes;
I hereby desire him to take back his trash,
And return me my Hannay's infallible wash.

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels
I give to Cornwallis, renowned in battles;
By moving of these (not tracing the map)
He'll explain to the king how he got in a trap.

To good David Mathews (among other slops)
I give my whole cargo of Maredant's drops;
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart.

Provided, however, and nevertheless,
That whatever estate I enjoy and possess
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)
Shall remain to the Tories, to have and to hold.

As I thus have bequeath'd them both carcase and fleece,
The least they can do is to wait my decease;
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

In witness whereof (though no ailment I feel)
Hereunto I set both my hand and my seal;
(As the law says) in presence of witnesses twain,
'Squire *John Coghill Knap* and brother *Hugh Gaine*.

Graydon, in his Memoirs, mentions Rivington as one of the occasional visitors of his mother's boarding-house at Philadelphia, and notices his theatrical turn. "This gentleman's manners and appearance were sufficiently dignified; and he kept the best company. He was an everlasting dabbler in theatrical heroics. Othello was the character in which he liked best to appear."†

Ashbel Green, in his Autobiography, says, that "he had, in foresight of the evacuation of New York by the British army, supplied himself from London with a large assortment of what are called the British classics, and other works of merit; so that, for some time after the conclusion of the war, he had the sale of these publications almost wholly to himself. Amongst others, I dealt with him pretty largely; and with nothing else to make me a favorite, the fulsome letters which he addressed to me were a real curiosity. He was the greatest sycophant imaginable; very little under the influence of any principle but self-interest, yet of the most courteous manners to all with whom he had intercourse."‡

JAMES M'CLURG.

This accomplished litterateur and eminent physician of Virginia was born at Hampton, in the county of Elizabeth City in that state, in 1747. He was at the College of William and Mary with Jefferson, and pursued the study of medicine at Edinburgh and Paris. While in London he published his Essay on the "Human Bile," exhibiting a series of experiments, with an introduction, "written in so philosophical a spirit, and expressed with such beauty and classic elegance of diction, that it was translated into all the languages of Europe."§ He returned to America in

* Before flesh and after fish.—See R. Gaz.

* Gen. James Robertson.

† Graydon's Memoirs, p. 77.

‡ Ashbel Green's Life, p. 45.

§ Discourse on American Literature at Charlottesville, Dec 19, 1837, by Professor Geo. Tucker.

1772 or 1773, and established himself at Williamsburg, removing, when the seat of government was changed, about 1783 to Richmond, where he died, July, 1825. He was killed on Governor's street, in that city, by his horses running away. His remains lie in old St. John's Church, on Church Hill, where there is the following inscription on his tomb, written by Mr. Watkins Leigh, who married his grand-daughter, and which has been much admired for its tasteful composition.

Here lies interred
the body of James M'Clurg, M.D.
In life
admired and honored for learning, taste, and genius,
and venerated for virtue;
of studious and retired habits,
yet of the most easy and polished manners;
of the readiest and happiest wit,
tempered with modesty and benignity;
with a native dignity of character and deportment
always sustained without effort,
united with unaffected simplicity,
and softened with the utmost suavity of temper;
formed to delight, instruct, and adorn society,
his conversation and acquaintance
were courted by the most distinguished persons
of his country and of his age.
Having studied his profession
in the most celebrated schools of Europe,
and distinguished himself even in youth
by the elegance and ability of his writings,
he was early placed
without pretension on his part,
by common consent abroad and at home,
in the highest rank among its professors,
which he occupied for half a century.

In old age
cheerful and tranquil,
his mental faculties unimpaired,
the serenity of his temper undisturbed.
Even his social gayety hardly clouded to the last
by the decay and infirmities of his body;
honored, beloved, revered,
content to live, content to die,
with equal mind he sunk to rest,
on the 9th day of July, 1825,
in the 78th year of his age.

He married Miss Elizabeth Seldon, daughter of Carey Seldon. His daughter, the mother of Mrs. Leigh, became the wife of John Wickham, celebrated in the Burr trial.

Of his general literary accomplishments there is a pleasing instance in some *vers de société*, according to the style of the day, savoring somewhat of the English Cowley, entitled *The Belles of Williamsburg*, which were written and circulated in that capital in 1777. They were mostly from his pen, a few having been supplied by his intimate friend Judge St. George Tucker.

THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Wilt thou, advent'rous pen, describe
The gay, delightful, silken tribe,
That maddens all our city;
Nor dread, lest while you foolish claim
A near approach to beauty's flame,
Icarus' fate may hit ye.

With singed pinions tumbling down,
The scorn and laughter of the town,
Thou'lt rue thy daring flight;
While every miss with cool contempt,
Affronted by the bold attempt,
Will, tittering, view thy plight.

Ye girls, to you devoted ever,
The object still of our endeavor
Is somehow to amuse you;
And if instead of higher praise
You only laugh at these rude lays,
We'll willingly excuse you.

Advance then, each illustrious maid,
In order bright to our parade,
With Beauty's ensigns gay;
And first, two nymphs who rural plains
Forsook, disdaining rural swains,
And here exert their sway.

Myrtilla's beauties who can paint?
The well-turned form, the glowing teint,
May deck a common creature;
But who can make th' expressive soul
With lively sense inform the whole,
And light up every feature.

At church Myrtilla lowly kneels,
No passion but devotion feels,
No smiles her looks environ;
But let her thoughts to pleasure fly,
The basilisk is in her eye
And on her tongue the Syren.

More vivid beauty—fresher bloom,
With teints from nature's richest loom
In Sylvia's features glow;
Would she Myrtilla's arts apply,
And catch the magic of her eye,
She'd rule the world below.

See Laura, sprightly nymph, advance,
Through all the mazes of the dance,
With light fantastic toe;
See laughter sparkle in her eyes—
At her approach new joys arise,
New fires within us glow.

Such sweetness in her look is seen
Such brilliant elegance of mien,
So jauntie and so airy;
Her image in our fancy reigns,
All night she gallops through our veins,
Like little Mab the fairy.

Aspasia next, with kindred soul,
Disdains the passions that control
Each gentle pleasing art;
Her sportive wit, her frolic lays,
And graceful form attract our praise,
And steal away the heart.

We see in gentle Delia's face,
Expressed by every melting grace,
The sweet complacent mind;
While hovering round her soft desires,
And hope gay smiling fans their fires,
Each shepherd thinks her kind.

The god of love mistook the maid
For his own Psyche, and 'tis said
He still remains her slave;
And when the boy directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Not age itself can save.

With pensive look and head reclined,
Sweet emblems of the purest mind,
Lo! where Cordelia sits;
On Dion's image dwells the fair—
Dion the thunderbolt of war,
The prince of modern wits.

Not far removed from her side,
Statira sits in beauty's pride,
And rolls about her eyes;
Thrice happy for the unwary heart
That affectation blunts the dart
That from her quiver flies.

Whence does that beam of beauty dawn?
What lustre overspreads the lawn?
What suns those rays dispense?
From Artemisia's brow they came,
From Artemisia's eyes the flame
That dazzles every sense.

At length, fatigued with beauty's blaze
The feeble muse no more essays
Her picture to complete;
The promised charms of younger girls
When nature the gay scene unfurls,
Some happier bard shall treat.

SEQUEL TO THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Ye bards that haunt the tufted shade,
Where murmurs thro' the hallowed glade,
The Heliconian spring.
Who bend before Apollo's shrine,
And dance and frolic with the nine,
Or touch the trembling string.

And ye who bask in beauty's blaze,
Enlivening as the orient rays
From fair Aurora's brow,
Or those which form her crescent shrine,
Where Cynthia with a look benign
Regards the world below.

Say why, amidst the vernal throng,
Whose vernal charms inspired your song
With sweet poetic lore,
With eager look the enraptured swain,
For Isidora's form in vain,
The picture should explore.

Shall sprightly Isidora yield
To Laura the distinguished field,
Amidst the vernal throng?
Or shall Aspasia's frolic lays
From Leonella snatch the bays,
The tribute of the song?

Like hers, I ween, the blushing rose,
On Sylvia's polished cheek that glows,
And hers the velvet lip,
To which the cherry yields its hue.
Its plumpness and ambrosial dew
Which even Gods might sip.

What partial eye a charm can find,
In Delia's look, or Delia's mind,
Or Delia's melting grace,
Which cannot in Miranda's mien,
Or winning smile or brow serene,
A rival beauty trace.

Sweet as the balmy breath of spring,
Or odors from the painted wing
Of Zephyr as he flies,
Brunetta's charms might surely claim,
Amidst the votaries of fame,
A title to the prize.

What giddy raptures fill the brain,
When tripping o'er the verdant plain,
Florella joins the throng!
Her look each throbbing pain beguiles,
Beneath her footsteps Nature smiles,
And joins the poet's song.

Here even critic Spleen shall find
Each beauty that adorns the mind,
Or decks the virgin's brow;
Here Envy with her venomed dart,
Shall find no vulnerable part,
To aim the deadly blow.

Could such perfection naught avail?
Or could the fair Belinda fail
To animate your lays?
For might not such a nymph inspire
With sportive notes the trembling lyre
Attuned to virgin praise?

The sister graces met the maid,
Beneath the myrtle's fragrant shade,
When love the season warms;
Deluded by her graceful mien,
They fancied her the Cyprian queen,
And decked her with their charms.

Say then why thus with heedless flight,
The panegyric muse should slight
A train so blythe and fair,
Or why so soon fatigued, she flies
No longer in her native skies,
But tumbles through the air.

A portion of these lines on the fair belles of Williamsburg has been happily employed by John Esten Cooke in the excellent novel of the Virginia Comedians, which introduces us in a spirit of delicate sentiment and elevated romance to the chivalric olden time of the state. In the romantic sketch from the same pen, of the *Youth of Jefferson*, Dr. M'Clurg is introduced as one of the fine spirits of that day.

Dr. M'Clurg's talents as a medical writer are spoken of with great respect. Dr. J. W. Francis, in the article in Thacher's Medical Biography, speaks in reference to his discourse *On Reasoning in Medicine*,* that "in his extensive views of the study of physic, he considered every branch of science as kindred and capable of mutual illustration," and also notices "his purity and classical elegance of style seldom attained by writers on professional or scientific subjects."

THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.

In 1730, an association of gentlemen at Newport met together and formed themselves into a "Society for the Promotion of Knowledge and Virtue." The town then included some of the most cultivated men of the country, whose intellectual activity was stimulated by the presence of Berkeley. The original members of this club, or association, similar to Franklin's Junto, were Daniel Updike, the Attorney General of the Colony, a distinguished lawyer and an intimate friend of the dean; Peter Bours, a member of the Government Council; James Searing; Edward Scott; Henry Collins, a merchant of taste and liberality; Nathan Townsend; Jeremiah Condy, and James Honeyman, Jun., the son of the Rector of Trinity. It was chiefly, at first, a debating society, but the collection of books soon became an object, and a wealthy gentleman of the town, Abraham Redwood, gave five hundred pounds sterling for the purchase of standard works in London, recommending the erection of a library building. To secure this, the Society procured a charter of incorporation from the Colony in 1747,

* Published in the Phila. Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, edited by Prof. Chapman.

by the name of the Company of the Redwood Library, in honor of its leading benefactor. Henry Collins gave the lot of land on which the building now stands, and the wealthy citizens of the place subscribed five thousand pounds. The library building was commenced in 1748, and completed in 1750. The plan of the building, which was furnished by Joseph Harrison, who had been engaged at Blenheim, has been much admired for its simple Doric elegance; the wings on either side, which interfere with its proportions, not belonging to the original conception.

The Redwood Library.

Abraham Redwood had removed to Newport from Antigua. He possessed great wealth, liberally expending it for charitable objects. He was a member of the Society of Friends. He died at Newport in 1788, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Callender, the author of the Centennial Historical Discourse of Rhode Island, was one of the members of the Society. Dr. Stiles, during his residence on the island, consulted its literary treasures, then rare in the country, and procured additional volumes for its shelves. Channing has recorded his debt of gratitude to its stores in the culture of his youthful powers. "I had," he says, "no professor or teacher to guide me, but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm."*

The library suffered somewhat in the Revolution, the British troops at their departure carrying off some of the finest works. There are now between six and seven thousand volumes. The late Judah Touro, a native of Newport, bequeathed three thousand dollars to the library company. It has received, from time to time, other valuable donations, including the folio collection of the English Historical Records, and gifts of land from Solomon Southwick, of Albany, in 1813, and from Abraham Redwood, of England, in 1834. The Baron Hottinguer, the Parisian banker, connected by marriage with the Redwood family, in 1837, gave a thousand francs for the restoration of the building.*

* Discourse at Newport, Works, iv. 337.

JONATHAN MITCHEL SEWALL.

The couplet,

> No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours,

is far better known than the poem of which it forms a part,† than the remaining writings, or than even the name of its author, Jonathan Mitchel Sewall. It is a name that should be better known and cherished, for it was borne by one whose lyrics warmed the patriotism and cheered the hearts of the soldiers of the Revolution in the perils of the battle and the privations of the camp.

Sewall was born at the old town of Salem, Mass., in 1748. He was adopted at an early age, on the death of his parents, by his uncle, Stephen Sewall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; and after passing through Harvard College, devoted himself to merchandise, a pursuit which he soon abandoned for the study and practice of the law. In 1774 he was Register of Probate for Grafton county, N. H. He afterwards removed to Portsmouth in the same state, where he resided until his death, March 29, 1808.

He published a collection of his poems in a small volume, in 1801.‡ They are for the most part the productions of his youth, and consist of paraphrases of Ossian, patriotic odes, epilogues, and a few epigrams. His *War and Washington* was composed at the beginning of the American Revolution, and sung by the army in all parts of the country.

The couplet we have quoted is found in an epilogue to the tragedy of Cato, written in 1778. and occupied by a parallel between the scenes and characters which have just passed before the spectators' eyes and those in which author and audience were alike participants.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

Written in 1778.

You see mankind the same in ev'ry age:
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,
And hoary treason, and untainted youth,
Have deeply mark'd all periods, and all climes:
The noblest virtues, and the blackest crimes!

Britannia's daring sins, and virtues both,
Perhaps once mark'd the Vandal and the Goth.
And what now gleams with dawning ray at home,
Once blaz'd in full-orb'd majesty at Rome.

Did Cæsar, drunk with pow'r, and madly brave,
Insatiate burn, his country to enslave?
Did he for this lead forth a servile host,
And spill the choicest blood that Rome could boast.
Our British Cæsar too has done the same,
And damn'd this age to everlasting fame.

* Jewett's Public Libraries, pp. 48–53. Elton's Memoir of Callender. Mason's Newport Illustrated.

† It was brought into vogue, with a slight change, as the motto of Park Benjamin's newspaper, the New World.

‡ Miscellaneous Poems, with several specimens from the Author's Manuscript version of the Poems of Ossian, by J. M. Sewall, Esq., Portsmouth. Printed by William Treadwell & Co. for the Author, 1801.

Columbia's crimson'd fields still smoke with gore!
Her bravest heroes cover all the shore!
The flow'r of Britain too in martial bloom,
In one sad year sent headlong to the tomb!
Did Rome's brave senate nobly strive t' oppose
The mighty torrent of domestic foes?
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
The desp'rate perils of unequal war?
Our senate, too, the same bold deed has done,
And for a CATO, arm'd a WASHINGTON!
A chief in all the ways of battle skill'd,
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Thy scourge, O Britain! and Columbia's boast,
The dread, and admiration of each host!
Whose martial arm, and steady soul, alone
Have made thy legions quake, thy empire groan,
And thy proud monarch tremble on his throne.
What now thou art, oh, ever may'st thou be,
And death the lot of any chief but thee!
We've had our DECIUS too, and HOWE can *say*
Health, pardon, peace, GEORGE sends America!
Yet brings destruction for the olive-wreath,
For health contagion, and for pardon death.
In brave FAYETTE young JUBA lives again,
And many a MARCUS bleeds on yonder plain.
Like POMPEY, WARREN fell in martial pride.
And great MONTGOMERY like SCIPIO dy'd!
In GREEN the hero, patriot, sage we see,
And LUCIUS, JUBA, CATO, shine in thee!
When Rome receiv'd her last decisive blow,
Hadst thou, immortal GATES, been Cæsar's foe,
All-perfect *discipline* had check'd his sway,
And thy superior *conduct* won the day.
Freedom had triumph'd on Pharsalian ground,
Nor Saratoga's heights been more renown'd!
Long as heroic deeds the soul enflame,
Eternal praise bold STARK will ever claim,
Who led thy glorious way, and gave thee half thy fame.
See persevering ARNOLD proudly scale
Canadia's alpine hills, a second HANNIBAL!
In Cæsar's days had such a daring mind
With WASHINGTON'S serenity been join'd,
The tyrant then had bled, great Cato liv'd,
And Rome in all her majesty surviv'd.
What praise, what gratitude, are due to thee,
Oh brave, experienc'd, all-accomplish'd LEE?
The sword, the pen, thou dost alternate wield,
Nor JULIUS' self to thee would blush to yield.
And while SEMPRONIUS' bellowings stun the ear,
I see the traitor CHURCH his thunders hear.
"But all was false, and hollow, tho' his tongue
Dropt manna," with the garb of reason hung.
Ere long the wily SYPHAX may advance,
And AFRIC faith be verify'd in FRANCE.
How long, deluded by that faithless pow'r,
Will ye dream on, nor seize the golden hour?
In vain do ye rely on foreign aid,
By her own arm and heaven's Columbia must be freed.
Rise then, my countrymen! for fight prepare,
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
For your griev'd country nobly dare to die,
And empty all your veins for LIBERTY.
No pent-up *Utica* contracts your pow'rs,
But the whole boundless continent is yours!
"Rouse up, for shame! your brethren slain in war,
Or groaning now in ignominious bondage,
Point at their wounds and chains, and cry aloud
To battle! WASHINGTON impatient mourns
His scanty legions, and demands your aid.
Intrepid LEE still clanks his galling fetters!
MONTGOMERY complains that we are slow!
And WARREN'S ghost stalks unreveng'd among us!"

EULOGY ON LAUGHING.

Delivered at an Exhibition by a Young Lady.

Like merry Momus, while the Gods were quaffing,
I come—to give an eulogy on laughing!
True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,
Asserts that laughing's vastly ungenteel!
The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,
And robs each pretty feature of the graces!
But yet this paragon of perfect taste,
On other topics was not *over-chaste;*
He like the Pharisees in this appears,
They ruin'd widows, but they made long pray'rs.
Tithe, anise, mint, they zealously affected:
But the law's weightier matters lay neglected;
And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,
Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all!
Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute
Man's risibles distinguish him from brute;
While instinct, reason, both in common own,
To laugh is man's prerogative alone!
Hail, rosy laughter! thou deserv'st the bays!
Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,
Whilst universal peals attest thy praise.
Daughter of Joy! thro' thee we health attain,
When Esculapian recipes are vain.
Let sentimentalists ring in our ears
The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—
Heraclitus may whine—and oh! and ah!—
I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah!
It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play;
Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;
Propels the dancing current thro' each vein;
Braces the nerves; corroborates the brain;
Shakes ev'ry muscle, and throws off the spleen.
Old Homer makes yon tenants of the skies,
His Gods love laughing as they did their eyes!
It kept them in good humour, hush'd their squabbles,
As froward children are appeas'd by baubles;
Ev'n Jove the thund'rer dearly lov'd a laugh,
When, of fine nectar, he had taken a quaff!
It helps digestion when the feast runs high,
And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.
But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love;
For many laughs e'en candor must condemn!
Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm;
The loud horse-laugh (improperly so styl'd),
The ideot simper, like the slumb'ring child,
Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,
The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,
Are despicable all, as Strephon's smile,
To show his ivory legions, rank and file.
The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,
By nature prompted, and true wit inspir'd,
Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,
When humor set the table on a roar;
Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace!
The rest—is all contortion and grimace.
But you exclaim, "Your Eulogy's too dry;
Leave dissertation and *exemplify!*
Prove, by experiment, your maxims true;
And, what you *praise* so highly make us *do.*"
In troth I hop'd this was already done,
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won!
Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself
To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf!
But not a single soul his suffrage gave—
While each long phiz was serious as the grave!
Laugh! laugh! cries Hodge, laugh loud! (no *halfing*)
I thought you all, e'er this, would die with laughing!
This did the feat; for, tickled at the whim,
A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,

Shook all the audience—but it was at *him!*
Like Hodge, should ev'ry stratagem and wile
Thro' my long story, not excite a smile,
I'll bear it with becoming modesty;
But should my feeble efforts move your glee,
Laugh, if you *fairly* can—but not at ME!

WAR AND WASHINGTON.

A Song, Composed at the beginning of the American Revolution.

Vain BRITONS, boast no longer with proud indignity,
By land your conqu'ring legions, your matchless strength at sea,
Since we, your braver sons incens'd, our swords have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for WAR and WASHINGTON.

Urg'd on by NORTH and vengeance those valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing *Tea* and *Treason* and *George* was all on flame,
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still live on,
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for WASHINGTON!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
You have for *thirty pieces* betray'd your country's blood.
Like Esop's greedy cur you'll gain a shadow for your bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspir'd by WASHINGTON.

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!
The blund'ring schemes of Britain their folly, pride, and zeal,
Like lions how ye growl and threat! mere asses have you shown,
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for WASHINGTON!

Your dark, unfathom'd councils our weakest heads defeat,
Our children rout your armies, our boats destroy your fleet,
And to complete the dire disgrace, coop'd up within a town,
You live, the scorn of all our host, the slaves of WASHINGTON!

Great Heav'n! is this the nation whose thund'ring arms were hurl'd,
Thro' EUROPE, AFRIC, INDIA? whose NAVY rul'd a WORLD?
The lustre of your former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transferr'd to us and WASHINGTON!

Yet think not thirst of GLORY unsheaths our vengeful swords
To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.
'Tis heav'n-born FREEDOM fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,
From him who humbly guides the plough, to godlike WASHINGTON.

For this, Oh could our wishes your ancient rage inspire,
Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force, and fire.
Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserv'd the boon,
AMERICA or ALBION, a GEORGE or WASHINGTON!

Fir'd with the great idea, our Fathers' shades would rise,
To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies.
And WOLFE, 'midst hosts of heroes, superior bending down,
Cry out with eager transport, GOD SAVE GREAT WASHINGTON!

Should GEORGE, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew, and Infidel, or all those pow'rs in one,
While ADAMS guides our senate, our camp great WASHINGTON!

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining slavish fears,
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruning-hooks to spears,
And rush, all desp'rate! on our foe, nor breathe 'till battle won,
Then shout, and shout AMERICA! and conqu'ring WASHINGTON!

Proud FRANCE should view with terror, and haughty SPAIN revere,
While ev'ry warlike nation would court alliance here.
And GEORGE, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne
Pay homage to AMERICA and glorious WASHINGTON!

HUGH HENRY BRACKENRIDGE,

THE democratic politician and judge, eminent for his social wit, and the author of one of the finest political satires which the country has produced, was born in the year 1748 near Campbelton, in Scotland. He was brought by his father, a poor farmer, to America, when he was five years old. The family settled down on a small lease farm, in York county, Pennsylvania, west of the Susquehannah, on the borders of Maryland. The difficulties of his position did not prevent the youth securing a good education, partly from the country school, but mainly from an intelligent and painstaking clergyman of the region, who gave him some lessons in Latin and Greek. The mother encouraged the bookish efforts of her son, who would travel during the Sunday's intermission from work, twenty or thirty miles, to secure a volume or a newspaper. A copy of Horace, of which he came into possession, he left one day in the field, when it was munched by a cow. Meeting with a young man possessed of some knowledge of mathematics, he exchanged with him his Latin and Greek for that acquisition. At the age of fifteen he applied for the situation of teacher at a free school in Maryland, and secured the position. His juvenile years exposed him to some opposition from his older pupils, one of whom resisted his authority by force. Brackenridge "seized a brand from the fire, knocked the rebel down, and spread terror around him."* With the small means which he laid up in this employment, he made his way to the college at Princeton, then under the charge of President Witherspoon. He was admitted, and supported himself in the higher classes by

* We are indebted for this, as for the other anecdotes in this account, to the Biographical Notice by H. M. Brackenridge, of Pittsburgh, appended to the edition of Modern Chivalry, of 1846.

teaching the lower. His name appears on the list of graduates in 1771, with Gunning Bedford, Samuel Spring, James Madison, and Philip Freneau. In conjunction with the last, he delivered at the Commencement a poem in dialogue between Acasto and Eugenio, on *the Rising Glory of America*, which was published the next year in Philadelphia.* The part which he wrote is easily separated, since Freneau afterwards published his portion separately in the edition of his poems in 1795. The verse of Brackenridge is smooth and glowing, and is tinctured with a grave religious tone.

Brackenridge continued a tutor in the college after taking his first degree, and studied divinity. He was licensed to preach, though not ordained, and undertook, at a profitable remuneration, for several years, the charge of an academy in Maryland.

His patriotic feeling on the breaking out of the Revolution induced him to prepare a dramatic production, entitled *Bunker's Hill*, which was recited by his pupils. It was published in 1776,† with a dedication "to Richard Stockton, Esq., Member of the Honorable the Continental Congress, for the state of New Jersey." It has a Prologue spoken "by a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Continental army," and an Epilogue, "written by a gentleman of the army, supposed to be spoken immediately after the battle, by Lieutenant-Col. Webb, aide-de-camp to General Putnam." The *dramatis personæ* are Warren, Putnam, and Gardiner, for the American officers; Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, and Lord Pigot, for the British. There is no lady in the case. Warren opens with an address to Putnam, to which the latter responds in sympathy, and Warren proposes the fortification of Bunker's Hill. Among the British at Boston, Burgoyne chafes over the confinement of the British troops. Gage replies—

This mighty paradox will soon dissolve.
Hear first, BURGOYNE, the valour of these men.
Fir'd with the zeal of fiercest liberty,
No fear of death, so terrible to all,
Can stop their rage. Grey-headed clergymen,
With holy bible and continual prayer,
Bear up their fortitude—and talk of heav'n,
And tell them that sweet soul, who dies in battle,
Shall walk with spirits of the just.

Howe compliments the enemy further—

Not strange to your maturer thought, BURGOYNE,
This matter will appear. A people brave,
Who never yet, of luxury, or soft
Delights, effeminate and false, have tasted.
But, through hate of chains, and slav'ry, suppos'd,
Forsake their mountain tops, and rush to arms.
Oft have I heard their valour published:
Their perseverance, and untameable
Fierce mind, when late they fought with us, and drove
The French, encroaching on their settlements,
Back to their frozen lakes. Or when with us
On Cape Breton, they stormed Louisburg.
With us, in Canada, they took Quebec;
And at the Havannah, these NEW ENGLAND MEN,
Led on by PUTNAM, acted gallantly.

The assault is made, and Warren falls. This is a portion of his dying speech:—

Weep not for him who first espous'd the cause
And risking life, have met the enemy,
In fatal opposition. But rejoice—
For now I go to mingle with the dead,
Great Brutus, Hampden, Sidney, and the rest,
Of old or modern memory, who liv'd,
A mound to tyrants, and strong hedge to kings;
Bounding the indignation of their rage
Against the happiness and peace of man.
I see these heroes, where they walk serene,
By chrystal currents, on the vale of Heaven,
High in full converse of immortal acts,
Achiev'd for truth and innocence on earth.
Meantime the harmony and thrilling sound
Of mellow lutes, sweet viols and guitars,
Dwell on the soul, and ravish ev'ry nerve.
Anon the murmur of the tight-brac'd drum,
With finely varied fifes to martial airs,
Wind up the spirit to the mighty proof
Of siege and battle, and attempt in arms.
Illustrious group! They beckon me along,
To ray my visage with immortal light,
And bind the amaranth around my brow.
I come, I come, ye first-born of true fame;
Fight on, my countrymen; BE FREE, BE FREE.

Appended to the Poem are the two following Lyrics:—

AN ODE ON THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S-HILL.

Sung and acted by a Soldier, in a Military Habit, with his Firelock, &c., in the same Measure with a Seapiece, entitled the Tempest.

"Cease, rude BOREAS, blustering railer."

I.

You bold warriors, who resemble
Flames upon the distant hill;
At whose view the heroes tremble,
Fighting with unequal skill.
Loud-sounding drums, now with hoarse murmurs,
Rouse the spirit up to war;
Fear not, fear not, though their numbers,
Much to ours superior are.
Hear brave WARREN, bold commanding:
"Gallant souls and vet'rans brave,
See the enemy just landing,
From the navy-cover'd wave.
Close the wings—advance the centre—
Engineers point well your guns—
Clap the matches—let the rent air
Bellow to Britannia's sons."

II.

Now, think you see three thousand moving,
Up the brow of BUNKER'S HILL;
Many a gallant vet'ran shoving
Cowards on, against their will.

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* A Poem, on the Rising Glory of America, being an Exercise delivered at the Public Commencement at Nassau Hall, September 25, 1771.

——— Venient annis
Sæcula seris, quibus oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus, Typhisque novos
Detegat orbes: nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.
SENECA. Med. Act iii. v. 375.

Philadelphia: Printed by Joseph Cruikshank, for R. Aitken, Bookseller, opposite the London Coffee-House, in Front-street. 1772.

† The Battle of Bunker's Hill. A dramatic piece, of five Acts, in heroic measure; by a Gentleman of Maryland.

—— Pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.
VIRGIL.
—— 'Tis glorious to die in battle. ——

Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by Robert Bell, in Third-street. 1776.

The curling volumes all behind them,
Dusky clouds of smoke arise;
Our cannon-balls, brave boys, shall find them,
At each shot a hero dies.
Once more, WARREN, 'midst this terror,
" Charge, brave soldiers, charge again;
Many an expert vet'ran warrior
Of the enemy is slain.
Level well your charged pieces,
In direction to the town;
They shake, they shake, their lightning ceases;
That shot brought six standards down."

III.

Maids in virgin beauty blooming,
On Britannia's sea-girt isle,
Say no more your swains are coming,
Or with songs the day beguile.
For sleeping found in death's embraces,
On their clay-cold beds they lie;
Death, grim death, alas, defaces
Youth and pleasure, which must die.
" March the right wing, Gard'ner, yonder;
The hero spirit lives in thunder;
Take th' assailing foe in flank,
Close there, serjeants, close that rank.
The conflict now doth loudly call on
Highest proof of martial skill;
Heroes shall sing of them, who fall on
The slipp'ry brow of BUNKER'S HILL."

IV.

Unkindest fortune, still thou changest,
As the wind upon the wave;
The good and bad alike thou rangest,
Undistinguish'd in the grave.
Shall kingly tyrants see thee smiling,
Whilst the brave and just must die;
Them of sweet hope and life beguiling
In the arms of victory.
" Behave this day, my lads, with spirit,
Wrap the hill top as in flame;
Oh! if we fall, let each one merit
Immortality in fame.
From this high ground, like Vesuv'us,
Pour the floods of fire along;
Let not, let not numbers move us,
We are yet five hundred strong."

V.

Many a widow sore bewailing
Tender husbands, shall remain,
With tears and sorrows, unavailing,
From this hour to mourn them slain.
The rude scene striking all by-standers,
Bids the little band retire;
Who can live like salamanders,
In such floods of liquid fire?
" Ah, our troops are sorely pressed—
HOWE ascends the smoky hill;
Wheel inward, let these ranks be faced,
We have yet some blood to spill.
Our right wing push'd, our left surrounded,
Weight of numbers five to one;
WARREN dead, and GARD'NER wounded—
Ammunition is quite gone."

VI.

See the steely points, bright gleaming
In the sun's fierce dazzling ray;
Groans arising, life-blood streaming,
Purple o'er the face of day.
The field is cover'd with the dying,
Free-men mixt with tyrants lie,
The living with each other vieing,
Raise the shout of battle high.
Now brave PUTNAM, aged soldier:
" Come, my vet'rans, we must yield;
More equal match'd, we'll yet charge bolder,
For the present quit the field.
The God of battles shall revisit
On their heads each soul that dies;
Take courage, boys, we yet shan't miss it,
From a thousand victories."

A MILITARY SONG, BY THE ARMY, ON GENERAL WASHINGTON'S VICTORIOUS ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF BOSTON.

Sons of valor, taste the glories
Of celestial LIBERTY;
Sing a triumph o'er the Tories,
Let the pulse of joy beat high.

Heaven, this day, hath foil'd the many
Fallacies of George their king;
Let the echo reach Britany,
Bid her mountain summits ring.

See yon navy swell the bosom
Of the late enraged sea;
Where-e'er they go we shall oppose them,
Sons of valour must be free.

Should they touch at fair RHODE-ISLAND,
There to combat with the brave;
Driven from each hill and high-land,
They shall plough the purple wave.

Should they thence to fair VIRGINY
Bend a squadron to DUNMORE;
Still with fear and ignominy,
They shall quit the hostile shore.

To CAROLINA or to GEORGY,
Should they next advance their fame,
This land of heroes shall disgorge the
Sons of tyranny and shame.

Let them rove to climes far distant,
Situate under Arctic skies,
Call on Hessian troops assistant,
And the savages to rise

Boast of wild brigades from Russia,
To fix down the galling chain;
Canada and Nova Scotia
Shall discharge these hordes again.

In New York state, rejoined by CLINTON,
Should their standards mock the air,
Many a surgeon shall put lint on
Wounds of death, received there.

War, fierce war, shall break their forces,
Nerves of Tory men shall fail,
Seeing Howe with alter'd courses,
Bending to the western gale.

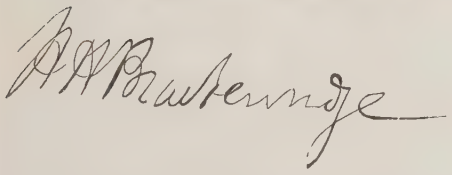
Thus, from every bay of ocean,
Flying back, with sails unfurl'd;
Tost with ever-troubl'd motion,
They shall quit this smiling world.

Like Satan, banished from HEAVEN,
Never see the smiling shore,
From this land so happy, driven,
Never stain its bosom more.

On going to Philadelphia in 1776, Brackenridge supported himself by editing the *United States Magazine*, a periodical of which an anecdote of his editorship is given by his son. " At one time the magazine contained some severe strictures on the celebrated General Lee, and censured him for his conduct to Washington. Lee, in a rage, called at the office, in company with one or two of his

aides, with the intention of assaulting the editor; he knocked at the door, while Mr. Brackenridge, looking out of the upper story window, inquired what was wanting? 'Come down,' said Lee, 'and I'll give you as good a horse-whipping as any rascal ever received.' 'Excuse me, general,' said the other, 'I would not go down for two such favors.'"

Like Dwight and Barlow, Brackenridge was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, preaching political sermons in the camp. Six of them were published at the time in a pamphlet, which had a large circulation. He delivered an oration on the 4th July, 1778, in honor of those fallen in the war, in the Dutch Reformed Church in Philadelphia.



The bent of his mind was not formed for the Scotch Presbyterian theology, so he relinquished the pulpit for the bar, and studied law with Samuel Chase, at Annapolis. His son tells us, in his biographical notice, that "although licensed to preach, he was never ordained nor formally consecrated to the ministry. As he grew older he became convinced that his natural temperament called him to the scenes of active life. Besides, he found himself unable to yield a full assent to all the tenets of the church in which he had been educated. He declared that for two whole years he laboured most sincerely and assiduously to convince himself, but in vain; and he could not think of publicly maintaining doctrines, in which he did not privately believe. On one occasion, in conversation with a Scotch clergyman, he stated his difficulties. The other replied to him that he was pretty much in the same predicament. 'Then, how do you reconcile it to your conscience to preach doctrines of whose truth you are not fully convinced?' 'Hoot, man,' said he, 'I dinna think much about it—I explain the doctrine, as I wud a system o' moral philosophy or metaphysics; and if I dinna just understand it noo, the time may come when I shall; and in the meantime I put my faith in wiser men, who established the articles, and in those whose heads are sufficiently clear to understand them. And if we were tae question but ane o' these doctrines, it wud be like taking a stane out o' a biggin; the whole wa' might fa' doon.'"

In 1781, Brackenridge crossed the Alleghanies and established himself at Pittsburg—from which region he was sent to the State Legislature. His subsequent participation with Gallatin in the Whiskey Insurrection brought him into general notice in the agitations of that period. As a western man he thought the excise law which the rioters attempted to put down, oppressive. It was impossible not to engage to some extent in their movements, while he exerted his powers to regulate and restrain the actors from the commission of treason. When that affair was over he took pains to vindicate his conduct by procuring letters from the most eminent parties in reply to a circular letter, and by the publication of his *Incidents of the Insurrection in the Western Parts of Pennsylvania in* 1794, which was published the following year at Philadelphia.

The scenes which he passed through, and his experience of political life, gave him the material for his *Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago, and Teague O'Regan, his Servant*, the first part of which was published in 1796 at Pittsburgh. The second portion was issued after an interval of ten years. The whole of Modern Chivalry, with the last corrections and additions of the author, was published in two volumes at Pittsburgh in 1819, a book which is now exceedingly rare. The Philadelphia edition of 1846, illustrated by Darley, contains only the contents of the first volume of the former edition. It was edited by the author's son, H. M. Brackenridge, with a preface and biographical sketch. It is there remarked that this work "is believed to be entirely unknown in Europe, and that it has never been noticed by any review." We may quote from the editor's preface an anecdote of the author and his reputation in the West:—

> The author used to relate an incident which occurred to him at a place where he was detained a day, in consequence of having missed the stage, and feeling *ennui*, asked the landlord whether he had anything amusing to read. "That I have," said he, at the same time opening a little desk in his bar, and producing a torn volume of "Modern Chivalry." "There," said he, "is something will make you laugh; and the man that wrote it was no fool neither." When the author's descendants or relatives happen to be travelling, the first question almost invariably asked of them is, "Are you related to the author of Modern Chivalry?" One of them having landed on the Mississippi, with the intention of going to St. Louis, a distance of two hundred miles by land, on making inquiries for some mode of conveyance, was addressed by a stranger in these words: "I understand, sir, your name is Brackenridge. Are you related to the author of Modern Chivalry?" And on being answered in the affirmative, immediately offered his horse, telling him to keep him until an opportunity should offer of returning him.

In the West, Modern Chivalry is, or deserves to be, regarded as a kind of aboriginal classic. It has the rough flavor of the frontier settlement in its manly sentiment, and not particularly delicate expression. Brackenridge was an eccentric man

in his manners, though of vigorous sense. This book shows his humors in perfection, and so far as his ways of thinking go is autobiographic. It exhibits a warm, generous nature, and a man of much reading and reflection. The story, with its few incidents, is modelled upon Hudibras and Don Quixote, and productions of that ilk. The humor is after Sterne and Fielding, whose example would have been nothing without the natural ability of the writer to profit by it.

Captain Farrago is a type of the author; his servant Teague O'Regan is a humorous invention which does capital execution with the demagogues, sciolists, and other pretenders of the day. The work had an object to sow a few seeds of political wisdom among his fellow citizens, then little experienced in the use of political power, and its lessons in this way are profitable still. The Captain is the representative of Don Quixote, a clear-headed man, whose independent way of looking at things, from living out of the world, has gained him the reputation of eccentricity. He is withal a practical wag, setting out with his Irish servant in quest of adventures. The gist of his observation and experience lies in this, that the duties and responsibilities of a new state of society have been thrust upon a race of men so suddenly, that, unused to their new democratic privileges, they are very much in the way of abusing them. Without political knowledge they are ready to send the weaver to Congress; without learning the leatherheads rush in as members of the philosophical society, and appoint, after the manner of Dr. O'Toole, a native Irishman to a Greek professorship. Teague O'Regan is constantly in danger. He is in momentary risk of being decoyed from his master, made a clergyman of, elected to the philosophical society, or spirited away to the legislature. After awhile Teague learns to tell one foot from another by the aid of a Philadelphia dancing master, is introduced at the President's levee, and gets the appointment of Collector of the Excise in the Alleghanies. This leads to a tarring and feathering, which was doubtless drawn from the author's reminiscences of the Whiskey Insurrection. In the meanwhile the Captain has procured a Scottish servant, Duncan, whose dialect is better sustained than that of his Irish predecessor. Brackenridge's law learning, his College reading, his schoolmaster's acquisition, his roughly acquired knowledge of the world, are all displayed in this book. His explanation of his use of the character of the Irish clown is curious, and the remarks which follow are a truthful plea for fiction.

It has been asked, why, in writing this memoir, have I taken my clown *from the Irish nation?* The character of the English clown, I did not well understand; nor could I imitate the manner of speaking. That of the Scotch I have tried, as may be seen, in the character of Duncan. But I found it, in my hands, rather insipid. The character of the Irish clown, to use the language of Rousseau, "has more stuff in it." He will attempt anything.

The American has in fact, yet, no character; neither the clown, nor the gentleman; so that I could not take one from our own country; which I would much rather have done, as the scene lay here. But the midland states of America, and the western parts in general, being half Ireland, the character of the Irish clown will not be wholly misunderstood. It is true the clown is taken from the aboriginal Irish; a character not so well known in the North of that country; nevertheless, it is still so much known, even there, and amongst the emigrants here or their descendants, that it will not be wholly thrown away.

On the Irish stages it is a standing character; and on the theatre in Britain it is also introduced. I have not been able to do it justice, being but half an Irishman myself, and not so well acquainted with the reversions, and idiom, of the genuine Thady, as I could wish. However, the imitation, at a distance from the original, will better pass than if it had been written, and read, nearer home. Foreigners will not so readily distinguish the incongruities; or, as it is the best we can produce for the present, will more indulgently consider them.

I think it the duty of every man who possesses a faculty, and perhaps a facility of drawing such images, as will amuse his neighbour, to lend a hand, and do something. Have those authors done nothing for the world, whose works would seem to have had no other object but to amuse? In low health; after the fatigue of great mental exertion on solid disquisition; in pain of mind, from disappointed passions; or broken with the sensibilities of sympathy and affection; it is a relief to try not to think, and this is attainable, in some degree, by light reading. Under sensations of this kind, I have had recourse more than once to Don Quixote; which doubtless contains a great deal of excellent moral sentiment. But, at the same time, has much that can serve only to amuse. Even in health, and with a flow of spirits, from prosperous affairs, it diversifies enjoyments, and adds to the happiness of which the mind is capable. I trust, therefore, that the gravest persons will not be of opinion that I ought to be put out of church for any appearance of levity, which this work may seem to carry with it.

I know there have been instances amongst the *Puritans*, of clergymen, degraded for singing a Scotch pastoral. But music is a carnal thing compared with putting thoughts upon paper. It requires an opening of the mouth, and a rolling of the tongue, whereas thought is wholly spiritual, and depends not on any modification of the corporeal organs. Music, however, even by the strictest sects, is admissible in sacred harmony, which is an acknowledgment, that even sound has its uses to soothe the mind or to fit it for contemplation.

I would ask, which is the most entertaining work, Smollet's History of England: or his Humphrey Clinker? For, as to the utility, so far as that depends upon truth, they are both alike. History has been well said to be *the Romance of the human mind; and Romance the history of the heart.* When the son of Robert Walpole asked his father, whether he should read to him out of a book of history; he said, "*he was not fond of Romance.*" This minister had been long engaged in affairs; and from what he had seen of accounts of things within his own knowledge he had little confidence in the relation of things which he had not seen. Except memoirs of persons' own times; biographical sketches by cotemporary writers; Voyages, and Travels, that have geographical exactness, there is little of the historical kind, in point of truth, before Roderick Random, or Gil Blas.

The Eastern nations in their tales pretend to nothing but fiction. Nor is the story with them the less amusing because it is not true. Nor is the moral of it less impressive, because the actors never had existence.

In the second volume of the work the style is

more didactic but not less genial. It contains the material of a rare volume of Essays, fresh, independent in thought, quaint in humor and expression.

When Governor McKean secured the democratic ascendency by his election in 1799, Brackenridge was one of his appointments as Judge in the Supreme Court of the State, where he presided with ability till his death in 1816. Brackenridge deserves to be better known through his writings. His numerous miscellanies, scattered in old pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers, if collected would form a pleasing and instructive commentary on his times. He had wit, humor, and a sound judgment. His judicial decisions were celebrated for their integrity and independence.

Hildreth, no friend to his party, admits—"Even Brackenridge, whatever his eccentricities and faults as a man or a politician, proved, in his judicial character, no disgrace to the bench."*

His social talents must have been of a rare order. There is a capital anecdote narrated by Paulding, of his efforts to overcome the gravity of Washington. The judge, as he relates it, "on a particular occasion, fell in with Washington at a public-house, where a large company had gathered together for the purpose of discussing the subject of improving the navigation of the Potomac. They supped at the same table, and Mr. Brackenridge essayed all his powers of humor to divert the General; but in vain. He seemed aware of his purpose, and listened without a smile. However, it so happened that the chambers of Washington and Brackenridge adjoined, and were only separated from each other by a thin partition of pine boards. The General had retired first, and when the judge entered his own room, he was delighted to hear Washington, who was already in bed, laughing to himself with infinite glee, no doubt at the recollection of his stories."†

AN ELECTION SCENE—FROM MODERN CHIVALRY.

The Captain rising early next morning, and setting out on his way, had now arrived at a place where a number of people were convened, for the purpose of electing persons to represent them in the legislature of the state. There was a weaver who was a candidate for this appointment, and seemed to have a good deal of interest among the people. But another, who was a man of education, was his competitor. Relying on some talent of speaking which he thought he possessed, he addressed the multitude.

Fellow citizens, said he, I pretend not to any great abilities; but am conscious to myself that I have the best good will to serve you. But it is very astonishing to me, that this weaver should conceive himself qualified for the trust. For though my acquirements are not great, yet his are still less. The mechanical business which he pursues, must necessarily take up so much of his time, that he cannot apply himself to political studies. I should therefore think it would be more answerable to your dignity, and conducive to your interest, to be represented by a man at least of some letters, than by an illiterate handicraftsman like this. It will be more honorable for himself, to remain at his loom and knot threads than to come forward in a legislative capacity: because in the one case, he is in the sphere suited to his education; in the other, he is like a fish out of water, and must struggle for breath in a new element.

Is it possible he can understand the affairs of government, whose mind has been concentred to the small object of weaving webs, to the price by the yard, the grist of the thread, and such like matters as concern the manufacturer of cloths? The feet of him who weaves, are more occupied than the head, or at least as much; and therefore he must be, at least but in half, accustomed to exercise his mental powers. For these reasons, all other things set aside, the chance is in my favour, with respect to information. However, you will decide, and give your suffrages to him or to me, as you shall judge expedient.

The Captain hearing these observations, and looking at the weaver, could not help advancing, and undertaking to subjoin something in support of what had been just said. Said he, I have no prejudice against a weaver more than another man. Nor do I know any harm in the trade; save that from the sedentary life in a damp place, there is usually a paleness of the countenance; but this is a physical, not a moral evil. Such usually occupy subterranean apartments; not for the purpose, like Demosthenes, of shaving their heads and writing over eight times the history of Thucydides, and perfecting a style of oratory; but rather to keep the thread moist; or because this is considered but as an inglorious sort of trade, and is frequently thrust away into cellars, and damp out-houses, which are not occupied for a better use.

But to rise from the cellar to the senate house, would be an unnatural hoist. To come from counting threads, and adjusting them to the splits of a reed, to regulate the finances of a government, would be preposterous; there being no congruity in the case. There is no analogy between knotting threads and framing laws. It would be a reversion of the order of things. Not that a manufacturer of linen or woolen, or other stuffs, is an inferior character, but a different one, from that which ought to be employed in affairs of state. It is unnecessary to enlarge on this subject; for you must all be convinced of the truth and propriety of what I say. But if you will give me leave to take the manufacturer aside a little, I think I can explain to him my ideas on the subject; and very probably prevail with him to withdraw his pretensions. The people seeming to acquiesce, and beckoning to the weaver, they withdrew aside, and the Captain addressed him in the following words:

Mr. Traddle, said he, for that was the name of the manufacturer, I have not the smallest idea of wounding your sensibility; but it would seem to me, it would be more your interest to pursue your occupation, than to launch out into that of which you have no knowledge. When you go to the senate house, the application to you will not be to warp a web; but to make laws for the commonwealth. Now, suppose that the making these laws requires a knowledge of commerce, or of the interests of agriculture. or those principles upon which the different manufactures depend, what service could you render? It is possible you might think justly enough; but could you speak? You are not in the habit of public speaking. You are not furnished with those commonplace ideas, with which even very ignorant men can

* History of the United States.

† Paulding's Life of Washington, ii. 194. There is a story still circulated in Philadelphia, which he used to tell at the expense of the Philosophical Society, of a member having picked up one of the small fashionable lady's fans of those days, in the gutter, and the society having reported on it as the wing of a newly discovered bat.

pass for knowing something. There is nothing makes a man so ridiculous, as to attempt what is above his sphere. You are no tumbler, for instance; yet should you give out that you could vault upon a man's back; or turn heels over head like the wheels of a cart; the stiffness of your joints would encumber you; and you would fall upon your posteriors to the ground. Such a squash as that, would do you damage. The getting up to ride on the state is an unsafe thing to those who are not accustomed to such horsemanship. It is a disagreeable thing for a man to be laughed at, and there is no way of keeping one's self from it but by avoiding all affectation.

While they were thus discoursing, a bustle had taken place among the crowd. Teague hearing so much about elections, and serving the government, took it into his head that he could be a legislator himself. The thing was not displeasing to the people, who seemed to favour his pretensions; owing, in some degree, to there being several of his countrymen among the crowd; but more especially to the fluctuation of the popular mind, and a disposition to what is new and ignoble. For though the weaver was not the most elevated object of choice, yet he was still preferable to this tatter-demalion, who was but a menial servant, and had so much of what is called the brogue on his tongue, as to fall far short of an elegant speaker.

The Captain coming up, and finding what was on the carpet, was greatly chagrined at not having been able to give the multitude a better idea of the importance of a legislative trust; alarmed also, from an apprehension of the loss of his servant. Under these impressions he resumed his address to the multitude. Said he, this is making the matter still worse, gentlemen: this servant of mine is but a bog-trotter, who can scarcely speak the dialect in which your laws ought to be written; but certainly has never read a single treatise on any political subject; for the truth is, he cannot read at all. The young people of the lower class, in Ireland, have seldom the advantage of a good education; especially the descendants of the ancient Irish, who have most of them a great assurance of countenance, but little information or literature. This young man, whose family name is O'Regan, has been my servant for several years; and, except a too great fondness for women, which now and then brings him into scrapes, he has demeaned himself in a manner tolerable enough. But he is totally ignorant of the great principles of legislation; and more especially the particular interests of the government. A free government is a noble acquisition to a people: and this freedom consists in an equal right to make laws, and to have the benefit of the laws when made. Though doubtless, in such a government, the lowest citizen may become chief magistrate; yet it is sufficient to possess the right, not absolutely necessary to exercise it. Or even if you should think proper, now and then, to show your privilege, and exert, in a signal manner, the democratic prerogative, yet is it not descending too low to filch away from me a hireling, which I cannot well spare? You are surely carrying the matter too far, in thinking to make a senator of this ostler; to take him away from an employment to which he has been bred, and put him to another, to which he has served no apprenticeship: to set those hands which have been lately employed in currying my horse, to the draughting bills, and preparing business for the house.

The people were tenacious of their choice, and insisted on giving Teague their suffrages; and by the frown upon their brows, seemed to indicate resentment at what had been said; as indirectly charging them with want of judgment; or calling in question their privilege to do what they thought proper. It is a very strange thing, said one of them, who was a speaker for the rest, that after having conquered Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and got a government of our own, we cannot put in it whom we please. This young man may be your servant, or another man's servant; but if we choose to make him a delegate, what is that to you? He may not be yet skilled in the matter, but there is a good day coming. We will empower him; and it is better to trust a plain man like him than one of your high-flyers, that will make laws to suit their own purposes.

I had much rather, said the Captain, you would send the weaver, though I thought that improper, than to invade my household, and thus detract from me the very person that I have about me to brush my boots, and clean my spurs.

The prolocutor of the people gave him to understand that his objections were useless, for the people had determined on the choice, and Teague they would have, for a representative.

Finding it answered no end to expostulate with the multitude, he requested to speak a word with Teague by himself. Stepping aside, he said to him, composing his voice, and addressing him in a soft manner: Teague, you are quite wrong in this matter they have put into your head. Do you know what it is to be a member of a deliberative body? What qualifications are necessary? Do you understand anything of geography? If a question should be put to make a law to dig a canal in some part of the state, can you describe the bearing of the mountains, and the course of the rivers? Or if commerce is to be pushed to some new quarter, by the force of regulations, are you competent to decide in such a case? There will be questions of law and astronomy on the carpet. How you must gape and stare like a fool, when you come to be asked your opinion on these subjects! Are you acquainted with the abstract principles of finance; with the funding public securities; the ways and means of raising the revenue; providing for the discharge of the public debts, and all other things which respect the economy of the government? Even if you had knowledge, have you a facility of speaking? I would suppose you would have too much pride to go to the house just to say, ay or no. This is not the fault of your nature, but of your education; having been accustomed to dig turf in your early years, rather than instructing yourself in the classics, or common school books.

When a man becomes a member of a public body, he is like a racoon, or other beast that climbs up the fork of a tree; the boys pushing at him with pitchforks, or throwing stones or shooting at him with an arrow, the dogs barking in the mean time. One will find fault with your not speaking; another with your speaking, if you speak at all. They will put you in the newspapers, and ridicule you as a perfect beast. There is what they call the caricatura; that is, representing you with a dog's head, or a cat's claw. As you have a red head, they will very probably make a fox of you, or a sorrel horse, or a brindled cow. It is the devil in hell to be exposed to the squibs and crackers of the gazette wits and publications. You know no more about these matters than a goose; and yet you would undertake rashly, without advice, to enter on the office; nay, contrary to advice. For I would not for a thousand guineas, though I have not the half to spare, that the breed of the O'Regans should come to this; bringing on them a worse stain than stealing sheep; to which they are addicted. You have nothing but your character, Teague, in a new coun-

try to depend upon. Let it never be said, that you quitted an honest livelihood, the taking care of my horse, to follow the new-fangled whims of the times, and be a statesman.

Teague was moved chiefly with the last part of the address, and consented to relinquish his pretensions.

The Captain, glad of this, took him back to the people, and announced his disposition to decline the honor which they had intended him.

Teague acknowledged that he had changed his mind, and was willing to remain in a private station.

The people did not seem well pleased with the Captain; but as nothing more could be said about the matter, they turned their attention to the weaver, and gave him their suffrages.

TEAGUE A MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

There was, in a certain great city, a society who called themselves Philosophers. They had published books, under the title of Transactions. These contained dissertations on the nature and causes of things, from the stars of heaven to the fireflies of the earth; and from the sea-crab to the woodland buffaloe. Such disquisitions are doubtless useful and entertaining to an inquisitive mind.

There is no question but there were in this body some very great men; whose investigations of the arcana of nature deserve attention. But so it was, there had been introduced, by some means, many individuals, who were no philosophers at all. This is no unusual thing with institutions of this nature; though, by the bye, it is a very great fault. For it lessens the incentives of honor, to have the access made so easy that every one may obtain admission. It has been a reproach to some colleges, that a diploma could be purchased for half a crown. This society were still more moderate; for the bare scratching the posteriors of a member has been known to procure a membership. At least, there have been those admitted, who appeared capable of nothing else.

Nevertheless, it was necessary, even in these cases, for the candidates to procure some token of a philosophic turn of mind, such as the skin of a dead cat, or some odd kind of a mouse-trap; or have phrases in their mouths, about minerals and petrifactions; so as just to support some idea of natural knowledge, and pass muster. There was one who got in, by finding, accidentally, the tail of a rabbit, which had been taken off in a boy's trap. Another by means of a squirrel's scalp, which he had taken care to stretch and dry on a bit of osier, bended in the form of a hoop. The beard of an old fox, taken off and dried in the sun, was the means of introducing one whom I knew very well: or rather, as I have already hinted, it was beforehand intended he should be introduced; and these exuviæ, or spoils of the animal kingdom, were but the tokens and apologies for admission.

It happened as the Captain was riding this day, and Teague trotting after him, he saw a large owl, that had been shot by somebody, and was placed in the crotch of a tree, about the height of a man's head from the ground, for those that passed by to look at. The Captain being struck with it, as somewhat larger than such birds usually are, desired Teague to reach it to him; and tying it to the hinder part of his saddle, rode along.

Passing by the house of one who belonged to the society, the bird was noticed at the saddle-skirts, and the philosopher coming out, made enquiry with regard to the genus and nature of the fowl. Said the Captain, I know nothing more about it than that it is nearly as large as a turkey buzzard. It is doubtless, said the other, the great Canada owl, that comes from the Lakes; and if your honor will give me leave, I will take it and submit it to the society, and have yourself made a member. As to the first, the Captain consented; but as to the last, the being a member, he chose rather to decline it; conceiving himself unqualified for a place in such a body. The other assured him that he was under a very great mistake; for there were persons there who scarcely knew a B from a bull's foot. That may be, said the Captain: but if others choose to degrade themselves, by suffering their names to be used in so preposterous a way as that, it was no reason he should.

The other gave him to understand, that the society would certainly wish to express their sense of his merit, and show themselves not inattentive to a virtuoso; that as he declined the honor himself, he probably might not be averse to let his servant take a seat among them.

He is but a simple Irishman, said the Captain, and of a low education: his language being that spoken by the aborigines of his country. And if he speaks a little English, it is with the brogue on his tongue, which would be unbecoming in a member of your body. It would seem to me that a philosopher ought to know how to write, or at least to read; but Teague can neither write nor read. He can sing a song or whistle an Irish tune; but is totally illiterate in all things else. I question much if he could tell you how many new moons there are in the year; or any the most common thing you could ask him. He is a long-legged fellow, it is true; and might be of service in clambering over rocks, or going to the shores of rivers to gather curiosities. But could you not get persons to do this, without making them members? I have more respect for science, than to suffer this bog-trotter to be so advanced at its expense.

In these American states, there is a wide field for philosophic research; and these researches may be of great use in agriculture, mechanics, and astronomy There is but little immediate profit attending these pursuits; but if there can be inducements of honor, these may supply the place. What more alluring to a young man, than the prospect of being one day received into the society of men truly learned; the admission being a test and a proof of distinguished knowledge. But the fountain of honor, thus contaminated by a sediment foreign from its nature, who would wish to drink of it?

Said the philosopher, at the first institution of the society by Dr. Franklin and others, it was put upon a narrow basis, and only men of science were considered proper to compose it; and this might be a necessary policy at that time, when the institution was in its infancy, and could not bear much drawback of ignorance. But it has not been judged so necessary of late years. The matter stands now on a broad and catholic bottom; and like the gospel itself, it is our orders, "to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." There are hundreds, whose names you may see on our list, who are not more instructed than this lad of yours.

They must be a sad set indeed then, said the Captain.

Sad or no sad, said the other, it is the case; and if you will let Teague go, I will engage him a membership.

I take it very ill of you, Mr. Philosopher, said the Captain, to put this nonsense in his head. If you knew what trouble I have lately had with a parcel of people that were for sending him to Congress, you would be unwilling to draw him from me for the purpose of making him a philosopher. It is not an easy matter to get hirelings now-a-days; and

when you do get one, it is a mere chance, whether he is faithful, and will suit your purpose. It would be a very great loss to me, to have him taken off at this time, when I have equipped myself for a journey.

Teague was a good deal incensed at this refusal of his master, and insisted that he would be a philosopher. You are an ignoramus, said the Captain. It is not the being among philosophers, will make you one.

Teague insisted that he had a right to make the best of his fortune: and as there was a door open to his advancement he did not see why he might not make use of it.

The Captain finding that it answered no end to dispute the matter with him by words of sense and reason, took a contrary way to manage him.

Teague, said he, I have a regard for you, and would wish to see you do well. But before you take this step, I would wish to speak a word or two in private. If you will go, I may perhaps suggest some things that may be of service to you, for your future conduct in that body.

Teague consenting, they stepped aside; and the Captain addressed him in the following manner:

Teague, said he, do you know what you are about? It is a fine thing at first sight to be a philosopher, and get into this body. And indeed, if you were a real philosopher, it might be some honor, and also safe, to take that leap. But do you think it is to make a philosopher of you that they want you? Far from it. It is their great study to find curiosities; and because this man saw you coming after me, with a red head, trotting like an Esquimaux Indian, it has struck his mind to pick you up, and pass you for one. Nay, it is possible they may intend worse; and when they have examined you awhile, take the skin off you, and pass you for an overgrown otter, or a musk-rat, or some outlandish animal, for which they will themselves invent a name. If you were at the museum of one of these societies, to observe the quantity of skins and skeletons they have, you might be well assured they did not come by them honestly. I know so much of these people, that I am well persuaded they would think no more of throwing you into a kettle of boiling water, than they would a terrapin; and having scraped you out to a shell, present you as the relics of an animal they had procured at an immense price, from some Guinea merchant. Or if they should not at once turn you to this use, how, in the mean time, will they dispose of you? They will have you away through the bogs and marshes, catching flies and mire-snipes; or send you to the woods to bring a polecat; or oblige you to descend into draw-wells, for fog, and phlogistic air, and the Lord knows what. You must go into wolves' dens, and catch bears by the tail: run over mountains like an opossum, and dig the earth like a ground-hog. You will have to climb over trees, and be bit by flying-squirrels. There will be no end to the musquetoes you will have to dissect. What is all this, to diving into milldams and rivers, to catch craw-fish? Or if you go to the ocean, there are alligators to devour you like a cat-fish. Who knows but it may come your turn, in a windy night, to go aloft to the heavens, to rub down the stars, and give the goats and rams that are there, fodder? The keeping the stars clean is a laborious work; a great deal worse than scouring andirons or brass kettles. There is a bull there, would think no more of tossing you on his horns than he would a puppy dog. If the crab should get you into his claws, he would squeeze you like a lobster. But what is all that to your having no place to stand on? How would you like to be up at the moon, and to fall down when you had missed your hold, like a boy from the topmast of a ship, and have your brains beat out upon the top of some great mountain; where the devil might take your skeleton and give it to the turkey-buzzards?

Or if they should, in the mean time, excuse you from such out-of-door services, they will rack and torture you with hard questions. You must tell them how long the rays of light are coming from the sun; how many drops of rain fall in a thundergust; what makes the grasshopper chirp when the sun is hot; how muscle-shells get up to the top of the mountains; how the Indians got over to America. You will have to prove that the negroes were once white; and that their flat noses came by some cause in the compass of human means to produce. These are puzzling questions: and yet you must solve them all. Take my advice, and stay where you are. Many men have ruined themselves by their ambition, and made bad worse. There is another kind of philosophy, which lies more within your sphere; that is moral philosophy. Every hostler or hireling can study this, and you have the most excellent opportunity of acquiring this knowledge in our traverses through the country, or communications at the different taverns or villages, where we may happen to sojourn.

Teague had long ago, in his own mind, given up all thoughts of the society, and would not for the world have any more to do with it; therefore, without bidding the philosopher adieu they pursued their route as usual.

CAPTAIN FARRAGO'S INSTRUCTIONS TO TEAGUE ON THE DUELLO.

Having thus dismissed the secondary man, he called in his servant Teague, and accosted him as follows: Teague, said he, you have heretofore discovered an ambition to be employed in some way that would advance your reputation. There is now a case fallen out, to which you are fully competent. It is not a matter that requires the head to contrive, but the hand to execute. The greatest fool is as fit for it as a wise man. It is indeed your greatest blockheads that chiefly undertake it. The knowledge of law, physick, or divinity, is out of the question. Literature and political understanding is useless. Nothing more is necessary than a little resolution of the heart. Yet it is an undertaking which is of much estimation with the rabble, and has a great many on its side to approve and praise it. The females of the world, especially, admire the act, and call it valour. I know you wish to stand well with the ladies. Here is an opportunity of advancing your credit. I have had what is called a challenge sent me this morning. It is from a certain Jacko, who is a suitor to a Miss Vapour, and has taken offence at an expression of mine, respecting him, to this female. I wish you to accept the challenge, and fight him for me.

At this proposition, Teague looked wild, and made apology that he was not much used to boxing. Boxing, said the Captain, you are to fight what is called a duel.—You are to encounter him with pistols, and put a bullet through him if you can. It is true, he will have a chance of putting one through you; but in that consists the honour; for where there is no danger, there is no glory. You will provide yourself a second. There is an hostler here at the public house, that is a brave fellow, and will answer the purpose. Being furnished with a second, you will provide yourself with a pair of pistols, powder and ball of course. In the mean time your adversary, notified of your intentions, will do the like.—Thus equipped, you will advance to the place agreed upon. The ground will be measured out; ten, seven, or

five steps; back to back, and coming round to your place, fire. Or taking your ground, stand still and fire; or it may be, advance and fire as you meet, at what distance you think proper. The rules in this respect are not fixed, but as the parties can agree, or the seconds point out. When you come to fire, be sure you keep a steady hand, and take good aim. Remember that the pistol barrel being short, the powder is apt to throw the bullet up. Your sight, therefore, ought to be about the waistband of his breeches, so that you have the whole length of his body, and his head in the bargain, to come and go upon. It is true, he in the mean time will take the same advantage of you. He may hit you about the groin, or the belly. I have known some shot in the thigh, or the leg. The throat also, and the head, are in themselves vulnerable. It is no uncommon thing to have an arm broke, or a splinter struck off the nose, or an eye shot out: but as in that case the ball mostly passes through the brain, and the man being dead at any rate, the loss of sight is not greatly felt.

As the Captain spoke, Teague seemed to feel in himself every wound which was described, the ball hitting him, now in one part, and now in another. At the last words, it seemed to pass through his head, and he was half dead, in imagination. Making a shift to express himself, he gave the Captain to understand, that he could by no means undertake the office. What! said the Captain; you whom nothing would serve some time ago but to be a legislator, or a philosopher, or preacher, in order to gain fame, will now decline a business for which you are qualified! This requires no knowledge of finances, no reading of natural history, or any study of the fathers. You have nothing more to do than keep a steady hand and a good eye.

In the early practice of this exercise, I mean the combat of the duel, it was customary to exact an oath of the combatants, before they entered the lists, that they had no enchantments, or power of witchcraft, about them.—Whether you should think it necessary to put him to his *voir dire*, on this point, I shall not say; but I am persuaded, that on your part you have too much honour, to make use of spells, or undue means, to take away his life or save your own. You will leave all to the chance of fair shooting. One thing you will observe and which is allowable in this battle; you will take care not to present yourself to him with a full breast, but angularly, and your head turned round over the left shoulder, like a weather-cock. For thus a smaller surface being presented to an adversary, he will be less likely to hit you. You must throw your legs into lines parallel, and keep them one directly behind the other. Thus you will stand like a sail hauled close to the wind. Keep a good countenance, a sharp eye, and a sour look; and if you feel any thing like a cholic, or a palpitation of the heart, make no noise about it. If the ball should take you in the gills, or the gizzard, fall down as decently as you can, and die like a man of honour.

It was of no use to urge the matter; the Irishman was but the more opposed to the proposition, and utterly refused to be *after* fighting in any such manner. The Captain, finding this to be the case, dismissed him to clean his boots and spurs, and rub down his horse in the stable.

On reflection, it seemed advisable to the Captain to write an answer to the card which Colonel or Major Jacko, or whatever his title may have been, had sent him this morning. It was as follows:—

Sir,

I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet thro' any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffaloe would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender; yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbacue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbacuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt.

It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping.—Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavouring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a racoon, that after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crutch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me.

J. F.

AN ESSAY ON COMMON SENSE.

After thinking a good deal upon what might be given as a definition of common sense; in other words, what phrase might be substituted in lieu of it; for that is what is meant by a definition; I would try whether the phrase, *natural judgment*, would not do. Getting up a little in the world, and examining mankind, there was nothing that struck me so much as to find men, thought eminent in a profession, seeming to want judgment in matters of knowledge, which was common to me with them. I took it for granted, that it was owing to the mind being so much employed in a particular way, that it had no habit of thinking in any other; and doubtless there is a good deal in this. For a mathematician, capable of demonstrating all the problems of Euclid; and even of inventing shorter and clearer methods of demonstration, may be incapable of comparing ideas, and drawing conclusions on a matter of domestic economy or national concern. For though a great deal may be owing to a knowledge of the particular subject, and a habit of thinking upon it; yet as much or more depends upon the natural judgment. I will select the instance of a lawyer, because it is in that profession that I have had an opportunity, the most, of examining the original powers of the mind. In this profession I have found those of the highest reputation of legal knowledge, and who were so, and yet were not the most successful in particular causes. The reason was, that though they had a knowledge of rules, they failed in the application of them and had not given good advice, in bringing or defending the action in which they had been consulted. Or whether the cause were good or bad, they had wanted judgment in conducting it. The attempting to maintain untenable ground; or the points upon which they put the

cause, showed a want of judgment. It is the same thing in the case of a judge. The knowledge of all law goes but a little way to the discerning the justice of the cause. Because the application of the rule to the case, is the province of judgment. Hence it is that if my cause is good, and I am to have my choice of two judges, the one of great legal science, but deficient in natural judgment; the other of good natural judgment, but of no legal knowledge, I would take the one that had what we call *common sense.* For though I could not have a perfect confidence in the decision of one or the other, yet I would think my chance best with the one that had common sense. If my cause was bad, I might think I stood some chance with the learned judge, deficient in natural judgment. An ingenious advocate would lead off his mind, upon some quibble, and calling that law, flatter him upon his knowing the law, and least his knowledge of it should be called in question, the learned judge might determine for him. For there is nothing that alarms a dunce so much as the idea of reason. It is a prostrating principle that puts him upon a level with the bulk of mankind. The knowledge of an artificial rule sets him above these, and is, therefore, maintained by him with all the tenacity of distinguishing prerogative. To a weak judge, deficient in natural reason, a knowledge of precedents is indispensable. In the language of Scotch presbyterian eloquence, there is such a thing as *hukes and e'en to haud up a crippled Christian's breeks;* or, in English, hooks and eyes, which were before buttons and button-holes, to answer the same purpose with pantaloons or sherryvallies. Such are cases to a judge, weak in understanding; because these give him the appearance of learning, and having made research.

But it does not follow, that I undervalue legal knowledge in a lawyer, or judge, or resolve all into common sense in that or any other profession or occupation.

I select, in the next instance, that of a physician. What can one do in this profession, without medical knowledge? And yet without good sense, the physician is as likely to kill as to cure. It is the only means that one who is not a physician himself has to judge of the skill of one who calls himself such, what appears to be the grade of his mind, and his understanding upon common subjects. We say, he does not appear to have common sense; how can he be trusted in his profession? Common sense, I take to be, therefore, judgment upon common subjects: and that degree of it which falls to the share of the bulk of mankind. For even amongst the common people, we speak of *mother wit,* which is but another name for common sense. Clergy wit, is that of school learning; or the lessons of science, in which a dunce may be eminent. For it requires but memory and application. But the adage is the dictate of experience, and the truth of it is eternal, "An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy."

We speak of an egregious blockhead, and say, he has not *even* common sense: that is, he has not the very thing that is necessary to begin with; and which every person is usually endowed with, that has the proportions of the human form. It seems to be something bordering on instinct, and resembles it in the uniformity and certainty of its operations. It is that without which it is not worth while attempting to make a great man. What is a general without common sense—that is, natural judgment? But why talk of generals, or lawyers, or judges, or go so far from home? Where we see, as we sometimes do, the want of natural judgment, in the management of a man's own affairs, on a small scale; whether of merchandise, or of manufactures, or farming, we say that he cannot succeed; and in general, though not always, the want of success in common pursuits, is owing to inexperience, or a want of natural judgment. The quibbling in a matter of contract; the evasion of fulfilment, is a want of natural judgment. I think the poet says,

The want of honesty is want of sense.

There can be nothing more true. And I think it is remarkable, that in those divine writings, which we call, by way of eminence, the scriptures, dishonesty is called *folly;* and honesty *wisdom.* Common sense is that degree of understanding which is given to men in general, though some are peculiarly favoured with uncommon powers. But no man can be said to have common sense who is a knave. For, of all things, it is the strongest proof of a want of judgment upon an extensive scale. Had I the world to begin again, with all the experience that years have given me, and were to think myself at liberty, from all considerations of duty or obligation; yet, on the principle of self-interest, I would be honest, and exceed, rather than come short, in giving to all their due. For it is the adage, and as true as any of the apothegms that we hear, that honesty is the best policy. *Indeed all the rules of morality are but maxims of prudence.* They all lead to self-preservation; and had they no other foundation, they would rest upon this, as sufficient to support them. The discerning mind sees its interest as clear as a ray of light, leading it to do justice. Let me see any man quibble and evade, cheat or defraud, and I do not say constructively, and with a reference to a future state, but in relation to this life, and his temporal affairs, that he is unwise; that is, he wants the judgment to perceive his true interest. This is the *presumption;* and when knavery is found to consist with strong powers, I resolve it into defect of fortitude, or want of resolution, to be what the man must know what he ought to be. The

———Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor———

is correct. Present gain is preferred to future good; like the child that wishes the tree cut down, that it may have all the fruit at one season. The feelings of resentment, or of love and strong passions, ambition or avarice, like tempests on the ocean, take away the presence of mind, and baffle the skill of the navigator. Therefore my reasoning does not apply in cases where the passions are concerned. But in a case of dispassionate judging, as in a matter of meum and tuum, between indifferent persons; or where the question may be, by what means an object is most directly attainable, the strength of natural judgment, or common sense, shows itself. Where the crooked path is chosen, or the false conception is entertained, we say there is a want of common sense.

PROPHECY OF THE GREATNESS OF AMERICA.—FROM THE RISING GLORY OF AMERICA.

Eugenio. 'Tis true no human eye can penetrate
The veil obscure, and in fair light disclos'd
Behold the scenes of dark futurity;
Yet if we reason from the course of things,
And downward trace the vestiges of time,
The mind prophetic grows and pierces far
Thro' ages yet unborn. We saw the states
And mighty empires of the East arise
In swift succession from the Assyrian
To Macedon and Rome; to Britain thence
Dominion drove her car, she stretch'd her reign
O'er many isles, wide seas and peopled lands.
Now in the West a continent appears;
A newer world now opens to her view;
She hastens onward to th' Americ shores

And bids a scene of recent wonders rise.
New states, new empires, and a line of kings,
High raised in glory, cities, palaces,
Fair domes on each long bay, sea, shore, or stream,
Circling the hills, now rear their lofty heads.
Far in the Arctic skies a Petersburgh,
A Bergen or Archangel lifts its spires,
Glitt'ring with ice, far in the West appears
A new Palmyra or an Ecbatan,
And sees the slow pac'd caravan return
O'er many a realm from the Pacific shore,
Where fleets shall then convey rich Persia's silks,
Arabia's perfumes, and spices rare
Of Philipine, Cœlebe, and Marian isles,
Or from the Acapulco coast our India then,
Laden with pearl, and burning gems and gold.
Far in the South I see a Babylon,
As once by Tigris or Euphrates stream,
With blazing watch-tow'rs and observatories
Rising to heaven; from thence astronomers
With optic glass take nobler views of God,
In golden suns and shining worlds display'd,
Than the poor Chaldean with the naked eye.
A Nineveh where Oronoque descends
With waves discolor'd from the Andes high,
Winding himself around a hundred isles
Where golden buildings glitter o'er his tide.
Two mighty nations shall the people grow
Which cultivate the banks of many a flood,
In crystal currents poured from the hills,
Apalachia named, to lave the sands
Of Carolina, Georgia, and the plains
Stretch'd out from thence far to the burning line,
St. John's, or Clarendon, or Albemarle.
And thou Patowmack, navigable stream,
Rolling thy waters through Virginia's groves,
Shall vie with Thames, the Tiber, or the Rhine,
For on thy banks I see an hundred towns,
And the tall vessels wafted down thy tide.
Hoarse Niagara's stream now roaring on
Thro' woods and rocks, and broken mountains torn,
In days remote, far from their ancient beds,
By some great monarch taught a better course,
Or cleared of cataracts shall flow beneath
Unnumber'd boats, and merchandize, and men;
And from the coasts of piny Labradore,
A thousand navies crowd before the gale,
And spread their commerce to remotest lands,
Or bear their thunder round the conquer'd world.

Leander. And here fair freedom shall for ever reign.
I see a train, a glorious train appear,
Of patriots plac'd in equal fame with those
Who nobly fell for Athens or for Rome.
The sons of Boston resolute and brave,
The firm supporters of our injured rights,
Shall lose their splendors in the brighter beams
Of patriots famed and heroes yet unborn.

Acasto. 'Tis but the morning of the world with us,
And science yet but sheds her orient rays.
I see the age, the happy age roll on
Bright with the splendors of her mid-day beams.
I see a Homer and a Milton rise
In all the pomp and majesty of song,
Which gives immortal vigor to the deeds
Achiev'd by heroes in the fields of fame.
A second Pope, like that Arabian bird
Of which no age can boast but one, may yet
Awake the muse by Schuylkill's silent stream,
And bid new forests bloom along her tide.
And Susquehanna's rocky stream unsung,
In bright meanders winding round the hills,
Where first the mountain nymph sweet echo heard
The uncouth music of my rural lay,
Shall yet remurmur to the magic sound
Of song heroic, when in future days
Some noble Hampden rises into fame.

Leander. On Roanoke's and James's limpid waves
The sound of music murmurs in the gale;
Another Denham celebrates their flow,
In gliding numbers and harmonious lays.

Eugenio. Now in the bowers of Tuscarora hills,
As once on Pindus all the muses stray,
New Theban bards high soaring reach the skies,
And swim along thro' azure deeps of air.

Leander. From Alleghany in thick groves imbrown'd,
Sweet music breathing thro' the shades of night
Steals on my ear, they sing the origin
Of those fair lights which gild the firmament;
From whence the gale that murmurs in the pines;
Why flows the stream down from the mountain's brow,
And rolls the ocean lower than the land?
They sing the final destiny of things,
The great result of all our labors here,
The last day's glory and the world renew'd.
Such are their themes, for in these happier days
The bard enraptur'd scorns ignoble strains.
Fair science smiling and full truth revealed,
The world at peace, and all her tumults o'er,
The blissful prelude to Emanuel's reign.

Acasto. This is thy praise, America, thy pow'r,
Thou best of climes by science visited,
By freedom blest, and richly stor'd with all
The luxuries of life. Hail, happy land,
The seat of empire, the abode of kings,
The final stage where time shall introduce
Renowned characters, and glorious works
Of high invention and of wond'rous art,
Which not the ravages of time shall waste
Till he himself has run his long career;
Till all those glorious orbs of light on high,
The rolling wonders that surround the ball,
Drop from their spheres extinguish'd and consum'd;
When final ruin with her fiery car
Rides o'er creation, and all nature's works
Are lost in chaos and the womb of night.

WILLIAM WHITE.

William White was born in Philadelphia, April 4, 1748 (March 24, 1747, Old Style). He was prepared for college at the Latin school by the celebrated teachers Paul Jackson and John Beveridge, the Latin poet, whom he calls "a thorough grammarian, with little else to recommend him."* An anecdote of his early days is related by one of his playfellows. We give it in the words of the narrator from the Rev. Dr. Wilson's Memoir: "It has been thought that the bent of the genius, and the probable future pursuits in life, are sometimes indicated by the amusements most attractive in early youth. A few circumstances of that nature, occurring while he was very young, have been communicated to me. They were repeatedly related by a lady who was his intimate playmate from a very early age, and about a year and a half older than he was; a daughter of Mr. Stephen Pascal,† a member of the society of Friends,‡

* Letter to Bp. Hobart.

† Afterwards married to Mr. Levi Hollingsworth, and the mother of my brother-in-law. She died only a few years before the Bishop. The circumstances were communicated by Mrs. Susan Eckard.

‡ Dr. White was much esteemed and beloved by the members of that society. After he became a bishop, it was not uncommon for some of them, even of the most plain and strict, to speak of him as "*our* good bishop."

residing in the house adjoining Colonel White's. That lady bore testimony to his early piety, and was wont to say, when she was herself advanced in life, 'Billy White (so she continued to call him) was born a bishop. I never could persuade him to play any thing but church. He would tie his own or my apron round his neck, for a gown, and stand behind a low chair, which he called his pulpit; I, seated before him on a little bench, was the congregation; and he always preached to me about being good. One day,' she added, 'I heard him crying, and saw him running into the street, and the nurse-maid after him, calling to him to come back and be dressed. He refused, saying, I do not want to go to dancing-school, and I won't be dressed, for I don't think it is good to learn to dance. And that was the only time I ever knew Billy White to be a naughty boy.' The lady who gave me these anecdotes, and in whose own language nearly they are related, added that she had the pleasure of repeating these reminiscences of his childhood to the Bishop: they amused him; and he told her that his mother, finding that he was so averse to learning to dance, gave it up; 'though,' he said, 'I am by no means opposed to others learning, if they like to dance.' "

He completed his collegiate course in his seventeenth year, and soon entered upon a preparation for the career of his choice. He was much impressed at this period of his life by the preaching of Whitefield.

In 1770, White visited England to obtain ordination. He was a neighbor during a portion of his residence in London of Goldsmith, and describes an interview with him:—

> We lodged, for some time, near to one another, in Brick Court, of the Temple. I had it intimated to him, by an acquaintance of both, that I wished for the pleasure of making him a visit. It ensued; and in our conversation it took a turn which excited in me a painful sensation, from the circumstance that a man of such a genius should write for bread. His "Deserted Village" came under notice; and some remarks were made by us on the principle of it—the decay of the peasantry. He said, that were he to write a pamphlet on the subject, he could prove the point incontrovertibly. On his being asked, why he did not set his mind to this, his answer was: "It is not worth my while. A good poem will bring me one hundred guineas: but the pamphlet would bring me nothing" This was a short time before my leaving of England, and I saw the Doctor no more.

He also visited Johnson.

> Having mentioned some literary characters, who became personally known to me in the university, I will not omit, although extraneous to it, that giant of genius and literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson. My introduction to him was a letter from the Rev. Jonathan Odell, formerly missionary at Burlington. The Doctor was very civil to me. I visited him occasionally; and I know some who would be tempted to envy me the felicity of having found him, one morning, in the act of preparing his dictionary for a new edition. His harshness of manners never displayed itself to me, except in one instance; when he told me that had he been prime minister, during the then recent controversy concerning the stamp act, he would have sent a ship of war, and levelled one of our principal cities with the ground. On the other hand, I have heard from him sentiments expressive of a feeling heart; and convincing me, that he would not have done as he said. Having dined in company with him, in Kensington, at the house of Mr. Elphinstone, well known to scholars of that day, and returning in the stage-coach with the Doctor, I mentioned to him there being a Philadelphia edition of his "Prince of Abyssinia." He expressed a wish to see it. I promised to send him a copy on my return to Philadelphia, and did so. He returned a polite answer, which is printed in Mr. Boswell's second edition of his Life of the Doctor. Mr. (since the Rev. Dr.) Abercrombie's admiration of Dr. Johnson had led to a correspondence with Mr. Boswell, to whom, with my consent, the letter was sent.*

Having been ordained deacon and priest, he returned to his native city, in September, 1772, and was chosen an assistant minister of Christ and St. Peter's churches. In 1773, he married Miss Mary Harrison.

From the outset of the Revolution he sided with his countrymen, but took no active part in the struggle. In his own words, "I never beat the ecclesiastic drum. * * Being invited to preach before a battalion, I declined; and mentioned to the colonel, who was one of the warmest spirits of the day,† my objections to the making of the ministry instrumental to the war." He continued to pray for the king until the signing of the declaration of independence, when he took the oath of allegiance to the United States. During its administration, an acquaintance made a significant gesture of the neck. The clergyman remarked, "I perceived by your gesture that you thought I was exposing my neck to great danger by the step which I have taken. But I have not taken it without full deliberation. I know my danger, and that it is the greater on account of my being a clergyman of the Church of England. But I trust in Providence. The cause is a just one, and I am persuaded will be protected."

In September, 1777, he was chosen one of the chaplains of Congress. "The circumstances," says his biographer, "attending his acceptance of this appointment were sometimes detailed by him, in conversation with his friends, in a lively manner. Bishop Kemper, of Missouri and Indiana, who was present on some such occasions, mentions to me that he related them thus: 'That he had removed with his family to Maryland; and being on a journey, stopped at a small village between Harford county and Philadelphia, at which he was met by a courier from Yorktown, informing him of his being appointed by Congress their chaplain, and requesting his immediate attendance: that he thought of it for a short time; it was in one of the gloomiest periods of the American affairs, when General Burgoyne was marching, without having yet received a serious check, so far as was then known, through the northern parts of New

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* There was sent, not the letter, as I supposed, but a copy of it. This fact was not known to me, until the following incident. Dining at the table of President Washington, and sitting near to Mr. Swanwick, then a member of Congress, this related anecdote having been given by me to a few gentlemen within hearing, Mr. Swanwick, hearing of the sending of the letter, corrected the error; and declaiming on the subject, expected to see the time when the letter would be worth two thousand guineas. (Note by the Bishop in 1830.)

† The colonel alluded to was Timothy Matlack, whose ardor in the American cause cannot but be still remembered by many. (Note by the Bishop in 1830.)

York: and after his short consideration, instead of proceeding on his journey, he turned his horses' heads, travelled immediately to Yorktown, and entered on the duties of his appointment.' "

After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, White was the only clergyman of his communion who remained in the state. As soon as peace was concluded he took an active part in the re-organization of the Episcopal church, and at the first regular convention of the state was elected bishop. He soon after sailed to England, in company with the Rev. Dr. Provoost, who had been elected bishop in New York, to apply for consecration. An act of parliament having been passed to remove the obstacles which had prevented action in the case of Bishop Seabury, both were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the chapel of Lambeth palace, Feb. 4, 1787. They soon after returned, landing at New York on Easter Sunday. Bishop White returned to Philadelphia, where he resided when not absent on his official duties during the remainder of his long life. He published, in 1813, *Lectures on the Catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church: with supplementary lectures; one on the Ministry, the other on the Public Service: and Dissertations on Select Subjects in the Lectures;* in 1817, *Comparative Views of the Controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians*, 2 vols. 8vo.; in 1820, *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America*, reprinted in 1835, with a continuation to that period. A number of Sermons, Episcopal Charges, and Pastoral Letters, delivered in the course of his ministry, were published separately. The Memoirs consist of a brief narrative of the early conventions and subsequent history of the Episcopal Church after the Revolution. The characteristic modesty of their author led him to touch very briefly upon his own services, and the historical value of the work is consequently less than it otherwise would have been. In 1817, at the request of Bishop Hobart, he addressed to that prelate a letter containing an account of his life up to the period at which the Memoirs commence. He commences as follows:—

A few years ago you requested of me to prepare for you some notices of the most material circumstances of my early life. Compliance was intended, but has been delayed, in common with many things which may be done at any time. It is now undertaken, with a protest against being understood to believe, that there have been such events as can make up a volume of biography; otherwise than by the help of that art of book-making, which has been much employed of late years on private history; but the exercise of which I should be sorry to foresee on a life of so little variety or celebrity as mine.

In consequence of this caveat, the Bishop's biographer, the Rev. Dr. Bird Wilson, has not printed this important letter. He, however, refers to it, as furnishing the chief material of his Memoir,* published in 1839.

We extract the chief portion of the Bishop's "*Additional Instructions for the Missionaries to China*," prepared and delivered in his eighty-eighth year, to Messrs. Hanson and Lockwood, the first missionaries sent out by the Protestant Episcopal Church to that country:—

In the tie which binds you to the Episcopal church, there is nothing which places you in the attitude of hostility to men of any other Christian denomination, and much which should unite you in affection to those occupied in the same cause with yourselves. You should rejoice in their successes, and avoid as much as possible all controversy, and all discussions which may provoke it, on points on which they may differ from our communion, without conforming in any point to what we consider as erroneous. If controversy should be unavoidable, let it be conducted with entire freedom from that bitterness of spirit and that severity of language which cannot serve the cause of God under any circumstances; while in the sphere which you will occupy they will be repulsive from a religion which produces no better fruits on the tempers of its teachers. In the vicissitudes of European commerce, and especially in that of Canton, you will find many who speak your language, and whose object is the pursuit of commerce. It is to be lamented that no European government has sustained even the appearance of divine worship among these its distant subjects. Perhaps they may show themselves indifferent or even hostile to your design. In either case you will keep the even tenor of your way; not moved by the fear or expectation of the favour of men. It may happen incidentally to your ministry that some of these temporary residents shall be brought by it to a better mind in regard "to the things which belong to their peace." Especially they ought to be cautioned of the responsibility which they would incur by discouragement of the endeavours for the conversion of the heathen; while, under notice of missionaries employed for that purpose, there are so many professing the same faith, "yet living without God in the world." You cannot be ignorant that in a former age the Christian religion was extensively propagated in China; being countenanced by successive emperors, and by others of high rank in the empire. Neither can it be unknown to you that this was succeeded by an extensive persecution of all who owned the name of Christ. It is certain that the change arose from the interference of the decrees of a foreign jurisdiction with immemorial usages of the Chinese. It is an old subject of debate whether those decrees were called for by the integrity of Christian truth. Without discussing the question of them, the reason of noticing them is to remark, that in reference to foreign jurisdiction there can be no room for any difficulty concerning it within our communion; which holds the church in every country to be competent to self government in all matters left to human discretion. No faithful minister of our church will, in any instance, relax a requisition of the Gospel, in accommodation to unscriptural prejudices of his converts; but he will not bind them in any chain not bound on them by his Master. It has even been said that the court of Pekin found itself in danger of being brought under subjection to a foreign prelate. In proportion to the odium of such a charge, the converted Chinese should be assured of safety in the enjoyment of the liberty "wherewith Christ hath made them free."

In proposing the evidences of the Christian religion to the Chinese, and indeed to heathens of any description, there is to be avoided the alternate danger, on the one hand, of the measuring of success by any excitement of sensibility, which may be short-lived; and on the other, the not exhibiting of the subject in such a point of view as shall show it to be

* Memoir of the Life of the Rt. Rev. William White, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Pennsylvania. By Bird Wilson, D.D., Professor of Systematic Divinity in the General Theological Seminary.

congenial with the best sensibilities of our nature. The ground taken by the apostles must certainly be that which may most safely be taken by all the ministers of the Gospel. When St. Peter addressed a Jewish audience, as in the second chapter of Acts, he laid the stress on ancient prophecy. And when St. Paul addressed heathen audiences, as in sundry passages of the same book, the argument used by him was the recent miracle of the resurrection. These are points which associate themselves with the liveliest of our hopes, and tend to the excitement of our best affections; yet it is through the door of the understanding that truth enters in order to the taking of possession of the heart. It is still the ground of prophecy and of miracles on which the truth of Christianity must be advocated; although not without their connection with that sinfulness of human nature to which the contents of the Gospel are so admirably adapted; laying in it the only foundation of trust in the pardon of sin, and of claim of deliverance from its thraldom; and in addition being fruitful of consolation, and a sure guide through life, and a stay of dependence in the hour of death and the day of judgment. Let but these interesting subjects take possession of the mind, and its natural language will be, "What shall I do to be saved?"

When the Gospel is preached to a heathen at the present day, we ought not to forget to extend to his case that forbearance of divine mercy which St. Paul disclosed when he said to the Athenians, "the times of this ignorance God winked at." Even when we have arrested his attention, but without reaching the point of his conviction, we ought not to be hasty in assuring ourselves that there may not be wanting something conciliatory in manner; or, perhaps, that there may be something repulsive in it. We ought therefore to wait in patience for more auspicious moments, and not rashly conclude that there is a "hating of the light, lest the deeds should be reproved." When there is contemplated the aggregate of Christian evidence; when there is seen that through the long tract of four thousand years there was a chain of history, of prophecy, of miracle, and of prefiguration, looking forward to a dispensation to be disclosed at the end of that portion of time; when it is seen that there was then manifested the great sacrifice which fulfilled all that had gone before; and when there is read the record of a sacrifice commemorative of the same, to be perpetuated until the second coming of the divine Ordainer, to sit in judgment on the world: it is a mass of proof, which, properly presented, will command the assent of unbiassed men in all times and places; progressing in its influence to the promised issue, when "all the kingdoms of the world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

The portrait of White, painted by Inman, represents a countenance of great purity and benevolence; one of the noblest types of personal character of our forefathers, which we are accustomed to associate with the friendships of Washington.

William White

The modesty of Bishop White, with no lack of patriotic or Christian firmness, for he maintained on proper occasions the distinctive principles of his communion, and he remained at his post as a city clergyman during the terrible visitations of the yellow fever, was as remarkable as his worth. The memory of his virtues and the recollection of his appearance are cherished by his friends, and well deserve to be.

For the last forty years of his life, Dr. White was Senior and consequently Presiding Bishop of the United States. His course on theological questions was regulated by the quiet and moderate character of his mind. He died after a short illness, during the time of morning service on Sunday, July 17, 1836.

ISAIAH THOMAS,

The eminent printer, newspaper writer, and founder of the American Antiquarian Society, was born in Boston, January 19th, 1749. At six years of age, he was apprenticed to Zachariah Fowle, a ballad printer, and his first essay was setting one of these ballads, "The Lawyer's Pedigree," in double pica. After learning his profession, and pursuing some wandering adventures from Nova Scotia to South Carolina, he returned to Boston in 1770, to engage with his old master in the publication of the Massachusetts Spy. In 1774, when his political Whig course, carried on with spirit in his paper, became obnoxious to the authorities, he conveyed his types to Worcester, where he continued his paper.* In various ways Thomas remained connected with the paper till 1801. In 1788, he carried on the publishing business at Boston, in the firm of Thomas and Andrews. The *Massachusetts Magazine* was issued by them in eight volumes, from 1789 to 1796. He was connected with Carlisle at Walpole, in book-publishing and printing the *Farmer's Museum*, and extended his business widely in other quarters. At Worcester, he published a folio Bible, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, with Barlow's additions, and a long series of the books in vogue in the day, travels, theology, biography, &c., including a set of chap books for the entertainment, instruction, and love of the marvellous throughout the country. His judgment was good. A book is likely to be of some interest which has his name attached. In 1810, he published his *History of Printing*. It commences with a brief history of the art of book production from the earliest known manuscripts to the date of its issue. This is followed by a history of printing in America brought down to the end of the last century; an account of the progress of the art in each state, and of the principal printers, being given. The work also contains a history of newspapers and an appendix of valuable notes.

Isaiah Thomas published his *New England Almanac*, which had something of the flavor of Franklin's "Poor Richard." It first appeared in 1775, and was continued with several titles for forty-two years, twenty-six by the father, thirteen by the son, and three years by William Manning.†

His most beneficent work, however, was the leading part which he took in the foundation, in 1812, of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, of which he was elected the first President. He furnished the library with books from the

* On the 3d May, 1774. "This," says Buckingham, "was the first printing that was executed in any inland town in New England."

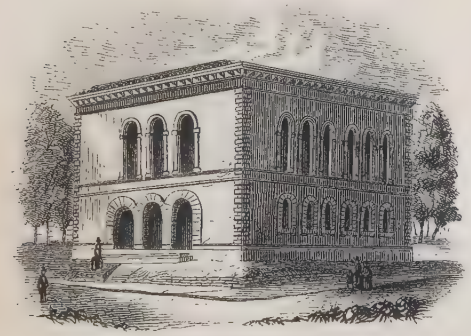
† A curious account of "Thomas's Almanac," in the Boston *Saturday Rambler*, by T. W. Harris, the librarian of Harvard.

stores of his own valuable collection, amounting in all to between seven and eight thousand bound volumes, a large number of tracts, and one of the most valuable series of newspapers in the country; erected a building for their reception on his own ground, and bequeathed the land and hall to the Society, with a provision equal to twenty-four thousand dollars for its maintenance. In the enjoyment of this legacy, the institution now occupies a fine library building, which is situated on a new lot, given to the Society, on one of the finest sites in the town.

Another considerable donor to the Society was the Rev. William Bentley, of Salem, a zealous collector of books and scientific curiosities. At his death, in 1819, he bequeathed his library and cabinet chiefly to the college at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and to the Antiquarian Society.*

One of the rarities of the library is the Mather collection, which consists of about a thousand volumes, once belonging to the three scholars and divines. Mr. Haven, in a communication to Mr. Jewett, remarks, "this is, perhaps, the oldest private library in the country that has been transmitted from one generation to another. It was obtained from Mrs. Hannah Mather Crocker, grand-daughter of Cotton Mather, and only remaining representative of the family in Boston, partly by gift and partly by purchase. It is called in the records, 'The remains of the ancient library of the Mathers,' and was considered by Isaiah Thomas as 'the oldest library in New England, if not in the United States.' With these books was obtained a large collection of tracts and manuscripts belonging to the Mathers, the latter consisting of sermons, diaries, correspondence, and common-places. Many of the tracts are political, and relate to the period of the Revolution and the Commonwealth in England."†

The library now numbers (1854) some twenty-three thousand volumes, under the charge of the librarian, Mr. S. F. Haven, the author of a valuable contribution—the account of the *Origin of the Massachusetts Company and of its Members*‡—to the historic literature of New England.



Antiquarian Society Hall.

* Bentley, for nearly twenty years, edited the *Essex Register*, was a democrat in politics, of extensive acquaintance with languages, and constantly employed with his pen, leaving a great number of MSS. He published several sermons, a collection of Psalms and Hymns, and a History of Salem, in the Historical Collections.—Buckingham's Newspaper Literature, ii. 341.

† Letter of S. F. Haven. Jewett's Notices of Public Libraries, p. 46.

‡ Transactions American Antiquarian Society, vol. iii.

The two first volumes of the Society's publications, the *Archæologia Americana*, include Caleb Atwater's Description of Western Antiquities and Albert Gallatin's Synopsis of the Indian Tribes of North America.

The light, airy alcoves of the new hall, rich in old American periodical, newspaper, and other literature, with its choice stores of MSS., particularly of the old ecclesiastical history of New England, seldom preserved with equal care, are a noble monument to the far-sighted literary zeal of Isaiah Thomas.

The benevolence of Thomas was not confined to his own town. He left liberal bequests of books and money to the library at Harvard and the Historical Society of New York.

He died at Worcester, April 4th, 1831, in his eighty-second year.

BERNARD ROMANS.

In 1775, Captain Bernard Romans published at New York, *A Concise Natural History of East and West Florida; containing an account of the natural Produce of all the Southern part of British America, in the three Kingdoms of Nature, particularly the Animal and Vegetable. Likewise, the Artificial Produce now raised, or possible to be raised, and manufactured there, with some commercial and political observations in that part of the world, and a Chorographical Account of the same. To which is added by Way of Appendix, Plain and Easy Directions to Navigators over the Bank of Bahama, the Coast of the two Floridas, the North of Cuba, and the dangerous Gulph Passage. Noting, also, the hitherto unknown Watering Places in that Part of America, intended principally for the use of such vessels as may be so unfortunate as to be distressed by weather in that difficult part of the world.*

This ample title-page renders an account of the contents of the work unnecessary. It is well, though somewhat grandiloquently written, and its information is minute and well arranged. It is "Illustrated with twelve Copper Plates, and two whole-sheet Maps." The copper plates are very rudely executed, and consist mainly of "characteristic heads" of the various Indian tribes of the country. The allegorical frontispiece is very curious. It contains a shield on which are inscribed the letters S.P.Q.A. This is placed beside a seated female figure, having in one hand a rod on the end of which is a liberty cap. She wears a helmet, and smiles benignantly at an Indian who is unrolling a map at her feet. Beside him is a water god pouring copious streams from a jar on each side of him, one of which is labelled Mississippi. The remaining space is dry land, upon which a chunky cherub is measuring off distances with a compass on an outspread map.

Bernard Romans, of Pensacola, appears as the author of a letter on the compass, dated August, 1773, in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. Romans was an engineer in the British service, but was employed, about the period of the publication of this work, by the American government in constructing Fort Constitution, on the island opposite West Point. He applied for a commission in the American army.

which was refused him, and he soon afterwards abandoned his task.

In 1778 he published a second work, *Annals of the Troubles in the Netherlands, from the Accession of Charles V. Emperor of Germany. In four parts. A Proper and Seasonable Mirror for the present Americans. Collected and Translated from the most approved Historians in the Native Tongue. Volume* 1. It was published in Hartford, and "dedicated (by permission) to His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, Esq., Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the State of Connecticut and its dependencies, Captain General and Admiral of the same, &c. &c. &c." In the preface Romans claims the merit of a translator only, and says, "As a foreigner, it cannot be expected that I should excel in elegance of composition or correctness of language. May the dreary examples," he continues, "through which I lead you be a comfort to you (respected Americans) who are so highly favored by Providence, as in all appearance to obtain the glorious blessings contended for, with infinite less trouble and hardships than fell to the lot of those heroes, whose sufferings in freedom's cause are exhibited in this work."

The Captain does not appear to have got beyond one volume in either of his works. The one on Florida, from its rarity, commands a very high price; it exhibits a curious typographical peculiarity, the pronoun, I, being printed throughout, except at the commencement of a sentence, with a small i.

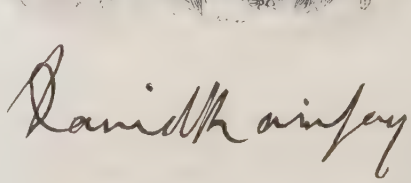
TEA.

Tea, a despicable weed, and of late attempted to be made a dirty conduit, to lead a stream of oppressions into these happy regions, one of the greatest causes of the poverty, which seems for some years past to have preyed on the vitals of *Britain*, would not have deserved my attention had it not so universally become a necessary of life; and were not most people so infatuated as more and more to establish this vile article of luxury in *America*, our gold and silver for this dirty return is sent to *Europe*, from whence, being joined by more from the mother-country, it finds its way to the *Chinese*, who, no doubt, find sport in this instance of superior wisdom of the *Europeans*. These considerations, joined to the additional evil of its being a monopoly of the worst kind, and the frauds of mixing it with leaves of other plants, ought to rouse us here, to introduce the plant (which is of late become pretty common in *Europe*) into these provinces, where the same climate reigns as in *China*, and where (no doubt) the same soil is to be found; by this means we may trample under foot this yoke of oppression, which has so long pressed the mother country, and begins to gall us very sore; and will the *Europeans* (according to an unaccountable custom of despising all our western produce, when compared to oriental ones) avoid drinking *American* tea! Be not ye so infatuated, ye sons of *America*, as not to drink of your own growth! Learn to save your money at home! I cannot think this advice contrary to the interest of *Britain*, for whatever is beneficial to the colonies will, in the end, be at least equally so to the mother country.

DAVID RAMSAY.

Ramsay, the historian of the Revolution, was born, April 2d, 1749, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of an Irish emigrant. Before studying at the College of New Jersey, which he entered at the age of thirteen, he passed a year as assistant tutor in an academy at Carlisle. On leaving college, he was for a while a tutor in Maryland; he then studied medicine at the College of Pennsylvania, where he made the acquaintance of Rush, which exercised an important influence on his after life. He settled in Charleston, S. C., as a practitioner, and soon rose to distinction by his general powers of mind, particularly exerted in the cause of the Revolution. He delivered to the citizens a patriotic oration on the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, in 1778. He wrote, among other occasional papers relating to the times, a *Sermon on Tea*, from the text, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," in which he caricatured Lord North; a tract for the times, which had considerable popularity. He was army surgeon at the siege of Savannah, a member of the state legislature, and, in the fortunes of the war, was for a time prisoner at St. Augustine. He was in Congress in 1782 and 1785, in the latter year publishing his *History of the Revolution in South Carolina*, and preparing his *History of the American Revolution*, by inspection of public documents and conferences with Franklin, Witherspoon, whose daughter he had married, and with Washington, at Mount Vernon. This history was published in 1790. It would appear from some verses of Freneau on the subject, that the work was prohibited in Great Britain:—

But alas! their chastisement is only begun—
Thirteen are the states—and the tale is of one;
When the twelve yet remaining their stories have told,
The king will run mad—and the book will be sold.



This work was translated and published in France.

His *Life of Washington*, dedicated to the youth of the United States, appeared in 1801. In 1808, he published his *History of South Carolina*, an extension of *A Sketch of the Soil, Climate, Weather, and Diseases of South Carolina*, which he had published in 1796.

In 1811, Ramsay lost his second wife, the daughter of Henry Laurens, and a lady of great accomplishments and benevolence. She read Greek familiarly. Of her liberality and pious disposition it is related, that when in France she received five hundred guineas from her father, she employed it for the purchase and distribution of testaments and the establishment of a school. Memoirs of Martha Laurens Ramsay, with Extracts from her Diary, were published by her husband shortly after her death.

The medical publications of Ramsay include *A Review of the Improvements, Progress, and State of Medicine in the Eighteenth Century*, in 1800; *A Medical Register for the year* 1802; *A Dissertation on the Means of Preserving Health in Charleston*, and a Eulogium and Life of Dr. Rush before the Medical Society of Charleston, June 10, 1813; a valuable biographical sketch, in which he displays a warm personal admiration and close study of the character of his old friend and preceptor.

In 1815, Ramsay printed a *History of the Independent or Congregational Church in Charleston, S. C., from its origin till the year* 1814, including, in an Appendix, the speech of its pastor, the Rev. Wm. Tennent, in the House of Assembly, Charleston, on the Dissenting Petition for Equality of Religious Denominations in the eye of the Law.

Ramsay also published an *Oration on the Acquisition of Louisiana* and a *Biographical Chart, on a New Plan, to facilitate the Study of History*.

His industry was a proverb—carrying out the economy of time of Franklin and Rush to its maximum. He slept but four hours, rose before daylight, and meditated, book in hand, while he waited for the dawn. Besides his historical compositions and the pursuit of his profession, he took under his charge the general philanthropic and social movements of the day, urging them frequently in the press. His private fortune was injured by his enthusiastic speculations.

While in the full activity of his intellectual occupations, when he had just completed his sixty-sixth year, he suddenly fell a victim to the insane attack of a lunatic, by whom, in open day, within a few paces of his own dwelling, he was shot with a pistol loaded with three balls, one of the wounds from which caused his death the second day, May 8th, 1815.

His posthumous writings are voluminous: *A History of the United States from their first settlement* as English colonies to the end of the year 1808, which was published in Philadelphia in 1816, with a continuation to the Treaty of Ghent by the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, and a *Universal History Americanized, or an Historical View of the World from the Earliest Records to the Nineteenth Century, with a particular reference to the State of Society, Literature, Religion, and form of Government of the University of America*, which found its way to the press in Philadelphia, in twelve volumes octavo, in 1819. This last work had occupied its author for more than forty years.

JOHN PARKE.

In 1786, in Philadelphia, a literary novelty for the times appeared in a volume entitled *The Lyric Works of Horace, translated into English verse: to which are added, a number of original Poems, by a Native of America.** This was John Parke, of whom we learn from Mr. Fisher's notice of the Early Poets of Pennsylvania, that he was probably a native of Delaware, and born about the year 1750, since he was in the college at Philadelphia in 1768; that "at the commencement of the war he entered the American army, and was attached, it is supposed, to Washington's division, for some of his pieces are dated at camp, in the neighborhood of Boston, and others at Whitemarsh and Valley Forge. After the peace he was for some time in Philadelphia, and is last heard of in Arundel county, Virginia."†

Parke's use of the Odes and Epistles of Horace is a glory which the sanguine anticipation of the Venusian never dreamt of. Having done their duty nobly in old Rome, in compliments to Mæcenas and encouragements to Augustus, in triumph over barbaric hosts, and in the gentler celebration of love, friendship, and festivity, they emerge like the stream of Arethusa on a new continent, in gushing emotions to General Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Nathan Rumsey, Esq., A.B., and the Reverend Samuel Magaw.

Parke's book, if the honors of Horatian felicity in poetry be denied it, can fall back on its claims as a rather comprehensive Revolutionary directory. The inscriptions at the head of the odes are quite a catalogue of the worthies of the time. Augustus does duty for several persons:—The Reverend William Smith, the late Provost, the Hon. Thomas M'Kean, his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, and even "His Most August Majesty" Louis XVI. Mæcenas, in the same way, is in turn, the Right Honorable Major-General William Earl of Stirling; the Hon. John Vining, member of Congress for the Delaware State; Brigadier-General Richard Butler, and the Hon. Major-General Varnum, of Rhode Island. An Ode to Mercury is addressed to Charles M'Knight, Esq., M.D., professor of anatomy and surgery in Columbia College, New York; the exquisite one belonging to Quintus Dellius is assigned to the Hon. Colonel Samuel Wyllis, of Hartford, Connecticut; the delicate appeal to Pompeius Grosphus in behalf of moderation and equanimity, is laid at the feet, though it is hardly to be recognised in the least degree in the translation, of John Carson, M.D., Philadelphia. The ship which carried Virgil to Athens is again refitted, to bear the Rev. James Davidson on the Atlantic

* The Lyric Works of Horace, translated into English verse: to which are added, a number of Original Poems. By a Native of America.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer ——

Philadelphia: Printed by Eleazer Oswald, at the Coffee House. 1786. 8vo. pp. 334.

† Mems. Hist. Soc. Penns. vol. ii. part ii. p. 100.

wave. The bacchanal odes, we perceive, are very generally addressed to officers of the army.

There does not appear to have been anything time-serving in this, for while he looks well after the great, he "ne'er forgets the small." The thirty-eighth ode of the first book,

Persicos odi puer apparatus,

is affectionately "addressed to my waiter, Jabez Trapp, a soldier." Nor does he forget his publisher. The famous last ode of the third book,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

is inscribed "to Lieutenant-Colonel Eleazer Oswald, of the American Artillery," and is thus translated:—

TO MELPOMENE.

Addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel ELEAZER OSWALD, *of the American Artillery.*

A monument I've rais'd that shall surpass,
In firm duration, one of solid brass;
Higher than Egypt's pyramid that stands,
With tow'ring pride, the work of kingly hands,
Unmov'd it shall outbrave the wasting rain,
While feeble north winds threaten it in vain:
The countless years, and whirling time may fly;
Yet this stands fast and claims eternity.
I will not wholly die; for fame shall save
My nobler part, and rescue from the grave;
While mitred priests the Capitol ascend,
And vestal maids the silent pomp attend,
Where down Ofanto rolls his rapid stream,
And humbler waters, known by Daunus' name,
Who o'er a warlike people fix'd his throne,—
There shall my fame to latest time be known:
While future ages shall the bard admire,
Who tun'd to Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
Then, Muse, assume the merit justly thine,
And for my brows a wreath of laurel twine.

Spottswood, June, 1778.

In the preface there is further mention of this, where Mr. Parke tells us that "he has made free to address the ode to his very worthy friend and fellow-soldier, Lieutenant Oswald, &c., not only on account of his ushering this work into the world, but for his many eminent virtues as a brave soldier and good citizen. The hardships he has suffered, the toils he has endured, and the many trying vicissitudes he has experienced in the defence of his country, entitle him to the esteem of every patriotic and virtuous American."

This preface shows Parke to have been a man of reading, and we may suppose him to have had access for its composition to the stores of the Loganian library. He is quite learned and critical in a miscellaneous way, and has brought together a considerable stock of interesting notices, biographical and critical, of the poet. He appears to have kept a scrap-book on this favorite topic, in which he copied such poetical versions of Horace as came to his hand from the magazines and other English sources. He has included a number of these among his own, sometimes taking the whole ode, and at others interpolating lines and verses, but scrupulously pointing out his indebtedness in each case, in his preface.* A specimen of the latter is the ninth ode of the third book, in which the first, second, third, and seventh stanzas belong to Alexander Pope.

TO LOLLIUS.

Imitated—Addressed to his Excellency BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Esquire, LL.D. F.R.S., Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Versailles, &c. &c.*

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver *Thames* along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song:

Though daring *Milton* sits sublime,
In *Spencer*, native muses play;
Nor yet shall *Waller* yield to time,
Or pensive *Cowley's* moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere *Cæsar* was, or *Newton* nam'd;
Those rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And these new Heavens and systems fram'd,

Grosvenor was not the only fair
By an unlawful passion fir'd;
Who, the gay trappings and the hair
Of a young royal spark admir'd.

Eugene and *Marlbro'*, with their host
Were not the first in battle fam'd:
Columbia more wars could boast,
Ere mighty *Washington* was nam'd.

Before this western world was sought,
Heroes there were who for their wives,
Their children, and their country fought,
And bravely sacrific'd their lives.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride,
They had no poet and they died:
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled,
They had no poet and are dead.

What diff'rence then can virtue claim
From vice, if it oblivious lie?
While I can sing your spotless name,
Your worthy deeds shall never die.

Nor shall oblivion's livid power
Your patriotic toils conceal:
Alike in good, or adverse hour,
A patron of the common-weal.

Forever faithful and sincere,
Your hands from gilded baits are free:
The public villain stands in fear
You should perpetual consul be.

The knave possest of shining pelf,
Can never sway your honest choice:
For justice, emblem of yourself,
Exalts above the rabble's voice.

* We have seen John Adams, the clergyman of Newport, employing his pen upon Horace (*ante*, p. 134), and Logan translating the Cato Major. There is another early instance in the Rev. Caleb Alexander's *Works of Virgil Translated into literal English prose; with some Explanatory Notes.* Printed at Worcester, Mass., by Leonard Worcester, for David West, of Boston. 1796. 8vo. pp. 673. The Latin is on one side and the English on the other. The book is, doubtless, in the memory of the schoolboy days of some of the older scholars of the country. In the preface, Alexander remarks naively, "By some it may possibly be said, that, in several instances, I have wholly mistaken the sense of Virgil. If I have it is no surprise. For, when there is such a variety of meanings to many Latin words, it is extremely difficult to ascertain, in every instance, the sense affixed to each word by the author. In reading English books, we often find it difficult to understand the true meaning of the writer. And surely it can be no wonder, if a translator of a Latin book should mistake the original sense of many words." Alexander was born in Northfield, Mass., and was a graduate of Yale in 1777. He was settled at Mendon, as a clergyman, made "an ineffectual attempt to establish a college at Fairfield, in New York," took charge of an academy at Onondaga Hollow, where he died in 1828. He published a Latin and English Grammar, and some other writings.—Allen's Biog. Dict.

Nor can we rank him with the blest,
To whom large stores of wealth are giv'n;
But him, who of enough possest,
Knows how t' enjoy the gifts of Heav'n.

Who poverty serenely bears,
With all the plagues the Gods can send;
Who death to infamy prefers,
To save his country or his friend.

Dover, 1781.

To one of the odes, the fourteenth of the third book, he has given quite an American turn. It is that one in which Horace celebrates the return of Augustus from his Spanish expedition, where he calls upon Livia, the wife of the hero, to greet his arrival, and claims the joyful time as a true holiday for himself, to banish black cares—while he summons his valet to bring ointment, and garlands, and a cask, with its old memories of the Marsian conflict, if indeed such a cask could have escaped that nefarious stroller, Spartacus, and to call the witty Neæra—while, doubtful if she will come to such an old gentleman as himself, he thinks how age compensates for neglect by its indifference, and heaves a gentle sigh as he recalls the different treatment he would have exacted in his days of young blood, in "the consulship of Plancus." We have some compunctions at introducing Parkes's platitudes in connexion with this delicately touched effusion; but something is due to antiquarian curiosity, and the reader may be amused at the substitution of Martha Washington for the spouse of Augustus, the return of her husband after the surrender of Cornwallis in lieu of the Cantabrian conquest, and feel the force of the comparison between the marauding Spartacus and the depredating itinerant British officers, who drank up so much of the best old wine stored in the country. The remonstrance to the porter is a vigorous, but perhaps undignified translation of the Roman poet's

Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

Paraphrased on General Washington's Return from Virginia.

Addressed to Major-General HENRY KNOX, *late Commander of Artillery, and Secretary-at-War, New York.*

Rejoice, *Columbia*, for thy son,
As great *Alcides* did of yore,
With laurels crown'd, and fame in battles won,
Returns victorious from *Virginia's* shore:
Cornwallis vanquish'd and our country sav'd,
The grateful tribute of our joy demands,
On ev'ry heart his name's engrav'd,
Long as th' united empire stands.

Chaste Martha shall embrace her spouse,
So long detain'd by war's alarms;
And to the righteous Heaven prefer her vows,
For giving back her hero to her arms.
Her widow'd daughter, beautiful in tears,
Shall grace the scene, and swell the thankful train,
While aged matrons bent with years,
Shall crowd the supplicated fane.

Ye maids in blooming beauty's pride,
Ye lovely youths, a hopeful race!
Say not, alas! your dearest friends have dy'd,
Nor let a frown of sadness cloud your face:
This day let mirth alone your souls employ,
Nor, careless, drop one inauspicious word,
But join the great eclat of joy,
And hail *Columbia's* valiant lord.

Well pleas'd I give each anxious care,
To plotting knaves and coward fools,
No civil strife, or foreign wars I fear,
While *Washington* our conq'ring army rules.
Boy, bring us oil, and let our heads be crown'd
With fragrant wreaths, go tap the farthest pipe,
If such a one is to be found,
That 'scap'd the plund'ring Briton's gripe.

Let *Mira* come the feast to grace,
With hair perfum'd in jetty curl!
But should her porter teaze you with delays,
Bid him be d—d, and leave the saucy churl.
Now creeping age, with venerable hoar,
And snowy locks o'ershade my wrinkled brows,
With love my bosom beats no more,
No more my breast with anger glows.

Such flights I was not wont to bear,
When young, I follow'd *Mars's* trade;
When in the field I bore the warlike spear,
The sword, the epaulet and spruce cockade.

Philadelphia, 1782.

The seventh ode of the first book, "To Munatius Plancus," is familiar, with its splendid eulogy of the echoing waters of Albunea and the groves of Tiber, with that kindling story of old Teucer. This is Mr. Parke's substitute for it:—

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

A Fragment Imitated.

Addressed to RICHARD HOWELL, *Esq., of New Jersey, late Major in the Army.*

Let other bards, in sonorous, lofty song,
Rehearse the glories of *European* climes;
The charms of *Britain* rapturously prolong,
Or famed *Ierne* in heroic rhymes:—

Tell of *New York*, on ev'ry side begirt,
With *Hudson's* bleak, tempestuous, briny wave:
Of *Ab'ram's Plains* their tuneful powers exert,
The fall of heroes and of vet'rans brave:—

Of *Kent*, far distant, with a *farmer* blest,
Whose Muse, oppression's out-stretch'd canvas furl'd;
Of *Pennsylvania*, happy in a *West*,
The great Apelles of this infant world.

Some praise *Madeira* for its gen'rous wine,
And *Schuylkill's* pleasant shades and silver stream;
Or with pedantic pride, in strains divine,
Dwell on the *Muses' Seat*—their fav'rite theme.

Then with a feign'd, patriotic zeal,
Affect the soldier, and Virginia praise,—
Fam'd for her steeds; while some the public weal
Of *Penn* in adulating numbers raise.

Nor *Boston's* police, or the high-ting'd bowers
Of fertile *Hampstead*, please so much, as where,
The silver *Christiana* gently pours,
A wat'ry tribute to the *Delaware*.

Where *Swanwick's* lofty trees, their summits raise,
And fragrant orchards court the solar beam;
Pleas'd with the sight the waterman delays,
To view the forest, dancing on the stream.

Surrounded by a verdant grove-fring'd mead,
Which from the northern blasts its beauty shrouds,
N—C—e seems to rear its ancient head,
And point its lustre to the passing clouds.

There may I live, inemulous of fame,
Nor wish the laurel, or the poet's bays:
I ask not riches, or a mighty name,
But there, in sweet content, to end my days.

The volume which contains these translations from Horace has also a copious stock of Miscellanies—the compositions of Parke and his friends. Several of them are by a young British officer, John Wilcocks, who appears from an elegy, after Tibullus, dedicated to his memory, to have belonged to "the eighteenth, or Royal regiment of Ireland," and to have died at the early age of twenty-two. Parke tells us that "the genius of this young soldier seemed to be entirely adapted to pastoral elegy and satire, of the last of which he was a master." The verses which bear his signature are creditable to his powers, though they are but trifles; for example—

THE TWO PEACOCKS.

How oft, dear Jack, we others blame
For faults, when guilty of the same!
But so it is, my friend, with man,
See his own faults he never can;
But quickly with discerning eyes,
His neighbour's imperfection spies.
The beau oft blames his tawdry brother,
And coquettes laugh at one another:
Delia Chloe can't abide,
Yet blames her own in Delia's pride.
But to illustrate and make clear
What I advance, this Fable hear.
Two peacocks as they're wont to be,
Elate with pride and vanity,
Were strutting in a farmer's yard,
Viewing with envious regard
Each other's dress, replete with spleen,
As fops at balls are often seen.
At length his plumage to the sun
Wide-spreading, one of them begun;
"God bless me, friend, you're very fine!
Your feathers almost equal mine;
But then, your legs! I vow and swear,
Your legs are not the thing, my dear:
Your voice, too, poh! it is so squalling!
Pray, friend, correct that hideous bawling."
To which the other thus replies.
"Remove the mote from out your eyes,
View your own legs, then say if thine,
Proud thing, can be compar'd to mine?
Your voice! but see the farmer there,
Let him be judge in this affair."
The farmer, laughing at their pride,
Proceeds, the matter to decide.
"No difference in your legs, I see,
Your voices sound alike to me."
Thus spoke the swain,—the peacocks cry
"A silly judge!" and off they fly.

PARODY ON MR. POPE'S ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Happy the boy, whose wish and care
A little bread and butter serves;
Content at meals to drink small bear,
And eat preserves.

Whose tops, whose marbles give him pleasure,
Whose balls afford him great delight;
Whose pennies shine, a mighty treasure
To charm his sight.

Blest who can ev'ry morning find
Some idle lads with whom to play;
When in the fields he hath a mind
From school to stray.

Nor ferula fears, nor birch most dire.
But play all day, and sleep all night;
Some other boy for cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I arrive;
And thus, like me, sure ev'ry boy
To live will strive.

Mr. John Prior, of Delaware, is another writer of verses, who figures in this collection, in an ambitious patriotic way, as the writer of a "New Year Ode, in 1779, for the Return of Peace," and in several minor effusions, "To Chloe stung by a Wasp," and in some lines "Written in a Young Lady's Pocket-book." The volume "winds up" with *Virginia; a Pastoral Drama, on the Birth-day of an Illustrious Personage, and the Return of Peace, Feb.* 11, 1784, with the motto—

Quo nihil majus, meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum,

which appears to be from the patriotic if not poetical pen of Colonel Parke.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

THE author of *M'Fingal*, the humorous epic sketch of the Revolution, was born in the present township of Watertown, Connecticut, April 24, 1750, of a family each branch of which has contributed its share of honor to the state. The American head of the house came from England to Ipswich in Massachusetts, in 1645. His son removed to Connecticut. Of the three grandsons, his children, John Trumbull the poet was the representative of the first in the third generation; the second gave the first governor to the state, Jonathan Trumbull,* in the second generation, and another Jonathan Trumbull, governor, with his brother the distinguished painter, in the third; while the grandson of the third Benjamin wrote the history of the state.† The father of our author was the minister of the Congregational Church of his district; his mother is spoken of as possessed of superior education. A delicate child and fond of books, of which the supply in general literature was very limited at home, being confined to the Spectator and Watts's Hymns, he

* Jonathan Trumbull passed half a century in public life, for the last fifteen years of which he was Governor of Connecticut, declining the annual election in 1783, after the close of the war, of which he had been a zealous supporter. Washington wrote of him "as the first of patriots; in his social duties yielding to none." He died in 1785, aged 74. M. Chastellux, the traveller, who saw him when he was seventy, describes him as possessing "all the simplicity in his dress, all the importance and even all the pedantry, becoming the great magistrate of a small republic. He brought to my mind the burgomasters of Holland, the Heinsiuses and the Barneveldts."

† Benjamin Trumbull was a graduate of Yale College, and was assisted in his education by Dr. Wheelock, the energetic founder of Dartmouth College, who preached the sermon at his ordination, commending him to the people as *not* "a sensual, sleepy, lazy, dumb dog, that cannot bark." From that time till his death, he passed nearly sixty years in the ministry at North Haven, Connecticut. His publications were, besides several occasional sermons and discourses on the divine origin of the Scriptures, A Complete History of Connecticut, Civil and Ecclesiastical, from the emigration of its first planters from England, in the year 1630, to the year 1764; and to the close of the Indian wars. 2 vols. 8vo. 1797, 1818, and a History of the United States to 1765. Vol. i. in 1819.

Birth-place of Trumbull.

was early trained by his father for Yale College, of which institution he was admitted a member on examination at the precocious age of seven,* though his actual residence at college was wisely adjourned till six years afterwards. During this period he became acquainted with some of the best English classics, and subsequently took up their defence, as a branch of study, in opposition to the exclusive preference of the college for the ancient languages, mathematics, and theology. He was a fellow-student with Timothy Dwight, with whom he formed an intimate and lasting friendship. They wrote together papers in the style of the Spectator, then the standard model for this class of compositions, which they published in the journals of Boston and New Haven. The two friends in 1771 became tutors together in the college, and the next year Trumbull published his *Progress of Dulness*, a year after enlarging it by a second and third part. The literary quartette was completed by the junction of Humphreys and Barlow.

Under cover of the tutorship, Trumbull studying law was admitted to the bar in Connecticut, in 1773, and as he had entered college first and prepared himself afterwards, so upon his admission as an attorney, he proceeded to Boston and became a student in the office of John Adams, the subsequent President of the United States. In this patriotic society he learnt the lesson of American Independence in its elements, and learnt it well; recording his impressions of the rising spirit of freedom and resistance in *An Elegy on the Times*, a poem of sixty-eight stanzas, which celebrates the Port Bill and non-consumption of foreign luxuries, the strength of the country, and its future glories contrasted with the final downfall of England.

At the end of 1774, Trumbull returned to New Haven, and wrote what now stand as the first, second, and third cantos of M'Fingal. The period of the war was chiefly passed by him in his native place. In 1781 he took up his residence at Stratford, and at the termination of the war in 1782 completed M'Fingal, revising his early sketches, and adding the concluding canto. Its popularity was very great. There were more than thirty different pirated impressions, in pamphlet and other forms, which were circulated by "the newsmongers, hawkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen" of the day.

Having served his country during the Revolution, he employed his pen again in the second and not inferior work of preserving it for union and the constitution. He was one of the writers of the *Anarchiad*, a newspaper series of papers at Hartford, a production levelled at the irregularities of the day, and of which an account will be found in the life of his associate in the work, Lemuel Hopkins. He was afterwards called into public life as a member of the State Legislature, and in 1801 became Judge of the Superior Court of the State, continuing to reside at Hartford till 1825, when he removed to Detroit, Michigan, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Woodbridge, where he died, May 12, 1831, of a gradual decline, at the age of eighty-one, a mature period for a life which had been visited by ill health at intervals from childhood.

The collection of his Poems* appeared at Hartford in 1820, with a prefatory memoir closing with a broken sentence, interrupted by asterisks —which, with the absence of critical commendation, suggests that the author himself was holding the pen. This edition was published by subscription, and it is not to the credit of the public of that year that only a small subscription was obtained. The publisher, Mr. S. G. Goodrich, lost money by the undertaking, but a thousand dollars and a hundred copies of the work had been secured to the author.

Of the miscellaneous productions of Trumbull, *The Progress of Dulness*, a satirical poem, composed in his twenty-second year, is the most important. It is in the octosyllabic measure, in three parts.

The first recounts the adventures of Tom Brainless. That hero is sent to college, where his natural dulness is rather strengthened than abated by his smattering of unprofitable studies, and the cheap protection of his diploma. Finding it necessary to do something for himself in the world, he learns "the art of preaching," and of stealing judiciously out of Pool and Henry, which accomplishments acquired, he ascends the pulpit.

> Now in the desk, with solemn air,
> Our hero makes his audience stare;
> Asserts with all dogmatic boldness,
> Where impudence is yoked with dulness;
> Reads o'er his notes with halting pace
> Mask'd in the stiffness of his face;
> With gestures such as might become
> Those statues once that spoke at Rome,
> Or Livy's ox, that to the state
> Declared the oracles of fate.
> In awkward tones, nor said, nor sung,
> Slow rumbling o'er the falt'ring tongue,
> Two hours his drawling speech holds on,
> And names it preaching, when he's done.

* "With Trumbull, Dr. Emmons was particularly intimate, and held him in his lap when, at the age of seven or eight, the author of M'Fingal passed a satisfactory examination on the studies required for admission to College."—Prof. Park's Notices of Dr. Emmons.

* The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL.D., containing M'Fingal, a Modern Epic Poem, revised and corrected, with copious explanatory notes; the Progress of Dulness; and a collection of Poems on various subjects, written before and during the Revolutionary war. 2 vols. Hartford: Printed for S. G. Goodrich. 1820.

Dick Hairbrain is introduced to us in the second part, a town fop, the son of a wealthy farmer, ridiculous in dress, empty of knowledge, but profound in swearing and cheap infidelity picked up second-hand from Hume and Voltaire. His college course was as dull in point of learning, though a little more animated in profligacy, than that of his predecessor.

> What though in algebra, his station
> Was negative in each equation;
> Though in astronomy survey'd,
> His constant course was retrograde;
> O'er Newton's system though he sleeps,
> And finds his wits in dark eclipse!
> His talents proved of highest price
> At all the arts of card and dice;
> His genius turn'd with greatest skill,
> To whist, loo, cribbage, and quadrille,
> And taught, to every rival's shame,
> Each nice distinction of the game.

He becomes a travelled fool, of course, and runs through his coxcombry and dissipation, till the jail and the palsy relieve him, and the poor creature sinks out of sight, to give place to another shifting of the poet's drop-scene, when the counterpart of this delectable gentleman, Miss Harriet Simper, makes her appearance on the stage. She illustrates the slender stock of female education, formerly in vogue, and the life of the coquette in those good old times of our forefathers, when, among the many who were valiant and industrious, and led simple honest lives, there was room as usual for some who were indolent and conceited. The fops and beaux surrounding this lady present a curious scene of the day when the Sunday meeting was the battle-field for the artillery of love and fashion:—

> As though they meant to take by blows
> Th' opposing galleries of beaux,
> To church the female squadron move,
> All arm'd with weapons used in love.
> Like colour'd ensigns gay and fair,
> High caps rise floating in the air;
> Bright silk its varied radiance flings,
> And streamers wave in kissing-strings;
> Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,
> Like training bands at viewing arms.
> So once in fear of Indian beating,
> Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
> Each man equipp'd on Sunday morn,
> With Psalm-book, shot and powder-horn;
> And look'd in form, as all must grant,
> Like th' ancient, true church militant;
> Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
> Who fight with quills, like porcupines;—

when the fortunes of gallantry and domestic happiness were read out of tea-cups; when the ladies grew ecstatic over the hazards of virtuous Pamela, and the gentleman swore by Lovelace, or sported philosophy out of Tristram Shandy—for whose humors, by the way, our author should have had a better fellow-feeling. He speaks, in a note, of the transitory reputation of that not yet quite or likely soon-to-be-forgotten publication. Miss Harriet Simper, after jilting her admirers by scores, falls a victim to Hairbrain, who proves as great a flirt as herself, and rejects her advances. Thrown off by the beau, she finally accepts our dull old friend of the first canto, Brainless, for whom, in consideration of the marriage,

> The parish vote him five pounds clear
> T' increase his salary every year.
> Then swift the tag-rag gentry come
> To welcome Madame Brainless home;
> Wish their good Parson joy; with pride
> In order round salute the bride:
> At home, at visits and at meetings,
> To Madam all allow precedence;
> Greet her at church with rev'rence due,
> And next the pulpit fix her pew.

The manners of this poem are well painted, the satire is just, and the reflections natural and pointed. It may still be read with pleasure. The plea for the humanities, as opposed to the dry abstractions and pedantries of college education, is not yet exhausted in its application; and the demand for higher studies and a more profound respect for woman, have been enough agitated of late to commend the early effort of Trumbull in this enlightened cause. In his case, as in many others of the kind, the perceptions of the wit outran the slower judgments of duller men.

John Trumbull

The poem of M'Fingal is Trumbull's lasting work for fame. The author himself has described its purpose and method in a letter written in 1785 to the Marquis de Chastellux, who had complimented him, from the French capital, upon fulfilling the conditions of burlesque poetry according to the approved laws from the days of Homer. In reply, Trumbull says he would have been happy to have seen the rules alluded to before he composed the poem; but he had not written it without design or attempt at construction. It had been undertaken "with a political view, at the instigation of some leading members of the first Congress, who urged him to compose a satirical poem on the events of the campaign in the year 1775," and he had aimed at expressing, "in a poetical manner, a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the character and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history could

probably record or display: and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagances of my countrymen as well as of their enemies. I determined to describe every subject in the manner it struck my own imagination, and without confining myself to a perpetual effort at wit, drollery, and humour, indulge every variety of manner, as my subject varied, and insert all the ridicule, satire, sense, sprightliness, and elevation, of which I was master." In carrying out this design, M'Fingal, a burly type of the monarchy-loving squires of New England, is chosen as the representative of the general Tory interests and personages of the country. Honorius is the Whig champion of freedom and opposition, and the poem is mostly an harangue between the two. It opens with a meeting assembled for political discussion in the church of M'Fingal's native town, whither he has just arrived from Boston. Honorius commences with a general attack on the decay of Britain, and her injurious course towards the colonies, with free allusion to court lawyers, clergymen, and interested merchants, when he is suddenly interrupted by M'Fingal, with a fierce diatribe of reproach and expostulation, the humor of which consists in clinching every nail driven in by his opponent; for the squire was one of those arguers more dangerous to his friends than his foes.

> As some muskets so contrive it,
> As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
> And though well aim'd at duck or plover,
> Bear wide, and kick their owners over:
> So fared our Squire, whose reas'ning toil
> Would often on himself recoil,
> And so much injured more his side,
> The stronger arguments he applied;
> As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
> Trod down the troops they came to aid,
> And hurt their own side more in battle,
> Than less and ordinary cattle.

The clergy, with their divine right for the powers that be, the royal editors and councilmen are brought before us, and their pretensions knocked about as shuttlecocks from one arguer to the other.

Canto first is adjourned for dinner, which refreshment being secured, the parties meet to battle again with renewed vigor in the afternoon. M'Fingal taunts the company with the blessings of Puritan exile, and the various measures of government; and after this ironical appeal to their gratitude, throws in an alarm for their fears, in a glance at the movements of General Gage. Honorius sneers at the Boston general, and M'Fingal gets the floor again, pouring forth an eloquent flood of declamation upon British victories, and confiscations in prospect, the rise of Tories and fall of Whigs. Honorius, in turn, sounds a trumpet-tongued harangue for freedom. The Tories lose their temper, and the contest for order is louder and louder, till the attention of the combatants is diverted by a movement without. This is the famous gathering for the consecration of the liberty pole, which is the central point of the third canto. M'Fingal endeavors to disperse the mob by tongue and constable, but at the first note of the riot act and proclamation, "Our Sovereign Lord the King" arguments are seconded by stones and clubs; a general fight ensues, M'Fingal's sword enacts prodigies, but a revolutionary spade, which had planted the liberty pole, wielded by a stout Whig, disarms him. The constable, who had skulked at the beginning of the fray, is twisted midway in air by the breech, a philosophical position compared to Socrates in his basket, a height from which he soon sees the error of his ways; while a court, hastily assembled on the spot, assigns the graver fate of tarring and feathering to M'Fingal—a comic invention of the Revolution, a huge practical joke partaking something of the jocular Puritan humors of old Cromwell; inconvenient, doubtless, but better every way for all parties than the prison ships and cruelties of the British.* The decree having been executed in an exemplary manner—

> And now the mob, dispersed and gone,
> Left Squire and Constable alone.
> The Constable with rueful face
> Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
> And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
> Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
> Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
> Like barnacle on vessel's side.

M'Fingal, at the opening of the fourth canto, retires under cover of night to the cellar of his mansion, where there is a secret Tory muster, burlesqued from Satan and his pandemonium, the chiefs sitting about on ale kegs and cider barrels, the Squire discoursing from the rostrum of the potato bin. His Scotch descent enables him to close the poem with a vision of second sight, an excellent piece of machinery. This portion being written after the war, has the benefit of history for its predictions. It is an eloquent recapitulation of the varied fortunes of the struggle. The humor is exquisite, and refined by the truthful force and occasionally elevated treatment of the subject. When the last battle of the Revolution has been fought, and the narrowing genius of England been contrasted in the uninvited inspiration of the Squire with the expansive force of America, the mob discovers the retreat; the assembly is dispersed, M'Fingal escapes out of a window en route to Boston, and the poem is closed.

M'Fingal is modelled upon Hudibras in a certain general treatment, the construction of its verse, and many of its turns of humor;† but it is

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* Brackenridge, in his Modern Chivalry, assigns the origin of this custom to "the town of Boston, just before the commencement of the American Revolution;" though he admits in a note, "this mode of punishment is said to be alluded to in the laws of Oleron." He pronounces it "to be what may be called a revolutionary punishment, beyond what in a settled state of government may be inflicted by the opprobrium of opinion, and yet short of the coercion of the laws. It took rise in the sea-coast towns in America, and I would suppose it to be owing to some accidental conjunction of the seamen and the citizens, devising a mode of punishment for a person obnoxious. The sailors naturally thought of tar, and the women, who used to be assisting on these occasions, thought of bolsters and pillow-cases." The "plumeopicean robe" is, however, as old as the crusaders; Richard Cœur de Lion having, among other laws for the regulation of his followers on shipboard, ordered that "A man convicted of theft or 'pickerie' was to have his head shaved, and hot pitch poured upon his bare pate, and over the pitch the feathers of some pillow or cushion were to be shaken, as a mark whereby he might be known as a thief."—Pictorial History of England, i. 487.

† As to the comparative execution of the two productions,

so thoroughly American in its ideas and subject matter, that it soon ceases to be an imitation, and we look upon it solely as it was—an original product of the times. The Hudibrastic body is thoroughly interpenetrated by its American spirit. The illustrations, where there was the greatest temptation to plagiarism, are drawn from the writer's own biblical and classical reading, and the colloquial familiarities of the times. For the manners of the poem there is no record of the period which supplies so vivid a presentation of the old Revolutionary Whig habits of thinking and acting. We are among the actors of the day, the town committees, the yeomanry, the politicians, and soldiers, participating the rough humor of the times; for nothing is more characteristic of the struggle than a certain vein of pleasantry and hearty animal spirits which entered into it. Hardships were endured with fortitude, for which there was occasion enough, but the contest was carried on with wit as with other weapons. The fathers of the Revolution were as ready to take a joke as a bullet, though there might be as much lead in one as the other. There were pleasant fellows on both sides, but if the palm of victory were to be assigned to the wits, the Freneaus, Trumbulls, Hopkinsons, and Hopkinses, would carry the day against the Myles Coopers, Mather Biles, Rivingtons, Scovills, Burgoynes, and Major Andrés.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Ye nine great daughters of Jupiter,
Born of one mother at a litter,
Virgins, who ne'er submit to wifedom,
But sing and fiddle all your lifetime,
In verse and rhyme great wholesale dealers,
Of which we bards are but retailers,
Assist. But chiefly thou, my Muse,
Who never didst thine aid refuse,
Whether I sung in high bombastick,
Or sunk to simple Hudibrastic,
Or in dire dumps proclaim'd my moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and hills to groan,
Or chang'd the style to love and dearee,
Till even Echo blush'd to hear ye,
These mournful themes no longer usurp,
But turn to sweeter sounds thy jewsharp.

Now from his hammock in the skies
Phœbus jump'd up, and rubb'd his eyes,
Clapp'd on his daylight round his ears,
Saddl'd his horse, and fix'd his spurs.
Night turn'd her backside; so in turn he
Mounted, and set forth on his journey.
Our wedding folks were yet a-bed,
Nor dream'd what's doing overhead.

At leisure now for episodes,
We'll introduce our set of gods.
Sing then, my Muse, in lofty crambo,
How Hymen came, with lighted flambeau.
Juno, it seems, by sad mishaps,
O'er night with Jove was pulling caps;
For by the way she's wont to govern
(So Homer says) the henpeck'd sov'reign.
But now stole off and left him fretting,
And rode post-haste to come to wedding.
Lucina was not there that morning;
But ready stood at nine months' warning.
The Nymphs, of ev'ry form and size,
Came there before the bride could rise.
The Mountain Nymphs skipp'd down like fleas,
Dryads crept out from hollow trees;
The Water Nymphs, from swamps and flats,
Came dripping on, like half-drown'd rats;
The birds around on sprays and thistles
Began to light, and tune their whistles;
The cock, when daylight had begun,
Being chorister, struck up the tune,
And sung an hymn in strains sonorous,
While ev'ry quailpipe join'd the chorus.

But we must quit this singing sport, else
Mischance may seize our sleeping mortals,
Who now 'gan bustle round the fabrick,
Finding they'd slept till after daybreak.
Our bridegroom, ere he did arise,
Rubb'd sleep's soft dews from both his eyes,
Look'd out to see what kind of weather,
And jump'd from bed as light as feather,
Joyful as *Dick*, after obtaining
His Master's leave to go to training.
Here, did not rhyming greatly harass one,
Were a fine place to make comparison;
Call up the ghosts of heroes pristine,
Egyptian, Trojan, Greek, Philistine,
Those rogues renown'd in ancient days,
So sweetly sung in ancient lays,
Set them in order by our gallant,
To prove him handsome, wise, and valiant.
He now came forth and stood before
His lovely goddess' chamber door,
Addressed her with three gentle hollo's,
Then read, or said, or sung as follows.

I.

Arise my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting fresh supplies
From the bright moonshine of thine eyes.

II.

How beautiful art thou, my love,
Surpassing all the dames above;
Venus with thee might strive again,
Venus with thee would strive in vain.

III.

Though ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace,
Conspire to deck bright Venus' face,

---

there are certainly lines in Trumbull which may be readily mistaken for Butler. The couplet from M'Fingal,

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen,

would be assigned by nine cultivated persons out of ten, deciding from the ear and sense, to be from Hudibras. A story is told of a Virginia legislator quoting the pithy sentence of M'Fingal—

A thief ne'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,

from Hudibras, and of its so standing entered in his speech on the official debates of the State convention. (Art. M'Fingal, Southern Literary Messenger, April, 1841.)

President Dwight, whose gravity and judgment, at the late period of his life when he wrote this opinion, were not likely to be unfairly sacrificed to his regard for an old friend, says of Trumbull's poem: "It may be observed, without any partiality, that M'Fingal is not inferior in wit and humour to Hudibras; and in every other respect is superior. It has a regular plan, in which all the parts are well proportioned and connected. The subject is fairly proposed, and the story conducted correctly through a series of advancements and retardations to a catastrophe, which is natural and complete. The versification is far better, the poetry is in several instances in a good degree elegant, and in some even sublime. It is also free from those endless digressions, which, notwithstanding the wit discovered in them, are so tedious in Hudibras; the protuberances of which are a much larger mass than the body on which they grow." The opinion is worth quoting in connexion with the reputation of a poem, the history of which will at least not decrease in interest hereafter. Touching the superiority of the versification to Hudibras, probably Dwight's puritan feelings and distrust of the subject matter did not permit him to enjoy all the harmonies of Butler's exquisite rhythm.

Thou'rt handsomer than all this trash,
By full three hundred pounds in cash.

IV

Rise then, my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting fresh supplies
From the bright moonshine of thine eyes.

And now came forth our lovely bride,
Array'd in all her charms and pride.
Note here, lest we should be misguided,
Lovers and bards are so quick-sighted,
In ev'ry charm they spy a Cupid,
Though other people are more stupid;
So our fair bride, our lover swore,
Was deck'd with Cupids o'er and o'er;
(Thus Virgil's goddess Fame appears
From head to feet o'erhung with ears.)

Here, if our Muse we did not check first,
We might go on and sing of breakfast;
Of nymphs in gardens picking tulips,
Of maids preparing cordial juleps,
With other matters of this sort, whence
We come to things of more importance.

The sun, who never stops to bait,
Now riding at his usual rate,
Had hardly passed his midway course,
And spurr'd along his downward horse,
Our bridegroom, and his lovely virgin
Set forth to church with little urging.
A solemn show before, behind 'em
A lengthen'd cavalcade attend 'em,
Of nymphs and swains a mingled crew,
Of ev'ry shape and ev'ry hue.
In midst of these, with solemn wag,
Our priest bestrode his ambling nag;
His dress and air right well accouter'd,
His hat new brush'd, his wig new powder'd,
His formal band, of 's trade the sign,
Depending decent from his chin,
His threadbare coat, late turn'd by Snip,
With scripture book, and cane for whip,
Unnotic'd pass'd among the throng,
And look'd demure, and jogg'd along,
Yet laymen ne'er his power could equal,
As we shall show you in the sequel.
For when this priest o'er man and maid
A set of Scripture words had said,
You'd find them closely link'd together
For life, in strange enchanted tether,
(Like spirits in magician's circle,)
Till friendly death did him or her kill;
Tied up in wondrous Gordian knot
They neither can untie nor cut,
Inclos'd in cage where all may see 'em,
But all the world can never free 'em.
For once by priest in bands of wedlock
When tied and hamper'd by the fetlock,
They fight, or strive, or fly in vain,
And still drag after them their chain.

Trifles skipt o'er, our next proceeding
Shall give description of the wedding;
Where though we Pagan mix with Christian,
And gods and goddesses with priest join,
Truth need not stand to make objection,
We poets have the right of fiction.
And first great Hymen in the porch,
Like link-boy stood, with flaming torch,
Around, in all the vacant places,
Stood gods, and goddesses, and graces;
Venus, and Cupid, god of love,
With all the rabble from above.
In midst our groom and bride appear,
With wedding guests in wing and rear.
Our priest now show'd his slight of hand,
Roll'd up his eyes, and strok'd his band,
Then join'd their hands in terms concise,
And struck the bargain in a trice,
First for the bridegroom thus began he:
Saying, "you Stephen take her Hannah,"
And then, to make both parties even,
For her, "you Hannah take him Stephen;"
Then told them to avoid temptation,
To do the duties of their station,
In state of sickness nurse and nourish,
In health cleave fast, and love, and cherish.
To all the parson said or meant,
Our bride and bridegroom gave consent,
He bow'd to what the priest did say,
She blush'd, and curt'sy'd, and cry'd "ay."
The bargain made, he gave his blessing,
And bade them sign and seal with kissing;
The smack being given, neat and fresh,
He strait pronounc'd them both one flesh.
By mathematicks, 'tis well known,
It takes two halves to make up one,
And Adam, as our priests believe,
Was but an half without Miss Eve;
So every mortal man in life,
Is but an half without his wife;
And hence, by natural coaction,
Man seeks so much his other fraction,
Which found, no tinker 'tis confest,
Can splice or sodder, but a priest.

The rites now o'er, the priest drew near,
And kiss'd the bride's sinister ear;
Told them he hop'd they'd make good neighbours,
And begg'd a blessing on their labours.
Him follow'd every mincing couple,
Licking their lips to make them supple,
Each got a kiss from one or t'other,
And wish'd they long might live together.

The wedding o'er, with joy and revelry,
Back to their brides return'd the cavalry:
And, as when armies take a town,
Which costs them long to batter down,
That Fame may raise her voice the louder,
They fire whole magazines of powder,
And heaps of fuel lay upon fires,
To celebrate their joy with bonfires,
So now the bride had chang'd her station,
Surrender'd prisoner at discretion,
Submitting to our hero's fancies,
Herself with all appurtenances.
The well pleas'd crowd (for greatest joys
Are always shown with greatest noise)
Triumph'd by firing, shouting, ringing,
By dancing, drinking, wine, and singing.

But yet our groom (time march'd so lazy)
Sat hitching, nestling, and uneasy,
Thought daylight never would be gone,
And called the sun a lagging drone.
The sun, just when 'twas time to sup,
Came to the sea where he puts up,
Sent his last rays o'er earth to scatter,
And div'd down headlong into water.
Here is the place, if we would choose
To tire our reader, and our Muse,
To name and number every guest,
To tell what fare compos'd the feast.
With other things that did betide,
As how they kiss'd and jok'd the bride,
How frolicksome the liquor made 'em,
And how the fiddler came to aid 'em,
And tun'd his lyre with such a scraping,
It set the people all a capering.

When Orpheus fiddled, at his guidance
Thus trees leap'd forth, and join'd in set dance.

Grim night at length in sable waggon,
Drawn by a sooty, bat-wing'd dragon,
Rode till she came right overhead,
And on the earth her blanket spread.
The moon was out upon patrole,
Stars danc'd as usual round the pole;
All nature now with drowsy head
Had thrown by care, and gone to bed.
Sleep reign'd o'er all, but wolves and rovers,
Owls, bats, and ghosts, and thieves, and lovers.
No alderman's invited guest
To gormandize at turtle feast,
When first he sees the dish brought in,
And 'gins to dip and grease his chin,
E'er feels such raptures as our lover,
Now all his griefs and fears were over.
Th' events that afterwards befel
Our bashful Muse would blush to tell.

THE LIBERTY POLE.—M'FINGAL. CANTO III.

Now warm with ministerial ire,
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
And on his striding steps attends
His desperate clan of Tory friends.
When sudden met his wrathful eye
A pole ascending through the sky,
Which numerous throngs of whiggish race
Were raising in the market-place.
Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,
Or royal mast, or country spire;
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton.
And on its top, the flag unfurl'd
Wav'd triumph o'er the gazing world,
Inscribed with inconsistent types
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes.**
Beneath, the crowd without delay,
The dedication-rites essay,
And gladly pay, in antient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation;
While briskly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round the inspiring flip:†
Delicious draught? whose powers inherit
The quintessence of public spirit;
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refined;
Or roused to martial controversy,
As from transforming cups of Circe;
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men at fires in town.
Then with three shouts that tore the sky,
'Tis consecrate to Liberty.
To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
A grand Committee cull'd of four is;
Who foremost on the patriot spot
Had brought the flip, and paid the shot.
By this, M'FINGAL with his train
Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,
And full with loyalty possest,
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired his breast.

"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,
To raise this May-pole of sedition?
Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at heaven and summon down
The thunders of the British crown?
Say, will this paltry Pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety;
Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls rush hissing through the sky,
Will this vile Pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom:
Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?
"Ye dupes to every factious rogue
And tavern-prating demagogue,
Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his scull;
Behold you not what noisy fools
Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
For Liberty, in your own by-sense,
Is but for crimes a patent license,
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common stock;
Reduce all grievances and ills
To Magna Charta of your wills;
Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,
Framed to the model of your conscience;
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation;*
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;
Drive judges out,† like Aaron's calves,
By jurisdiction of white staves,
And make the bar and bench and steeple
Submit t' our Sovereign Lord, The People;
By plunder rise to power and glory,
And brand all property, as Tory;
Expose all wares to lawful seizures
By mobbers or monopolizers;
Break heads and windows and the peace,
For your own interest and increase;
Dispute and pray and fight and groan
For public good, and mean your own;
Prevent the law by fierce attacks
From quitting scores upon your backs;
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,
And turn them to convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance:
While all, your rights who understand,
Confess them in their owner's hand;
And when by clamours and confusions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
Cry "Liberty," with powerful yearning,
As he does "Fire!" whose house is burning;
Though he already has much more
Than he can find occasion for.
While every clown, that tills the plains,
Though bankrupt in estate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forsakes his plough to turn dictator.
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs

☞ The notes to this canto are from the author's edition. Those marked London Edition are from the fifth English edition of London, 1792.

* The American Flag. It would doubtless be wrong to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade.

† Flip, a liquor composed of beer, rum, and sugar; the common treat at that time in the country towns of New England.

* Alluding to the depreciation of the Continental paper money. Congress finally ascertained the course of its declension at different periods, by what was called A Scale of Depreciation.

† On the commencement of the war, the courts of justice were everywhere shut up. In some instances, the judges were forced to retire by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves.

And drags you by the ears, like pigs.
All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,
New born at once to politicians.
Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,
Presents his forward face t' advise,
And tatter'd legislators meet,
From every workshop through the street.
His goose the tailor finds new use in,
To patch and turn the Constitution;
The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate
To iron-bind the wheels of state;
The quack forbears his patients' souse
To purge the Council and the House;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assembly-men and proxies.
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,
To wealth and power and honors rise,
Like new-wing'd maggots changed to flies,
And fluttering round in high parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See Arnold quits, for ways more certain,
His bankrupt-perj'ries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his store,
Jockey and skipper now no more,
* * * * * * *
And cleansed by patriotism from shame
Grows general of the foremost name.
For in this ferment of the stream
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topsy-turvies,
The scum stands foaming on the surface.
You've caused your pyramid t' ascend,
And set it on the little end.
Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head.
You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-
Side down, and got yourselves at top,
While all the great ones of your state
Are crush'd beneath the popular weight;
Nor can you boast, this present hour,
The shadow of the form of power.
For what's your Congress* or its end?
A power, t' advise and recommend;
To call forth troops, adjust your quotas—
And yet no soul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it;
And when in want no more in them lies,
Than begging from your State-Assemblies;
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head,
But when a faction dares dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em:
As tho' you chose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators.
You've but pursued the self-same way
With Shakespeare's Trinc'lo† in the play;
"You shall be Viceroys here, 'tis true,
"But we'll be Viceroys over you."
What wild confusion hence must ensue?
Tho' common danger yet cements you:
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
Is held up by surrounding waters,
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls by its rottenness to pieces.

* The author here, in a true strain of patriotic censure, pointed out the principal defects in the first federal constitution of the United States: all which have been since removed in the new Constitution, established in the year 1789. So that the prophecy below, *You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it*, must be ranked among the other sage blunders of his second-sighted hero. *Lond. Edit.*

† This political plan of Trinculo in the Tempest, may be found in the old folio edition of Shakspeare. It has since been expunged by some of his wise commentators.

And fall it must: if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it:
But creeping on, by low intrigues,
Like vermin of a thousand legs,*
'Twill find as short a life assign'd,
As all things else of reptile kind.
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of every varlet;
Which now in taste, and full employ,
All sorts admire, as all enjoy:
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,
You'll curse and drum her out of town.
Such is the government you chose;
For this you bade the world be foes;
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British Constitution,
That constitution form'd by sages,
The wonder of all modern ages;
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And merely proves the adage just,
That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst:
So man supreme in earthly station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corse is dead as herring,
Becomes the most offensive carrion,
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beasts rotting on the ground.
Yet with republics to dismay us,
You've call'd up Anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar and Rage and wild Misrule:
For whom this rout of Whigs distracted,
And ravings dire of every crack'd head;
These new-cast legislative engines
Of County-meetings and Conventions:
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone 's:
While reason fails to check your course,
And Loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles her royal standard;
While the king's friends, in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the stumps,
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny their master.
What furies raged when you, in sea,
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea:†
When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,
Assumed the moggison and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their laces
And like their sweethearts, primed‡ their faces:
While not a red-coat dared oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson,§ for sure retreat,

* Millepedes.

† The cargo of tea sent to Boston, after being guarded for twenty nights, by voluntary parties of the Whigs, to prevent its being clandestinely brought ashore, was thrown into the sea, by a party of about two hundred young men, dressed, armed, and painted like Indians: but many a ruffled shirt and laced vest appeared under their blankets.

‡ *Primed*, i. e. painted.

§ When the leading Whigs in Boston found it impossible to procure the Tea to be sent back, they secretly resolved on its destruction, and prepared all the necessary means. To cover the design, a meeting of the people of the whole County was convened on the day appointed, and spent their time in grave consultation on the question, what should be done to prevent its being landed and sold. The arrival of the Indians put an end to the debate, at the moment when one of the foremost of the whig-orators was declaiming against all violent measures. Hutchinson was alarmed at the meeting, and retired privately in the morning, to his country-seat at Milton. Whether from mistake or design, information was sent to him that the mob was coming to pull down his house. He escaped in the utmost haste across the fields. The story of the day was, that the alarm was given, at the time when he sat half-shaved under the hands of his barber.

Manœuvred to his country seat,
And thence affrighted, in the suds,
Stole off bareheaded through the woods.
"Have you not roused your mobs to join,
And make Mandamus-men resign,
Call'd forth each duffil-drest curmudgeon,
With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,
Forced all our Councils through the land,
To yield their necks at your command;
While paleness marks their late disgraces,
Through all their rueful length of faces?
"Have you not caused as woeful work
In our good city of New York,
When all the rabble, well cockaded,
In triumph through the streets paraded,
And mobb'd the Tories, scared their spouses,
And ransack'd all the custom-houses;*
Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
That mid the clash of tempests warring,
Smith's† weather-cock, in veers forlorn,
Could hardly tell which way to turn?
Burn'd effigies of higher powers,
Contrived in planetary hours;
As witches with clay-images
Destroy or torture whom they please:
Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club
Spared not your best friend Beelzebub,
O'erlook'd his favors, and forgot
The reverence due his cloven foot,
And in the selfsame furnace frying,
Stew'd him, and North and Bute and Tryon?‡
Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
Your Congress, when the loyal ribald
Belied, berated and bescribbled?
What ropes and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
Now rising in progression fatal,
Have you not ventured to give battle?
When Treason chaced our heroes troubled,
With rusty gun,§ and leathern doublet;
Turn'd all stone-walls and groves and bushes,
To batteries arm'd with blunderbusses;
And with deep wounds, that fate portend,
Gaul'd many a Briton's latter end;
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
Confined without mainprize or bail.
Were not these deeds enough betimes,
To heap the measure of your crimes:
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
'Tis done! fair Mercy shuts her door;
And Vengeance now shall sleep no more.
Rise then, my friends, in terror rise;
And sweep this scandal from the skies.
You'll see their Dagon, though well jointed
Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;‖
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."
This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the Constable to aid,
And bade him read, in nearer station,
The Riot-act and Proclamation.
He swift, advancing to the ring,
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord, the King"—
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs and stones assail his ears.
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;
By foes encompass'd in the middle,
His hope, in stratagems, he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to seek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Where soon the conq'ring crew espied him,
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.
At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.
Instead of weapons, either band
Seized on such arms as came to hand.
And as famed Ovid* paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head;
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and shovels:
So clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encountering every sconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;
Their clamours rend the skies around,
The hills rebellow to the sound;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From batter'd nose and broken shin
M'Fingal, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword;
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in distress,
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;
And brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march)
And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole vollies, in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with glory crown'd
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,
Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;†
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assum'd the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late used to set their pole in ground,
And urged, with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,

* The custom-house was broken open at New-York, and all public monies seized.

† William Smith, an eminent lawyer in New York. He at first opposed the claims of Britain, but after wavering some time, at last joined our enemy. He has since been Chief Justice in Canada.

‡ Tryon was Governor of New York and a British General during the war. He had the glory of destroying the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk. Burnings in effigy were frequently the amusements of the mob at that period, and in imitation of the former custom of the English in burning annually the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender, Beelzebub, with his usual figure and accoutrements, was always join'd in the conflagration with the other obnoxious characters.

§ At the battle of Lexington.

‖ The Tory clergy always styled the King, the Lord's Anointed. The language of Cromwell's and Charles's days was yet frequent in New England.

* See Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 12th.

† The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene, to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

Advanced tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gazed, suspended
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove* in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd: but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonor
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge trainbands encircled round;
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,†
Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.‡
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short—and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd to aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun:
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge, but in flight:
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.§
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labor'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan‖ struggling on through chaos;
'Till looking back, he spied in rear
The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near:
Then stopp'd and seiz'd a stone that lay
An ancient landmark near the way;
Nor shall we as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;¶
But such a stone, as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exiled with their cronies
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
But while our Hero turn'd him round,
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
The fatal spade discharged a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:

His bent knee fail'd,* and void of strength
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
Like ancient oak o'ertufn'd, he lay,
Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,
Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,
And more things else—but all men know 'em,
If slightly versed in epic poem.
At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises;
And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
Conduct him prisoner to the pole.
When now the mob in lucky hour
Had got their en'mies in their power,
They first proceed, by grave command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
The active crew let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband;
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his centre.†
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle in height
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.
As Socrates‡ of old at first did
To aid philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air:
Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye,
And looking forth in prospect wide,
His Tory errors clearly spied,
And from his elevated station,
With bawling voice began addressing.
"Good gentlemen and friends and kin,
For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil, and all their works;
And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
And always mind your rules so justly,
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join in British rage,
Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your Charter-rights;
Nor overcome your new-raised levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth;
But leave King George and all his elves
To do their conq'ring work themselves."
This said, they lower'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favor,
Restore him on his good behaviour.
Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood, heroic as a mule.
"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments, the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will gains strength from treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,

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* Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet & fata imponit diversa duorum,
Quem damnet labor, &c. *Æneid*, xii.

† It was the fashion in New-England at that time for judges to wear swords on the bench.

‡ ———Postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
Dissiluit; fulva resplendent fragmina arena. *Virgil.*

———The sword
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge; it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending and in half cut sheer. *Milton.*

§ ———Nec enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. *Virgil.*

‖ In Milton.

¶ This thought is taken from Juvenal, Satire 15.

* Genua labant———incidit ictus.
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. *Virgil.*

† And earth self-balanced on her centre hung. *Milton.*

‡ In Aristophanes's Comedy of the Clouds, Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks:
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray* look less big,
Or smoked old Williams* to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver† quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington,‡ in dread of stripes,
Ceased lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompense
I trust King George and Providence.
And when with conquest gain'd I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day, when ye were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."
Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,§
Where sitting round in awful sort
The grand Committee hold their Court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree;
"That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him
In cart with Constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came;"
Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar.
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian‖ sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents:
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles descend;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag displayed
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:
Not Maia's* son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd† angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's‡ plan
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.
Then on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome§ a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And least infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat:
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout;
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd "confusion to the Tories."
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.‖
Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down;
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day.
And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.
The constable with rueful face
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,

* Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed. The victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

† Thomas Oliver, Esq. Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

‡ Rivington was a tory Printer in New York. Just before the commencement of the war, a party from New Haven attacked his press, and carried off or destroyed the types.

§ An imitation of legal forms was universally practised by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

‖ Claudian's Gigantomachia.

* Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.

† And angel wing'd—six wings he wore.—*Milton.*

‡ Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—a two-legged animal without feathers.

§ Livy's History.

‖ Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side.
But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in jail without mainprize
View everything with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's Second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomier light;
His visual nerve, well purged with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer.
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he uttered.
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!
Behold my doom! this feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.
I hear a voice,* that calls away,
And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land;
Where changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I*—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

LEMUEL HOPKINS.

Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, one of the Hartford poets of the Revolutionary era, was born at Waterbury, Connecticut, June 19, 1750. He was the son of a farmer, and was well educated. Constitutional ill health is said to have determined him to the study of medicine. He became a practitioner at Litchfield about 1776, and served for a short time as a volunteer in the American army. He removed to Hartford about 1784, where he passed the remainder of his life, his death occurring on the 14th April, 1801, in his fifty-first year. It is a little singular that while he wrote most pungently against quacks and quackery, his own over-solicitude as to disease should have hastened his death. He feared an attack of pulmonary consumption, and to ward it off, caused himself to be bled repeatedly, till the weakness induced a dropsy in the chest. The sensitiveness of his body probably sharpened his satirical powers, which were keen enough when his pen fastened upon Ethan Allen. The lines appear in the Litchfield collection of "American Poems," published in 1793.*

ON GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.

Lo, Allen 'scaped from British jails,
His tushes broke by biting nails,
Appears in Hyperborean skies,
To tell the world the Bible lies.
See him on green hills north afar
Glow like a self-enkindled star,
Prepar'd (with mob-collecting club
Black from the forge of Belzebub,
And grim with metaphysic scowl,
With quill just plucked from wing of owl)
As rage or reason rise or sink,
To shed his blood, or shed his ink.
Behold inspired from Vermont dens,
The seer of Antichrist descends,
To feed new mobs with Hell-born manna
In Gentile lands of Susquehanna;
And teach the Pennsylvania quaker,
High blasphemies against his maker.
Behold him move, ye staunch divines!
His tall head bustling through the pines;
All front he seems like wall of brass,
And brays tremendous as an ass;
One hand is clench'd to batter noses,
While t'other scrawls 'gainst Paul and Moses.

Hopkins's poetical reputation had been gained by association with Humphreys, Trumbull, and Barlow, in the political essays in verse which

appeared in the series of the *Anarchiad* and the *Echo*. The former was written for the Hartford and New Haven newspapers, and reached twenty-four numbers. The Anarchiad is a descriptive and satiric poem in the ten-syllable measure, levelled at the state of political disruption preceding the establishment of the Federal Constitution. Its plan is thus described by Everest—"Public curiosity had been awakened by the dis-

* I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
That says, I must not stay— *Tickell's Ballad.*

† Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus. *Virgil.*

* This production was printed by Collier and Buel and marked Vol. I. It contains poems by Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, Hopkins, Humphreys, Hopkinson, William Livingston, Mrs. Morton, James Allen, and others. A postscript announces the intention of the editors to pursue their design, and "should sufficient encouragement appear, to publish a second volume in the course of the next two years. Many disappointments, the ill health of one of the editors, and other circumstances, too complicated and painful to mention, have contributed to render their work less perfect than their expectations and promises." All this painful apology over a single 12mo. volume at the end of the last century.

covery of ancient Indian fortifications, with their singular relics: the story of the early emigration of a body of Britons and Welsh to this country, and of an existing tribe of their descendants in the interior of the continent, was revived and circulated: and our writers assumed that, in digging among the ruins of one of these fortifications, an ancient heroic poem in the English language had been discovered. This was the Anarchiad, and the essays were supposed extracts from it."*

A letter to Oliver Wolcott of this date, on the Genet times, has a profound social and political truth well expressed, and shows Hopkins a skilful prose writer. "The southern democrats appear in newspapers, in speeches in Congress, &c., to come much nearer effecting their measures than is really the case. It never was nor can be, that the measures of such men should be popular in New England. There is no such thing as *knowing* such a people as the New Englanders, so as to calculate crooked politics to their taste, without living among them from early youth. Harangues, ever so well peppered with 'well-born,' 'monocrats,' 'aristocrats,' 'hell of monarchy,' &c. &c., are so far from really effecting anything in these parts, that whenever the still thinking part of the community can be brought to manifest their minds on any measure of consequence, they will at once drown a din of complaining politics which, of itself, would seem formidable. The more a man is among all sorts of people, the more fully will he learn the unmeasured difference there is between the sentiment of newspapers, replete with local politics, and the opinions of an enlightened people in the peaceable and successful pursuit of wealth and happiness. I find more and more, that a busy set of wrongheads can at pleasure stir up for a time any sentiments they please in cities, and that there is a great aptitude in most men to consider cities as worlds, or at least as the manufactories of sentiments for whole countries, and much of this may be true in the old world; but in New England the contrary is and ever will be true as long as our schools, presses, and town corporations last."†

To the Echo he contributed only the two New Year's Addresses for the Connecticut Courant of 1795 and '6, and portions of *The Political Green House* for the year 1798. In these passages he celebrates the arrival of Genet.

> But though the French are giant sinners,
> Yet have we not *Tom Thumb* beginners?
> Which though a molish sort of mice,
> May grow to rats like nits to lice,
> Gnaw thro' our vessel's lower quarter.
> And fill, and sink her in deep water.
> See fraught with democratic lore,
> Genet arriv'd on Charleston shore.
> But, as was meet, first broach'd his mission,
> To men of sans-culotte condition;
> Who throng'd around with open throats,
> As round old *Crusoe* flock'd the *goats*,
> And learn'd his sermon, to his wishes,
> As *Austin* taught huge shoals of *fishes*;
> Made all the antifederal presses,
> Screech shrill hosannas, styl'd addresses;
> And while to Court he took his way,
> Sung hallelujahs to *Genet*;
> But still our Palinurus saw,
> With cool contempt this stormy flaw,
> And, spite of all the Belial band,
> Steer'd safe our leaky bark to land.
> Like Hessian flies, imported o'er,
> Clubs self-create infest our shore.
> And see yon western rebel band,
> A medley mix'd from ev'ry land;
> Scotch, Irish, renegadoes rude,
> From Faction's dregs fermenting brew'd;
> Misguided tools of antifeds,
> With clubs anarchical for your heads,
> Why would ye make this cost and trouble
> Yourselves of warlike flames the stubble?
> Tire down the arm out-stretch'd to save,
> And freedom's cradle make her grave?

The fatal year of Robespierre, and the hope of Poland in Kosciusko, and such home matters as the mania for land speculation, Wayne's Indian victory, and Washington's second appointment as Commander-in-Chief by President Adams.

> Eas'd now of much incumbent weight,
> Proceeds the business of the State,
> Rais'd by the sounds of war's alarms,
> Our ardent youth all fly to arms,
> And from the work-shop and the field,
> The active labourers seize the shield;
> While on the silver'd brow of age,
> Relumes the fire of martial rage.
> Our veteran Chiefs, whose honour'd scars
> Are trophies still of former wars,
> Appointed move beneath their SHIELD,
> To reap the ripen'd martial field,
> And lo! from Vernon's sacred hill,
> Where peaceful spirits love to dwell—
> Where twice retir'd from war's alarms,
> Slept, and awoke, his conquering arms,
> The HERO comes!—whose Laurels green,
> In bloom eternal shall be seen;
> While Gallic Ivy fades away,
> Before the scorching eye of Day.
> He comes!—he comes! to re-array
> Your hosts, ye heroes, for th' affray!
> Him for your head—collect from far
> The shield, the sword, and plume of war;
> Indignant earth rejoicing hears,
> Fell insult bristling up your spears,
> And joins her hosts to crush the foes,
> Of virtue and her own repose.

Jefferson had nothing to thank Dr. Lemuel Hopkins for, if the lines which follow are from his pen:—

> Great sire of stories past belief,
> Historian of the Mingo chief,
> Philosopher of Indian's hair,
> Inventor of a rocking chair.
> The correspondent of Mazzé
> And Banneker less black than he!
> With joy we find you rise from coguing
> With Judge M'Kean and "foolish Logan,"
> And reeling down the factious dance,
> Dispatch the Doctor off to France,
> To tell the Frenchmen, to their cost,
> They reckon'd here without their host.

Allen, who brings his characters to a religious test in his "American Biographical Dictionary," intimates that Hopkins himself at one time had some sympathies in common with Jefferson. "In his early life," says he, "he admired the infidel philosophers of France; in his last days he read

* Poets of Connecticut, p. 39.
† Gibbs's Administration of Washington and Adams, ii. 105.

the Bible." His personal appearance was peculiar, "tall, lean, stooping, and long-limbed, with large features and light eyes," says Kettell, to which description Allen supplies a corresponding anecdote, connected with his medical practice.—"As a physician, he was remarkable for his unceasing attentions to his patients, sometimes devoting to one patient whole days and nights. Once, on being called to a child sick with the scarlet fever in a family to which he was a stranger, he entered the room without saying a word, and, seeing the child loaded with bed-clothes in a heated room, he seized the child in his arms, and rushed out of the house, followed with cries and broomsticks, for his appearance was uncouth and ugly. But resting in a cool shade, he called for wine, and had the pleasure of seeing the child restored to health."

There has been no separate collection of Dr. Hopkins's poetry.

A PLEA FOR UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION.—FROM THE ANARCHIAD.

Ye sires of nations, call'd in high debate,
From kindred realms, to save the sinking state,
A boundless sway on one broad base to rear—
My voice paternal claims your lingering ear;
O'er the wide clime my fostering cares extend,
Your guardian genius and your deathless friend.
When splendid victory on her trophied car,
Swept from these shores the last remains of war,
Bade each glad state, that boasts Columbia's name,
Exult in freedom and ascend to fame,
To bliss unbounded stretch their ardent eyes,
And wealth and empire from their labor rise,
My raptured sons beheld the discord cease,
And soothed their sorrows in the songs of peace.
Shall these bright scenes, with happiest omens born,
Fade like the fleeting visions of the morn?
Shall this fair fabric from its base be hurl'd,
And whelm in dust the glories of the world?
Will ye, who saw the heavens tempestuous lower,
Who felt the arm of irritated power,
Whose souls distending with the wasting flood,
Prepared the firm foundations, built in blood,
By discord seized, will ye desert the plan?
The unfinish'd Babel of the bliss of man?
Go search the field of death, where heroes, lost
In graves obscure, can tell what freedom cost.
Though conquest smiled; there slain amid the crowd,
And plung'd promiscuous with no winding shroud,
No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,
The thousands moulder in a common grave,
Not so thy son, oh Laurens! gasping lies,
'Too daring youth, war's latest sacrifice;
His snow-white bosom heaves with writhing pain,
The purple drops his snow-white bosom stain;
His cheek of rose is wan, a deadly hue
Sits on his face, that chills with lucid dew.—
There Warren, glorious with expiring breath,
A comely corse, that smiles in ghastly death:
See Mercer bleed, and o'er yon wintry wall,
'Mid heaps of slain, see great Montgomery fall!
Behold those veterans worn with want and care,
Their sinews stiffen'd, silver'd o'er their hair,
Weak in their steps of age, they move forlorn,
Their toils forgotten by the sons of scorn;
This hateful truth still aggravates the pain,
In vain they conquer'd, and they bled in vain.
Go then, ye remnants of inglorious wars,
Disown your marks of merit, hide your fears,
Of lust, of power, of titled pride accused,
Steal to your graves dishonor'd and abused.

For see, proud faction waves her flaming brand,
And discord riots o'er the ungrateful land;
Lo, to the north a wild adventurous crew
In desperate mobs the savage state renew;
Each felon chief his maddening thousands draws,
And claims bold license from the bond of laws;
In other states the chosen sires of shame,
Stamp their vile knaveries with a legal name;
In honor's seat the sons of meanness swarm,
And senates base, the work of mobs perform,
To wealth, to power the sons of union rise,
While foes deride you and while friends despise.
Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of intestine war,
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!
Pens dipped in gall, and lips inspired with lies!
Ye sires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws,
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
And union'd empire lost in empty dreams:
Your names expanding with your growing crime,
Shall float disgustful down the stream of time,
Each future age applaud the avenging song,
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.
Yes, there are men, who, touch'd with heavenly fire,
Beyond the confines of these climes aspire,
Beyond the praises of a tyrant age,
To live immortal in the patriot page;
Who greatly dare, though warning worlds oppose,
To pour just vengeance on their country's foes.
And lo! the etherial worlds assert your cause,
Celestial aid the voice of virtue draws;
The curtains blue of yon expansion rend:
From opening skies heroic shades descend.
See, robed in light, the forms of heaven appear,
The warrior spirits of your friends are near;
Each on his steed of fire (his quiver stored
With shafts of vengeance) grasps his flaming sword:
The burning blade waves high, and dipp'd in blood,
Hurls plagues and death on discord's faithless brood.
Yet what the hope? the dreams of congress fade,
The federal union sinks in endless shade,
Each feeble call, that warns the realms around,
Seems the faint echo of a dying sound,
Each requisition wafts in fleeting air,
And not one state regards the powerless prayer.
Ye wanton states, by heaven's best blessings cursed,
Long on the lap of fostering luxury nursed,
What fickle frenzy raves, what visions strange,
Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change?
And frames the wish to fly from fancied ill,
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?
Go view the lands to lawless power a prey,
Where tyrants govern with unbounded sway;
See the long pomp in gorgeous state display'd,
The tinsel'd guards, the squadron'd horse parade;
See heralds gay with emblems on their vest,
In tissued robes tall beauteous pages drest;
Where moves the pageant, throng unnumber'd slaves,
Lords, dukes, and princes, titulary knaves
Confusedly shine, the purple gemm'd with stars,
Sceptres, and globes, and crowns, and rubied cars,
On gilded orbs the thundering chariots roll'd,
Steeds snorting fire, and champing bitts of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice—while each assumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on the moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the chosen scourge of man;
Clarions, and flutes, and drums his way prepare,
And shouting millions rend the conscious air;
Millions, whose ceaseless toils the pomp sustain,
Whose hour of stupid joy repays an age of pain.
From years of darkness springs the regal line,
Hereditary kings by right divine;

'Tis theirs to riot on all nature's spoils,
For them with pangs unblest the peasant toils,
For them the earth prolific teems with grain,
Theirs, the dread labors of the devious main,
Annual for them the wasted land renews
The gifts oppressive, and extorted dues.
For them when slaughter spreads the gory plains,
The life-blood gushes from a thousand veins,
While the dull herd, of earth-born pomp afraid,
Adore the power that coward meanness made.
Let Poland tell what woe returning springs,
Where right elective yields the crown to kings!
War guides the choice—each candidate abhorr'd
Founds his firm title on the wasting sword,
Wades to the throne amid the sanguine flood,
And dips his purple in the nation's blood.
Behold, where Venice rears her sea-girt towers,
O'er the vile crowd proud oligarchy lowers;
While each Aristocrat affects a throne,
Beneath a thousand kings the poor plebeians groan.
Nor less abhorr'd the certain woe that waits
The giddy rage of democratic states;
Whose popular breath, high blown in restless tide,
No laws can temper, and no reason guide;
An equal sway their mind indignant spurns,
To wanton change the bliss of freedom turns,
Led by wild demagogues the factious crowd,
Mean, fierce, imperious, insolent and loud,
Nor fame nor wealth nor power nor system draws,
They see no object and perceive no cause,
But feel by turns, in one disastrous hour,
Th' extremes of license and th' extremes of power.
What madness prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty states?
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers?
And broad Potomac lave two hostile shores?
Must Allegany's sacred summits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
His hundred streams receive your heroes slain?
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?
Will states cement by feebler bonds allied?
Or join more closely as they more divide?
Will this vain scheme bid restless factions cease?
Check foreign wars or fix internal peace?
Call public credit from her grave to rise?
Or gain in grandeur what they lose in size?
In this weak realm can countless kingdoms start,
Strong with new force in each divided part?
While empire's head, divided into four,
Gains life by severance of diminish'd power?
So when the philosophic hand divides
The full grown polypus in genial tides,
Each sever'd part, inform'd with latent life,
Acquires new vigor from the friendly knife,
O'er peopled sands the puny insects creep,
Till the next wave absorbs them in the deep.
What then remains? must pilgrim freedom fly
From these loved regions to her native sky?
When the fair fugitive the orient chased,
She fix'd her seat beyond the watery waste;
Her docile sons (enough of power resign'd,
And natural rites in social leagues combined,)
In virtue firm, though jealous in her cause,
Gave senates force and energy to laws,
From ancient habit local powers obey,
Yet feel no reverence for one general sway,
For breach of faith no keen compulsion feel,
And feel no interest in the federal weal.
But know, ye favored race, one potent head,
Must rule your states, and strike your foes with dread,
The finance regulate, the trade control,
Live through the empire, and accord the whole.
Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Through ruin'd realms the voice of Union calls,
Loud as the trump of heaven through darkness roars,
When gyral gusts entomb Caribbean towers,
When nature trembles through the deeps convulsed,
And ocean foams from craggy cliffs repulsed,
On you she calls! attend the warning cry,
"Ye live united, or divided die."

THE HYPOCRITE'S HOPE.

Blest is the man, who from the womb
To saintship him betakes,
And when too soon his child shall come,
A long confession makes.

When next in Broad Church-alley he
Shall take his former place,
Relates his past iniquity,
And consequential grace;

Declares how long by Satan vex'd,
From truth he did depart,
And tells the time, and tells the text,
That smote his flinty heart.

He stands in half-way-covenant sure;
Full five long years or more,
One foot in church's pale secure,
The other out of door.

Then riper grown in gifts and grace,
With every rite complies,
And deeper lengthens down his face,
And higher rolls his eyes.

He tones like Pharisee sublime,
Two lengthy prayers a day,
The same that he from early prime,
Has heard his father say.

Each Sunday perch'd on bench of pew,
To passing priest he bows,
Then loudly 'mid the quavering crew,
Attunes his vocal nose.

With awful look then rises slow,
And prayerful visage sour,
More fit to fright the apostate foe,
Than seek a pardoning power.

Then nodding hears the sermon next,
From priest haranguing loud,
And doubles down each quoted text,
From Genesis to Jude.

And when the priest holds forth address,
To old ones born anew,
With holy pride and wrinkled face,
He rises in his pew.

Good works he careth nought about,
But faith alone will seek,
While Sunday's pieties blot out,
The knaveries of the week.

He makes the poor his daily prayer,
Yet drives them from his board;
And though to his own good he swear,
Through habit breaks his word.

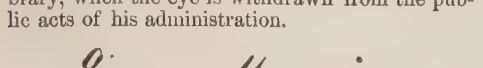
This man advancing fresh and fair,
Shall all his race complete;
And wave at last his hoary hair,
Arrived at deacon's seat.

There shall he all church honors have,
By joyous brethren given—
Till priest in funeral sermon grave,
Shall send him straight to heaven.

JAMES MADISON.

THE name of Madison is identified with the political literature of the country, beyond the share

which his official state papers must claim, by his defence of the Constitution in the *Federalist*, and his faithful history of the Debates in the great Assembly which gave bounds and authority to our national government. In these he will be remembered by the political student in the library, when the eye is withdrawn from the public acts of his administration.



He was born March 5 (Old Style), 1751, at the house of his maternal grandmother, on the Rappahannock river, in King George county, Virginia. His home, and the residence of his parents, was at Montpellier, in Orange county, in the neighborhood of Monticello. His early studies were under the charge of a Scottish teacher, Donald Robinson, and of the Episcopal minister of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Martin. A residence at the College of William and Mary being considered unhealthy for a mountaineer, he was sent to Princeton, where he took his degree in 1772, and so secured the respect of its president, Dr. Witherspoon, that he subsequently remarked to Jefferson, that in his whole career at the college he had never known him say or do an indiscreet thing.* Thus early were the prudence and purity of his character established. He remained with Witherspoon, continuing his course of reading under his direction beyond the college term. The two men understood each other's high qualities. Madison's studies at Princeton injured his health for some years. He allowed at times but three hours out of the twenty-four to sleep, the rest was given to his books.† On his return to Virginia he gave some attention to law. Political life, however, was his vocation. He gave the first proof of his advocacy of liberty in his efforts in behalf of the Baptist clergy, who fell under the penalties of the existing laws against the preaching of dissenters from the established Episcopal Church. In 1776 he was a member of the Convention which formed the first constitution of Virginia; then in the State Legislature, and member of the Council of State, assisting Henry and Jefferson, who were then Governors of Virginia; in the Revolutionary Congress, in 1780, writing the state papers to Jay in Spain, of instructions as to the Right on the Mississippi, to the states on the payment due the army. Again, from 1784–6, in his State Legislature, distinguishing himself by the liberality and integrity of his views. In 1787 he was a delegate to the Convention which formed the Constitution, in which he bore so active a part in counsel and deliberation. He was unwearied in his attendance on this body: and fully conscious of the vast importance of all its counsels, kept with the diligence of a hired reporter, full and accurate reports of all its debates. These he prepared for publication, and left as a legacy to his family and his country. In the preface, which he himself wrote to the manuscript, he gives this noble motive for the vast labor encountered in the work:—"The curiosity I had felt during my researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency I found in the means of satisfying it, more especially in what related to the process, the principles, the reasons, and the anticipations which prevailed in the formation of them, determined me to preserve, as far as I could, an exact account of what might pass in the Convention whilst executing its trust, with the magnitude of which I was duly impressed, as I was by the gratification promised to future curiosity by an authentic exhibition of the objects, the opinions, and the reasonings from which the new system of government was to receive its peculiar structure and organization. Nor was I unaware of the value of such a contribution to the fund of materials for the history of a Constitution on which would be staked the happiness of a people, great even in its infancy, and possibly the cause of liberty throughout the world." A half century afterwards, in 1840, these Debates, with portions of his Correspondence, were published by order of Congress, at the instigation of a message from General Jackson; thirty thousand dollars being paid by Government to Mrs. Madison for the work. When the result of the debates was brought before the country for adoption, he urged their acceptance by a powerful chain of argument, in clear succinct phrase, in conjunction with Hamilton, in the *Federalist*, the labors of the two being sometimes united in the same article. The papers which Madison wrote, and in which he bore a part, twenty-nine in number, discuss the tendencies of associated governments to anarchy rather than despotism, the powers proposed to be vested in the Union, the relations of the general with the state authorities, and the separation and mutual dependence of the forces of the central authority. He secured the Constitution which he thus urged upon the people, by his personal exertions in the convention of his own state for its adoption. When his friend Jefferson became Secretary of State, he looked to Madison for counsel when Hamilton attacked his views in his papers of *Pacificus* on Neutrality with France, securing the pen of Madison in reply, in the letters of *Helvidius*.

Becoming President, Madison filled the Secretaryship during his administration, succeeding to the Presidency itself in 1809. On the completion of his second term he withdrew to his home in Virginia, whence, with the exception of a couple of months while he was engaged in the revision of the state constitution at Richmond, and his visits to the University at Charlottesville, where he succeeded Jefferson as Rector, he never afterwards went beyond the limits of his county. He passed his time in the retirement of his family, in the pursuits of literature and the study of natural history; his native mildness of character tempered by his chronic illness, till he expired calmly, June 28, 1836, at the advanced age, for a lifelong invalid, of eighty-five. Shortly before his

* John Quincy Adams's Discourse on the Life of Madison.

† The writer of a Memoir in the Democratic Review, probably its Editor, S. D. Langtree, the publisher of the Madison Papers, draws this noticeable lesson from the early and protracted ill-health, with the long life of Madison. "We learn," he says, "from good authority, that for more than sixty years he suffered from organic bodily irregularity, which is mentioned only for the purpose of the encouraging reflection, how long, how cheerful, and how useful life may be, with tolerable health, and how much enjoyment may be had, notwithstanding bodily misfortunes, which are a constant source of uneasiness."

death, as if to gather up the great constitutional lessons of his life, he penned these sentences of advice to his countrymen:—"The advice nearest to my heart and dearest to my convictions is, that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the avowed enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent, creeping with deadly wiles into Paradise."*

JOHN LEDYARD.

John Ledyard, one of the most distinguished of travellers, was born within a few hundred yards of Fort Griswold, at Groton, Connecticut, in 1751. He was the eldest son of a sea-captain, who died at the age of thirty-five, leaving a widow and four children. Soon after the father's death, the deed of the small family estate at Groton disappeared, and the property reverted to the former owner, the father of the deceased. In consequence of this, the widow repaired with her children to her father's residence at Southold, where she married a few years after, Dr. Moore of that place. John was removed, after this event, to Hartford, where he became an inmate of his grandfather's family. He attended school, and at first studied law; but abandoning that profession, at the age of nineteen accepted the invitation of Dr. Wheelock, an intimate friend of his grandfather, who died shortly before this time, to enter Dartmouth College, and determined to fit himself for a missionary life among the Indians.

The college had been established but two years before at Hanover—a place yet surrounded by the "forest primæval." Ledyard brought with him a quantity of calico and other articles designed for use in theatrical representations, to which he seems to have been very partial. A stage was fitted up, on which he performed Syphax in the tragedy of Cato. College life, however, even with the aid of these amusements, proved too monotonous for his taste; and at the expiration of four months he disappeared, and wandered among the Indians, visiting the Six Nations, to the borders of Canada. During his absence of three and a half months, he acquired a familiarity with the language and habits of this people which were of great service to him in his future travels. He returned to college and quietly resumed his studies; in the depth of the following winter he led a party of his fellow students through an untracked route to the summit of a neighboring mountain, where they passed the night, returning next day.

He seems to have gradually abandoned a missionary life; and after passing a few months more at college, determined to depart. With the aid of some of his friends, he cut down a large tree, from which they fashioned a canoe three feet wide and fifty long. On its completion, it was launched in the Connecticut; and Ledyard, having equipped himself with a bearskin and provisions, started to descend a river, of which he knew little or nothing beyond its general course. He floated along with the stream, stopping only at night, and was busily engaged in reading one of the two books, the Greek Testament and Ovid, he had provided himself with, when he was aroused by the sound of the rushing water at Bellows' Falls. He narrowly escaped destruction, but succeeded in pushing his canoe to the shore, where it was drawn round to the stream below by the oxen of the neighbors, who naturally took an interest in his adventurous course. He soon after astonished his friends by appearing at Hartford, having accomplished his dangerous voyage in safety. A correspondence followed with Dr. Wheelock, who was justly displeased with his pupil's vagaries. Ledyard adhered to his intention of studying theology; and after a consultation with the neighboring clergy, went to East Hampton, where he passed a month "with intense application to study"* under the care of the Rev. Dr. Buell, a clergyman in high repute as a scholar and orator; and afterwards travelled through Long Island.* He finally presented himself as a candidate for ordination, and was rejected. He was disheartened for a short time, but soon after entered on a career for which he was much better fitted by nature, embarking as a sailor at New London in a vessel bound to Gibraltar. He was missed on arriving at that port, and on inquiry being made, found in full uniform in the ranks of the British garrison. On being remonstrated with, he consented to return if his release could be procured. This was granted by the commanding officer, and Ledyard rejoined his ship. The vessel touched at Barbary for a cargo of mules, and returned home by way of the West Indies about a year after her departure.

His next enterprise was to visit England in quest of certain wealthy relatives. He found the family name on a carriage, and made his way to its owner's residence. He was received by a son of this gentleman with some distrust, as the latter had never heard of any American kinsmen. Ledyard's pride was hurt, and though afterwards invited by the father, he would not avail himself of any proffered kindness.

Again disappointed, he looked about him for employment; and joined the expedition which was fitting out by Captain Cook, for his third voyage. He entered the marine service, and was appointed by Cook a corporal. In this humble situation he accompanied the celebrated expedition, whose movements are well known from the widespread popularity of the "Voyages" which bear the name of its commander.

Ledyard passed two years in England after the return of the expedition, and then returned in a British man-of-war to Huntington Bay, Long Island Sound. He obtained seven days' leave of absence, and proceeded to Southold, where he met his mother.

"She kept," says his biographer, Sparks, "a boarding-house, which was at that time occupied chiefly by British officers. He rode up to the door, alighted, went in, and asked if he could be accommodated in her house as a lodger. She replied that he could, and showed him a room into which his baggage was conveyed. After having adjusted his dress, he came out and took a seat by the fire, in company with several other officers.

* Art. Madison. *Enc. Amer.* Art. Madison and the Madison Papers. Dem. Review, March, 1839. Benton's Thirty Years in U. S. Senate, i. 678.

* Letter by Ledyard, quoted by Sparks, Life, p. 24.

without making himself known to his mother, or entering into conversation with any person. She frequently passed and repassed through the room, and her eye was observed to be attracted towards him with more than usual attention. He still remained silent. At last, after looking at him steadily for some minutes, she deliberately put on her spectacles, approached nearer to him, begging his pardon for her rudeness, and telling him that he so much resembled a son of hers, who had been absent eight years, that she could not resist her inclination to view him more closely. The scene that followed may be imagined but not described; for Ledyard had a tender heart, and affection for his mother was among its deepest and most constant emotions."

From Southold he removed to his old residence with his uncle at Hartford, having taken an unceremonious leave of the royal navy. Here he prepared for the press his narrative of Cook's Third Voyage,* availing himself freely of the brief official account which had appeared in England, in advance of the full reports.

He soon after visited Philadelphia, where he endeavored to set on foot a trading expedition to the North Pacific coast of America. He had touched at this region in his late expedition, and become convinced of its advantages. His plan was listened to with favor by Robert Morris, and a ship engaged for the purpose, but obstacles intervened. Morris finally lost patience, and Ledyard went to Paris in the hope of there accomplishing his plans. He crossed to Cadiz and thence made his way to Brest, and by land to L'Orient, where he passed the winter, the merchants of the place promising to fit out an expedition in the spring. When the time came they failed to do so, and Ledyard went to Paris. Here he met Jefferson, who took a great interest in his project, foreseeing its ultimate importance to the United States. Paul Jones also favored the scheme, and a plan was arranged by which that gallant officer was to be placed in command of two vessels to proceed to the coast, which at that time had been visited only by Cook's expedition and by the Russians, who had established a few slight trading posts on the adjacent islands. The vessels were to collect furs, to be exchanged for silks and teas in China, and return home by the Cape of Good Hope, Ledyard being left on the Pacific to establish a trading depot, and eventually to return home across the continent. The plan was not attempted, and in pursuance of the same idea he projected an overland journey through the north of Europe and Asia to Behring's Straits.† After long and wearisome delays he was enabled by a subscription obtained in London by the aid of Sir Joseph Banks and other friends, to start on this journey. He crossed from London to Hamburgh in December, next visited Copenhagen, where he shared his remaining funds with a Major Langhorn, a countryman, whom he endeavoured to induce to join him in his Siberian tour. Disappointed in this, the Major remarking, "I esteem you, but I can travel in the way I do, with no man on earth,"* Ledyard started off alone, and made his way round the Gulf of Bothnia on foot, the state of the ice rendering it impossible to pass over in sledges or force a passage in a boat. He arrived at St. Petersburg seven weeks after leaving Stockholm. Here he waited for some time for a passport. The Empress Catharine was absent on her magnificent progress through her dominions, and the traveller's petition seems never to have been presented to her by the French ambassador to whom it was intrusted. The document was finally obtained and Ledyard departed. He travelled to Moscow, and thence to Kazan, Tobolsk, and Barnaoul, a distance of three thousand miles, in company with a Scotch physician in the employ of the Empress. From thence he proceeded with the mail courier to Irkutsk. Here he embarked with a Swedish lieutenant on a voyage of fourteen hundred miles down the river Lena to Yakutsk, their boat being propelled by the current at the rate of eighty to a hundred miles a day. He arrived at Yakutsk on the 18th of September, where he endeavored to obtain permission to push forward to Okotsk, but this was refused on the plea that the season was too far advanced. His journal at this period contains the following passage:—

"What, alas, shall I do, for I am miserably prepared for this unlooked for delay. By remaining here through the winter, I cannot expect to resume my march until May, which will be eight months. My funds! I have but two long frozen stages more, and I shall be beyond the want, or aid of money, until, emerging from the deep deserts, I gain the American Atlantic States; and then, thy glowing climates, Africa, explored, I will lay me down, and claim my little portion of the globe I have viewed; may it not be before. How many of the noble-minded have been subsidiary to me, or to my enterprises; yet that meagre demon, Poverty, has travelled with me hand in hand over half the globe, and witnessed what—the tale I will not unfold! Ye children of wealth and idleness, what a profitable commerce might be made between us. A little of my toil might better brace your bodies, give spring to mind and zest to enjoyment; and a very little of that wealth, which you scatter around you, would put it beyond the power of anything but death to oppose my kindred greetings with all on earth, that bear the stamp of man. This is the third time, that I have been overtaken and arrested by winter; and

* Journal of Capt. Cook's last voyage, faithfully narrated from the original manuscript of Mr. John Ledyard. Hartford, 1783.

† In his autobiography, Jefferson speaks of Ledyard as "a man of genius, of some science, and of fearless courage and enterprise," and says that after his failure to carry through his scheme of a trading voyage to the North Pacific, he suggested to him an overland journey through Siberia to Behring's Straits, and thence across the continent to the United States. He gave Ledyard a letter of introduction to La Fayette, dated Paris, Feb. 9, 1786, in which he says:—

"He accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage to the northwestern parts of America, and rendered himself useful to that officer on some occasions by a spirit of enterprise which has distinguished his whole life. He has genius and education better than the common, and a talent for useful and interesting observation. I believe him to be an honest man, and a man of truth. To all this he adds just as much singularity of character, and of that particular kind too, as was necessary to make him undertake the journey he proposes. Should he get safe through it, I think he will give an interesting account of what he shall have seen."

* Langhorn seems to have had a passion for travelling in out of the way parts of the world. After parting with Ledyard he wandered over Sweden, Norway, and Lapland. Acerbi, in 1799, found the following entry in the travellers' book at Tornea, which then contained but seven names—"Justice bids me record thy hospitable fame, and testify it by my name. W. Langhorn, United States, July 23, 1787." Acerbi says he travelled on foot from Norway to Archangel.—Sparks's Life of Ledyard, 183.

both the others, by giving time for my evil genius to rally his hosts about me, have defeated the enterprise. Fortune, thou hast humbled me at last, for I am this moment the slave of cowardly solicitude, lest in the heart of this dread winter, there lurk the seeds of disappointment to my ardent desire of gaining the opposite continent. But I submit."

To avail himself of a companion, Captain Billings, employed by the Russian government on an exploration of the Pacific coast, for his voyage in the spring, he returned with that gentleman to Irkutsk, the journey being made on the frozen surface of the river. Here on the 24th of February, he was arrested and immediately hurried back over the long route which he had travelled, to Moscow, where he was examined on the pretext that he was a French spy. He was forwarded on to the frontier of Poland, where his guards took their leave with an intimation that if he again set foot on Russian territory he would be hanged.

He drew a small draft on his friend Sir Joseph Banks, and was thus enabled to reach London, where he called on Banks, from whom he learned that the "African Association," formed for the exploration of that country, were desirous of sending a traveller on a tour of discovery. Banks gave him a letter to the secretary of the company, to whom Ledyard expressed his great desire to receive the proposed appointment. On being asked when he would set out, he replied, "Tomorrow."

He was equipped in a few weeks, and for the first time properly backed by friends at home and provided with means, set forth. He proceeded to Cairo, and was just about starting on the adventurous portion of his journey when he was attacked by a bilious complaint, caused by exposure to the sun. He took a large and, as it proved, over dose of vitriolic acid to remove the disorder. An antidote was administered, but without effect, and he soon breathed his last, in November, 1788.

Ledyard kept a brief journal of a portion of his travels. Extracts from this and from his letters to Jefferson and others, forming with his account of Cook's voyage the whole of his literary productions, are given in the Life published by Jared Sparks in 1828.*

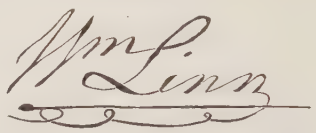
The short passage which has done most for the popular reputation of Ledyard, his eulogy on woman, occurs in his Siberian journal, and was first published in a eulogy printed in the Transactions of the African Society, by Mr. Beaufoy, the secretary, shortly after Ledyard's death.

"I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action: not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

* An advertisement in Freneau's Time-Piece, New York, March 16, 1798, announces a contemplated publication of "The Interesting Travels of John Ledyard, with a summary of his Life," and proposes a subscription. The "proposals" state that the work is to be printed on fine paper, "with a full length portrait of the Author, in the attitude of taking leave, on his departure for Africa," that it was to form a volume of from four to five hundred pages, and the price to subscribers to be two dollars a volume. No publisher's name is appended.

WILLIAM LINN.

The grandfather of the Rev. William Linn was an emigrant from Ireland, who built himself a cabin near Shippensburgh, Pennsylvania, and lived there in the wilderness, to the extraordinary age of over one hundred years. The eldest son of the eldest son of this veteran was born in 1752. At an early age he married the third daughter of the Rev. John Blair; he was graduated at the college of New Jersey in 1772, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister, officiating during the Revolutionary War as a chaplain of the American army. Soon after the peace he joined the Dutch Reformed denomination, and became one of the ministers of the Collegiate churches in the city



of New York. He enjoyed a high reputation as a pulpit orator. Wansey, an English traveller, who visited New York in 1794, speaks of going to hear him preach on a Sunday afternoon, as one of the noteworthy occurrences of his visit. He describes the sermon as extempore, but the clergyman probably pursued on the occasion his usual method of committing his discourse to memory, and repeating it without having the manuscript before him. His delivery was very emphatic, and his gesticulation often violent. He was in great demand on charitable and public occasions, and a number of his sermons of this description were printed. In addition to these, he published, in 1791, a volume of *Discourses on the leading personages of Scripture History;* and in 1794, a series on *The Signs of the Times*, the delivery of which had excited great interest and much opposition among a certain class, owing to the strong ground taken in them in favor of the French Revolution, a movement of which the Doctor was a warm partisan, until it became identified with infidelity and anarchy. His sermon on the blessings of America, before the Tammany Society, preached in the Middle Dutch Church, on the 4th of July, 1791, expresses the same views. In it, after claiming with Mr. Jefferson, that "making due allowance for our age and numbers, we have produced as many emi-

nent men as fall to our share;" and invoking the patriotism of the country, he plunges into an attack on the foes of liberty, Edmund Burke in particular, and a glorification of the French Revolution. "May we not indulge the pleasing thought, that the time is not far distant, when tyranny everywhere shall be destroyed; when mankind shall be the slaves of monsters and idiots no more, but recover the true dignity of their nature! The cause of liberty is continually gathering strength. The advocates of despotic rule must fail. The British orator, though he sublimely rave, he raves in vain. No force of genius, no brilliancy of fancy, and no ornament of language can support his wretched cause. He and his abettors only hasten its downfall. The Revolution in France is great, is astonishing, is glorious. It is, perhaps, not just to say, that the flame was kindled by us, but certainly we continued to blow and increase it, as France will in other nations, until blaze joining blaze, shall illumine the darkest and remotest corners of the earth." On the same occasion an ode was sung, composed by Dr. William Pitt Smith, with the line—

To God, Columbia's King, we homage pay.

In his preface to his Sermon on National Sins, delivered May 9, 1798, the day recommended by the President of the United States to be observed as a day of General Fast (T. & J. Swords, 1798), he says of his sermons on the "Signs of the Times:"—"If, in prosecuting my main object, I expressed sanguine expectations from the Revolution in France, both as to herself and to the world, thousands in all countries, at the time, entertained the same, and have been equally disappointed. If the French nation have departed from their original principles, I am not obliged to follow them. I will be no advocate for enormities unequalled in the annals of mankind; for principles which subvert all religion, morality, and order, and which threaten to involve us, with the whole human race, in the utmost confusion and misery."

His Funeral Sermon on the Death of Washington was printed in 1800. He was shortly after compelled to give up his clerical charge in consequence of ill health, and retired to Albany, where he died in January, 1808, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His sermons are plainly written, but concise, and often forcible in expression. He left a daughter, who gave indications of poetical ability, but died at an early age. Another daughter married Charles Brockden Brown, and a third Simeon De Witt.

WASHINGTON.*

"There was in him that assemblage of qualities which constitutes real greatness; and these qualities were remarkably adapted to the conspicuous part which he was called to perform. He was not tinsel, but gold; not a pebble, but a diamond; not a meteor, but a sun. Were he compared with the sages and the Heroes of antiquity, he would gain by the comparison, or rather, he would be found to be free from the blemishes, and to unite the excellencies of them all. Like Fabius, he was prudent; like Hannibal, he was unappalled by difficulties; like Cyrus, he conciliated affection; like Cimon, he was frugal; like Philopemon, he was humble; and like Pompey, he was successful. If we compare him with characters in the Sacred Records, he combined the exploits of Moses and Joshua, not only by conducting us safely across the Red Sea, and through the wilderness, but by bringing us into the promised land; like David, he conquered an insulting Goliath, and rose to the highest honors from an humble station; like Hezekiah he ruled; and like Josiah at his death, there is a mourning "as the mourning of Hadadrimmon, in the valley of Megiddon." Nor is the mourning confined to us, but extends to all the wise and good who ever heard of his name. The Generals whom he opposed will wrap their hilts in black, and stern CORNWALLIS drop a tear.

He was honored even in death. After all his fatigues, and though he had arrived near to the limit fixed for human life, yet his understanding was not impaired, nor his frame wasted by any lingering disease. We did not hear of his sickness until we heard that he was no more.

* From a Funeral Eulogy, occasioned by the death of General Washington, delivered February 22d, 1800, before the New York State Society of the Cincinnati. By William Linn, D.D. New York: Printed by Isaac Collins, No. 189 Pearl street. pp. 44.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

FRENEAU, the popular political versifier of the days of the Revolution, the newspaper advocate of the republican party afterwards, and a true poet in his best moments, was born in New York, in Frankfort street, Jan. 2, 1752, of a family which had emigrated from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His ancestors had been among the founders of the St. Esprit Church, in Pine street, New York. The house from which his grandfather was buried, was formerly pointed out in Hanover square.* In 1771, we find Philip Freneau a graduate of the College of New Jersey, in the same class with Madison, the future President, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy, and associated with Brackenridge in the composition and delivery of a Commencement poem on the *Rising Glory of America*,† Freneau's portion of which is included in two of the editions of his writings. It is animated and vigorous in description and sentiment. A line in his picture of a supposed settlement of the western continent by a stray ship of the Carthaginians, is poetic:—

In the course of long revolving years
A numerous progeny from these arose,
And spread throughout the coasts—those whom we call
Brazilians, Mexicans, Peruvians rich,
The tribes of Chili, Patagon, and those
Who till the shores of Amazon's long stream.

There is a pleasing sketch of rural life in this production, with other proof that though a youthful poem, it contained something more than the required declamation for the hour.

We next hear of Freneau as a victim in the fortunes of the Revolution. He was taken prisoner by the British, and condemned to the barbarities of the prison-ship at New York, a treat-

* A brief notice of Freneau, attributed to John Pintard, in the New York Mirror, Jan. 12, 1833.

† *Ante*, p. 289.

ment which he did not forget in his *Cantos from a Prison-Ship*. These are dated in 1780, and celebrate his capture on the coast of Delaware, in a vessel, gallantly described, in which he was sailing to St. Eustatia, by a British frigate, which carried him to New York.* Here he speedily made the intimate acquaintanceship of the *Scorpion*, moored on the Hudson, whose "mountain stream" sent no cooling breath to the victims in their ghastly dungeons.

O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,
And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,
But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,
Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead.

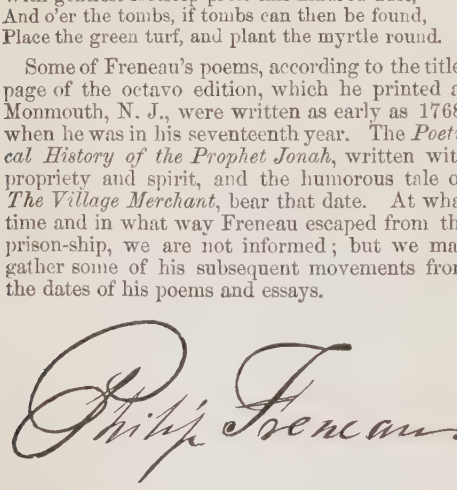
On the opposite side of the island was stationed the *Hunter* hospital ship, "a slaughter-house, yet hospital in name," where a Hessian doctor, remarkable for his stupidity, visited the fever-stricken prisoners.

Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,
And some he blister'd with his flies of Spain;
* * * * * * * *
On our lost comrades built his future fame,
And scatter'd fate where'er his footsteps came.

When the merciful angel death came, the prisoners were buried on the shore, and the poet invokes the tenderness of posterity for their graves; an appeal not now out of place, when "sapient trouble-tombs" would remove the fine monument erecting in memory of these things on Broadway, in the grave-yard of Trinity, where others of these unfortunates lie buried.

When to your arms these fatal islands fall
(For first, or last, they must be conquer'd all),
Americans! to rites sepulchral just,
With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,
And o'er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,
Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round.

Some of Freneau's poems, according to the title-page of the octavo edition, which he printed at Monmouth, N. J., were written as early as 1768, when he was in his seventeenth year. The *Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah*, written with propriety and spirit, and the humorous tale of *The Village Merchant*, bear that date. At what time and in what way Freneau escaped from the prison-ship, we are not informed; but we may gather some of his subsequent movements from the dates of his poems and essays.



His prose sketches, *The Philosopher of the Forest*, were first printed in the *Freeman's Journal* of Philadelphia, in November, 1781.

In 1782, he pens at Philadelphia *A Discourse on Esquires, with a short Narrative of his Honor the President of the Debtors' Club*, one of his prose essays. In 1784, we have *Lines Written at Port Royal, in the Island of Jamaica*, and the next year some verses, *The Departure*, in which he takes leave of the Hudson for a sea voyage, from which we may infer that he had already some pretensions to the title of Captain, by which he was generally known in his later days. His *Journey from Philadelphia to New York by way of Burlington and South Amboy*, written in verse, shows an intimate acquaintance with nautical slang. His *New Year's Verses, written for the Carriers of the Columbian Herald*, are dated Charleston, Jan., 1786. At one time Philip Freneau commanded a vessel sailing out of that port.

The first edition of Freneau's poems was in Philadelphia in 1786, *The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the late War*. It is very neatly printed, in a single duodecimo volume. In 1788, a second volume followed, *The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems*, Philadelphia, printed by Francis Bailey, at Yorick's Head, in Market street, a neat duodecimo volume of 429 pages, with an advertisement from the printer:—"The following essays and poems, selected from some printed and manuscript papers of Mr. Freneau, are now presented to the public of the United States, in hopes they will prove at least equally acceptable with his volume of poems published last year. Some few of the pieces in this volume have heretofore appeared in American newspapers; but through a fatality not unusually attending publications of that kind, are now, perhaps, forgotten; and, at any time, may possibly never have been seen, or attended to, but by very few." This is the only volume of Freneau's writings, in book form, which contains any of his prose compositions. It was published, as usual in those days even for small duodecimo volumes, by subscription. De Witt Clinton takes a copy in New York, and John Pintard subscribes for two. Some of Freneau's best pieces are in this volume:—*The Pictures of Columbus, The Indian Student, The Indian Burying Ground, The Man of Ninety*, and that delicate little poem *May to April*.

The prose essays are pleasant papers. They are at once simple and elegant in style, independent in thought, playful and humorous. They were for the most part written with the signature of Robert Slender, whom the author took the liberty of burying, that he might publish his manuscripts. The *Advice to Authors*, with which they open, is, with its playful irony, a fresh, manly essay. These miscellaneous essays are all clever productions. They are grouped in several little collections, *Tracts and Essays on Several Subjects, by Mr. Slender; Essays, Tales, and Poems, by Mr. Slender; The Philosopher of the Forest*. They embrace the usual repertory of the essayist, in description, apologue, and gentle satire. One of these time-honored inventions consecrated by Voltaire and Goldsmith, is an account of the *Voyage of Timberootabo-cede, an Otaheite Indian*, who visits foreign countries at the command of his sovereign, and reports on their absurdities on his return. A paragraph will show its spirit, a corrective for

* The British Prison-Ship, a Poem, in four Cartos, viz.:—Canto 1. The Capture. 2. The Prison-ship. 3. The Prison-Ship continued. 4. The Hospital Prison-Ship—to which is added a Poem on the Death of Capt. N. Biddle. Phila.: F. Bailey. 1781.

hasty observation, which may still be of service to ethnologists:—"During the time of eating, we were encircled by a number of black people of both sexes, who had green branches in their hands, which we at first supposed were emblematical of peace and friendship, but, as we soon after discovered, were only meant to brush away the flies from our victuals."

The third publication of Freneau's writings was made by himself at his press at Monmouth, New Jersey, in 1795,* and is much the most complete collection. It is an octavo volume of four hundred and fifty-six pages, and contains nearly three hundred articles in verse, in most of the popular forms of composition, of description, tale, satire, song, and epigram.

The next edition of the Poems, a revision of the whole, was issued by subscription, in two volumes, in Philadelphia, in 1809.† This contained two translations from Ovid and Lucretius.

An author's advertisement appeals to the public on patriotic grounds. The collection has been mostly restricted to "Poems that arose from the incidents of the American revolutionary contest, down to the date of 1793. These were intended, in part, to expose to vice and treason, their own hideous deformity; to depict virtue, honour, and patriotism in their native beauty. To his countrymen, the real Patriotic Americans, the Revolutionary Republicans, and the rising generation who are attached to their sentiments and principles, the writer hopes this collection will not prove unacceptable." In 1815, a fourth publication appeared, from the press of Longworth of New York, in two duodecimo volumes, *A Collection of Poems, on American Affairs, and a variety of other subjects, chiefly Moral and Political; written between the year* 1797 *and the present time.* The title-page appeals to the war feeling of the period.

> Then England come!—a sense of wrong requires
> To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires:
> Through these stern times the conflict to maintain,
> Or drown them, with your commerce, in the main.

The contents show that Freneau had lost nothing of his national ardor with age. He is still sensitive to the feelings of the times, and celebrates most passing themes, from the death of a Russian Empress to the rebuilding of Nassau Hall, and the city encroachments on the Hudson River. The military events of the war are his special care, as he devotes himself to the denunciation of the foe and the encouragement of his countrymen, frequently mingling with his higher themes the humorous incidents of the camp.

A large portion of Freneau's occupations must be looked for in his employments upon the press. In 1791, Freneau edited the *National Gazette*, in Philadelphia, a journal supported in opposition to *Fenno's Gazette*, under the alleged influence of Hamilton. At the same time, Jefferson, then Secretary of State, gave him a post in his office, of translating clerk. Hamilton did not relish the attacks of Freneau in his paper, which he described as "intemperately devoted to the abuse of the government, and all the conspicuous actors in it, except the Secretary of State and his coadjutors, who were the constant theme of its panegyric," and commented strongly upon the impropriety of Jefferson's official support of the editor, in a series of political assaults, signed An American, and contributed to the Gazette of the United States, in August, 1792. The articles are published in the Hamilton Correspondence. From these it appears that "Mr. Freneau, before he came to Philadelphia to conduct the *National Gazette*, was employed by Childs & Sprague, printers of the *Daily Advertiser* in New York, in the capacity of editor or superintendant," and that the first number of the *National Gazette* appeared under his direction Oct. 31, 1791. The *New York Daily Advertiser* of Oct. 26 had the announcement: "We hear from Philadelphia that the Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Esq., Secretary of State for the United States, has appointed Captain Philip Freneau interpreter of the French language for the Department of State." On these facts, and some hearsay evidence, which failed to be substantiated, Hamilton made his charge upon Jefferson of controlling the paper, and using the patronage of his office for the support of its editor. Jefferson, in a letter to Washington, dated Sept. 9, 1792, disposes of this matter. While the government, says he, was at New York, he was appealed to on behalf of Freneau, to know if there was any place within his department to which he could be appointed. There was no vacancy, but when the removal to Philadelphia took place, Mr. Pintard, the translating clerk, did not choose to follow, so Freneau succeeded him, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. As for the connexion with the paper, Jefferson said he gave Freneau the prefer-

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* POEMS

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1768 & 1794,

BY

PHILIP FRENEAU,

OF

NEW JERSEY.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED and CORRECTED by the AUTHOR; Including a considerable number of PIECES never before PUBLISHED.

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Audax inde cohors stellis e pluribus unum
Ardua pyramidos tollis ad astra caput.

page 435.

MONMOUTH

[N. J.]

PRINTED

At the Press of the AUTHOR, at MOUNT-PLEASANT, near MIDDLETOWN-POINT; M,DCC,XCV: and, of —AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE— XIX.

† Poems Written and Published during the American Revolutionary War, and now Republished from the Original Manuscripts; interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other Pieces not heretofore in print. By Philip Freneau.

> ——Justly to record the deeds of fame,
> A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame;
> Some powerful spirit in superior lays
> Should tell the conflicts of the stormy days.

The third edition, in two volumes. Phila., from the press of Lydia R. Bailey, No. 10 North Alley, 1809.

ence for the office "as a man of genius," as he had recommended Rittenhouse, Barlow, and others, to Washington; that he was anxious that the material parts of the *Leyden Gazette* should be republished; and as Freneau's newspaper arrangements offered facilities for the publication, he gave them to him; that he had procured subscriptions for his paper, and in advance, but that he had never written or dictated, or been instrumental in furnishing a line for the journal.*

On occasion of the great entertainment given to Genet, in Philadelphia, in 1793, after his mutilated reception by the President, citizen Freneau was present, and was requested to translate the French ode written by Duponceau, the singing of which was one of the items of this extraordinary festivity. Freneau was a great advocate of France through this period, and annoyed Washington by his assaults on the administration. There was "that rascal Freneau," said he, "sent him three of his papers every day, as if he would become the distributor of them, an act in which he could see nothing but an impudent design to insult him."†

A series of *Probationary Odes, by Jonathan Pindar, Esq., a cousin of Peter's, and candidate for the post of Poet Laureat*, published in the *Gazette* for 1793, were probably written by Freneau. Adams, Knox, Hamilton, and others, are satirized, and there are seven stanzas of advice "to a truly Great Man," George Washington, touching the establishment of banks.

TO A TRULY GREAT MAN.

"*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"—Hor.

George, on thy virtues often have I dwelt;
And still the theme is grateful to mine ear;
Thy gold let chemists ten times over melt,
From dross and base alloy they'll find it clear.

Yet thou'rt a man—although, perhaps, the first;
But man at best is but a being frail;
And since with error human nature's curst,
I marvel not that thou shouldst sometimes fail.

That thou hast *long* and *nobly* served the state,
The nation *owns*, and *freely* gives thee thanks:
But Sir!—whatever speculators prate,
She gave thee not the power to establish Banks.

No doubt thou thought'st it was a phenix nest,
Which Congress were so busy to build up:
But there a crocodile had fixed his rest,
And snapped the *nation's bowels* at a sup.

The greedy monster is not yet half cloyed,
Nor will be, whilst a leg or arm remains;
Those parts the last of all should be destroyed;
The next delicious morsel is *her brains*.

I trust thou'st seen the monster by this time,
And hast prepared thy knife to cut his throat;
His scales are so damned hard, that in thy prime,
'Twould take thee twenty years to make it out.

God grant thee life to do it:—Fare thee well!
Another time examine well the nest;
Though of Arabia's spices it should smell
It may produce some foul internal pest.

These were the verses on John Adams:—

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

Jonathan defendeth the Great Defender; magnifieth and exalteth *his works;* and confesseth his own littleness of understanding.

"*Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus.*"—Hor.

Daddy Vice, Daddy Vice,
One may see in a trice
The drift of your fine publication;
As sure as a gun,
The thing was just done,
To secure you—a *pretty* high station.

Defences you call
To knock down our wall,
And batter the States to the ground, sir;
So thick were your shot,
And so hellish fire-hot,
They've scarce a whole bone to be found, sir—

When you tell us of *kings*,
And such pretty things,
Good mercy! how brilliant your page is!
So bright in each line
I vow now you'll shine
Like—a glow-worm to all future ages.

When you handle your balance,
So vast are your talents,
Like Atlas your wonderful strength is;
You know every state
To a barley-corn weight,
For your steel-yard the continent length is.

On Davila's page
Your discourses so sage
Democratical numscullls bepuzzle,
With arguments tough
As white leather or buff,
The *republican* bull-dogs to *muzzle*.

'Tis labor in vain,
Your senses to strain
Cur brains any longer to muddle;
Like Colossus you stride
O'er our noddles so wide,
We look up like frogs in a puddle.*

The Gazette was published till the conclusion of a second volume and the second year, October 26, 1793.

Freneau had a genius for newspapers. At his own press at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, May 2, 1795, "and of American Independence xix.," as he adds, he published the first number of his *Jersey Chronicle*, on eight small quarto pages of the precise size of seven inches by eight. His address "to the Public" is, as usual, very neat,—commencing with a motto from Horace, in reference to his rural press—"Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum," and this announcement of the design:—"the editor in the publication of this paper proposes, among other objects, to present his readers with a complete history of the foreign and domestic events of the times, together with such essays, remarks and observations as shall tend to illustrate the politics, or mark the general character of the age and

* Hamilton's Works, iv. 300.

† May 23, 1793. "Washington adverted to a piece in Freneau's paper of yesterday. His paper has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monocrats."—Jefferson's Ana, Works, iv. 485, 491, Ed. 1880.

* These verses are quoted by Mr. J. T. Buckingham, in his Specimens of Newspaper Literature. Art. National Gazette. ii. 139, 140.

country in which we live." The paper is dated "Mount-Pleasant, near Middletown Point:—printed by P. Freneau—by whom Advertisements, Hand Bills, &c., are done at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms." With the third number it grew in dimensions, and extended to a third column in width. To the foreign affairs and "American advices" were added the essays entitled *Tomo Cheeki* and an occasional poem—the Republican Genius of Europe, the Rival Suitors for America. Apropos to the national anniversary of 1795 at Monmouth, he publishes one of the English songs of the day, this

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

God save the rights of man!
Give us a heart to scan
Blessings so dear:
Let them be spread around
Wherever man is found,
And with a welcome sound
Ravish each ear.

See, from the universe
Darkness and clouds disperse,
Mankind awake;
Reason and truth appear,
Freedom advances near,
Monarchs, with terror, hear—
See how they quake.

Long have we felt the stroke,
Long have we bore the yoke,
Sluggish and tame:
But now the lion roars
And a loud note he pours,
Spreading to distant shores
Liberty's fame.

Godlike and great the strife,
Life will, indeed, be life
When we prevail.
Death, in so just a cause,
Crown us with loud applause
And from tyrannic laws
Bid us—ALL HAIL!

O'er the Germanic powers
Big indignation lours
Ready to fall—
Let the rude savage host
Of their long numbers boast,
Freedom's almighty trust
Laughs at them all!

Fame, let thy trumpet sound—
Tell all the world around
Frenchmen are free!
Tell ribbons, crowns and stars,
Kings, traitors, troops and wars,
Plans, councils, plots and jars,
America's free.

About the same time he announces the edition of his poems of 1795, which he published at the same press. With the fifty-second number at the close of the year, April 30, 1796, Freneau winds up the paper with a notice "to subscribers" stating that

in number one of the Jersey Chronicle the Editor announced his intention of extending the publication beyond the first year, provided the attempt should in the meantime be suitably encouraged and found practicable. But the necessary number of subscribers having not yet appeared, scarcely to defray the expenses of the undertaking, notwithstanding the very low rate (it was published at twelve shillings per annum) at which it has been offered, the editor with some regret declines a further prosecution of his plan at this time. He embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to such persons in this and the neighboring counties as have favored him with their subscriptions; and have also by their punctuality in complying with the terms originally proposed, thus far enabled him to issue a free, independent and republican paper.

It is from some such printing-office as that which sent forth his Jersey Chronicle, that we may fancy Freneau inditing his poem of the Country Printer, a purely American description of the village and associations of the place: the arrival of the old-time coach, the odd farrago of the editor's page, the office itself:—

Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd,
Ready alike to imprint your prose or verse;
Ready to speak, their order only chang'd,
Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch or Highland Erse;
These types have printed Erskine's *Gospel Treat*,
Tom Durfey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete:

and the editor himself,—with something more than a suggestion of Philip Freneau. The change from the State House to Saratoga in the last stanza which we quote is a powerful thrust of satire.

He, in his time, the patriot of his town,
With press and pen attack'd the royal side,
Did what he could to pull their Lion down,
Clipp'd at his beard, and twitched his *sacred* hide,
Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,
Pelted young *whelps*, and tweak'd the old one's nose.

Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,
From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,
Now by a priest, and now some deacon led,
With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man;
Lads from the spade, the pick-axe, or the plough
Marching afar to fight *Burgoyne* or *Howe*.

Where are they now?—the Village asks with grief,
What were their toils, their conquests, or their gains?—
Perhaps, they near some State-House beg relief,
Perhaps, they sleep on Saratoga's plains;
Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach
For seven-years' pay transferred to Mammon's coach.

Freneau was probably at all times busy, more or less, with the newspapers. His next important venture of this kind was of a literary character at New York.

The first number of his *Time-Piece and Literary Companion* was issued at New York, March 13, 1797. It was printed three times a week—on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, in a neat folio form, paged, at the price of thirty shillings, New York currency, per annum. Its editor seems to have formed a partnership in the printing business, for the purpose of its publication. "In order," he says, "to render this work the more interesting and acceptable to the public at large, in regard to neatness and elegance of mechanical execution, the subscriber informs all who have or may favor him with their names, that he has associated himself as a partner in the typographical line of business with Mr. Alexander Menut, of that profession, some time since from Canada, and who is become, and means to con-

tinue, a citizen of the United States." The proposals signed by Freneau announce the new paper as "intended for the diffusion of useful as well as ornamental knowledge, news, and liberal amusement in general," and its editor pledges himself to use his best endeavors to render the *Time-Piece and Literary Companion*, "a work of merit, and as far as his exertions or abilities will permit, worthy the patronage of the public." The promise was well fulfilled during the year or more of Freneau's editorship. Sept. 15, 1797, with the beginning of the second volume, the name of M. L. Davis appears associated with Freneau as the publisher, when the notice of the printer's partnership with Menut is dropped. Freneau and Davis appear at the head of the paper till No. 81, March 21, 1798, when the publishers are changed to M. L. Davis & Co.; and with No. 118, June 15, 1798, R. Saunders appears for the proprietors. Saunders disappears with No. 128, July 9 of the same year, and the paper is published for the proprietors at 25 Maiden Lane, at least till No. 150, Aug. 30, 1798, where the file closes in the rare volume preserved in the New York Historical Society. The evidence of Freneau's ability had departed from its columns some time before. For a long time, however, it was admirably sustained by Freneau, whose tact at administering to the tastes of the public was shown in the skill of the selection and the general elegance of the material. There were news of the day carefully digested, biographies, correspondence, anecdotes, and occasional poems *ad libitum*. In the second number he commences a translation of the travels of M. Abbé Robin, "Chaplain in Count Rochambeau's army, giving a general account of the progress of the French army from Rhode Island, the place of their landing, to Yorktown in Virginia; and of some other occurrences." This, we are told, he had made fourteen years before; but as a small edition was printed off, the work is now in the hands of very few.* Freneau also republishes his series of *Tomo Cheeki, the Creek Indian in Philadelphia*, with this preliminary notice: "A number of eccentric writings under this title, and to the amount of a considerable volume, are in the hands of the editor of the *Time-Piece*, said to be translated from one of the Indian languages of this country. They were transmitted to him more than two years ago, and a few numbers published in a gazette, edited by him in a neighboring state; but discontinued with that paper. If the lucubrations of a rude aboriginal of America shall appear to afford any gratification to the generality of our readers, the whole will be occasionally offered to the public through the medium of the *Time-Piece*." The politics were republican for both sides of the water. If Freneau was hard pressed by an adversary, he could always bring his muse to his aid as in this sharp hit at Cobbett, in the paper of Sept. 13, 1797, in reply to "a despicable mess of scurrility in one of Porcupine's Gazettes of last week, in which he mentions he was plagued with the *Time-Piece* for several months," coupled with the explanation that the *Time-Piece* had at first been sent to Porcupine, according to editorial custom, "till finding the hoggishness of the fellow, in not consenting to an exchange, the transmission was discontinued."*

From Penn's famous city what hosts have departed,
The streets and the houses are nearly deserted,
But still there remain
Two Vipers, that's plain,
Who soon, it is thought, yellow flag will display;
Old Porcupine preaching,
And Fenno beseeching
Some dung-cart to wheel him away.

Philadelphians, we're sorry you suffer by fevers,
Or suffer such scullions to be your deceivers;
Will Pitt's noisy whelp
With his red foxy scalp
Whom the kennels of London spew'd out in a fright,
Has sculk'd over here
To snuffle and sneer,
Like a puppy to snap, or a bull-dog to bite.

If cut from the gallows, or kick'd from the post,
Such fellows as these are of England the boast,
But Columbia's disgrace!
Begone from that place
That was dignified once by a Franklin and Penn,
But infested by you
And your damnable crew
Will soon be deserted by all honest men.

Captain Freneau, having concluded his active political career and his voyages to Madeira and the West Indies, passed his latter days in New Jersey, occasionally visiting New York, where he saw his friends in the democratic ranks of the day.

Of his associations at this time we have a pleasing reminiscence in the following original sketch, kindly written in answer to our inquiries on the subject, by Dr. John W. Francis of New York.

"To the young, the ingenuous, and the inquiring the City of New York, some thirty or forty years ago, presented an interest which we in vain look for at the present day; and consequently excited emotions of patriotism and induced historical research, by the accidental associations inherent in the very character of the personages and occurrences of those remoter times. Our metropolis at that period was enriched by the sojourn or temporary presence of a large number of those renowned individuals who had labored in the service of the revolutionary struggle, and who in council and in the field had secured the triumphs of those principles so early espoused by the 'Sons of Liberty.' The state at large had been extensively the area of warfare; the deliberations arising out of the adoption of the Constitution for the Union, the master spirits engaged in that responsible trust, all awakened deep interest in New York. Much of what was then speculative discussion has since become historical fact; and the sires of those great actions, who presented themselves at every corner of the streets, and in

* It was printed at Philadelphia in 1783.

* Cobbett published his Peter Porcupine's Works, in 12 vols., in London, in 1801, including selections from his Gazette, and republications of various of his American political tracts, with which, during his residence, he annoyed the Democrats of America. His Porcupine's Gazette, a villanously printed sheet by the way, was issued at Philadelphia from the 4th March, 1797, to Jan., 1800.

the social circles, now sleep the sleep ordained to mortality. The national ballads and songs of colonial strife, which were enriched with additional charms by the vocal displays of the very actors of those scenes, may occasionally be recognised in the Metrical Miscellany, or printed in the Songster's Museum; but the echo of applauding admirers which was consequent upon the melodist's strains is not now to be heard. Even the great Hamilton might have been joined in such a confederacy; and I have listened to Gates, of Saratoga, in similar efforts. In short our city abounded with the heroes of revolutionary fame, citizens, and natives of remote parts of the Union; add to all these the scores of old Tories, and the multitudes of the once disaffected, who had escaped the trials of the revolutionary contest by the ingenuity of self-interest, and the sagacious use of their fiscal resources, and we have at least one view of the diversified population of those incipient days of the American Republic.

"It was natural that a participator in the occurrences of those times of trial consumed in the war of Independence, who was an eye-witness to many of the hardest impositions of that eventful period; who had, moreover, borne a notable share of its sufferings, who had felt the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship, and had become intimate with that glorious band of warriors and statesmen, should desire in after times, when the fruits of peace were secured, to renew the associations of past events, recount the tale of patriotism, and find consolation in the retrospect by converse among kindred spirits.

"Philip Freneau was eminently a character who would not heedlessly let pass such opportunities, and we accordingly find him, when not engrossed with other avocations, constantly associated with those who gratified his most cherished sympathies in his often repeated visits to New York. The various editions of his poetical writings bear testimony to his continued ardor as a cultivator of the patriotic muse, and if we examine the productions of the periodical press we must be satisfied that he was comparatively indifferent to fame in his selection, as many of his best products are to be found elsewhere than in his collections. An unpretending popular weekly contains his beautiful address to the Isle of Madeira; and in his poem on the Carolinas he gives utterance to his emotions on revisiting the scenes of his earlier days with the warmth and tenderness of an enthusiast.

"It is chiefly by the several dates of his numerous productions that we are enabled to trace his diversified employments and sojourns. As a marine captain, he was employed for many years subsequent to the publication of his large octavo selection of 1795 until about the war of 1812.

"Freneau was widely known to a large circle of our most prominent and patriotic New Yorkers. His native city, with all his wanderings, was ever uppermost in his mind and in his affections. While in the employment of Jefferson, as a translator of languages in the department of state, upon the organization of Congress, with Washington at its head, he had the gratification of witnessing the progress of improvement, and might have enjoyed increased facilities had he not enlisted with an indiscreet zeal as an advocate of the radical doctrines of the day. Freneau was, nevertheless, esteemed a true patriot; and his private worth, his courteous manner, and his general bearing won admiration with all parties. His pen was more acrimonious than his heart. He was tolerant, frank in expression, and not deficient in geniality. He was highly cultivated in classical knowledge, abounding in anecdotes of the revolutionary crisis, and extensively acquainted with prominent characters.

"It were easy to record a long list of eminent citizens who ever gave him a cordial welcome. He was received with the warmest greetings by the old soldier, Governor George Clinton. He, also, in the intimacy of kindred feeling, found an agreeable pastime with the learned Provoost, the first regularly consecrated Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopate, who himself had shouldered a musket in the Revolution, and hence was sometimes called the fighting bishop. They were allied by classical tastes, a love of natural science, and ardor in the cause of liberty. With Gates he compared the achievements of Monmouth with those at Saratoga. With Col. Fish he reviewed the capture of Yorktown; with Dr. Mitchill he rehearsed, from his own sad experience, the physical sufferings and various diseases of the incarcerated patriots of the Jersey prison-ship; and descanted on Italian poetry and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius. He, doubtless, furnished Dr. Benjamin Dewitt with data for his funeral discourse on the remains of the 11,500 American martyrs. With Pintard he could laud Horace and talk largely of Paul Jones. With Major Fairlie he discussed the tactics and chivalry of Baron Steuben. With Sylvanus Miller he compared notes on the political clubs of 1795-1810. He shared Paine's visions of an ideal democracy. With Dewitt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden he debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation, based on the famous precedent of the Languedoc canal.

"I had, when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark grey, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful, it was now thinned and of an iron grey. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composi-

tion, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Gray. On some of the occasions when Freneau honored me with a visit, we had within our circle one of my earliest friends, that rare Knickerbocker, Gulian C. Verplanck. I need not add that the charm of my interview with the bard was heightened by the rich funds of antiquarian lore possessed by the latter.

"It is remarkable how tenaciously Freneau preserved the acquisitions of his early classical studies, notwithstanding he had for many years, in the after portion of his life, been occupied in pursuits so entirely alien to books. There is no portrait of the patriot Freneau; he always firmly declined the painter's art, and would brook no 'counterfeit presentment.'"

Some time after the conclusion of the war of 1812, a number of Freneau's MS. poems, of which he had many, were consumed by fire, in the destruction of his house at Mount Pleasant.

That he was not indifferent to his reputation, the several collections of his writings prove, and we learn from the venerable engraver on wood, Alexander Anderson, that Freneau once applied to him to calculate the cost of an illustrated volume of the poems, which he found too great for his purse.*

Freneau died Dec. 18, 1832. The circumstances of his death were thus announced in the *Monmouth* (New Jersey) *Inquirer*:—"Mr. Freneau was in the village, and started, towards evening, to go home, about two miles. In attempting to go across he appears to have got lost and mired in a bog meadow, where his lifeless corpse was discovered yesterday morning. Captain Freneau was a staunch Whig in the time of the Revolution, a good soldier, and a warm patriot. The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom."

The house which Freneau occupied at the time of his death is still standing. It is about a mile from Freehold. The house in which he lived before he came to Freehold, and the old tavern in which he and his club of friends met, are also in existence at Middletown Point.†

To this account of Freneau, we are enabled to add a notice of his brother, who was settled in South Carolina, at Charleston, from the pen of Dr. Joseph Johnson, of that city.

"Peter Freneau was a younger brother of Captain Philip Freneau. They were natives of New Jersey; but the first of their ancestors who came to this part of the world, was called De Fresneau, and settled in Connecticut, after effecting his escape from the persecutions against the Huguenots in France. In this province De Fresneau became the proprietor of a copper mine, but being restrained by the Colonial Regulations from smelting the ore, he shipped a load of it to England, calculating on profitable returns. In these expectations he was disappointed; the vessel was captured by a French cruiser; the adventure proved a total loss, and De Fresneau was so much reduced that he could no longer work the mine. By some means not well understood, this property came into the possession of the State of Connecticut, and became the site of their Penitentiary. The excavations that had been made for copper ore served extremely well for the safe keeping of their convicts.

"After completing his education, Mr. Freneau came to South Carolina, and soon attracted general and favorable notice from those best qualified for judging. He was elected Secretary of State, and embraced the opportunity thus afforded for securing to himself and Francis Bremar, the Surveyor-General, grants for various tracts of land then vacant. About the year 1795, he became the editor and proprietor of the *City Gazette*, a daily paper advocating the Democratic opinions then prevailing in the South. He was associated with Paine, an experienced printer, who took charge of that department, and the whole work was so well conducted, that it soon secured the patronage of the state and city governments. On the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, in 1801, it also obtained that of the general government.* Mr. Freneau was particularly well qualified for the office of editor to such a paper. He was indefatigable in his studies and collections of matter, his style of writing was clear, comprehensive, and decided in advancing his own opinions, but always liberal and just to those who thought otherwise. Besides a due knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he had acquired so much of the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages, as enabled him to read, select, and translate from such publications, what other papers could not procure, and rendered the circulation of his the more extensive; but he could not converse in either of those languages.

"When Mr. Paine left the concern, the paper began to decline, and Mr. Freneau unfortunately engaged in some commercial adventures, that distracted his usual attention to the office. He became involved in a variety of ways, and in 1810 sold out his whole interest in the *City Gazette*.

"In person Mr. Freneau was tall, but so well

* Alexander Anderson, who still survives in a hale old age, was born in April, 1775, near Peck Slip, in New York. He studied medicine, and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from Columbia College, in 1796, delivering a dissertation on Chronic Mania upon the occasion. He preferred art to physic, and having already been a pupil of "a universal genius" of the times, John Roberts, entered upon the business of wood-engraving. His copies of Bewick's engravings were celebrated, and for the first quarter of the present century he executed most of the better engravings then published, from the illustrations for a Bible to the cuts of a primer and spelling-book. His lights and shades were strongly marked, and he worked with precision and effect. The collection of specimens of his thousands of engravings in his scrap-books is a pleasing and curious exhibition of the resources of booksellers in the last generation. There is a notice of Anderson in Dunlap's Arts of Design, ii. p. 8, and his friend, Mr. Benson J. Lossing, has recently paid him a handsome tribute in an article in the Home Journal.

† The tavern has lately been repaired, and is now (1854) occupied as a private dwelling by Mr. Pittman, a dentist.

* In an unpublished letter addressed to Peter Freneau, dated Washington, May 20, 1803, Jefferson incloses "a small parcel of Egyptian rice" for plantation in South Carolina, and reviews closely the state of parties, stating the policy of the administration on appointments, assigning to the federalists their proportional share of them—communicating with Freneau in confidential terms, and looking to him for a support of the government policy.

proportioned, that it was not remarked. His features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Charles James Fox, the celebrated English statesman, that all were struck with the likeness who had ever seen Mr. Fox, or compared his likeness with Freneau.

"When Mr. Freneau parted with his interest in the *City Gazette*, he endeavored to arrange his intricate accounts and money concerns, but did not succeed; he was still disappointed and harassed. He then anxiously sought for retirement, and having the lease of a saw-mill and cottage at Pinckney's Ferry, he was tempted to visit them early in October, 1813, before the autumnal frosts had cleared the atmosphere of malaria. He returned in good spirits, and apparently in good health, but was attacked in a few days with the bilious remittent, resulting from malaria, and died on the fifth day of the disease, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

"Mr. Freneau was never married, he left no relative except his brother Philip, and died insolvent."

The poems of Philip Freneau represent his times, the war of wit and verse no less than of sword and stratagem of the Revolution; and he superadds to this material a humorous, homely simplicity peculiarly his own, in which he paints the life of village rustics, with their local manners fresh about them, of days when tavern delights were to be freely spoken of, before temperance societies and Maine laws were thought of; when men went to prison at the summons of inexorable creditors, and when Connecticut deacons rushed out of meeting to arrest and waylay the passing Sunday traveller. When these humors of the day were exhausted, and the impulses of patriotism were gratified in song, when he had paid his respects to Rivington and Hugh Gaine,* he solaced himself with higher themes, in the version of an ode of Horace, a visionary meditation on the antiquities of America, or a sentimental effusion on the loves of Sappho. These show the fine tact and delicate handling of Freneau, who deserves much more consideration in this respect from critics than he has ever received. A writer from whom the fastidious Campbell, in his best day, thought it worth while to borrow an entire line, is worth looking into. It is from his *Indian Burying Ground*, the last image of that fine visionary stanza:—

> By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
> In vestments for the chase array'd,
> The hunter still the deer pursues,
> The hunter and the deer—a shade.

Campbell has given the line a rich setting in the "lovelorn fantasy" of *O'Conor's Child*:—

> Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
> In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
> A son of light—a lovely form,
> He comes and makes her glad;
> Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
> His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
> Now o'er the hills in chace he flits,
> *The hunter and the deer a shade.*

There is also a line of Sir Walter Scott which has its prototype in Freneau. In the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*, in the apostrophe to the Duke of Brunswick, we read—

> Lamented chief!—not thine the power
> To save in that presumptuous hour,
> When Prussia hurried to the field,
> And snatch'd the spear but left the shield.

In Freneau's poem on the heroes of Eutaw, we have this stanza:—

> They saw their injur'd country's woe;
> The flaming town, the wasted field;
> Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
> They took the spear—but left the shield.

An anecdote, which the late Henry Brevoort was accustomed to relate of his visit to Scott, affords assurance that the poet was really indebted to Freneau, and that he would not, on a proper occasion, have hesitated to acknowledge it. Mr. Brevoort was asked by Scott respecting the authorship of certain verses on the battle of Eutaw, which he had seen in a magazine, and had by heart, and which he knew were American. He was told that they were by Freneau, when he remarked, the poem is as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language. Scott also praised one of the Indian poems.

We might add to these instances, that in 1790, Freneau, in his poetical correspondence between Nanny the Philadelphia House-Keeper, and Nabby her friend in New York, upon the subject of the removal of Congress to the former city, had hit upon some of the peculiar pleasantry of Moore's Epistles in verse of the present century.

Freneau surprises us often by his neatness of

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* We have seen his treatment of Rivington (*ante*, pp. 282, 3). He frequently employed his pen with Hugh Gaine's humors and tergiversations. Hugh Gaine, a native of Ireland, commenced the printing business in New York in 1750. In 1752 he started a newspaper, The New York Mercury, which appeared every Monday. He soon after opened a book-store, with the sign of the Bible and Crown, in Hanover square, which remained in his hands for forty years—the crown, of course, disappearing after the Revolution. On the approach of the British in 1776, he removed his press to Newark, but soon after returned to the city. His paper was discontinued on the departure of the British. He received permission, on application to the legislature, to remain in New York, where he continued until his death, April 25, 1807, at the age of eighty-one. Dr. Francis, in his paper on Christopher Colles, tells a story of Freneau meeting Gaine at his book-store:—"While on one of his visits at Gaine's, a customer saluted him loudly by name, the sound of which arrested the attention of the old Royalist, who, lifting up his eyes, interrogated him—'Is your name Freneau?' 'Yes,' answered the Republican poet. '*Philip* Freneau?' rejoined Gaine. 'Yes, sir; the same.' 'Then, sir,' warmly uttered Gaine, 'you are a very clever fellow. Let me have the pleasure of taking you by the hand. Will you walk round the corner and join me in our parlor? We will take a glass of wine together. You, sir, have given me and my paper a wide and lasting reputation.'" There is a good story of Gaine which we have never seen in print, showing his distaste for Frenchmen, and the manner in which he was confounded with a barber. On one occasion, when there was a French frigate in the harbor of New York, Huggins, the barber, whose poetical advertisements contributed largely to the small humors of his day, visited the vessel, and on taking leave, politely left his card with the officers, hoping for the honor of a visit, &c. These gentlemen one day landed, and making inquiry for Monsieur Hu-ganes—as they pronounced the name—were directed to the old anti-Gallic bookseller, who turned the tables upon them by a reference to barber Huggins. Hugh Gaine was a pattern of old Dutch steadiness, and would never give a note in payment. A wager was once made that a note of hand would be got from him,—and gained by a very low offer of goods on the condition of a note in payment; but the holder was knocked up after bedtime by a visit from Hugh Gaine. He had brought the cash with him and must have the note. He had never given one before in his life, he said, and could not sleep with it on his mind.

execution and skill in versification. He handles a triple rhymed stanza in the octosyllabic measure particularly well. His appreciation of nature is tender and sympathetic, one of the pure springs which fed the more boisterous current of his humor when he came out among men to deal with quackery, pretence, and injustice. But what is perhaps most worthy of notice in Freneau is his originality, the instinct with which his genius marked out a path for itself in those days when most writers were leaning upon the old foreign school of Pope and Darwin. He was not afraid of home things and incidents. Dealing with facts and realities, and the life around him, wherever he was, his writings have still an interest where the vague expressions of other poets are forgotten. His poems may be little read now—they are so rare that we have tasked the resources of booksellers, and put friendship to the proof, to draw together the several editions to prepare this article—but they will be surely revived and cherished among the historic and poetic literature of the land. The tree which plants its roots most firmly in the present, will survive the longest with posterity. The genius which has no local habitation for its muse, no personality or relation to time and place to-day (and how much poetry is there thrown upon the public which it is impossible to locate), will be, in sporting language, nowhere to-morrow.

It is a little remarkable that four of the most original writers whom the country has produced have received the least attention from critics and magazinists—Francis Hopkinson, John Trumbull, Brackenridge, and Freneau. In the very few notices to be met with of the last, he is for the most part mentioned in an apologetic tone—as if he were a mere writer of doggrel, low in taste and poor in expression. Even an admirer, who compliments him in verse, has something of this:—

Let Freneau live though Flattery's baleful tongue
Too early tuned his youthful lyre to song,
And ripe old age, in ill-directed zeal,
Has made an enervated last appeal:
His song could fire the sailor on the wave,
Raise up the coward,—animate the brave,
While wit and satire cast their darts around,
And fools and cowards tremble at the sound.
Although Ambition never soar'd to claim
The meed of polished verse, or classic fame,
And caustic critics honour, but condemn,
A strain of feeling, but a style too tame.
Let the old Bard, whose patriot voice has fann'd
The fire of Freedom that redeemed our land,
Live on the scroll with kindred names that swell
The page of history, where their honours dwell;
With full applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss the veteran poet from the stage,
Crown his last exit with distinguished praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with his bays.*

How his contemporaries could sometimes appreciate him, is shown in an epistle in Col. Parke's volume of Horatian translations, and other poems, published at Philadelphia in 1786. In the rarity of these tributes, it is worth quoting:—

TO MR. PHILIP FRENEAU, ON HIS VOLUME OF EXCELLENT POEMS, PRINTED BY MR. BAILEY.

"*Difficile est satiram non scribere.*"—Juv.

Tho' I know not your person, I well know your merit,
Your satires admire—your muse of true spirit;
Who reads them must smile at poetical story,
Except the k—g's printer, or some such like tory;
Sir William, Sir Harry, and would-be Sir John,
Cornwallis, the Devil, those bucks of the ton;
Black Dunmore and Wallace with sun-setting-nose,
Who steals hogs and sheep, secure—*under the Rose.**
But a fig for the anger of such petty rogues,
To the devil we pitch them without shoes or brogues!
Pythag'ras' choice scheme my belief now controuls,
I sign to his creed—transmigration of souls;
Euphorbas's shield he no doubt did employ,
And bravely let blood on the plains of old Troy:
The souls of great Marlb'ro' and warlike Eugene
Conspicuous in Washington's glory are seen:
Sage Plato beams wisdom from Franklin's rich brain,
And sky-taught Sir Isaac is seen here again.
But Hugh when he migrates may daily be found
Cracking bones in a kitchen in form of a hound;
When his compeer shall die—while no Christian shall weep him,
Old Pluto, below, for a devil will keep him;
Unless he's sent up on some hasty dispatch,
The Whigs to abuse, and more falsehoods to hatch.
Those red-jerkin'd fops, whom your muse I've heard sing,
From Hounslow's bold heroes successively spring;
From Tyburn they tumble as supple as panders,
Then migrate straightway into knights and commanders.
But you, worthy poet, whose soul-cutting pen
In gall paints the crimes of all time-serving men,
The fiend of corruption, the wretch of an hour,
The star-garter'd villain, the scoundrel in pow'r;
From souls far unlike may announce your ascension,
The patriot all-worthy, above bribe or pension,
The martyr who suffer'd for liberty's sake
Grim dungeons, more horrid than hell's bitter lake:
Your name to bright honour, the spirits shall lift,
That glow'd in the bosoms of Churchill and Swift.
And when you are number'd, alas! with the dead,
Your works by true wits will forever be read,
Who, pointing the finger, shall pensively show
The lines that were written, alas! by Freneau.

Philadelphia, June 8, 1786.

It is not to be denied, however, that Freneau was sometimes careless. He lived and thought with improvidence. His jests are sometimes misdirected; and his verses are unequal in execution. Yet it is not too much to predict that through the genuine nature of some of his productions, and the historic incidents of others, all that he wrote will yet be called for, and find favor in numerous popular editions.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

By the Late Mr. Robert Slender.

There are few writers of books in this new world, and amongst these very few that deal in works of imagination, and, I am sorry to say, fewer still that have any success attending their lucubrations. Perhaps, however, the world thinks justly on this subject. The productions of the most brilliant imagi-

* American Bards, Phila., 1820.

* He commanded the Rose sloop.

nation are at best but mere beautiful flowers, that may amuse us in a walk through a garden in a fine afternoon, but can by no means be expected to engage much of that time which God and nature designed to be spent in very different employments. In a country, which two hundred years ago was peopled only by savages, and where the government has ever, in effect, since the first establishment of the white men in these parts, been no other than republican, it is really wonderful there should be any polite original authors at all in any line, especially when it is considered, that according to the common course of things, any particular nation or people must have arrived to, or rather passed, their meridian of opulence and refinement, before they consider the professors of the fine arts in any other light than a nuisance to the community. This is evidently the case at present in our age and country; all you have to do then, my good friends, is to graft your authorship upon some other calling, or support drooping genius by the assistance of some mechanical employment, in the same manner as the helpless ivy takes hold of the vigorous oak, and cleaves to it for support—I mean to say, in plain language, that you may make something by weaving garters, or mending old sails, when an Epic poem would be your utter destruction.

But I see no reason that, because we are all striving to live by the same idle trade, we should suffer ourselves to be imbittered against each other, like a fraternity of rival mechanics in the same street. Authors (such I mean as are not possessed of fortunes) are at present considered as the dregs of the community: their situation and prospects are truly humiliating, and any other set of men in a similar state of calamitous adversity would unite together for their mutual defence, instead of worrying and lampooning each other for the amusement of the illiberal vulgar. And I cannot do otherwise than freely declare, that where the whole profits of a company amount to little or nothing at all, there ought not, in the nature of things, to be any quarrelling about shares and dividends.

As to those authors who have lately exported themselves from Britain and Ireland, and boast that they have introduced the Muses among us since the conclusion of the late war, I really believe them to be a very good-natured set of gentlemen, notwithstanding they, in the course of the last winter, called me *poetaster* and *scribbler*, and some other names still more unsavoury. They are, however, excuseable in treating the American authors as inferiors; a political and a literary independence of their nation being two very different things; the first was accomplished in about seven years, the latter will not be completely effected, perhaps, in as many centuries. It is my opinion, nevertheless, that a duty ought to be laid upon all important authors, the nett proceeds of which should be appropriated to the benefit of real American writers, when become old and helpless, and no longer able to wield the pen to advantage.

If a coach or a chariot constructed in Britain, pays an impost of twenty pounds at the custom-house, why should not at least twice that sum be laid upon all imported authors who are able to do twice as much mischief with their rumbling pindaric odes, and gorgeous apparatus of strophes, antistrophes, and recitativos? I, for my own part, am clearly of opinion, that these gentlemen should be taxed; not that I would wish to nip their buds of beauty with the untimely frost of excise, but merely to teach them that our own natural manufactures ought to be primarily attended to and encouraged.

I will now, gentlemen, with your leave, lay down a few simple rules, to which, in my opinion, every genuine author will make no difficulty to conform.

1. When you write a book for the public, have nothing to do with *Epistles dedicatory*. They were first invented by slaves, and have been continued by fools and sycophants. I would not give a farthing more for a book on account of its being patronized by all the noblemen or crowned heads in Christendom. If it does not possess intrinsic merit enough to protect itself, and force its way through the world, their supposed protection will be of no avail: besides, by this ridiculous practice you degrade the *dignity authorial*, the honor of authorship, which ought evermore to be uppermost in your thoughts. The silly unthinking author addresses a great man in the style of a servile dependent, whereas a real author, and a man of true genius, has upon all occasions a bold, disinterested, and daring confidence in himself, and considers the common cant of adulation to the sons of fortune as the basest and most abominable of all prostitution.

2. Be particularly careful to avoid all connexion with doctors of law and divinity, masters of arts, professors of colleges, and in general all those that wear square black caps. A mere scholar and an original author are two animals as different from each other as a fresh and salt water sailor. There has been an old rooted enmity between them from the earliest ages, and which it is likely will for ever continue. The scholar is not unlike that piddling orator, who, cold and inanimate, not roused into action by the impelling flame of inspiration, can only pronounce the oration he has learned by rote; the real author, on the contrary, is the nervous Demosthenes, who stored with an immensity of ideas, awakened within him he knows not how, has them at command upon every occasion; and must therefore be disregarded as a madman or an enthusiast by the narrow and limited capacity, as well as the natural self-sufficiency of the other.

3. It is risking a great deal to propose a subscription for an original work. The world will be ready enough to anticipate your best endeavours; and that which has been long and anxiously expected, rarely or never comes up to their expectations at last.

4. If you are so poor that you are compelled to live in some miserable garret or cottage; do not repine, but give thanks to heaven that you are not forced to pass your life in a tub, as was the fate of Diogenes of old. Few authors in any country are rich, because a man must first be reduced to a state of penury before he will commence author. Being poor therefore in externals, take care, gentlemen, that you say or do nothing that may argue a poverty of spirit. Riches, we have often heard, are by no means the standard of the value of a man. This maxim the world allows to be true, and yet contradicts it every hour and minute in the year. Fortune most commonly bestows wealth and abundance upon fools and idiots; and men of the dullest natural parts are, notwithstanding, generally best calculated to acquire large estates, and hoard up immense sums from small beginnings.

5. Never borrow money of any man, for if you should once be mean enough to fall into such a habit you will find yourselves unwelcome guests every where. If upon actual trial you are at length convinced you possess no abilities that will command the esteem, veneration, or gratitude of mankind, apply yourselves without loss of time to some of the lower arts, since it is far more honourable to be a good bricklayer or a skilful weaver than an indifferent poet. If you cannot at all exist without now and then gratifying your itch for scribbling, follow

my example who can both weave stockings and write poems. But, if you really possess that sprightliness of fancy and elevation of soul which alone constitute an author, do not on that account be troublesome to your friends. A little reflection will point out other means to extract money from the hands and pockets of your fellow citizens than by poorly borrowing what, perhaps, you will never be able to repay.

6. Never engage in any business as an inferior or understrapper. I cannot endure to see an author debase his profession so far as to submit to be second or third in any office or employment whatever. If fortune, or the ill taste of the public, compels you even to turn shallopman on the Delaware, let it be your first care to have the command of the boat. Beggary itself, with all its hideous apparatus of rags and misery, becomes at once respectable whenever it exhibits the least token of independence of spirit and a single spark of laudable ambition.

7. If you are in low circumstances, do not forget that there is such a thing in the world as a decent pride. They are only cowards and miscreants that poverty can render servile in their behaviour. Your haughtiness should always rise in proportion to the wretchedness and desperation of your circumstances. If you have only a single guinea in the world be complaisant and obliging to every one: if you are absolutely destitute of a shilling, immediately assume the air of a despot, pull off your hat to no one, let your discourse, in every company, turn upon the vanity of riches, the insignificancy of the great men of the earth, the revolution of empires, and the final consummation of all things. By such means you will at least conceal a secret of some importance to yourself—that you have not a shilling in the world to pay for your last night's lodging.

8. Should you ever be prevailed upon to dedicate your book to any great man or woman, consider first, whether the tenor and subject of it be such as may in some measure coincide with the age, temper, education, business, and general conversation of the person whose patronage is requested. A friend of mine once committed a great error on this score. He wrote a bawdy poem, and dedicated it to the principal in the department of finance.

9. Never make a present of your works to great men. If they do not think them worth purchasing, trust me, they will never think them worth reading.

10. If fortune seems absolutely determined to starve you, and you can by no means whatever make your works sell; to keep up as much as in you lies, the expiring dignity of authorship, do not take to drinking, gambling, or bridge-building as some have done, thereby bringing the trade of authorship into disrepute; but retire to some uninhabited island or desert, and there, at your leisure, end your life with decency.

The above is all that has yet been found written by Robert Slender relative to authors and authorship—and further the copyist at this time sayeth not.

DIRECTIONS FOR COURTSHIP.

Hæc eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?—VIRG.

The parson of our parish used to say, in his hours of convivial gaiety, that *nothing puzzles a man of true delicacy more, than how to make the first advances to the woman he loves, with a becoming propriety of sentiment, language, and behaviour.*

I must confess I am somewhat of his opinion in this matter, and having in my time observed many a promising alliance broken off by a mere idle inattention to what even a very moderate share of understanding ought always to dictate upon these occasions, I shall, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, set down a few easy rules, by the assistance of which people may at least prevent themselves from becoming personally ridiculous, if they cannot succeed to the utmost of their wishes in other respects.

I.

When you take a serious liking to a young woman, never discover your passion to her by way of letter. It will either give the lady an idea that you are a bashful booby, or that you have not any address in conversation; both which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of any woman of only tolerable good sense.

II.

During the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not strictly and immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you what news, you must not tell her a long story out of the Dutch or English gazettes about the decline of trade, the fall of stocks, or the death of Mynheer Van der Possum. She looks for no such answers. You must rather relate a melancholy tale of two or three young gentlemen of fortune and handsome expectations that have lately drowned themselves in the Schuylkill, or thrown themselves headlong from their third story windows, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement for the sake of a certain inexorable fair one, whose name you cannot recollect; but the beauty and shafts of whose eyes these poor young gentlemen could not possibly withstand. Such intelligence as this will instantly put her into good humour; and upon the strength of that lie alone, you will be allowed liberties with her person that a recapitulation of all the morality in Tillotson, or the real news of five hundred gazettes, would not so effectually enable you to take.

III.

I would advise you never to make use of the dictatorial style till you are perfectly sure of your *Dulcinea;* and that period depends in a great measure upon your own prudence. Till then, you must seem to give the preference to her judgment in all matters that happen to be discussed, and submit to be instructed by her in whatever she apprehends you do not understand. Your trade or occupation in life she takes for granted you are perfectly acquainted with; and remember never to say a word on that score in her hearing, unless your calling happens to have no spice of vulgarity about it. If, however, you are a governor of an island, or happen to be some considerable officer of state, you may frequently make professional allusions, as her vanity will be gratified thereby; and women, we all know, are naturally fond of power.

IV.

Have a care that you do not pester her with descriptions of the Alps, the Appennines, and the river Po. A lady is not supposed to know anything of such matters; besides, you must be a very cold lover if those far-fetched things can command your attention a moment in the company of a fine woman. Whatever she thinks proper to assert, it is your business to defend, and prove to be true. If she says *black* is *white*, it is not for men in your probationary situation to contradict her. On the contrary, you must swear and protest that she is right; and, in demonstrating it, be very cautious of using pedantic arguments, making nice logical distinctions, or affecting hard and unintelligible terms.

V.

I hold it to be extremely dangerous to make jocular remarks upon any of the *inferior* parts of the lady's dress. The head-dress, indeed, custom and female courtesy permits us to treat with a little more freedom; but even this requires great care and a nice judgment, or you are sure to offend. Above all things never mention the words *petticoat, garters* or *shoes* in her presence. I once, in my youthful days, introduced a friend of mine to a young lady, as a preliminary to future connexions. I remember he was violently in love with her, and would almost have given his right arm to have had peaceable possession. But he ruined all by his unlucky choice of a subject in his very first conversation. "Madam," said he, (thinking to be very smart) "I have some fault to find with your *shoes*." The lady blushed—[I endeavoured to turn the conversation another way, but found it impossible.]—"Madam," (said he again) "you must permit me to criticise a little upon your *shoes!* the toes are too round, the straps too short for the oval of the buckle, and the heels appear to me at least two inches higher than they ought to be."

Now there was no great harm in all this; the consequence, however, was, that the lady immediately called up the footman, and ordered him to conduct the gentleman down stairs. I cannot think (said she) of being addressed by a man, who, from his discourse, appears evidently to have been bred up nothing more than a simple shoemaker; and what is worse, will forever continue so!

VI.

When you are courting a young lady, be careful never to send her any presents that are very easily to be come at, or such as particularly appertain to your own shop or line of business. A certain French tobacconist of some fortune fell in love with a girl of considerable merit and beauty, but having never turned his attention much to the gay world, he was not so well acquainted with what is called the etiquette of polite life as Frenchmen in general are. By way of introducing himself to the lady he sent her his compliments, a letter full of love, and a basket of *cut tobacco*, to the chewing and smoking of which he himself was extravagantly addicted; and therefore very rationally concluded that the whole world ought to do the same.

The lady returned the tobacco by the same servant that brought it, with some expressions of contempt and indignation; as the present seemed to imply, that she was fond of smoking and chewing this very vulgar and nauseous weed. The Frenchman, fired with resentment upon seeing his ill-judged present returned, then sat down and wrote the following billet by *way of answer:*

"Vat! you send home the tabac?—den vat shall I send in reverse [return]—*You will have me send my own heart? dat I cannot en present—adieu."*

He soon after enquired of one of the lady's relations what she was particularly fond of—some one answered, *soft cheese.*

He accordingly purchased a large cheese of an excellent quality, and, to show that he was in every sense her slave, carried it to her himself upon his shoulder. The lady, you may be sure, could do no less than smile.

"Why you laugh, lady? Mademoiselle, en vérité, you be in one tres-agreeable good humour, pardie!"

I am laughing, said the lady, to think you are turned cheesemonger! It is almost needless to say, that both he and his cheese were instantly dismissed the house for ever.

VII.

If it can possibly be avoided, never, in the hours of courtship, let your discourse turn upon anything relative to *female anatomy.*

Few young ladies can ever forgive the man that is found guilty of only insinuating in company, that the sex have anything to do with materiality. Whatever, therefore, may be your private opinion, you must, while in their society, be an absolute immaterialist in regard to the rational female world. Perhaps, an instance may sufficiently illustrate my meaning.

A certain juvenile lady of acknowledged good sense and beauty, some time ago had the misfortune to fall out of her coach, and broke no less than three of her ribs on the left side, dislocated one of her hips, and considerably injured her left shoulder, &c. This was for some days a topic of public conversation. *Dick Prettyman,* whom I have mentioned upon another occasion, was at that time paying his addresses to Miss *Angelica Evergreen.* Upon her enquiring of Dick, one afternoon, the particulars of this untoward accident, he was silly enough to blurt out in plain language before a polite assembly of young females, that "the lady had fallen out of the coach topsy-turvy, had broken three of the best and strongest ribs in her whole body, had considerably damaged one of her hips, and that her legs, &c., had not escaped entirely without injury." The company blushed up to the eyes, unfurled their fans, and a general confusion took place; till one of the most resolute of the ladies peeped from behind her fan, and exclaimed, "Fie, Mr. Prettyman! have you been bred up in a hogstye, sir, to talk in this scandalous manner in the presence of ladies?"

He was then turned out of the room by unanimous consent; and this small inattention to a proper decorum in conversation had very nearly ruined his expectations. I remember it was not till after a long and sincere repentance that he reinstated himself in Miss Angelica's favour.

Now, had he been a man of sense and breeding he would have related the disaster in this manner:

"The chariot was driving along with vast rapidity, pomposity, and an ineffable display of grandeur, when suddenly one of the rotatory supporters, commonly called wheels, struck a post, thro' the carelessness of the celestial charioteer, and completely overturned this most elegant and awful machine; that divine creature, Miss Myrtilla Myrtlebones, then tumbled out upon the dusty pavement, which, I will be bold to say, never before received so heavenly and sky-bespangled a burden. Her guardian angel, it seems, was at that moment neglecting his duty. She fell—and, O lamentable!—that exquisitely delicate frame, which the immortal Jupiter himself had put together with such wonderful excess of art; that heavenly frame, I say, was considerably disordered by so rude and severe a shock."

Such a representation of matters, though, in reality, giving very little information in itself, would have thrown the whole female circle into the most charming humour in the world; whereas the vulgar way in which Dick told it was only calculated for the ears of the surgeon.

LINES OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO AN OLD INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

In spite of all the learn'd have said
I still my old opinion keep;
The *posture* that *we* give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—
The Indian, when from life releas'd,

Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imag'd birds, and painted bowl,
And ven'son, for a journey drest,
Bespeak the *nature* of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,
Yet, mark the swelling turf, and say,
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here, still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here, still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd.

There oft a restless Indian queen,
(Pale Marian with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chace array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade.

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And *reason's self* shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

THE INDIAN STUDENT; OR, FORCE OF NATURE.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.
VIRG. Georg. II. 488.

From Susquehanna's utmost springs
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Express'd his wish, with visage sad—
"Ah, why (he cry'd) in Satan's waste,
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

"In Yanky land there stands a town
Where learning may be purchas'd low—
Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go."—

From long debate the Council rose,
And viewing *Shalum's* tricks with joy,
To *Harvard hall*,* o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.

One generous chief a bow supply'd,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermillion dy'd,
Himself did from a turkey win:

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with leg so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the muses, twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he learn'd the grammar rules—
An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promis'd to their schools.

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
Some said in *physic* he would shine;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld, in him, a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
But sigh'd to see the setting sun.

No mystic wonders fir'd his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In Fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

"And why (he cry'd) did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls;
The silver stream, the limpid lake
For musty books and college halls.

"A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honour give me more?
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?

"Let Seraphs reach the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
I only bow to NATURE'S GOD—
The Land of Shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly,
And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their aims pursue,
And comets round creation run—
In HIM my faithful friend I view,
The image of my God—the Sun.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fixed,—and I must go
To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharg'd, his money spent)
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The shepherd of the forest went.

Returning to the rural reign
The Indians welcom'd him with joy;
The council took him home again,
And bless'd the copper-colour'd boy.

THE DYING INDIAN.

Debemur morti nos, nostraque.

On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast:
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange, and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng,
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

* Harvard College, at Cambridge in Massachusetts.

To what strange lands must *Shalum* take his way!
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace;
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chace,
But all are empty unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades;
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
But sickly orchards there
Do fruits as sickly bear.

And apples a consumptive visage shew,
And wither'd hangs the hurtle-berry blue,
Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills,
But when did ghost return his state to shew;
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embrac'd you with her beams—
Adieu to all!
To all, that charm'd me where I stray'd,
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,
For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortur'd with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
Nature at last these ruins may repair,
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;
Some real world once more may be assign'd,
Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind!
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell surrounding woods,
To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,
Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay!
Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow, and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle, and the ven'son store;
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide.
He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep;
Then clos'd his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!*

* There is another Indian poem, which some of our readers may miss from this selection, entitled, The Death Song of a Cherokee Indian. It appears as follows, in Carey's American Museum, i. 77:—

THE DEATH-SONG OF A CHEROKEE INDIAN.

By P. Freneau.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors: your threats are in vain,
For the Son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods, where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away!
Why do ye delay?.... 'till I shrink from my pain?
Know the Son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
The flame rises high, you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

MAY TO APRIL.

I.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

II.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.

III.

For April dead
My shades I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day.

IV.

Thus to repose
All Nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom;
Time on the wing
May ends the Spring,
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:

I go to the land where my father is gone:
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomock, has scorn'd to complain.

It is also assigned to Freneau by Samuel L. Knapp in his Lectures on American Literature, 169. We find it, however, introduced, with some slight variations, in the dialogue of Maria Edgeworth's Rosamond (Harper's ed. p. 304), where the authorship is given to "the widow of the celebrated John Hunter," and the following author's note recited from the volume of poems from which it is taken:—"The idea of this ballad was suggested several years ago by hearing a gentleman, who had resided many years in America among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me it was customary for those people to chant with a barbarous jargon, implying contempt for their enemies in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavored to give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."

In Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, ii. 279, there is a notice of Mrs. John Hunter's volume, "a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon." Her poems were collected and published in 1806, several of them having been previously extensively circulated. Chambers prints the poem, and as it has several lines different from the copy circulated in this country, we give it in Mrs. Hunter's language:—

THE DEATH SONG.

Written for and adapted to an original Indian air.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the Son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low,
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the Son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
But the Son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain:
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorn'd to complain.

No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay,
(The flowers that did in Eden bloom)
Unpitying frost, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first, thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.

THE HURRICANE.

Happy the man who safe on shore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempest's roar,
That on the tufted groves expire:
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
Foredoom'd a stranger to repose,
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss* we roam,
Perhaps, whate'er the pilots say,
We saw the sun descend in gloom,
No more to see his rising ray,
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds, unpitied, sleep!

But what a strange, uncoasted strand
Is that, where fate permits no day—
No charts have we to mark that land,
No compass to direct that way—
What pilot shall explore that realm,
What new COLUMBUS take the helm!

While death and darkness both surround,
And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendship can in tempests be,
What comfort on this troubled sea?

The barque, accustom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide:
Alone she gropes her trackless way,
While mountains burst on either side—
Thus skill and science both must fail,
And ruin is the lot of all.

ST. CATHARINE'S.†

He that would wish to rove awhile
In forests green and gay,
From Charleston bar to Catharine's isle
Might sigh to find the way!
What scenes on every side appear,
What pleasure strikes the mind,
From Folly's train, thus wandering far,
To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves
In simple accents swells,
And freely, here, their sylvan loves
The feather'd nation tells;
The panting deer through mingled shades
Of oaks forever green
The vegetable world invades,
That skirts the watery scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far
The broad Atlantic wave,
Crowd all your canvass, gallant tar,
Since Neptune never gave
On barren seas so fine a view
As here allures the eye,
Gay, verdant scenes that Nature drew
In colors from the sky.

Ye western winds! awhile delay
To swell the expecting sail—
Who would not here, a hermit, stay
In yonder fragrant vale,
Could he engage what few can find,
That coy, unwilling guest
(All avarice banish'd from the mind)
CONTENTMENT, in the breast!

NEVERSINK.

These hills, the pride of all the coast,
To mighty distance seen,
With aspect bold and rugged brow,
That shade the neighbouring main:
These heights, for solitude design'd,
This rude resounding shore—
These vales impervious to the wind,
Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,
Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands, a thousand sails
Your hazy summits greet—
You saw the angry Briton come,
You saw him, last, retreat!
With towering crest, you first appear
The news of land to tell;
To him that comes, fresh joys impart,
To him that goes, a heavy heart,
The lover's long farewell.

'Tis your's to see the sailor bold,
Of persevering mind,
To see him rove in search of care,
And leave true bliss behind;
To see him spread his flowing sails
To trace a tiresome road,
By wintry seas and tempests chac'd
To see him o'er the ocean haste,
A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue
What luxury to sip,
As from the mountain's breast they flow
To moisten Flora's lip!
In vast retirements herd the deer,
Where forests round them rise,
Dark groves, their tops in æther lost,
That, haunted still by Huddy's ghost,
The trembling rustic flies.

Proud heights! with pain so often seen,
(With joy beheld once more)
On your firm base I take my stand,
Tenacious of the shore:—
Let those who pant for wealth or fame
Pursue the watery road;—
Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,
And health, attend these favourite heights,
Retirement's blest abode!

* An island on the sea-coast of Georgia.
† Near the east end of Jamaica. July 30, 1784.

THE MAN OF NINETY; OR, A VISIT TO THE OAK.

"To yonder boughs that spread so wide,
Beneath whose shade soft waters glide,
Once more I take the well known way;
With feeble step and tottering knee
I sigh to reach my WHITE-OAK tree,
Where rosy health was wont to play.

If to the grave, consuming slow,
The shadow of myself, I go,
When I am gone wilt thou remain!—
From dust you rose, and grew like me;
I man became, and you a tree,
Both natives of one verdant plain.

How much alike; yet not the same
You could no kind protector claim;
Alone you stood to chance resign'd:
When winter came, with blustering sky,
You fear'd its blasts—and so did I,
And for warm suns in secret pin'd.

When vernal suns began to glow
You felt returning vigour flow,
Which once a year new leaves supply'd;
Like you, fine days I wish'd to see,
And May was a sweet month to me,
But when November came—I sigh'd!

If through your bark some rustic arm
A mark impress'd, you took the alarm,
And tears awhile I saw descend;
Till Nature's kind maternal aid
A plaister on your bruises laid,
And bade your trickling sorrows end.

Like you, I fear'd the lightning's stroke
Whose flame dissolves the strength of oak,
And ends at once this mortal dream;—
You saw with grief the soil decay
That from your roots was torn away;
You sigh'd—and curs'd the stream.

With borrow'd earth, and busy spade,
Around your roots new life I laid,
While joy reviv'd in every vein;
Once more that stream shall death impart!
Though *Nature* owns the aid of art,
No art immortal makes her reign.

How much alike our fortune—say—
Yet why must I so soon decay
When thou hast scarcely reach'd thy prime—
Erect and tall you joyous stand;
The staff of age has found my hand,
That guides me to the grave of time.

Could I, fair tree, like you, resign,
And banish all these fears of mine,
Grey hairs would be no cause of grief;
Your blossoms die, but you remain,
Your fruit lies scatter'd o'er the plain—
Learn wisdom from the falling leaf.

As you survive, by heaven's decree,
Let wither'd flowers be thrown on me,
Sad compensation for my doom,
While Christmas greens and gloomy pines,
And cedars dark, and barren vines,
Point out the lonely tomb.

The enlivening sun, that burns so bright,
Ne'er had a noon without a night,
So LIFE and DEATH agree;
The joys of man by years are broke—"
'Twas thus the man of *ninety* spoke,
Then rose and left his tree.

THE ALMANAC MAKER.

Qui tuto positus loco
Infra se videt omnia
Occurrit suo libens
Fato, nec queritur mori.—SENEC.

While others dwell on mean affairs,
Their kings, their councils, and their wars,
Philaster roves among the stars.

In melancholy silence he
Travels alone and cannot see
An equal for his company.

Not one of all the learned train
Like him can manage *Charles's wain*
Or motion of the moon explain.

He tells us when the sun will rise,
Points out fair days, or clouded skies;—
No matter if he sometimes lies.

An annual almanac to frame
And publish with pretended name,
Is all his labour, all his aim.

He every month has something new,
Yet mostly deals in what is true
Obliging all, and cheating few.

Our sister moon, the stars, the sun,
In measur'd circles round him run;
He knows their motions—every one

The solar system at his will—
To mortify such daring skill,
The comets—they are rebels still.

Advancing in its daily race
He calculates the planets' place,
Nor can the moon elude his chace.

In dark eclipse when she would hide
And be awhile the modest bride,
He pulls her veil of crape aside.

Each passing age must have its taste:
The sun is in the centre plac'd,
And fuel must supply his waste;

But how to find it he despairs,
Nor will he leave his idle cares
Or Jove to mind his own affairs.

He prophesies the sun's decay;
And while he would his fate delay,
New sorrows on his spirits prey.

So much upon his shoulders laid,
He reads what Aristotle said;
Then calls the comets to his aid.

The people of the lunar sphere
As he can plainly make appear
Are coming nearer year by year.

Though others often gaze in vain
Not one of all the starry train
Could ever puzzle his strong brain,

The ram, the twins, the shining goat,
And Argo, in the skies afloat,
To him are things of little note;

And that which now adorns the bear,
(I heard him say) the sailor's star,
Will be in time the Lord knows where.

Thus nature waiting at his call,
His book, in vogue with great and small,
Is sought, admir'd, and read by all.

How happy thus on earth to stay,
The planets keeping him in pay,
And when 'tis time to post away,

Old *Saturn* will a bait prepare,
And hook him up from toil and care
To make new calculations *there.*

THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHASE.

(*Written under the Character of Hezekiah Salem.*)

On a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed,
And southward from Hartford had meant to proceed;
My baggage was stow'd in a cart very snug,
Which Ranger, the gelding, was fated to lug;
With his harness and buckles, he loom'd very grand,
And was drove by young Darby, a lad of the land—
On land or on water, most handy was he;
A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea;
He knew all the roads, he was so very keen,
And the *Bible* by heart, at the age of fifteen.
As thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confined,
With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind;
At last in full view of a steeple we came,
With a *cock* on the spire, (I suppose he was game;
A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
But always remember—a cock on the steeple.)
Cries Darby—"Dear master, I beg you to stay;
Believe me, there's danger in driving this way;
Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest
And lead us to church—if your honor thinks best:
Though still I must do them the justice to tell,
They would choose you should pay them the fine—full as well."
The fine (said I), Darby, how much may it be—
A shilling or sixpence? Why, now let me see,
Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,
And to change a half joe would be rather PROFANE.
Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you speak on?
What say you, good Darby, will that serve the deacon?
"Three shillings!" (cried Darby) "why, master, you're jesting!—
Let us *luff* while we can, and make sure of our *westing*—
Forty shillings, excuse me, is too much to pay.
It would take my month's wages—that's all I've to say.
By taking *this road* that inclines to the right,
The squire and the sexton may bid us good night:
If once to old Ranger I give up the rein
The parson himself may pursue us in vain."
"Not I, my good Darby (I answer'd the lad),
Leave the church on the left! they would think we were mad.
I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,
And pass by them all, like a *Jehu* indeed:
As long as I'm able to lead in the race,
Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace;
As the deacon pursues, he will fly like a swallow,
And you in the cart must undoubtedly follow."
Then approaching the church, as we pass'd by the door
The sexton peep'd out, with a saint or two more,
A deacon came forward and waved us his hat,
A signal to drop him some money—mind that!—
"Now, Darby, (I whispered) be ready to skip.
Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip:
While you have the rear, and myself lead the way,
No doctor or deacon shall catch us to-day."
By this time the deacon had mounted his pony,
And chased for the sake of our souls and—our money:
The saint, as he followed, cried—"Stop them, halloo!"
As swift as he followed, as swiftly we flew.
"Ah, master! (said Darby) I very much fear
We must drop him some money to check his career;
He is gaining upon us and waves with his hat—
There's nothing, dear master, will stop him but that.
Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable),
Who flying the hunters as long as he's able,
When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail,
But death and the puppies are close at his tail,
Instead of desponding at such a dead lift,
He bites off *their object*, and makes a free gift.
Since fortune all hope of escaping denies,
Better give them a little than lose the whole prize."
But scarce had he spoke, when we came to a place
Whose muddy condition concluded the chase.
Down settled the cart, and old Ranger stuck fast.
Aha! (*said the saint*), *have I catch'd ye at last?*

* * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK.

These exiles were form'd in a whimsical mould,
And were aw'd by their priests, like the Hebrews of old;
Disclaim'd all pretences to jesting and laughter,
And sigh'd their lives through, to be happy hereafter.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They look'd towards *Zion*, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worry'd mankind—for the sake of the Lord.

With rigour excessive they strengthen'd their reign,
Their laws were conceiv'd in the ill-natur'd strain,
With mystical meanings the saint was perplext.
And the flesh and the devil were slain by a text.

The body was scourg'd for the good of the soul,
All folly discourag'd by peevish controul,
A knot on the head was the sign of no grace,
And the Pope and his *comrade* were pictur'd in lace.

A stove in their churches, or pews lin'd with green,
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen,
Their bodies were warm'd with the linings of *love*,
And the *fire* was sufficient that flash'd from above.

'Twas a crime to assert that the moon was opaque.
To say the earth mov'd, was to merit the stake;
And he that could tell an eclipse was to be,
In the college of *Satan* had took his degree.

On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud—
The road to the meeting was only allow'd,
And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,
Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.

This day was the mournfullest day in the week—
Except on religion, none ventur'd to speak—
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives.

In the school of *oppression* though woefully taught,
'Twas only to be the *oppressors* they sought;
All, all but themselves were be-devil'd and blind,
And their narrow-soul'd creed was to serve all mankind.

This beautiful system of nature below
They neither consider'd, nor wanted to know,
And call'd it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.

They never perceiv'd that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature call'd MAN,
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link in its place, in creation's vast chain.

* * * * *

Thus, feuds and vexations distracted their reign,
(And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain)
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old.

Their phantoms, their wizzards, their witches are fled—
*Matthew Paris's** story with horror is read—
His daughters, and all the enchantments they bore—
And the demon, that pinch'd them, is heard of no more.

Their taste for the fine arts is strangely increas'd,
And Latin's no longer a mark of the *Beast:*
Mathematics, at present, a farmer may know,
Without being hang'd for connections below.

Proud, rough, INDEPENDENT, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea,
Their country too barren their *wish* to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.

Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales
I see the bold YANKEES expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chacing the whales on its uttermost streams.

No climate, for them, is too cold or too warm,
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm;
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.

No valour in fable their valour exceeds,
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;
No rivals have they in *our* annals of fame,
Or if they are rivall'd, 'tis YORK has the claim.

Inspir'd at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,
Bold fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—
Ah, sweet recollection of juvenile dreams
In the groves, and the forests that skirted his streams!

How often, with rapture, those streams were survey'd
When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade—
How often the bard and the peasant shall mourn
Ere those groves shall revive, or those shades shall return!

Not a hill, but some fortress disfigures it round!
And ramparts are rais'd where the cottage was found!
The plains and the vallies with ruin are spread,
With graves in abundance, and bones of the dead.

The first that attempted to enter this *streight*
(In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)
Was HUDSON (the same that we mention'd before,
Who was lost in the gulf that he went to explore.)

For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)
This captain transferr'd all his right to the Dutch;
For the *time* has been here, (to the world be it known,)
When all a man sail'd by, or saw, was his own.

The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
And fix'd on an *island* to lay out a town;
They modell'd their streets from the horns of a ram;
And the name that best pleas'd them was *New Amsterdam.*

They purchas'd large tracts from the Indians for beads,
And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
Who (none knows for what) from their country had flown
To live here in peace, undisturb'd and alone.

NEW BELGIA, the Dutch call'd their province, be sure,
But names never yet made possession secure,
For *Charley* (the second that honour'd the name)
Sent over a squadron, asserting his claim.

(Had his *sword* and his *title* been equally slender,
In vain had they summon'd Mynheer to surrender)
The soil they demanded, or threaten'd their worst,
Insisting that *Cabot had look'd at it first.*

The want of a squadron to fall on their rear
Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer—
Force ended the contest—the right was a sham,
And the Dutch were sent packing to hot SURINAM.

'Twas hard to be thus of their labours depriv'd,
But the age of republics had not yet arriv'd—
Fate saw—tho' no wizzard could tell them as much—
That the crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch.

THE ROYAL APPRENTICE: A LONDON STORY.

A widow who some miles from London lived,
Far in a vale obscure, of little note,
With much ado a poor subsistence gain'd
From a spinning-wheel, that just her living brought.

A son she had, a rude, mischievous wight,
Who, now to fifteen years or more arrived,
Would neither dig nor thresh, nor hold the plough,
But simply by the poor old woman lived.

Joan thought it time this lazy, lounging lad,
Should learn some trade, since country work he hated:
Jerry, said she, to London you must go,
And learn to work; for this you was created.

While tarrying here, you eat up all my kail,
Scarce leave a turnip-top—my hens you kill,
And nothing earn. My wheel alone goes round,
But time must come, my boy, when stop it will.

Your legs and arms grow every day more strong;
For height you shortly will be call'd a man:
Not so with me—I am hastening down the hill,
And soon must mix with dust, where I began!

Jerry with tears received the good advice;
So, up to London town next week they went.
Now choose, said Joan, the trade you fancy best
For to some trade you must and shall be sent.

So round he stroll'd through many a street and alley,
Saw blacksmiths here, like Vulcan, wielding sledges;
There tailors sitting cross-legg'd on a board,
Next barbers whetting up their razors' edges.

Now saw a cobbler cobbling in his stall,
Then weaver busy with his warp and woof;
Now mason raising high some lordling's wall,
Or carpenter, engaged upon a roof.

These pleased him not. All this was hard-earn'd cash.
Tight work he thought, in one disguise or other.
He look'd at labor—saw it was not good—
Or only good as managed by his mother.

He shook his head, as if he meant to say,
All this is worse than threshing—learn a trade!
Something I'll learn that's fine, genteel, and airy,
For common work these hands were never made.

At last he chanced to stray where dwells the king—
Great George the Third, in all his pomp and glare;
Well now, thought Jerry, here must live a man
That has a trade would suit me to a hair.

There's little doing—all is brisk and gay,
And dainty dishes go a begging here:
Some seem to work, yet all their work is play,
I will be bound at least for *seven long year.*

So back he came where honest Joan was waiting.
Well, Jerry, tell me, what's the trade you pitch on?
Mother, said he, there is but one I like,
Or which a man is likely to get rich on.

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* See Neal's History of New England.

"Come, tell me then the *business* you prefer:
One only thriving trade!—a curious thing!
Out with it then!" Said Jerry, Mother dear,
Dear mother, bind me 'prentice to the king.

TO THE MEMORY

Of the brave Americans, under General Greene, in South Carolina, who fell in the action of September 8, 1781.

At Eutaw springs the valiant died:
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite thy gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear—

They saw their injur'd country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compell'd to fly:
None distant view'd the fatal plain,
None griev'd, in such a cause, to die—

But, like the Parthian, fam'd of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust, they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

Obtained by the gallant Captain John Paul Jones of the Bon Homme Richard, over the Serapis, under the command of Captain Pearson.

O'er the rough main, with flowing sheet,
The guardian of a numerous fleet,
Seraphis from the Baltic came:
A ship of less tremendous force
Sail'd by her side the self-same course,
Countess of Scarb'ro' was her name.

And now their native coasts appear,
Britannia's hills their summits rear
Above the German main;
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,
They southward coast along the shore,
Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns Seraphis bore,
And Scarb'ro's Countess twenty-four,
Mann'd with Old England's boldest tars—
What flag that rides the Gallic seas
Shall dare attack such piles as these,
Design'd for tumults and for wars!

Now from the top-mast's giddy height
A seaman cry'd—"Four sail in sight
Approach with favouring gales."
Pearson, resolv'd to save the fleet,
Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,
And closely brac'd his shivering sails.

With him advanc'd the Countess bold,
Like a black tar in wars grown old:
And now these floating piles drew nigh
But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame
In the other warlike squadron came,
Whose standards at his mast-head fly.

'Twas Jones, brave Jones, to battle led
As bold a crew as ever bled
Upon the sky-surrounded main;
The standards of the western world
Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The *Good-Man-Richard* led the line;
The *Alliance* next: with these combine
The Gallic ship they *Pallas* call,
The *Vengeance* arm'd with sword and flame;
These to attack the Britons came—
But *two* accomplish'd all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed:
But who can tell the scenes of dread,
The horrors of that fatal night!
Close up these floating castles came:
The Good-Man-Richard bursts in flame;
Seraphis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of *her* ball:
Down, prostrate, down the Britons fall;
The decks were strew'd with slain:
Jones to the foe his vessel lash'd;
And, while the black artillery flash'd,
Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas! that mortals should employ
Such murdering engines to destroy
That frame by heaven so nicely join'd;
Alas! that e'er the god decreed
That brother should by brother bleed,
And pour'd such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear
The rights of men demand your care:
For *these* you dare the greedy waves
No tyrant, on destruction bent,
Has plann'd thy conquests—thou art sent
To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See!—dread Seraphis flames again—
And art thou, Jones, among the slain,
And sunk to Neptune's caves below—
He lives—though crowds around him fall,
Still he, unhurt, survives them all;
Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain?
Behold your brave companions slain,
All clasp'd in ocean's cold embrace,
Strike, or be sunk—the Briton cries—
Sink if you can—the chief replies,
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
(Almost deserted by his crew,)
And charg'd them deep with woe;
By *Pearson's* flash he aim'd hot balls;
His main-mast totters—down it falls—
O'erwhelming half below.

Pearson had yet disdain'd to yield,
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,
And thus was heard to cry—
"With hell, not mortals, I contend;
What art thou—human, or a fiend,
That dost my force defy?

"Return, my lads, the fight renew!"—
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew;
But call'd, alas! in vain;
Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead;
Some to their deep recesses fled,
And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,
He haul'd his tatter'd standard down,
And yielded to his gallant foe;
Bold *Pallas* soon the *Countess* took,—
Thus both their haughty colours struck,
Confessing what the brave can do.

But, JONES, too dearly didst thou buy
These ships possest so gloriously,
Too many deaths disgrac'd the fray:
Thy barque that bore the conquering flame,
That the proud Briton overcame,
Even she forsook thee on thy way;

For when the morn began to shine,
Fatal to her, the ocean brine
Pour'd through each spacious wound;
Quick in the deep she disappear'd:
But JONES to friendly Belgia steer'd,
With conquest and with glory crown'd.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,
And bid these haughty Britons know
They to our *Thirteen Stars* shall bend;
The *Stars* that, veil'd in dark attire,
Long glimmer'd with a feeble fire,
But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the Stars that flaming rise
On western worlds, more brilliant skies,
Fair Freedom's reign restor'd—
So when the Magi, come from far,
Beheld the God-attending Star,
They trembled and ador'd.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON, ON THE SEABOARD OF CONNECTICUT.

In an attack upon the town and a small fort of two guns, by the Ramillies, seventy-four gun ship, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy; the Pactolus, 38 gun ship, Despatch, brig of 22 guns, and a razee, or bomb ship.—August, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor'd, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popp'd up his head,
And parson Jones's sermon read,
In which the reverend doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penn'd,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put th' old women in amaze,
Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The *Ramillies* began the attack,
Despatch came forward—bold and black—
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
They dash'd away, and pray what then?
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell, of all they threw,
Though every house was full in view,
Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;—
The Yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir, it would have made you stare,
This smoke of smokes at Stoning'

They bored Pactolus through and through,
And kill'd and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
T' the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig Despatch was hull'd and torn—
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The Ramillies gave up th' affray,
And, with her comrades, sneak'd away.
Such was the valor, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds,
(Besides the damage and the wounds),
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

A BACCHANALIAN DIALOGUE. WRITTEN 1803.

Arrived at Madeira, the island of vines,
Where mountains and valleys abound,
Where the sun the mild juice of the cluster refines,
To gladden the magical ground:

As pensive I stray'd in her elegant shade,
Now halting and now on the move,
Old Bacchus I met, with a crown on his head,
In the darkest recess of a grove.

I met him with awe, but no symptom of fear
As I roved by his mountains and springs,
When he said with a sneer, "how dare you come here,
You hater of despots and kings?—

"Do you know that a prince, and a regent renown'd
Presides in this island of wine?
Whose fame on the earth has encircled it round
And spreads from the pole to the line?

"Haste away with your barque: on the foam of the main
To Charleston I bid you repair:
There drink your Jamaica, that maddens the brain;
You shall have no Madeira—I swear."

"Dear Bacchus," (I answered) for Bacchus it was,
That spoke in this menacing tone:
I knew by the smirk and the flush on his face
It was Bacchus, and Bacchus alone—

"Dear Bacchus (I answered), ah, why so severe?—
Since your nectar abundantly flows,
Allow me one cargo—without it I fear
Some people will soon come to blows.

"I left them in wrangles, disorder, and strife,
Political feuds were so high,
I was sick of their quarrels, and sick of my life,
And almost requested to die."

The deity smiling, replied, "I relent:—
For the sake of your coming so far,
Here, taste of my choicest—go, tell them repent,
And cease their political war.

"With the cargo I send, you may say, I intend
To hush them to peace and repose;
With this present of mine, on the wings of the wind
You shall travel, and tell them, here goes

"A health to old Bacchus! who sends them the best
Of the nectar his island affords,
The soul of the feast and the joy of the guest,
Too good for your monarchs and lords.

"No rivals have I in this insular waste,
Alone will I govern the isle
With a king at my feet, and a court to my taste,
And all in the popular style.

"But a spirit there is in the order of things,
To me it is perfectly plain,
That will strike at the sceptres of despots and kings,
And only king Bacchus remain."

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

The first of the ancestors of Gouverneur Morris who emigrated to America, was Richard Morris, who is said to have been an officer in Cromwell's army. He came to New York, after a short residence in the West Indies, and purchased an estate of three thousand acres at Harlaem, which was invested by the governor with manorial rights. His son Lewis succeeded to the estate; and filled, during the last eight years of his life, the office of Governor of New Jersey. His eldest son, Lewis, became a member of the New York Legislature, in which he adopted the liberal side. He had eight children, four of whom were sons, and out of these sons Gouverneur was the youngest. He

Gouv Morris

was born at Morrisania, Jan. 31, 1752. When quite young he was placed in the family of M. Tetar, a teacher at New Rochelle, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language. He was a graduate of King's College at the early age of sixteen, and distinguished himself at Commencement by a florid address on Wit and Beauty. He next studied law in the office of William Smith, the Colonial historian of the state; and we find him at the age of eighteen, displaying the future bent of his mind by a series of anonymous newspaper articles against a project brought up in the Assembly for raising money by issuing bills of credit. In 1775, he was elected a member of the first Provincial Congress. Here he early attracted attention, by a report and speech on the mode of emission of a paper currency by the Continental Congress. The report was forwarded to that body, which afterwards followed out its chief suggestions. He continued in this position, taking an active part in every leading question, until the year 1777, when he was elected a member of the Revolutionary Congress. The winter which followed his appointment was passed at Valley Forge, as one of a committee appointed to examine, with Washington, into the state of the army. He subsequently maintained a regular correspondence with the general, and was of much service in Congress, promoting measures for the better support and efficiency of the national forces. He was also the chairman of the committee of five appointed in 1779 to consider the despatches received from the American Commissioners in Europe, whose report formed the basis of the subsequent treaty of peace. On the question of the jurisdiction of the state of New York over the "New Hampshire Grants," now the State of Vermont, Morris was supposed to be, and probably was, in favor of the independence of the region, and consequently lost his election by the state legislature. He continued to reside in Philadelphia, where he commenced the practice of his profession. In the early part of 1780, he published a series of essays in the "Pennsylvania Packet," signed "*An American*," on the state of the national finances, which were then in their worst condition. In these, he attacks with ability the laws passed, making the receipt of the paper currency at a fixed value compulsory, and also those regulating prices. An able passage is quoted by Mr. Sparks from one of these papers:—

'The last object I shall mention,' ' is the preservation of our federal union, which, in my poor opinion, will greatly depend on the management of our revenue. The articles of confederation were formed when the attachment to Congress was great and warm. The framers of it, therefore, seem to have been only solicitous how to provide against the power of that body, which, by means of their foresight and care, now exists by mere courtesy and sufferance. This is an evil, which cannot at present be remedied, but if, in addition to this, a number of long accounts, and quotas, and proportions be left for settlement, until the enemy be removed at a distance, and the fear of them also removed, these will afford so much matter for litigation, and occasion such heart-burnings, and give such room for the intrigues, which Great Britain has already attempted, and which will doubtless be carried on by her or some other foreign power, that our union will become, what our enemies long since declared it was, a mere rope of sand. Congress then, like the traveller's coat in the fable, after having been hugged close through the stormy hour of danger, will be cast aside as a useless burden, in the calm and sunshine of peace and victory. Surely the consequences of such a measure, the struggles, the convulsions, the miseries, need not be pictured to a sensible and discerning people.'

In May of this year, Morris, while driving

through Philadelphia, was thrown from his vehicle, and his leg injured to such an extent as to render amputation necessary. He submitted to the operation with cheerfulness; and is said to have had it performed by a young surgeon, that the credit attached to a successful treatment of a case which had attracted public attention, might be given to a friend whom it would advance in fortune.

"The day after the accident occurred, a friend called to see him, who thought it his duty to offer as much consolation as he could, on an event so melancholy. He dwelt upon the good effects which such a trial would produce on his character and moral temperament, and the diminished inducements it would leave for seeking the pleasures and dissipations of life, into which young men are too apt to be led. 'My good Sir,' replied Mr. Morris, 'you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with the other.'

"To another person, who visited him on the same occasion, and gave utterance to his feelings of sympathy and regret, he replied: 'O, Sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a *steadier* man with one leg than with two.'"*

For the remainder of his life he wore a wooden leg, preferring this substitute to one of cork, which he tried afterwards in Paris. The wooden leg did him a better service than a real one on one occasion during his ministry in that city. Being hooted while riding home in his carriage, during the revolution, he disarmed the fury of the mob, and converted their cries of aristocrat into cheers of approbation by putting his wooden member out of the window and exclaiming "An aristocrat? Yes, who lost his limb in the cause of American liberty."†

In 1781, Robert Morris was placed at the head of the finances of the nation, which had previously been managed by a committee of Congress. His first act was to appoint Gouverneur Morris his assistant. He accepted the situation, and performed its duties for three years and a half. He still remained, after his retirement, connected with Robert Morris in various private financial matters. In 1786, his mother died. Her life interest in the estate of Morrisania thus terminated; it passed into the possession of the second son, Staats Long Morris, a general in the British army, the eldest son Lewis, having received his portion in his father's lifetime. The other children were to receive seven thousand pounds from Staats. As he resided in England he had no objection to a sale, and Gouverneur, by the aid of loans and accommodations, became possessed of the estate by purchase from his brother. In 1787, he took his seat as delegate from Pennsylvania, in the convention for the formation of the federal constitution. No record of his acts in that body is found among his papers. An original letter written to Mr. Sparks in reply to a request for information on the subject by President Madison, bears testimony to Morris's general exertions in promoting harmony, and also that the draft of the constitution was placed in his hands to receive its finished form.

On the 18th of December, 1788, Morris sailed for Havre. He arrived at Paris on the 3d of February following. From this time he kept a minute diary, numerous selections from which will be found in Mr. Sparks's Life.

In January, 1791, Morris visited London by appointment of President Washington, as a private agent to the English government, to settle unfulfilled articles of the treaty of peace. Conferences were prolonged till September without result. During his stay at London, he received the announcement of his appointment as Minister to France. His course during the troublesome period of his tenure of this office, was marked by the caution requisite in his position. In August, 1794, he was succeeded by Monroe—his recall having been asked by the French government, after the recall of Citizen Genet at the request of the United States. He next made an extensive tour in Europe, and while at Vienna endeavored to obtain the release of La Fayette from Olmutz. This was effected in September, 1797, at the requisition of Bonaparte. In October, 1798, having arranged the complicated business affairs which had long occupied his attention, he returned home. The voyage from Hamburgh, retarded by various accidents, occupied eighty days. He was chosen the next year to fill a vacancy in the Senatorial representation of New York. Before taking his seat in May, he was engaged in February as counsel in a law case at Albany, in which Hamilton was opposed to him. He sided in the Senate, and for the remainder of his life, with the Federalists. He was opposed to the discontinuance of direct taxation, and in favor of the purchase of Louisiana. His term closed in March, 1803, and the remainder of his life was passed at Morrisania.

He married on Christmas Day, 1809, Miss Anne Carey Randolph, a member of the eminent Virginia family of that name. Without informing his relatives of his intention, he assembled them apparently for the celebration of the festival, and while they were wondering at the non-appearance of their host, entered with a lady, and the pair were forthwith made man and wife. If all present did not relish the marriage, they did the dinner, and in this odd mode of conducting a delicate affair, the wary politician may have shown his skill as well as in the wider field of national diplomacy. The guests were again summoned to the baptism of his child. A *mot* of one of the party deserves record for its humor, good or bad as the reader pleases. They were in ignorance before the ceremony as to the name the infant was to receive. "For my part," said one, near, we presume, in the scale of propinquity, "I think he had better call his boy after his Russian friend, Kutusoff."

He still retained his fondness for travel, and made frequent journeys. He delivered funeral orations on the occasion of the death of Washington, two others of a similar character on Hamilton and Governor George Clinton; an address "in celebration of the Deliverance of Europe from the Yoke of Military Despotism," June 29, 1814; an inaugural Discourse before the New York Historical Society, on his appointment as President, and towards the close of his life contributed frequently to the New York Evening

* Sparks's Life, p. 224.
† Tuckerman's Mental Portraits. Art. Morris.

Post, the Examiner, and the United States Gazette. His articles consist chiefly of satires in prose and verse on the politics of the day. The oration on Hamilton was delivered in the open air, on his interment at the porch of the old Trinity Church. He was an early advocate of the Erie Canal, and was Chairman of the Canal Commissioners from their first appointment in March, 1810, until his death, which occurred after a brief illness, November 6, 1816.

When he was about dying, he said to his friend at Morrisania, "Sixty-five years ago it pleased the Almighty to call me into existence, here, on this spot, in this very room; and how shall I complain that he is pleased to call me hence?" From the nature of his disease, he was aware that his hours were numbered. On the morning of his death, he inquired of his near relative, the Hon. Martin S. Wilkins, what kind of a day it was? "A beautiful day," answered his nephew. "The air is soft, the day cloudless, the water like crystal; you hear every ripple, and even the plash of the steamboat wheels on the river; it is a beautiful day." The dying man seemed to take in this description with that zest for nature which accorded with the poetic interest of his character. Like Webster, his mind reverted to Gray's Elegy; he looked at the kind relative, and repeated his last words. "A beautiful day; yes, but

"Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."*

His life, with selections from his correspondence and miscellaneous papers, by Jared Sparks, was published in 1832, in 3 vols. 8vo. A large portion is occupied with his public and private correspondence on the French Revolution. His letters contain a mass of testimony and sagacious comment on that great event.

Morris, like many energetic men, was in the habit of expressing his opinions with a freedom which often involved him in difficulties. His indulgence in sarcasm also led to difficulties, and gained him enemies. His openness and sincerity of character were, however, duly estimated and prized by his friends. His shrewdness enabled him to take advantage of favorable opportunities for the increase of his property, and he died the possessor of a large estate. In person, he so closely resembled Washington, that he stood as a model of his form to Houdon the sculptor.

FUNERAL ORATION BY THE DEAD BODY OF HAMILTON.

If on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility, which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own; and yet, I fear, that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to portray that Heroic Spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of WASHINGTON soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men, he was selected as an Aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the most important scenes of our Revolution. At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted on—and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favor—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that constitution, which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing the compact, he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we should share the fate of many other Republics, and pass through Anarchy to Despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and, above all, we trusted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If, then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, O! pardon that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity. All these he found in HAMILTON. The system then adopted, has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember that the *minister of a Republic must bend to the will of the people.* The administration which Washington formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions, which he believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign. The care of a rising family, and the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests. I declare to you, before that God, in whose presence we are now especially as-

* Dr. J. W. Francis's comparison of Webster and Morris, at the celebration of Webster's birth-day, January 18, 1854, at the Astor House.

sembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness. You well remember the state of things which again called forth Washington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for Hamilton to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew by experience the importance of that place—and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow-citizens, remember this solemn testimonial that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition, and wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immovable. It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only for glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable, and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow-citizens—you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. *I charge you to protect his fame.* It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favour. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, *would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS—1814.

'Tis done. The long agony is over. The Bourbons are restored. France reposes in the arms of her legitimate prince. We may now express our attachment to *her* consistently with the respect we owe to *ourselves*. We recall to remembrance that interesting period, when, in the fellowship of arms, our souls were mingled at the convivial feast, and our blood on the field of glory. We look, exulting, at the plain of York. There French and American troops contended, in generous strife, who first should reach the goal of victory. There the contest for independence was closed. There was sealed our title to be numbered among the nations.

Thank God, we can, at length, avow the sentiments of gratitude to that august family, under whose sway the fleets and armies of France and Spain were arrayed in defence of American liberty. We then hailed Louis the Sixteenth *protector of the rights of mankind.* We loved him. We deplored his fate. We are unsullied by the embrace of his assassins. Our wishes, our prayers, have accompanied the loyal Spaniards in their struggle; and we blush that Americans were permitted to offer only wishes and prayers.

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This virtuous monarch, our friend in the hour of danger, was the victim of his own goodness. Ardently desirous to ameliorate the condition of subjects for whom he felt the fondness of a father, he thought no sacrifice of power too great if he could promote their felicity. He had been persuaded that his prerogative, useless to him, was oppressive to them. Dangerous error! He had been told and believed, that in their loyalty he had a perfect defence against the intrigues of turbulent demagogues. Fatal delusion! This just, this merciful prince, was led to execution amid the insulting shouts of a ferocious mob. He was guarded by militia who felt horror at the office. The royal victim, collected in himself, was occupied, during the long procession, in beseeching the divine majesty to pardon his rebellious subjects. But the stroke which severed from the body his innocent head, cut them off from forgiveness, until they should have expiated the crime by lengthened years of misery. O! it was a crime against nature and against heaven. A murder most foul and cruel. A deed at which fiends might have wept. I was in Paris. I saw the gush of sorrow. I heard the general groan. Every bosom anticipated the sentence of an avenging God. It was like a second fall of man. An awful scene of affliction, guilt, and horror. All were humbled to the dust, save only those who exulted, in screams of diabolic rapture, at their success in driving an assembly over which they tyrannized to this nefarious act.

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On the same scaffold, condemned by the same judges, perished Danton himself. He perished, conspiring to place the imprisoned son on the throne of a father whom he had laboured to destroy. He believed that Louis the Sixteenth had been too much disgraced to reign over a proud nation. Combining, therefore, the courage of a hero with the energy of a conspirator, and unrestrained by religion or mercy, he determined to strike off the head which he thought unfit for a crown. In the rapid march of fate his own soon fell. Insulted with the semblance of trial, convicted without proof, condemned unheard, he roared in a voice of thunder, "I have been told, and now believe, that the punishment of man is the fruit of his crime. Wretches! I gave you the power of dooming innocence to death, and I, by your doom, must die. The same justice shall overtake those who sent me here and you also." The voice of the savage was prophetic.

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This occasion does not require, neither will it permit of, a history, or even the rapid recapitulation, of important events. We have seen the tumults of democracy terminate, in France, as they have everywhere terminated, in despotism. What had been foreseen and foretold, arrived. The power of usurpation was directed and maintained by great talents. Gigantic schemes of conquest, prepared with deep and dark intrigue, vast masses of force conducted with consummate skill, a cold indifference to the miseries of mankind, a profound contempt for moral ties, a marble-hearted atheism, to which religion was only a political instrument, and the stern persevering will to bend everything to his purpose, were the means of Napoleon to make himself the terror, the wonder, and the scourge of nations. The galling of his iron yoke taught Frenchmen feelingly to know how much they had lost in breaking the bands of their allegiance. They had, indeed, to amuse them, the pomp of triumph, the shout of victory, and the consciousness of force which made the neighboring nations groan. But the fruits of their labour were wrested from them to gratify the extravagance of vanity, or supply the waste of war. Their children were torn from their bosoms, and marched off in chains to the altar of impious, insatiable ambition. Aged parents, who with trembling step had followed to bid the last of many sons a final, fond adieu, in returning to their cottage, once the scene of humble happiness, but now stript by remorseless collectors of everything which could be sold, looking around in vain for the little objects to which use and need had given value, and seeing only the remnant of that loaf from which they had taken their last meal, moistened with bitter tears, turn their eyes to heaven, then, throwing themselves in each other's arms, exclaim, my child! my child! Such, France, were thy sufferings. Thus was the innocent blood of thy sovereign visited upon thee. Frenchmen! by these woes were you taught to feel the present, the avenging God. It was this deep agony which led you to declare to your sovereign's brother, in the language of nature and truth, "Sir, we bring you our hearts; the tyrant has left us nothing else to give."

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At length, after many battles, the well-planned movements of the allies obliged Napoleon to abandon Dresden. From that moment his position on the Elbe was insecure. But pride had fixed him there: perhaps, too, the same blind confidence in fortune. His force was collected at Leipsic. Leipsic, in the war of thirty years, had seen the great Gustavus fall in the arms of victory. Leipsic again witnessed a battle, on whose issue hung the independence, not of Germany alone, but of every state on the continent of Europe. Hard, long, and obstinate, was the conflict. On both sides were displayed an union of the rarest skill, discipline, and courage. As the flood-tide waves of ocean, in approaching the shore, rush, foam, thunder, break, retire, return —so broke, retired, and returned the allied battalions, impetuously propelled by the pressure of their brethren in arms. And as the whelming flood, a passage forced through the breach, rends, tears, scatters, dissipates, and bears away its unnumbered sands, so was the tyrant's host overwhelmed, scattered, and borne away.

And now behold a scene sublime. Three mighty monarchs lay down their crowns and swords. They fall on their knees. They raise their eyes and hands to heaven. They pour out thanksgiving to the God of Battles. To him, the King of kings, sole, self-existent, in whom alone is might, majesty, and dominion. With one voice they cry, "*The Lord is with us. Brother, the Lord is with us. Glory be to the Lord.*" Contrast this spectacle with that which had been exhibited thirteen months before on the plains of Russia.

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Again the cannon roar. The long arches of the Louvre tremble. The battle rages. The heights of Montmartre are assailed. They are carried. The allies look down, victorious, on the lofty domes and spires of Paris. Lo! the capital of that nation which dictated ignominious terms of peace in Vienna and Berlin; the capital of that nation which wrapt in flames the capital of the Czars, is in the power of its foes. Their troops are in full march. The flushed soldier may soon satiate his lust and glut his vengeance. See before you, princes, the school of that wildering philosophy which undermined your thrones. In those sumptuous palaces dwell voluptuaries, who, professing philanthropy, love only themselves. There recline, on couches of down, those polished friends of man, who, revelling in the bosom of delight, see with indifference a beggar perish, and calmly issue orders for the conflagration of cities and the pillage of kingdoms. Listen to the voice of retributive justice. Throw loose the reins of discipline. Cry havoc! avenge! avenge! No— Yonder is the white flag: Emblem of peace. It approaches. They supplicate mercy. Halt! Citizens of America, what, on such an occasion, would Napoleon have done? Interrogate his conduct during fifteen years of triumph. See this paragon of philosophers spread ruin around him—his iron heart insensible to pity—his ears deaf to the voice of religion and mercy. And now see two Christian monarchs, after granting pardon and protection, descend from the heights of Montmartre and march through the streets of that great city in peaceful triumph. See, following them, half a million of men, women, and children, who hail, with shouts of gratitude, Alexander the deliverer. They literally kiss his feet. And, like those of old, who approached the Saviour of the world, they touch, in transport, the hem of his garment and feel sanctified. He enters the temple of the living God. In humble imitation of his divine master, he proclaims pardon and peace. Those lips, which, victorious in the plain of Leipsic, cried out Glory to God, now, again victorious, complete the anthem of benediction. "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace. Good will toward men." Let all nature join in the triumphant song, Glory! glory! to God; and on earth peace.

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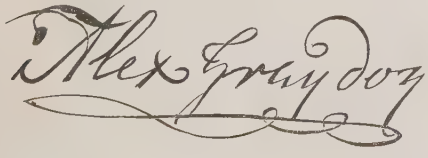
That royal house now reigns. The Bourbons are restored. Rejoice France! Spain! Portugal! You are governed by your legitimate kings—Europe! rejoice. The Bourbons are restored. The family of nations is completed. Peace, the dove descending from heaven, spreads over you her downy pinions. Nations of Europe, ye are her brethren once more. Embrace. Rejoice. And thou, too, my much wronged country, my dear abused, self-murdered country, bleeding as thou art, rejoice. The Bourbons are restored. Thy friends now reign. The long agony is over. The Bourbons are restored.

ALEXANDER GRAYDON,

The author of a choice volume of personal and revolutionary memoirs which has not been valued as it deserves to be, in our American literature, was a native of Pennsylvania, born in the then village of Bristol, April 10, 1752. His father was an Irishman, who engaged in business in Philadelphia, where he was recognised in society as a gentleman of spirit and literature. Alexander

was educated at Philadelphia, and had for his preceptor a Scotchman, John Beveridge, whose volume of Latin poems has already been noticed in these pages.* The account of Graydon's school-boy days in the Memoirs is minute and entertaining, and the interest increases when he describes the characters at his mother's boarding-house (after the death of his father), among whom were Sir William Draper,† DeKalb, and Rivington, the printer in New York, who practised his theatrical heroics and "high jinks" on the premises. The youthful follies of a lad of spirit of the olden time are duly related with the fashionable admiration of the day for Lovelace in the novel of Richardson, who probably, with all his good intentions, made more rakes than saints. Possessed of some knowledge of the law at the age of twenty-three, when Congress was raising troops for the service in 1775, he received the appointment of Captain, and traversed his state for recruits. He was soon intrusted with carrying a sum of money to Schuyler at Lake George, a journey which furnishes him some characteristic incidents for his narrative. On his return he joined the forces at New York, was at the retreat from Long Island, and was taken a prisoner at the subsequent action on Harlem heights. He was retained in New York, where he met Ethan Allen, was then quartered at Flatbush, where he appears to have passed the time in observation of the inhabitants, and whence he was liberated on parole, when he passed through the American camp at Morristown, and witnessed at Washington's table the elegant manners of Hamilton, finally establishing himself at Reading. In 1778 he was fully released in the exchange of prisoners, and celebrated the event by marrying Miss Wood of Berks county. From that time he was a spectator of the war and a student of the manners and personages of the times. In 1785 he received from the government of his state an appointment to the Prothonotaryship of the county of Dauphin, and removed to Harrisburgh, where he remained in the enjoyment of his office till he was removed by Gov. McKean, who introduced his system of political decapitation on his induction in 1799. Graydon then lived on a small farm in the neighborhood of Harrisburgh, from which out-of-the-way quarter he sent forth, in 1811, his *Memoirs of a Life, chiefly passed in Pennsylvania, within the last sixty years; with Occasional Remarks upon the General Occurrences, Character, and Spirit of that Eventful Period.*‡ In this form, in a small volume, on dingy paper, one of the most entertaining works, illustrating a most important period of our history and manners, written with frankness and scholarship, and abounding with anecdote, was suffered to languish in a feeble circulation, known for the most part only to curious readers, till Mr. John Stockton Littell reissued it in a second edition, with a biographical preface and ample historical annotations, including some valuable original notes by the author. He has also divided the work into chapters with appropriate headings and an indispensable index.* Besides its personal anecdotes, it contains notices of many of the leading personages of the war, and in the latter portions gives free expression to the anti-Jeffersonian sentiments of the author, for which he had sharp motive in his loss of office.



John Galt, the novelist, and a student of American affairs, thought so well of the work, attracted by its anecdote and living portraits of the times, that he caused it to be reprinted at Edinburgh in 1822 with a complimentary dedication which he wrote, addressed to the American Minister at London.

In 1813–14 we find Graydon contributor of a series of papers to the *Port-Folio*, entitled *Notes of a Desultory Reader*, which include comments upon the Classics and French and English literature exhibiting a high order of cultivation. In 1816 he returned to Philadelphia with the intention of improving his affairs by becoming a publisher, but he died, May 2, 1818, before this could be carried into effect.

In the *Port-Folio* for July of that year there is a tribute to his memory, in which he is described as having been a representative of "that old school of accomplished gentlemen, which flourished before our Revolution;—at a period when the courtesy of society was not disturbed by insubordination in systems, nor violated by laxity in sentiments," and in which the writer notices "the elegance of his person, that he retained in an uncommon degree to his latest hour."

One of his last acts had been to send to the *Port-Folio* a translation of the Latin Epigram—

Avulsa e ramo, frons o miseranda, virenti,
Marcida quo vadis?—Quo vadam, nescio—Quercum
Maternam columenque meum stravere procellæ.
Inde mihi illudit Zephyrus, Boreasve; vagamque
Montibus ad valles, sylvis me volvit ad agros:
Nec contra nitor. Quo tendunt omnia tendo;
Quo fertur pariter folium lauri rosæque.

Attempted in English.

Torn from thy nurturing branch, poor, fallen leaf,
What hapless lot awaits thy withering form?
Alas! I know not, but I mourn in chief,
My parent oak laid prostrate by the storm.

Hence doomed the sport of every vagrant breeze
I'm hurried up the mount, then down again;
One while I mildew under shading trees,
Now, whirl'd afield, I bleach upon the plain.

In short, I go where all things earthly tend,
And unresisting meet my wasting foes,

* *Ante*, p. 128.

† Sir William Draper was the correspondent of Junius. Leaving England after this encounter he arrived at Charleston, S. C., in January, 1769, and travelling to New York, married Miss DeLancey, daughter of Governor DeLancey, of New York. She died in 1778, when he was appointed Governor of Minorca.

‡ Printed by John Wyeth. 12mo. pp. 378.

* The title is somewhat changed: *Memoirs of His Own Time, with Reminiscences of the Men and Events of the Revolution.* By Alexander Graydon. Edited by John Stockton Littell, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston, 1846. 8vo. pp. 504.

For oaks and bramble have one common end—
The foliage of the laurel and the rose.

BRITISH OFFICERS IN PHILADELPHIA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

But it was not alone by hostile alarms, that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquillity had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance; and in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,

A la clarté de cieux dans l'ombre de la nuit,

to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this duumvirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and Orestes. But the cement which connected them, was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that upon hiring a servant, he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow some time after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself, but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed, either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appearance in Philadelphia, has been thus related to me by Mr. Will Richards, the apothecary, who, it is well known, was, from his size and manner, as fine a figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I was sitting, perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression, that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement: for no sooner had he entered, than throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher with the exclamation of—"Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss," he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault or shake off the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, 'Hah! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor, and myself on top of him. Nevertheless, I kept kissing away, until nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'for Heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered, and finding that I was neither a Quaker nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and entering into conversation, soon discovered, that however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman. This," said Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Captain Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

This same coffee-house, the only one indeed in the city, was also the scene of another affray by Ogle and Friend, in conjunction. I know not what particular acts of mischief they had been guilty of, but they were very drunk, and their conduct so extremely disquieting and insulting to the peaceable citizens there assembled, that being no longer able to endure it, it was judged expedient to commit them; and Mr. Chew happening to be there, undertook, in virtue probably of his office of recorder, to write their commitment. But Ogle, facetiously joggling his elbow, and interrupting him with a repetition of the pitiful interjection of "*Ah, now, Mr. Chew!*" he was driven from his gravity, and obliged to throw away the pen. It was then taken up by Alderman M———n, with a determination to go through with the business, when the culprits reeling round him, and Ogle in particular, hanging over his shoulder and reading after him as he wrote, at length, with irresistible effect, hit upon an unfortunate oversight of the alderman. "Aye," says he, "my father was a justice of peace too, but he did not spell that word as you do. I remember perfectly well, that instead of an S he always used to spell CIRCUMSTANCE with a C." This sarcastic thrust at the scribe, entirely turned the tide in favor of the rioters; and the company being disarmed of their resentment, the alderman had no disposition to provoke farther criticism by going on with the *mittimus*.

The irregularities of these gay rakes were not more eccentric than diversified; and the more extravagant they could render them, the better. At one time, they would drive full tilt through the streets in a chair; and upon one of these occasions, on approaching a boom which had been thrown across the street, in a part that was undergoing the operation of paving, they lashed forward their steed, and sousing against the spar with great violence, they were consequently hurled from their seats, like Don Quixote in his temerarious assault of the windmills. At another time, at Doctor Orme's the apothecary, where Ogle lodged, they, in emulation of the same mad hero at the puppet-show, laid about them with their canes upon the defenceless bottles and phials, at the same time assaulting a diminutive Maryland parson, whom, in their frolic, they kicked from the street-door to the kitchen. He was a fellow lodger of Ogle's; and, to make him some amends for the roughness of this usage, they shortly after took him drunk to the dancing assembly, where, through the instrumentality of this unworthy son of the church, they contrived to excite a notable hubbub. Though they had escaped, as already mentioned, at the coffee-house, yet their repeated malfeasances had brought them within the notice of the civil authority; and they had more than once been in the clutches of the mayor of the city. This was Mr. S———, a small man of a squat, bandy-legged figure; and hence, by way of being revenged on him, they bribed a negro with a precisely similar pair of legs, to carry him a billet, which imported, that as the bearer had in vain searched the town for a pair of hose that might fit him, he now applied to his honour to be informed where he purchased HIS stockings.

I have been told that General Lee, when a captain in the British service, had got involved in this vortex of dissipation; and although afterwards so strenuous an advocate for the civil rights of the Americans, had been made to smart severely for their violation, by the mayor's court of Philadelphia.

The common observation, that when men become soldiers they lose the character and feelings of citizens, was amply illustrated by the general conduct of the British officers in America. Their studied contempt of the *mohairs*, by which term all those who were not in uniform were distinguished, was manifest on all occasions; and it is by no means improbable, that the disgust then excited, might have more easily ripened into that harvest of discontent, which subsequent injuries called forth, and which terminated in a subduction of allegiance from the parent land.

JAMES SMITH, OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Besides my fellow boarders there were several young men in the town (York, Pa.), whose company served to relieve the dreariness of my solitude; for such it was, compared with the scene from which I had removed. These, for the most part, are yet living, generally known and respected. There was also in the place an oddity, who, though not to be classed with its young men, I sometimes fell in with. This was Mr. James Smith, the lawyer, then in considerable practice. He was probably between forty and fifty years of age, fond of his bottle and young company, and possessed of an original species of drollery. This, as may perhaps be said of all persons in this way, consisted more in the manner than the matter: for which reason, it is scarcely possible to convey a just notion of it to the reader. In him it much depended on an uncouthness of gesture, a certain ludicrous cast of countenance, and a drawling mode of utterance, which, taken in conjunction with his eccentric ideas, produced an effect irresistibly comical; though on an analysis it would be difficult to decide, whether the man or the saying most constituted the jest. The most trivial incident from his mouth was stamped with his originality: and in relating one evening how he had been disturbed in his office by a cow, he gave inconceivable zest to his narration, by his manner of telling how she thrust her nose into the door, and *there roared like a Numidian lion.* Like the picture of Garrick between tragedy and comedy, his phiz exhibited a struggle between tragedy and farce, in which the latter seemed on the eve of predominating. With a sufficiency of various reading to furnish him with materials for ridiculous allusions and incongruous combinations, he never was so successful as when he could find a learned pedant to play upon: and of all men, Judge Stedman, when mellow, was best calculated for his butt. The judge was a Scotchman, a man of reading and erudition, though extremely magisterial and dogmatical in his cups. This it was which gave point to the humor of Smith, who, as if desirous of coming in for his share of the glory, while Stedman was in full display of his historical knowledge, never failed to set him raving by some monstrous anachronism, such, for instance, as "don't you remember, Mr. Stedman, that terrible bloody battle which Alexander the Great fought with the Russians near the Straits of Babelmandel?" "What, sir!" said Stedman, repeating with the most ineffable contempt, "which Alexander the Great fought with the Russians! Where, mon, did you get your chronology?" "I think you will find it recorded, Mr. Stedman, in Thucydides or Herodotus." On another occasion, being asked for his authority for some enormous assertion, in which both space and time were fairly annihilated, with unshaken gravity he replied, "I am pretty sure I have seen an account of it, Mr. Stedman, in a High Dutch almanac, printed at *Aleepo*," his drawling way of pronouncing Aleppo. While every one at table was holding his sides at the expense of the judge, he, on his part, had no doubt that Smith was the object of laughter, as he was of his own unutterable disdain. Thus every thing was as it should be, all parties were pleased; the laughers were highly tickled, the self-complacency of the real dupe was flattered, and the sarcastic vein of the pretended one gratified; and this, without the smallest suspicion on the part of Stedman, who, residing in Philadelphia, was ignorant of Smith's character, and destitute of penetration to develope it.

A PRISONER OF WAR IN EXILE, AT FLATBUSH.

Flat-bush was the place assigned for the officers of our regiment, as well as those of Magaw's. Here also, were stationed Colonels Miles, Atlee, Rawlings, and Major Williams; the indulgence of arranging ourselves agreeably to our respective circles of acquaintance having been granted by Mr. Loring, of whom, for my own part, I have nothing hard to say. Mr. Forrest and myself were billeted on a Mr. Jacob Suydam. His house was pretty large, consisting of buildings which appeared to have been erected at different times, the front and better part of which was in the occupation of Mr. Theophilact Bache and his family, from New York. Though we were in general civilly enough received, it cannot be supposed that we were very welcome to our Low Dutch hosts, whose habits of living were extremely parsimonious, and whose winter provision was barely sufficient for themselves. Had they been sure of receiving the two dollars a-week, it might have reconciled them to the measure; but payment appeared to them to depend on the success of our cause (Congress, or ourselves, being looked upon as the paymasters), and its failure, in their eyes, would in both cases induce a stoppage of payment. They were, however, a people who seemed thoroughly disposed to submit to any power which might be set over them; and whatever might have been their propensities or demonstrations at an earlier stage of the contest, they were now the dutiful and loyal subjects of His Majesty George the Third; and entirely obedient to the behests of their military masters in New York. As it was at the instance of these that we were saddled upon them, they received us with the best grace they could put on. Their houses and beds were found clean, but their living extremely poor, and well calculated to teach the luxurious, how infinitely less than their pampered appetites require, is essential to the sustenation of life. In the apostrophe of Lucan,

> O prodiga rerum,
> Luxuries, nunquam parvo contenta paratu,
> Et quæsitorum terra pelagoque ciborum
> Ambitiosa fames, et lautæ gloria mensæ!
> Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam.

Thus translated by Rowe:

> Behold! ye sons of luxury, behold!
> Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
> You who the wealth of frugal ages waste,
> T' indulge a wanton supercilious taste;
> For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd
> To spread the various proud voluptuous board,
> Behold! how little thrifty nature craves.

A sorry wash, made up of a sprinkling of bohea, and the darkest sugar on the verge of fluidity, with half-baked bread, fuel being among the scarcest articles at Flat-bush, and a little stale butter, constituted our breakfast. At our first coming, a small piece of pickled beef was occasionally boiled for dinner, but, to the beef which was soon consumed, succeeded *clippers* or clams, and our unvaried supper was *supon* or mush, sometimes with skimmed milk, but more generally with buttermilk blended with

molasses, which was kept for weeks in a churn, as swill is saved for hogs. I found it, however, after a little use, very eatable; and supper soon became my best meal. The table company consisted of the master of the house, Mr. Jacob Suydam, an old bachelor, a young man, a shoemaker of the name of Rem Hagerman, married to Jacob's niece, who, with a mewling infant in her arms, never failed to appear. A black boy, too, was generally in the room, not as a waiter, but as a kind of *enfant de maison*, who walked about or took post in the chimney corner with his hat on, and occasionally joined in the conversation. It is probable, that but for us, he would have been placed at the table; and that it had been the custom before we came. Certain it is, that the idea of equality was more fully and fairly acted upon in this house of a British subject than ever I have seen it practised by the most vehement declaimers for the rights of man among ourselves. It is but fair, however, to mention, that I have never been among our transcendent republicans of Virginia, and her dependencies. But notwithstanding some unpleasant circumstances in our establishment, every member of the family, the black fellow, to whom we had been the cause of some privations, excepted, was exceedingly courteous and accommodating. Rem Hagerman, and *Yonichy*, his wife, gave themselves no airs; nor was our harmony with uncle Jacob ever interrupted, but on a single occasion, when, soured a little by I know not what provocation, he made a show of knocking down Forrest with a pair of yarn stockings he had just drawn from his legs, as he sat in the chimney-corner one evening preparing for bed. It was, indeed, but an offer, though it might, for aught I know, have amounted to an assault in law, as Jacob was not so far from the person menaced, but that the feet of the stockings, if held by the other extremity, and projected from an extended arm, might possibly have reached him; and a pair of long-worn yarn stockings, might, from daily alluvian, have acquired somewhat of the properties of a cudgel. But moments of peevishness were allowable to our host; since, though we had for some time been consuming his provisions, he had never seen a penny of our money, and it was somewhat doubtful, to say the truth, whether he ever would; for, considering the contractors for our boarding liable for it, we never thought of paying it ourselves. As the Low Dutch are a people little known in Pennsylvania, and more especially, as it is my avowed intention to advert to the character of the time, this sketch of their domestic economy and manners may not be thought impertinent. In a word, from what I saw of them on Long Island, I was led to consider them as a people, quiet and inoffensive beyond any I had seen; such, from whom no enthusiastic efforts, either of good or evil tendency, were to be looked for; who were neither prolific of Catos nor Catilines; and who, had they been the sole occupants of this great continent of ours, would still have been colonists, and never known what it was to be independent republicans. Their religious, like their other habits, were unostentatious and plain; and a silent grace* before meat, prevailed at the table of Jacob Suydam. When we were all seated, he suddenly clasped his hands together, threw his head on one side, closed his eyes, and remained mute and motionless for about a minute. His niece and nephew followed his example; but with such an eager solicitude that the copied attitude should be prompt and simultaneous, as to give an air of absurdity to what might otherwise have been very decent. Although little of the vernacular accent remained on the tongue of these people, they had some peculiarities in their phraseology. Among these, instead of asking you to sit, or sit down to table, they invited you to *sit by;* and this I even observed in General Schuyler, when I was at Lake George. It might be asked by a stickling New Yorker, if "sit by" is not as proper, and even more so, than "sit down," which, in strictness, is a redundancy.

ORATORY.—FROM NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

Ben Jonson thus speaks of the eloquence of Lord Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker (Lord Verulam) who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more prestly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry or pleased at his devotion. The fear of every one that heard him was, lest he should make an end."

This is certainly high praise; but there has been no time or place, perhaps, in which eloquent men have not appeared, upon whom some of their cotemporaries might not be disposed to pass an equally lofty panegyric. The parliamentary oratory of Lord Bolingbroke has been extolled as unrivalled: so, in later times, have been the speeches of Lords Chatham and Mansfield by their respective friends; and still more recently, those of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, and Curran.

It seems to be matter of just regret, that we have no method of perpetuating the merit of those who have excelled in this captivating art. The genius of the writer is displayed in his works; that of the painter in his pictures; that of the composer of music in the note-book which records the "concords of sweet sounds," of which he has been the eliciter or combiner. But, if even the words of the orator are preserved, his manner, his voice, his tones, his looks, his gestures, are lost to future ages; and the circumstances which constitute the essence of his art, his *action*, never go down to posterity. Hence it is that the comparative excellence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and that of the other great names which have been mentioned, cannot be estimated; and for the same reason, no scale can be established whereby to determine the relative merits of the "well graced actors," of past times with those of the present, or one with the other, of those who have left the scene. Whether, therefore, with due allowance for national manners and tastes, Le Kain and Clairon of the French stage, were superior to Garrick and Siddons of the English; or whether Betterton, the paragon of his day, was superior, or in any degree comparable to Garrick, the paragon of his, must ever remain a mere matter of conjecture, as probably it

* Mrs. GRANT, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," speaking of the state of religion among the settlers about Albany, says, "Their religion, like their original national character, had in it little of fervor or enthusiasm; their manner of performing religious duties was regular and decent, but calm, and to more ardent imaginations might appear mechanical. None ever doubted of the great truths of revelation, yet few seemed to dwell on the result with that lively delight which devotion produces in minds of keener sensibility. If their piety, however, was without enthusiasm, it was also without bigotry; they wished others to think as they did, without showing rancour or contempt towards those who did not. In many individuals, whose lives seemed governed by the principles of religion, the spirit of devotion seemed to be quiescent in the heart, and to break forth in exigencies; yet that monster in nature, an impious woman, was never heard of among them."

would be of dispute were they all alive and marshalled for comparison before the most exquisitely refined audience that ever crowded a theatre.

But it is further to be remarked, that there is a fashion in these things, as in all others that are the objects of taste; and that what is called a new school is nothing more than a new fashion, which puts down an old one. They who will not accede to this, but insist that every innovation is an improvement, are advocates for human perfectibility, or at least for man's continued progression towards perfection—a doctrine in which, however well disposed to acquiesce in the orthodoxy of new schools, and new modes, and new fashions, I must profess myself a sceptic. Hence, though I might be disposed to believe that Garrick was a better actor than any of his predecessors, that belief would not be at all founded on the circumstance of his coming after them. This celebrated performer has indeed the credit of correcting some of the acknowledged errors of the English stage, particularly the starch and formal manner of its declamation; and a similar reform, we are told by Marmontel, was, through his suggestion, effected by Clairon in France. But there may be room for doubting whether, by Garrick, the innovation was not carried too far, since it has been said, that the poetry of English tragedy, from the adoption of his manner, has been utterly disregarded through an extreme sedulity to copy nature: For, without recurring to Voltaire's strong illustration of *neanmoins je porte les culottes*, I take it for granted it will be ceded; that tragedy should be written in verse, and that the heroes of this sort of drama should continue to mouth heroics, the natural propensity of human beings to hold discourses in humble prose notwithstanding.

NOVELS.

No one, I believe, reads less for the sake of a story than myself; of course, I am but a poor novel reader, and never complain that Tristram Shandy has no story at all. In a book I look for thought, sentiment, language, humour, wit, and sometimes instruction; if it has these I care little for the tale; though no doubt where this is the main object it ought to be a good one. But, of all things, in a novel or play, I hate a series of perplexities and cross accidents; for which reason, however admiring Miss Burney's talent for painting life and drawing characters, I always get out of patience with her at the winding up of her plots, as then it is she never fails to pelt her poor hero or heroine with a tempest of unforeseen and distressing occurrences. When the reader, good easy man or woman, fancies that all difficulties at length are over, and is ready to join in congratulations with the wedding guests, already invited or about to be invited, there comes a frost, a nipping frost, and the already opening buds of connubial felicity are thrown back to undergo the process of a new vegetation.

But, of all productions, the most monstrous in my eyes are those in which fiction is engrafted on history. Let me have fact or fable, but not a preposterous mixture of both. There are many, however, who think differently, and I am by no means disposed to impugn the correctness of their opinion. Let each enjoy his own. De gustibus non est disputandum.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

THE first American ancestor of Timothy Dwight came from Dedham, England, to Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1637. Five generations intervened when the poet and theologian of the name was born, in the oldest male line, at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His father was a merchant of the town and a graduate of Yale; his mother was the third daughter of the metaphysician Jonathan Edwards—so Dwight came in regular succession to his future reputation, and he probably owed much of it directly to this lady, for he received his early education at home. His mother taught him the alphabet in one lesson, and he read the Bible when he was but four years of age. Latin he studied by himself at six, and would have been ready for college at eight, had not his school been discontinued when he came home to learn his favorite studies of geography and history from his mother. He entered Yale College when he was thirteen, in 1765, where for the first two years, it is said by one of his biographers, that, "through the folly of youth much of his time was misspent," a statement which is explained by an intimation from another biographer that gambling was a vice of the place, and that Dwight, though he played for amusement and never for money, let the sport engross too much of his time. At fifteen, however, he took up study in earnest, occupying fourteen hours a day with his books. He was graduated in 1769, and for two years was a teacher at New Haven, still continuing his studies. He then became a tutor in his college when he was nineteen, and began the composition of his poem the *Conquest of Canaan*. It was finished within three years, though not published till the conclusion of the Revolutionary war gave literature a hearing in 1785, when it appeared with a dedication to Washington. It was reprinted by J. Johnson, in London, in 1788. Dwight taught mathematics, rhetoric, and oratory, in the college for six years. His theme on taking his mastership of arts, was *The History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible*, an oration, which was published at the time,*

Timothy Dwight

* A Dissertation on the History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible, delivered at the Public Commencement at New Haven. New Haven: Thos. & Sam. Green. 1772. 8vo. pp. 16.

and greatly advanced his reputation by its glowing declamation. It has a warm tribute to the eloquence of St. Paul, and instances the noble literature of the Old Testament in the Book of Job, the perfect example of the ode in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, and the beauties of others, particularly the eighteenth, where "the poet's imagination rises to such a height as Pindar, Dryden, and Gray must look up to with astonishment and despair."

Dwight returned to Northampton to recruit his health wasted by study, and establish a constitution which remained unimpaired till he was more than sixty. In 1777 he was married to the daughter of an old college companion of his father, Benjamin Woolsey, of Long Island; and the same year being licensed to preach, his services were accepted as chaplain in the army, which he joined at West Point, in which national atmosphere, at that national moment, he wrote his famous song of *Columbia*, which was received with enthusiasm, was published in all the popular collections, and has not lost its place in similar quarters since. Though somewhat ornate, its spirit and success are not to be questioned. He was with the army a year when his father's death recalled him to the family at Northampton, where for five years he labored, as preacher and farmer, for their support. He was a member of the state legislature in 1781, and his popularity would have detained him in civil life had he not deliberately preferred the ministry, the duties of which he accepted at Greenfield, Ct., in 1783, and discharged in the same place for twelve years, adding to his small stipend of five hundred dollars per annum by the profits of an academy. His poem *Greenfield Hill*, inspired by the neighborhood, appeared in 1794, with a dedication to John Adams,* and with its predecessor it was republished in England.

The next year Dwight was chosen to succeed Dr. Stiles in the presidency of Yale College, a post which he filled till his death, twenty-one years after. The chief literary fruits of his new college life were the series of divinity discourses delivered by him to the students, and which were published after his death, in five volumes, with the title, *Theology; Explained and Defended:* a work which has exercised an important influence in the congregational denomination of which it is the exponent, has been widely circulated in England, and which has been greatly admired by the author's friends for "its philosophical arrangement, its luminous reasonings, its bold and lofty eloquence, and the ability which it evinces to employ different faculties with the best effect, and to do everything in an exceedingly graceful and perfect manner."†

In the year 1800 he revised Watts's Psalms, at the request of the General Association of Connecticut, adding translations of his own, which Watts had not attempted, and annexing a selection of Hymns; both of which were approved of and adopted by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. As a favorable specimen of his execution in this line, the version of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, which Joel Barlow had previously as well succeeded with, may be instanced:—

PSALM CXXXVII.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice, or hands, deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories, earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

This has been adopted, beyond the limits of Dwight's own denomination, in the Hymn-book of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

His vacations for the whole of his presidency were passed in travelling excursions, when travelling, before the days of the locomotives, was a quiet, leisurely individual affair, which led into by-places, was inquisitive of nature, gave country landlords an opportunity to exhibit themselves, and time was afforded to see the local great men on the way,* as he journied through the neighboring states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York. He visited the White Mountains, Lake George, Montauk, Niagara, the Kaatskills, and various other localities, keeping notes of his journeys, written out in the form of letters, which compose the series published in

* Greenfield Hill: a Poem in Seven Parts. I. The Prospect. II. The Flourishing Village. III. The Burning of Fairfield. IV. The Destruction of the Pequods. V. The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers. VI. The Farmer's Advice to the Villagers. VII. The Vision; or, Prospect of the Future Happiness of America. By Timothy Dwight, D.D. New York: Printed by Childs & Swaine, 1794. 8vo. pp. 183.

† Dr. William B. Sprague's Life of Dwight. Sparks's Am. Biog., Second Series, vol. iv.

* Dennie's *Farmers' Museum*, at Walpole, contains a passing newspaper benediction on one of these pilgrimages, September 25. 1797. "This morning, the truly respectable President of Yale College proceeded from this village on a journey to the Upper Coos; whence, we understand, he intends passing over the White Mountains to Hallowell, in the district of Maine. His rugged tour will, we hope, be relieved by those civilities which are due to the gentleman, the scholar, and the unaffected Christian."

1821, after his death, of *Travels in New England and New York.* Southey, who saw in the four well filled volumes admirable material for the history of a new state, what Miss Martineau has since called "world making," in the natural history observations, the sketches of Indian life, the notices of education, domestic manners, and social progress, pronounces this "the most important of Dwight's writings, a work which will derive additional value from time, whatever may become of his poetry and of his sermons."*

Dwight's House in New Haven.

In 1816 Dwight was seized with the illness—an alarming affection of the bladder—which, though it was partially relieved by a surgical operation, caused his death the year after, January 11, 1817, in his sixty-fifth year. He employed the last months of his life in compositions on the evidences of revelation, and in the completion of a poem of fifteen hundred lines, the description of a contest between Genius and Common Sense.

The personal influence of Dwight should not be overlooked in an estimate of his position. He appears to have been "every inch" a president. His popularity with the students was unbounded, and was maintained by no sacrifice of self-respect, for Dwight was always courtly and dignified. A lady, who saw him in her youth, when he visited an old college companion, her father, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, Mrs. Lee, says that when he entered the humble parsonage, he appeared to her youthful observation to possess "the lofty politeness, the priestly dignity of the Bishop of London, as made known by the pen of Hannah More."† The portrait by Trumbull exhibits this ease and self-command, which was built up upon some noble traits of character, a sense of duty, a higher order of industry, and an ardent fire of genius in youth. In Dwight's early poems we see a heat of honest enthusiasm sufficient to warm the faculties through life. These productions have been hardly dealt with. They are worth something more than to furnish a dull jest at epic failures. The Conquest of Canaan, it should be remembered, was the production of a youth hardly out of college, and should be looked at as a series of poetic sketches, not over nice in rhetorical treatment or obedience to the laws of Aristotle. In that view it contains much pleasing writing, but the word epic should never be brought in contact with it. His biographer thinks its reception was marred by the general prevalence of infidelity at the time of its publication.* If so, the injury may have been somewhat abated by the appearance, soon after, of the Triumph of Infidelity, an anonymous poem from his pen, which dealt some trenchant blows at scoffers in high places. But the truth is, that no amount of religious belief held in its utmost purity can entirely overcome the indifference of readers as they make their way through the long monotonous pages of the Conquest of Canaan. The lines are sounding in couplets; the cæsura gives breath and the rhymes ring well, but little impression is made upon the mind. The characters are too little discriminated, and the manners have too little exactness to fix the attention. The warriors are numerous, and one warrior is like another. The lovers, Irad and Selima, are exemplary; one is brave and the other virtuous, but their conversation is tedious. The action has not the merit of a close adherence to the original; so history is damaged without poetry being much the gainer. The interpolations of the combats of the American Revolution in the wars of the Israelites had, doubtless, a sound patriotic intention, but would be fatal to a better poem. Yet we may find many vigorous passages in the volume, which show a fine glow of the imagination. The similes are numerous, and many of them are striking. He thus treats Niagara in a comparison of the onset of battle:—

Mean time from distant guards a cry ascends,
And round the camp the dinning voice extends;
Th' alarming trump resounds; the martial train
Pour from the tents, and crowd th' accustom'd plain,
In mazy wanderings, thickening, darkening, roll,
Fill all the field, and shade the boundless pole.
As where proud Erie winds her narrowing shores,
And o'er huge hills a boiling ocean pours,
The long white-sheeted foam, with fury hurl'd,
Down the cliffs thundering, shakes the stable world.
In solemn grandeur clouds of mist arise,
Top the tall pines, and heavy seek the skies:
So spread the volumes of the dust afar;
So roar the clamors of commencing war.

This prophetic passage, in which the author evidently has America in view, may boast at least one fine couplet:—

Then o'er wide lands, as blissful Eden bright,
Type of the skies, and seats of pure delight,

* The Quarterly Review, Oct. 1823, Art. 1.

† Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, by Eliza Buckminster Lee. Dr. Sprague, in his Memoir in Sparks's series, describes his form as "stately and majestic, and every way well proportioned. His features were regular, his eye black and piercing, yet benignant, and his countenance altogether indicative of a high order of mind. His voice was rich and melodious, adapted alike to music and oratory." An incidental trait is in accordance with this description. His hand-writing was so elegant that there are portions of it which cannot readily be distinguished from the finest copper-plate engraving. One of the very last acts of his life, in his dying hours, was an exhibition of gentlemanly courtesy. His family around him, distracted by their grief, had failed to notice two ladies who came to visit him. He spoke to them, and directed one of his children to "hand chairs." It was, as Dr. Sprague, who has preserved the anecdote, remarks, "the instinctive prompting of that inwrought sense of propriety that had constituted through life a leading element both of his popularity and usefulness."

* Memoirs of the Life of the Author, prefixed to the Theology.

Our sons, with prosperous course, shall stretch their sway,
And claim an empire, spread from sea to sea:
In one great whole th' harmonious tribes combine;
Trace Justice' path, and choose their chiefs divine;
On Freedom's base erect the heavenly plan;
Teach laws to reign, and save the rights of man.
Then smiling Art shall wrap the fields in bloom,
Fine the rich ore, and guide the useful loom;
Then lofty towers in golden pomp arise;
Then spiry cities meet auspicious skies:
The soul on Wisdom's wing sublimely soar,
New virtues cherish, and new truths explore:
Thro' time's long tract our name celestial run,
Climb in the east, and circle with the sun;
And smiling Glory stretch triumphant wings
O'er hosts of heroes, and o'er tribes of kings.

The birds crowning the jubilee of returning day after a storm are introduced with beauty in the following scene, which glitters with sunshine:—

Then gentler scenes his rapt attention gain'd,
Where God's great hand in clear effulgence reign'd,
The growing beauties of the solemn even,
And all the bright sublimities of heaven.
Above tall western hills, the light of day
Shot far the splendors of his golden ray;
Bright from the storm, with tenfold grace he smil'd,
The tumult soften'd and the world grew mild.
With pomp transcendant, rob'd in heavenly dyes,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies;
Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine,
Fair type of truth, and beauty endless shine,
Around th' expanse, with thousand splendors rare;
Gay clouds sail'd wanton through the kindling air;
From shade to shade, unnumber'd tinctures blend;
Unnumber'd forms of wondrous light extend;
In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,
Grac'd with bright domes, and crown'd with towers of fire.
On cliffs cliffs burn; o'er mountains mountains roll:
A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole:
Rapt with the splendor, every songster sings,
Tops the high bough, and claps his glistening wings:
With new-born green, reviving nature blooms,
And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.

The gentle Cowper, who wrote a favorable critique on the poem in the Analytical Review,* notices this description of Night as "highly poetical."

Now Night, in vestments rob'd, of cloudy dye,
With sable grandeur cloth'd the orient sky,
Impell'd the sun, obsequious to her reign,
Down the far mountains to the western main;
With magic hand, becalm'd the solemn even,
And drew day's curtain from the spangled heaven.
At once the planets sail'd around the throne:
At once ten thousand worlds in splendor shone:
Behind her car, the moon's expanded eye
Rose from a cloud, and look'd around the sky:
Far up th' immense her train sublimely roll,
And dance, and triumph, round the lucid pole.
Faint shine the fields, beneath the shadowy ray:
Slow fades the glimmering of the west away;
To sleep the tribes retire; and not a sound
Flows through the air, or murmurs on the ground.

There is a glowing picture of the millennium. Indeed, the reader is oppressed by the uniform eloquence of the description. It is too florid. The natural powers of the writer appear in the poem, injured by the study of Pope's declamatory pieces.

It is said to have been at the suggestion of the poet Trumbull, his fellow tutor at the time in the college, that Dwight wrote the animated description of the battle lighted by the burning city of Ai, in the seventh book. The author of M'Fingal had another hint in his own humorous way for the laborious young poet. In allusion to the number of thunder-storms described in the portion of the poem handed him to read, he requested that when he sent in the remainder, a lightning rod might be included.

Dwight's literary compositions are represented by two leading ideas—his religion and his patriotism. The former is sustained in his Theology and in his Triumph of Infidelity, and in some fine passages in Greenfield Hill; the latter in his remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, and in many pages of his travels. In the poem on Infidelity, and his passage with the Quarterly Review, he does not mince matters, but shows the hand of a bold vigorous pamphleteer. *The Triumph of Infidelity; a Poem. Printed in the World*, 1788: was sent forth with no other title. It is an octavo of forty pages, levelled at the unbelieving spirit of the century then drawing to its close. It is dedicated to Mons. de Voltaire: "Sir, your Creator endued you with shining talents, and cast your lot in a field of action, where they might be most happily employed: In the progress of a long and industrious life, you devoted them to a single purpose, the elevation of your character above his. For the accomplishment of this purpose, with a diligence and uniformity which would have adorned the most virtuous pursuits, you opposed truth, religion, and their authors, with sophistry, contempt, and obloquy; and taught, as far as your example or sentiments extended their influence, that the chief end of man was, to slander his God, and abuse him for ever. To whom could such an effort as the following be dedicated, with more propriety than to you."

The satire is full of indignation; with more polish, it could not fail to have become widely celebrated. Here are a few of its strong lines:—

THE SMOOTH DIVINE.

There smil'd the smooth Divine, unus'd to wound
The sinner's heart, with hell's alarming sound.
No terrors on his gentle tongue attend;
No grating truths the nicest ear offend.
That strange new-birth, that methodistic grace,
Nor in his heart, nor sermons found a place.
Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,
Trite, fireside, moral seesaws, dull as old;
His Christ, and bible, plac'd at good remove,
Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.
'Twas best, he said, mankind should cease to sin;
Good fame requir'd it; so did peace within:
Their honours, well he knew, would ne'er be driven.
But hop'd they still would please to go to heaven.
Each week, he paid his visitation dues;
Coax'd, jested, laugh'd; rehears'd the private news;
Smoak'd with each goody, thought her cheese excell'd;
Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.
Or plac'd in some great town, with lacquer'd shoes,
Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glistening hose,

* Southey's Works of Cowper, Ed. 1826, vii. 314.

He bow'd, talk'd politics, learn'd manners mild;
Most meekly question'd, and most smoothly smil'd;
At rich men's jests laugh'd loud, their stories prais'd;
Their wives' new patterns gaz'd, and gaz'd, and gaz'd;
Most daintily on pamper'd turkies din'd;
Nor shrunk with fasting, nor with study pin'd:
Yet from their churches saw his brethren driven,
Who thunder'd truth, and spoke the voice of heaven,
Chill'd trembling guilt, in Satan's headlong path,
Charm'd the feet back, and rous'd the ear of death.
"Let fools," he cried, "starve on, while prudent I
Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall die."*

The picture of the good divine in Greenfield Hill, the opposite of this rough outline, is highly pleasing.

When the malignant review of Inchiquin's Letters appeared in the (London) Quarterly for Jan. 1814, its bitterness and contempt were so unsparing and its falsehood so gross, that Dwight, though its abuse was partly directed against Jefferson and others whom he did not hold in particular favor, thought it necessary to reply. His work, an octavo of one hundred and seventy-six pages, was entitled, *Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; addressed to the Right Honorable George Canning, Esq., by an Inhabitant of New England;* and was published in Boston in 1815. It carries the war into Africa, contrasting every defect urged against America with a corresponding iniquity in England, and exonerating his countrymen from many of the charges as utterly unfounded. It meets the reviler with language as loud and with facts severer than his own. It shows that under his polished exterior the fires of his youth still glowed in the college President.

Greenfield Hill is an idyllic poem of rare merit. A little more nicety of execution and a better comprehension of the design at the outset, would doubtless have improved it; but the spirit is there. It is noticeable that it was undertaken as an imitation or adaptation of different English poets; but the author found the labor of pursuing this plan too great, and fell off, or rather rose to original invention. This has often happened in English literature, and some of the best successes are due to this effort, which the genius of the writer has soon transcended; as in the Castle of Indolence and the Splendid Shilling, to which may be added Trumbull's M'Fingal. Thus Dwight, commencing with Beattie and Goldsmith, soon runs into measures and incidents of his own; or turns the contrast of American manners to happy account, as in his picture of "the Flourishing Village" of Greenfield, where he finds in the allotment of estates and the absence of manorial privileges, the opposite of "the Deserted Village." The general plan of the poem is thus sketched by the author in his "Introduction:"—

In the Parish of Greenfield, in the town of Fairfield, in Connecticut, there is a pleasant and beautiful eminence, called Greenfield Hill; at the distance of three miles from Long Island Sound. On this eminence, there is a small but handsome village, a church, academy, &c., all of them alluded to in the following poem. From the highest part of the eminence, the eye is presented with an extensive and delightful prospect of the surrounding country, and of the Sound. On this height, the writer is supposed to stand. The first object, there offering itself to his view, is the landscape; which is accordingly made the governing subject of the first part of the Poem. The flourishing and happy condition of the inhabitants very naturally suggested itself next; and became of course the subject of the Second Part. The town of Fairfield, lying in full view, and, not long before the poem was begun and in a great measure written out, burnt by a party of British troops, under the command of Governor Tryon, furnished the theme of the Third Part. A field, called the Pequod Swamp, in which most of the warriors of that nation who survived the invasion of their country by Capt. Mason, were destroyed, lying about three miles from the eminence above-mentioned, and on the margin of the Sound, suggested, not unnaturally, the subject of the Fourth Part.

As the writer is the minister of Greenfield, he cannot be supposed to be uninterested in the welfare of his parishioners. To excite their attention to the truths and duties of religion (an object in such a situation instinctively rising to his view) is the design of the Fifth Part; and to promote in them just sentiments and useful conduct, for the present life, (an object closely connected with the preceding one) of the Sixth.

The landscape, the characters, and the ideas of the poem are American; the language in a few instances belongs to English poets; but the author has handsomely acknowledged the obligation in his notes. Of the more characteristic portions, the description of the school, the affectionate picture of the village clergyman, the Indian war, the Connecticut farmer's prudential maxims, with the whole scope of the political reflections, are purely American.

Several members of the Dwight family have appeared as authors. The brother of the President, Theodore Dwight, occupied for a long time a distinguished part in the affairs of the country. He was born at Northampton in 1765, and studied law after the Revolution with his uncle Judge Pierpont Edwards. He had a hand in the poetical and political essays of the Echo, in the *Hartford Mercury*, in common with Hopkins and Alsop. He was an eminent Federalist, and was chosen the secretary of the Hartford Convention. In 1815, he commenced the *Albany Daily Advertiser* with the support of the leading politicians of his party in the state; and in 1817 engaged in the publication and editorship of the *New York Daily Advertiser*, which he continued till 1835, when he retired to Hartford. In 1833, his *History of the Hartford Convention* appeared at New York; and in 1839, his *Character of Thomas Jefferson as exhibited in his own writings*, at Boston—a book of a partisan political character. He died June 11, 1846.

His son, Theodore Dwight, is the author of a History of Connecticut, in 1841, and of a volume on the Revolution of 1848. He is a resident of New York.

In 1829, a son of the president, Henry E. Dwight, published a volume in New York of *Travels in the North of Germany, in the years* 1825 *and* 1826; presenting "a view of the religious, literary, and political institutions of north-

* The Triumph of Infidelity was never acknowledged by the author, but never denied by him. It was well understood to be from his pen.

ern Germany, and their influence on society; the arts, the present state of religion, schools, and universities."

Another son of the president, Sereno E. Dwight, was author of the Life of Jonathan Edwards. A volume of his sermons has been published with a Memoir, by the Rev. William Dwight, of Portland, Maine.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire:
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire:
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And Virtue's bright image instamp'd on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the oceans obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendour shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE TRAVELLED APE—FROM AN EPISTLE TO COL. HUMPHREYS, 1785.

Oft has thine eye, with glance indignant seen
Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,
Their minds to improve, their manners to adorn,
To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne;
Oft hast thou seen those youths, at custom's shrine,
Victims to pride, to folly, and to sin,
Of worth bereft, of real sense forlorn,
Their land forget, their friends, their freedom, spurn;
Each noble cause, each solid good desert
For splendour happiness, and truth for art;
The plain, frank manners of their race despise,
Fair without fraud, and great without disguise;
Where, thro' the life the heart uncover'd ran,
And spoke the native dignity of man.
For these, the gain let Virtue blush to hear,
And each sad parent drop the plaintive tear!
Train'd in foul stews, impoison'd by the stage,
Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyser'd into age,
To smooth hypocrisy by Stanhope led,
To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
Swoln with an English butcher's sour disdain,
Or to a fribble dwindled from a man,
Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
And yield his sire the ruins of a son!
What tho' his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
Converse illum'd, or observations vex'd;
Yet here, in each debate, a judge he shines,
Of all, that man enlarges, or refines;
Religion, science, politics, and song;
A prodigy his parts; an oracle his tongue.
Ope wide your mouths; your knees in homage bend;
Hist! hist! ye mere Americans attend;
While Curl discloses to the raptur'd view
What Peter, Paul, and Moses, never knew;
The light of new-born wisdom sheds abroad,
And adds a *leanto to the word of God.
What Creole wretch shall dare, with home-made foils,
Attack opinions, brought three thousand miles;
Sense, in no common way to mortals given,
But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by Heaven;
A head, *en queue*, by Monsieur Frizzle dress'd;
Manners, a Paris tailor's arts invest;
Pure criticism, form'd from *acted* plays;
And graces, that would even a Stanhope grace?
Commercial wisdom, merchants here inhale
From him, whose eye hath seen the unfinish'd bale;
Whose feet have pass'd the shop, where pins were sold,
The wire was silver'd, and the heads were roll'd!
Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humblest leg!
Here stands the man has seen Lord Mansfield's wig!
Physicians hush'd, hear Galen's lips distil,
From Buchan's contents, all the Art to heal!
Divines, with reverence, cease your Scripture whims,
And learn this male Minerva's moral schemes;
Schemes theologic found in Drury-lane,
That prove the Bible false, and virtue vain!
Heavens! shall a child in learning, and in wit,
O'er Europe's climes, a bird of passage flit;
There, as at home, his stripling self unknown,
By novel wonders stupified to stone,
Shut from the wise, and by no converse taught,
No well-read day, nor hour of serious thought,
His head by pleasure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
All prudence trampled, all improvements spurn'd;
Shall he, with less of Europe in his cap,
Than satchell'd school-boy guesses from the map,
On every subject struttingly decree,
Ken the far shore, and search the unfathom'd sea,
Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
Where Newton ponders, and where Berkeley toil'd?
Of all the plagues, that rise in human shape,
Good Heaven, preserve us from the travell'd Ape!

FALL OF EMPIRE—FROM GREENFIELD HILL.

Ah me! while up the long, long vale of time,
Reflection wanders towards th' eternal vast,
How starts the eye, at many a change sublime,
Unbosom'd dimly by the ages pass'd!
What Mausoleums crowd the mournful waste!

* An awkward addition to a dwelling-house, very common in New England.

The tombs of empires fallen! and nations gone!
Each, once inscrib'd, in gold, with "AYE TO LAST,"
Sate as a queen; proclaim'd the world her own,
And proudly cried, "By me no sorrows shall be known."

Soon fleets the sunbright Form, by man ador'd.
Soon fell the Head of gold, to Time a prey;
The Arms, the Trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd:
And whirlwinds blew the Iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur?—far astray,
Some lonely-musing pilgrim now enquires:
And, rack'd by storms, and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's Mosque foresees its final fires;
And Rome's more lordly Temple day by day expires.

As o'er proud Asian realms the traveller winds,
His manly spirit, hush'd by terror, falls;
When some deceased town's lost site he finds,
Where ruin wild his pondering eye appals;
Where silence swims along the moulder'd walls,
And broods upon departed Grandeur's tomb.
Through the lone, hollow aisles sad Echo calls,
At each slow step: deep sighs the breathing gloom,
And weeping fields, around, bewail their Empress' doom.

Where o'er an hundred realms, the throne uprose,
The screech-owl nests, the panther builds his home;
Sleep the dull newts, the lazy adders doze,
Where pomp and luxury danc'd the golden room.
Low lies in dust the sky-resembled dome;
Tall grass around the broken column waves;
And brambles climb, and lonely thistles bloom;
The moulder'd arch the weedy streamlet laves,
And low resound, beneath, unnumber'd sunken graves.

Soon fleets the sun-bright Form, by man ador'd;
And soon man's dæmon chiefs from memory fade.
In musty volume, now must be explor'd,
Where dwelt imperial nations, long decay'd.
The brightest meteors angry clouds invade;
And where the wonders glitter'd, none explain.
Where Carthage, with proud hand, the trident sway'd,
Now mud-wall'd cots sit sullen on the plain,
And wandering, fierce, and wild, sequester'd Arabs reign.

In thee, O Albion! queen of nations, live
Whatever splendours earth's wide realms have known;
In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive;
And Greece her arts; and Rome her lordly throne:
By every wind, thy Tyrian fleets are blown;
Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand;
All ocean's realms thy naval sceptre own;
Of bards, of sages, how august thy band!
And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd land.

But O how vast thy crimes! Through heav'n's great year,
When few centurial suns have trac'd their way;
When southern Europe, worn by feuds severe;
Weak, doting, fallen, has bow'd to Russian sway;
And setting Glory beam'd her farewell ray;
To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall turn;
In dust, thy temples, towers, and towns decay;
The forest howl, where London's turrets burn;
And all thy garlands deck thy sad, funereal urn.

Some land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
Scepter'd with arts and arms (if I divine),
Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
In all thy pomp, shall then majestic shine.
As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
Not ruins only meet th' enquiring eye:
Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles twine,
The filial stem, already towering high,
Erelong shall stretch his arms, and nod in yonder sky.

ROUND OF AMERICAN LIFE—FROM GREENFIELD HILL.

In this New World, life's changing round,
In three descents, is often found.
The *first*, firm, busy, plodding, poor,
Earns, saves, and daily swells, his store;
By farthings first, and pence, it grows;
In shillings next, and pounds, it flows;
Then spread his widening farms, abroad;
His forests wave; his harvests nod;
Fattening, his numerous cattle play,
And debtors dread his reckoning day.
Ambitious then t'adorn with knowledge
His son, he places him at college;
And sends, in smart attire, and neat,
To travel, thro' each neighbouring state;
Builds him a handsome house, or buys,
Sees him a gentleman, and dies.

The *second*, born to wealth and ease,
And taught to think, converse, and please
Ambitious, with his lady-wife,
Aims at a higher walk of life.
Yet, in those wholesome habits train'd,
By which his wealth, and weight, were gain'd,
Bids care in hand with pleasure go,
And blends economy with show.
His houses, fences, garden, dress,
The neat and thrifty man confess.
Improv'd, but with improvement plain,
Intent on office, as on gain,
Exploring, useful sweets to spy,
To public life he turns his eye.
A townsman first; a justice soon;
A member of the house anon;
Perhaps to board, or bench, invited,
He sees the state, and subjects, righted;
And, raptur'd with politic life,
Consigns his children to his wife.
Of household cares amid the round,
For her, too hard the task is found.
At first she struggles, and contends;
Then doubts, desponds, laments, and bends;
Her sons pursue the sad defeat,
And shout their victory complete;
Rejoicing, see their father roam,
And riot, rake, and reign, at home,
Too late he sees, and sees to mourn,
His race of every hope forlorn,
Abroad, for comfort, turns his eyes,
Bewails his dire mistakes, and dies.

His *heir, train'd only to enjoy,*
Untaught his mind, or hands t' employ,
Conscious of wealth, enough for life,
With business, care, and worth, at strife,
By prudence, conscience, unrestrain'd,
And none, but pleasure's habits, gain'd,
Whirls on the wild career of sense,
Nor danger marks, nor heeds expense.
Soon ended is the giddy round;
And soon the fatal goal is found.
His lands, secur'd for borrow'd gold,
His houses, horses, herds, are sold.
And now, no more for wealth respected,
He sinks, by all his friends neglected;
Friends, who, before, his vices flatter'd,
And liv'd upon the loaves he scatter'd.
Unacted every worthy part,
And pining with a broken heart,
To dirtiest company he flies

Whores, gambles, turns a sot, and dies.
His children born to fairer doom,
In rags, pursue him to the tomb.

Apprentic'd then to masters stern,
Some real good the orphans learn;
Are bred to toil, and hardy fare,
And grow to usefulness, and care;
And, following their great-grandsire's plan,
Each slow becomes a useful man.

Such here is life's swift-circling round;
So soon are all its changes found,
Would you prevent th' allotment hard,
And fortune's rapid whirl retard,
In all your race, industrious care
Attentive plant, and faithful rear;
With life, th' important task begin,
Nor but with life, the task resign;
To habit, bid the blessings grow,
Habits alone yield good below.

THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN—FROM GREENFIELD HILL.

Where western Albion's happy clime
Still brightens to the eye of time,
A village lies. In all his round,
The sun a fairer never found.
The woods were tall, the hillocks green,
The vallies laugh'd the hills between,
Thro' fairy meads the rivers roll'd,
The meadows flower'd in vernal gold,
The days were bright, the mornings fair,
And evening lov'd to linger there.
There, twinn'd in brilliant fields above,
Sweet sisters! sported Peace and Love;
While Virtue, like a blushing bride,
Seren'd, and brighten'd, at their side.

At distance from that happy way,
The path of sensual Pleasure lay,
Afar Ambition's summit rose,
And Avarice dug his mine of woes.

The place, with east and western sides,
A wide and verdant street divides:
And here the houses fac'd the day,
And there the lawns in beauty lay.
There, turret-crown'd, and central, stood
A neat, and solemn house of God,
Across the way, beneath the shade,
Two elms with sober silence spread,
The Preacher liv'd. O'er all the place
His mansion cast a Sunday grace;
Dumb stillness sate the fields around;
His garden seem'd a hallow'd ground;
Swains ceas'd to laugh aloud, when near,
And school-boys never sported there.

In the same mild and temperate zone,
Twice twenty years, his course had run,
His locks of flowing silver spread,
A crown of glory o'er his head.
His face, the image of his mind,
With grave, and furrow'd wisdom shin'd;
Not cold; but glowing still, and bright;
Yet glowing with October light:
As evening blends, with beauteous ray,
Approaching night with shining day.

His Cure his thoughts engross'd alone:
For them his painful course was run:
To bless, to save, his only care;
To chill the guilty soul with fear;
To point the pathway to the skies,
And teach, and urge, and aid, to rise;
Where strait, and difficult to keep,
It climbs, and climbs, o'er Virtue's steep.

As now the evening of his day,
Retiring, smil'd it's warning ray;
He heard, in angel-whispers, come,
The welcome voice, that call'd him home.
The little flock he nurs'd so long,
And charm'd with mercy's sweetest song,
His heart with strong affections warm'd,
His love provok'd, his fears alarm'd—
Like him, who freed the chosen band,
Like him, who op'd the promis'd land,
His footsteps verging on the grave,
His blessing thus the Prophet gave.
"O priz'd beyond expression here,
As sons belov'd, as daughters dear,
Your father's dying voice receive,
My counsels hear, obey, and live!
"For you my ceaseless toils ye know,
My care, my faithfulness, and woe.
For you I breath'd unnumber'd prayers;
For you I shed unnumber'd tears;
To living springs the thirsty led,
The hungry cheer'd with living bread,
Of grief allay'd the piercing smart,
And sooth'd with balm the doubting heart;
The wayward flock forbade to roam,
And brought the wandering lambkin home.

"And now, my toils, my duties done,
My crown of endless glory won,
Ev'n while invited to the skies,
My wing begins through heaven to rise,
One solemn labour still is due,
To close a life, consum'd for you.

* * * * * *

"Then rise, and let salvation call
Your time, your thoughts, your talents all!

"For this, the sacred page explore,
Consult, and ponder, o'er and o'er;
The words of endless life discern;
The way, the means, the motives learn;
The hopes, the promises, enjoy,
That ne'er deceive, that cannot cloy;
Alarms to Guilt's obdurate mind;
Perennial bliss to Faith assign'd;
The precepts, by MESSIAH given;
His life, the image bright of Heaven:
His death, self-ruin'd man to save;
His rise, primitial, from the grave;
Beyond all other love, his love;
His name, all other names above.
All duties to be learn'd, or done,
All comforts to be gain'd, or known,
To do, to gain, unceasing strive,
The book of books explore, and live.

"When smiles the Sabbath's genial morn,
Instinctive to the Temple turn;
Your households round you thither bring,
Sweet off'ring to the SAVIOUR KING.
There, on the mercy-seat, he shines,
Receives our souls, forgets our sins,
And welcomes, with resistless charms,
Submitting rebels to his arms.
That chosen, bless'd, accepted day,
Oh never, never cast away!"

"Let order round your houses reign,
Religion rule, and peace sustain;
Each morn, each eve, your prayers arise,
As incense fragrant, to the skies;
In beauteous groupe, your children join,
And servants share the work divine:
The voice, as is the interest, one,
And one the blessing wrestled down.

"Each toil devote, each care, and pain,
Your children for the skies to train.

Allure, reprove, instruct, reclaim,
Alarm, and warn, commend, and blame;
To virtue force with gentle sway,
And guide, and lead, yourselves, the way.
Teach them, profaneness, falsehood, fraud,
Abuse to man, affronts to GOD,
All things impure, obscene, debas'd,
Tho' oft with high high examples grac'd,
To shun beyond the adder's breath,
When hissing instantaneous death;
But justice, truth, and love, to prize,
Beyond the transports of the skies."

"Teach them, that, brighter than the sun,
Th' All-searching Eye looks flaming on,
Each thought, each word, each act, descries,
And sees the guilty motives rise;
A Witness, and a Judge, that day,
Whose light shall every heart display.
Live what you teach—the heavenly SEER,
Who spake, as man ne'er spake, when here,
Taught all things just, and wise, and true
Shone a divine example too.

"To all, around, your blessings lend,
The sick relieve, the poor befriend,
The sad console, the weak sustain,
And soothe the wounded spirit's pain.
To you, think every blessing given,
To shed abroad the alms of HEAVEN,
To blunt the stings of human woe,
And build his kingdom, here below.
Let gentle Peace around you reign,
Her influence spread, her cause sustain:
To railing, answers mild return;
Let love, oppos'd to anger, burn;
Contention, ere begun, suppress,
And bid the voice of party cease.
The taleful tongue, the meddling mind,
The jealous eye, the heart unkind,
Far distant, far, from you remove;
But ope your doors to Truth and Love:
The meek esteem, the humble praise,
And Merit from her footstool raise.

"By every act of peace, and love,
Thus win your way to climes above.
In this great work, see all things strive
Nature toils that you may live:

"Lo, to aid you to the skies,
Seasons roll, and suns arise;
Promis'd, see the seed-time come,
And the harvest shouted home!

"All things, in their solemn round,
Morn, with peace and beauty crown'd,
Eve, with sweet, returning rest,
Toil, with health and plenty bless'd,
Help you on the ascending road,
Pointing, leading, still to God:
Joys to endless rapture charm;
Woes, of endless woe, alarm.

"All things toil, that you may live—
Rulers peace and freedom give:
Seers diviner peace proclaim,
Glorious to th' Unutter'd NAME,
Good, to guilty mortals given,
Source of endless joy to heaven.

"See the Sabbath's peaceful morn,
(Sabbaths still for you return),
Opes the Temple to your feet,
Chaunting sounds of Seraphs sweet—
Heaven unfolds, and GOD is near,
Sinners haste, and enter here—
Grace and truth, from worlds above,
Fruits of suffering, dying love,
From the SACRED SPIRIT come,
Wilder'd flocks inviting home.

"Hark, what living music plays!
Catch the themes of heavenly praise;
Themes, that tune seraphic strings,
Notes, the bless'd REDEEMER sings.

"'Rise, my sons, and hither haste!
Wintry time is overpass'd.
See afar the rains have flown!
See immortal spring begun!
Streams with life and rapture flow;
Fruits with life and rapture glow;
Love the door of life unbars;
Triumphs crown your finish'd wars:
Fondly wait impatient skies,
O'er you to renew their joys.

"'Are you naked? here behold
Robes of light, and crowns of gold!
Famish'd? an eternal feast!
Weary? everliving rest!
Friendless? an ALMIGHTY FRIEND!
Hopeless? transports ne'er to end!

"'Children, penitents, arise;
Hasten to your native skies:
Your arrival all things sing;
Angels meet you on the wing;
Saints with fairer beauty shine;
Brighter years in heaven begin;
Round the SUN, that lights the skies,
More refulgent glories rise.'

"Thus, O my sons! MESSIAH'S voice
Allures to never dying joys.
That voice of endless love receive;
Those counsels hear, obey, and live.

"Thus, from the climes beyond the tomb
If GOD permit my soul to come,
Again my little flock to view,
To watch, and warn, and quicken you,
With transport shall my bosom glow,
To see each house an heaven below,
My sons ambitious of the skies,
And future saints, and angels rise.
And O, what brighter bliss shall bloom,
To hail you victors o'er the tomb;
To guide you, all th' unmeasur'd way,
And welcome to the gates of day;
To hear your blessed Euge sound,
And see th' immortals smile around;
To stand, to shine, by you confess'd
Your friend, your earthly saviour bless'd;
To mingle joys, all joys above,
And warm with ever-bright'ning love!"

He spoke. The filial tear around,
Responsive, trickled to the sound;
He saw their hearts to wisdom won,
And felt his final duty done—
"JESUS! my soul receive"—he cried,
And smil'd, and bow'd his head, and died.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

ANN ELIZA, the youngest daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, was born in the city of New York in October, 1752. "Though in her early years," her admiring biographer remarks, "she never displayed any partiality for school, yet she was passionately fond of books, insomuch that she read with propriety any book that came to hand long before the time that children in common pass their spelling-books."

In the year 1769 she married Mr. John J. Bleecker, of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Poughkeepsie where they resided a year

Ann Eliza Bleecker.

or two, and then settled at Tomhanick, "a beautiful solitary little village eighteen miles above Albany." Here they remained until the tidings of the expedition of Burgoyne from Canada reached them, when Mr. Bleecker repaired to Albany to provide a more secure residence for his family than their lonely rural retreat afforded. The morning after his departure news reached his wife that the enemy were within two miles of the village, "burning and murdering all before them." "Terrified beyond description she rose from the breakfast table, and taking her Arbella on her arm, and her other daughter (about four years old) by the hand, she set off on foot, with a young mulatto girl, leaving the house and furniture to the mercy of the approaching savages. The roads were crowded with carriages loaded with women and children, but none could afford her assistance—distress was depicted on every countenance, and tears of heartfelt anguish moistened every cheek. They passed on—no one spoke to another—and no sound but the dismal creaking of burdened wheels and the trampling of horses interrupted the mournful silence. After a tedious walk of four or five miles, she obtained a seat for the children upon one of the wagons, and she walked on to *Stony Arabia*, where she expected to find many friends; but she was deceived—no door was open to *her*, whose house by many of them had been made use of as a home—she wandered from house to house, and at length obtained a place in the garret of a rich old acquaintance, where a couple of blankets, stretched upon some boards, were offered her as a bed; she, however, sat up all night, and the next morning, Mr. Bleecker coming from Albany, met with them and returned to that city, from whence they set off with several other families by water."* They descended the river as far as Red Hook, where they resided until the surrender of Burgoyne, when they returned to their rural home, the melancholy excursion having been further saddened by the death of Mrs. Bleecker's eldest child, mother, and only surviving sister.

In 1781, Mr. Bleecker, while occupied in his fields, was captured and carried off with two of his laborers by a party from Canada. These occurrences were so frequent that the family were at no loss to account for his disappearance, and Mrs. Bleecker again set off for Albany in quest of aid, "but by a wonderful train of events Mr. Bleecker was retaken by a party from Bennington, after having passed the last habitation on this side of the Green Mountains, and when his conductors for the first time had considered themselves as perfectly secure," and returned in safety at the end of six days.

In the spring of 1783 she visited New York, but time and the war had caused so many changes among her old associates, that the visit was productive of more pain than pleasure to her sensitive mind. She returned to Tomhanick, where she was soon after taken sick, and, her delicate frame offering feeble obstacles to the progress of disease, died on the twenty-third of November of the same year.

Mrs. Bleecker's poems were written as the occasion suggested them to her mind, without a view to publication. She possessed a pleasant vein of sportive fancy, and many of her compositions of this class were much admired by the few friends to whom she showed them; but in the frequent attacks of despondency to which her delicate organization was subject, she destroyed "all the pieces which were not melancholy as herself." Her graver compositions are upon topics suggested by her family bereavements, and are tenderly though somewhat formally expressed. Her lighter pieces and her correspondence (in which she evidently took great pleasure) are the most pleasing and characteristic of her literary productions.

Several of her poems were printed in the earlier numbers of the New York Magazine, and a collection of her stories and "poetics" in a volume, with a few of her letters, published in 1793 under the supervision of her daughter, Margaretta, who added a number of essays and verses from her own pen. This lady was born in the city of New York in 1771, and passed her early years in Tomhanick. After her mother's death, her father removed to New York, where, against her parent's wish, she married in 1791 Peter Faugères, a physician of that city. He was a worthless fellow, and in a few years dissipated her large fortune. After the death of her father in 1795, the pair were reduced to extreme destitution. Faugères died of the yellow fever in 1798, and the widow supported herself as a teacher until her death, January 9, 1801.

In 1795, Mrs. Faugères offered a tragedy entitled *Belisarius* to the John Street Theatre. The management declined its production. It was afterwards published, and is of slight literary merit. Among her verses are the Birth-day of Columbia and an historical and patriotic description of the Hudson, in which New York is addressed,

Pride of Columbia! Eboracia fair!

TO MR. L***.

Dear brother, to these happy shades repair,
And leave, Oh leave the city's noxious air:
I'll try description, friend—methinks I see
'Twill influence your curiosity.

Before our door a meadow flies the eye,
Circled by hills, whose summits crowd the sky
The silver lily there exalts her head,
And op'ning roses balmy odours spread,
While golden tulips flame beneath the shade

* Life by Mrs. Faugères.

In short, not *Iris* with her painted bow,
Nor varied tints an evening sun can show,
Can the gay colours of the flow'rs exceed,
Whose glowing leaves diversify this mead:
And when the blooms of *Flora* disappear,
The weighty fruits adorn the satiate year:
Here vivid cherries bloom in scarlet pride,
And purple plums blush by the cherries' side;
The sable berries bend the pliant vines,
And smiling apples glow in crimson rinds;
Ceres well pleas'd, beholds the furrowed plain,
And show'rs her blessings on th' industrious swain;
Plenty sits laughing in each humble cot;
None wish for that which heaven gives them not.
But sweet Contentment still with sober charms,
Encircles us within her blissful arms;
Birds unmolested chaunt their early notes,
And on the dewy spray expand their throats;
Before the eastern skies are streak'd with light,
Or from the arch of Heaven retreats the night,
The musical inhabitants of air,
To praise their Maker, tuneful lays prepare.
Here by a spring, whose glassy surface moves
At ev'ry kiss from Zephyr of the groves,
While passing clouds look brighter in the stream,
Your poet sits and paints the rural scene.

TO MISS CATHARINE TEN EYCK.

Come and see our habitation,
Condescend to be our guest;
Tho' the veins of warring nations
Bleed, yet here secure we rest.

By the light of *Cynthia's* crescent,
Playing thro' the waving trees;
When we walk, we wish you present
To participate our bliss.

Late indeed, the cruel savage
Here with looks ferocious stood;
Here the rustic's cot did ravage,
Stain'd the grass with human blood.

Late their hands sent conflagration
Rolling thro' the blooming wild,
Seized with death, the brute creation
Mourn'd, while desolation smil'd.

Spiral flames from tallest cedar
Struck to heav'n a heat intense;
They cancell'd thus with impious labour,
Wonders of Omnipotence.

But when *Conquest* rear'd her standard,
And the *Aborigines* were fled,
Peace, who long an exile wander'd,
Now returned to bless the shade.

Now *Æolus* blows the ashes
From sad *Terra's* blacken'd brow,
While the whistling swain with rushes
Roofs his cot, late levell'd low.

From the teeming womb of Nature
Bursting flow'rs exhale perfume;
Shady oaks, of ample stature,
Cast again a cooling gloom.

Waves from each reflecting fountain,
Roll again unmixed with gore,
And verging from the lofty mountain,
Fall beneath with solemn roar.

Here, embosom'd in this *Eden*,
Cheerful all our hours are spent:
Here no pleasures are forbidden,
Sylvan joys are innocent.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

The poems of Phillis Wheatley were published in London in 1773, in a thin duodecimo volume, with a copper-plate portrait, from which our engraving is taken, and with the full title, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England.* The dedication to the Right Honorable the Countess of Huntingdon bears date, Boston, June 12, 1773, when she was about to visit London with a member of her master's family, and points to the influential Methodist connexion by which she was lionized on her arrival in that city.* A Preface puts forward the old plea, which, under the circumstances, looks like a jest, of the poems being "written originally for the amusement of the author, as they were the products of her leisure moments. She had no intention ever to have published them; nor would they now have made their appearance, but at the importunity of many of her best and most generous friends." A letter, "sent by the author's master to the publisher," follows, in which John Wheatley, dating Boston, November 14, 1772, states that "Phillis was brought from Africa to America, in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age, without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months' time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult parts of the Sacred writings, to

Phillis Wheatley

* Among the attentions which Phillis Wheatley received in London was the gift from the Lord Mayor Brook Watson, of a copy of Foulis's folio Glasgow edition of Paradise Lost, which was sold after her death, in payment of her husband's debts. It is now preserved in the library of Harvard College at Cambridge.

the great astonishment of all who heard her. As to her writing, her own curiosity led her to it; and this she learned in so short a time, that in the year 1765 she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occom, the Indian minister, while in England. She has a great inclination to read the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it." To certify still further the authority of the book, an "attestation" is added, addressed "to the public," from "the most respectable characters in Boston," at the head of whom is his Excellency Gov. Thomas Hutchinson, with such fellow-witnesses as John Hancock, the Rev. Mather Byles, and the Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather, who testify their full belief that the poems were written by Phillis, and state the additional fact that "she has been examined by some of the best judges, and is thought qualified to write them."

To these biographical facts, we may add, from the Memoir prefixed to an edition of the Poems published in Boston in 1834, written by "a collateral descendant of Mrs. Wheatley, who has been familiar with the name and fame of Phillis from her childhood," that the future poetess was bought in the slave-market of Boston, where she was selected by Mrs. Wheatley for her delicate appearance. She was taught to read and write by one of this lady's daughters, in the family, and grew up as a pet of the household—her accomplishments reflecting honor on the associations. It does not appear that she was ever formally manumitted. The only recollection which she retained of her life in Africa was a poetical reminiscence of her mother pouring out water before the sun at his rising—a trait of natural devotion in a heathen land. When she was sixteen, in 1770, Phillis became a member of Dr. Sewall's congregation in the Old South Meeting.

The poems themselves show as marked indications of the feeding-grounds of the readers and imitators of verse in the eighteenth century, as do those of Mistress Ann Bradstreet in the seventeenth. What in the earlier day was quaint, rude, and daring, in the latter is smooth, sounding and fluent. The formal muse of Pope, and the herd of victims whom he impaled in the *Dunciad*, had succeeded in the American colonies to the twisted efforts of *Du Bartas*. Phillis Wheatley is a very respectable echo of the Papal strains. In the first poem of the volume, addressed *To Mœcenas*, she writes of Homer with an eloquence evidently derived from the glowing translation of the bright-eyed little man at Twickenham:—

> While Homer paints, lo! circumfus'd in air,
> Celestial Gods in mortal forms appear;
> Swift as they move hear each recess rebound,
> Heav'n quakes, earth trembles, and the shores resound.
> Great Sire of verse, before my mortal eyes,
> The lightnings blaze across the vaulted skies;
> And, as the thunder shakes the heav'nly plains,
> A deep-felt horror thrills thro' all my veins.
> When gentler strains demand thy graceful song,
> The length'ning line moves languishing along.
> When great Patroclus courts Achilles' aid,
> The grateful tribute of my tears is paid;
> Prone on the shore he feels the pangs of love,
> And stern Pelides tend'rest passions move.

One of the few allusions which we have found in the poems to her birth and condition of slavery is among these verses. She gracefully recalls the African Terence:—

> The happier Terence all the choir inspir'd,
> His soul replenish'd, and his bosom fir'd;
> But say, ye Muses, why this partial grace,
> To one alone of Afric's sable race;
> From age to age, transmitting thus his name
> With the first glory in the rolls of fame?

The longest piece of classicality in the volume is a paraphrase of the story of Niobe and her Children, from Ovid, in which there is one line, at least, which would do honor to any pen. Apollo is preparing the slaughter of the sons in the race-course, the moment before that arrowy devastation:—

> With clouds incompass'd glorious Phœbus stands;
> *The feather'd vengeance quiv'ring in his hands.*

This is not a translation of anything in Ovid, for that writer has neglected so striking a position for his Deity. Apollo, in the Metamorphoses, goes to work at once in the most business-like manner, and covers the field with the slain in the shortest possible time. Another touch of the poetic flight of the arrow is added to the original text in the death of Sipylus:—

> Then didst thou, Sipylus, the language hear
> *Of fate portentous whistling in the air.*

Certainly, even with the assistance of a master, it was a most generous acquisition for a female African slave to appreciate that fine classic story in this way.

The remaining poems are far from mediocrity. A large number of them belong to the class of occasional verses addressed to her friends on various family afflictions; so that she was for the time a kind of poet-laureate in the first domestic circles of Boston. Nor is the University of Cambridge, in New England, forgotten. The earnest religious feeling of the Methodists is everywhere visible. The lines, *To S. M., a Young African Painter*, on seeing his works, refer to Scipio Moorhead, a servant of the Rev. John Moorhead, of Boston, who exhibited some talent for drawing. The initials of the lady to whom the *Farewell to America* is addressed, belong to Mrs. Susanna Wright, a lady of some note for her skill in waxwork. By the favor of Mr. S. F. Haven, of Worcester, to whom we are indebted for the last two items of information, we have before us the original manuscript of two of the poems, *To the University of Cambridge*, and the lines *On the Death of the Rev. Dr. Sewall*, written in the author's remarkably round neat hand. The earliest verses dated in the collection are those addressed *To the King's Most Excellent Majesty*, marked 1768. From this manuscript it appears that the lines on Harvard were written in 1767.

On her return from England, after the publication of the poems, the Wheatley family was broken up by death, and Phillis married a colored man, who seems to have been a showy fellow, passing, according to one account, as a lawyer, another as a grocer, and a third a barber. He fell into poverty during the Revolution, and his wife suffered with him till she died in Boston, Dec. 5, 1784. It was one thing dreaming with Ovid, and another living with "Doctor Peters."

The poems of Phillis Wheatley having been published in a volume eleven years before her death, and that edition of 1773 having been followed in subsequent ones,* the occasional verses which she published afterwards yet remain to be collected. Of these we present several to our readers. The most important of them are the lines to General Washington, in 1775, which follow with the letter that accompanied them.†

Phillis Wheatley to Gen. Washington.

SIR:

I have taken the freedom to address your Excellency in the enclosed Poem, and entreat your acceptance, though I am not insensible of its inaccuracies. Your being appointed by the Grand Continental Congress to be Generalissimo of the armies of North America, together with the fame of your virtues, excite sensations not easy to suppress. Your generosity, therefore, I presume, will pardon the attempt. Wishing your Excellency all possible success in the great cause you are so generously engaged in, I am

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

Providence, Oct. 26, 1775.

HIS EXCELLENCY GEN. WASHINGTON.

Celestial choir! enthron'd in realms of light.
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write.
While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.
See mother earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nations gaze at scenes before unknown!
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrows and the veil of night!

The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.

Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates
How pour her armies through a thousand gates,
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enwrapp'd in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
The refluent surges beat the sounding shore;
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou know'st them in the fields of fight.
Thee, first in place and honours,—we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
Fam'd for thy valour, for thy virtues more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore!

One century scarce perform'd its destined round,
When Gallic powers Columbia's fury found;
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington! be thine.

This was Washington's reply:—

Cambridge, February 2*d*, 1776.

MISS PHILLIS:

Your favour of the 26th October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honour of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favoured by the muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The lines and letter of Phillis Wheatley were published in the Pennsylvania Magazine or American Monthly Museum for April, 1776.

In Jan., 1784, the year of her death, she wrote an Elegy of fifty-two lines, *To the Memory of that Great Divine, the Reverend and Learned Dr. Samuel Cooper*, a copy of which is preserved in the Boston Athenæum. It is dedicated To the Church and Congregation assembling in Brattle street, by their Obedient Humble Servant, Phillis Peters. We have also met with the following of the same year, in the American Antiquarian Society, in four small quarto pages printed at Boston by Warden and Russell:—

LIBERTY AND PEACE.

Lo freedom comes. Th' prescient muse foretold,
All eyes th' accomplish'd prophecy behold:
Her port describ'd, "She moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel bind her golden hair."
She, the bright progeny of Heaven, descends,
And every grace her sovereign step attends;
For now kind Heaven, indulgent to our prayer,
In smiling peace resolves the din of war.
Fix'd in Columbia her illustrious line,
And bids in thee her future councils shine.
To every realm her portals open'd wide,
Receives from each the full commercial tide.
Each art and science now with rising charms,
Th' expanding heart with emulation warms.

* Besides the Boston edition, published by G. W. Light, to which we have alluded, we have before us one reprinted from the London edition by Barber and Southwick, for Thomas Spencer, bookseller, Market street, Albany, in 1793. A separate brief memoir, by B. B. Thatcher, was also issued at Boston, by Light, in 1834.

† Washington mentions coming across Phillis Wheatley's poem and letter, "in searching over a parcel of papers," in a letter to Joseph Reed, Camb., Feb. 10, 1776. Mr. Sparks says he has not been able to find the poem and letter among Washington's papers, and that "they have doubtless been lost. It might be curious," he adds, "to see in what manner she would eulogize liberty and the rights of man, while herself, nominally at least, in bondage."—Washington's Writings, iii. 299. The poem and letter were probably given by Washington to the printer.

E'en great Britannia sees with dread surprise,
And from the dazzling splendors turns her eyes.
Britain, whose navies swept th' Atlantic o'er,
And thunder sent to every distant shore;
E'en thou, in manners cruel as thou art,
The sword resign'd, resume the friendly part.
For Gallia's power espous'd Columbia's cause,
And new-born Rome shall give Britannia laws,
Nor unremember'd in the grateful strain,
Shall princely Louis' friendly deeds remain;
The generous prince th' impending vengeance eyes,
Sees the fierce wrong and to the rescue flies.
Perish that thirst of boundless power, that drew
On Albion's head the curse to tyrants due.
But thou appeas'd submit to Heaven's decree,
That bids this realm of freedom rival thee.
Now sheathe the sword that bade the brave atone
With guiltless blood for madness not their own.
Sent from th' enjoyment of their native shore,
Ill-fated—never to behold her more.
From every kingdom on Europa's coast
Throng'd various troops, their glory, strength, and boast.
With heart-felt pity fair Hibernia saw
Columbia menac'd by the Tyrant's law:
On hostile fields fraternal arms engage,
And mutual deaths, all dealt with mutual rage:
The muse's ear hears mother earth deplore
Her ample surface smoke with kindred gore:
The hostile field destroys the social ties,
And everlasting slumber seals their eyes.
Columbia mourns, the haughty foes deride,
Her treasures plunder'd and her towns destroy'd:
Witness how Charlestown's curling smokes arise,
In sable columns to the clouded skies.
The ample dome, high-wrought with curious toil,
In one sad hour the savage troops despoil.
Descending peace the power of war confounds;
From every tongue celestial peace resounds:
As from the east th' illustrious king of day,
With rising radiance drives the shades away,
So freedom comes array'd with charms divine,
And in her train commerce and plenty shine.
Britannia owns her independent reign,
Hibernia, Scotia and the realms of Spain;
And great Germania's ample coast admires
The generous spirit that Columbia fires.
Auspicious Heaven shall fill with fav'ring gales,
Where e'er Columbia spreads her swelling sails:
To every realm shall peace her charms display,
And heavenly freedom spread her golden ray.

The two following are printed from the author's manuscript:—

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, WROTE IN 1767.

While an intrinsic ardor bids me write,
The muse doth promise to assist my pen.
'Twas but ere now I left my native shore,
The sable land of error's darkest night;
There, sacred Nine! no place for you was found:
Parent of mercy, 'twas thy powerful hand
Brought me in safety from the dark abode.

To you, bright youths, he points the heights of heav'n,
To you the knowledge of the depths profound,
Above, contemplate the ethereal space,
And glorious systems of revolving worlds.

Still more, ye sons of science! you've received
The pleasing sound by messengers from heav'n,
The Saviour's blood for your Redemption flows:
See him with hands stretched out upon the cross,
Divine compassion in his bosom glows;
He hears revilers with oblique regard—
What condescension in the Son of God?

When the whole human race by sin had fall'n:
He deigned to die, that they might rise again,
To live with him beyond the starry sky,
Life without death and glory without end.

Improve your privileges while they stay:
Caress, redeem each moment, which with haste
Bears on its rapid wing eternal bliss.
Let hateful vice, so baneful to the soul,
Be still avoided with becoming care;
Suppress the sable monster in its growth.
Ye blooming plants of human race divine
An Ethiop tells you 'tis your greatest foe,
It present sweetness turns to endless pain,
And brings eternal ruin on the soul.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. SEWALL, 1769.

Ere yet the morning heav'd its orient head,
Behold him praising with the happy dead.
Hail! happy saint, on the immortal shore,
We hear thy warning and advice no more;
Then let each one behold with wishful eyes
The saint ascending to his native skies,
From hence the prophet wings his rapturous way
To mansions pure, to fair celestial day.

Then begging for the spirit of his God,
And panting eager for the bless'd abode,
Let ev'ry one with the same vigour soar
To bliss and happiness unseen before;
Then be Christ's image on our minds impress'd,
And plant a Saviour in each glowing breast,
Thrice happy thou, arrived at joy at last,
What compensation for the evil past!
Thou Lord, incomprehensible, unknown
To sense, we bow at thy exalted throne!
While thus we beg thy excellence to feel,
Thy sacred spirit in our hearts reveal,
And make each one of us that grace partake,
Which thus we ask for the Redeemer's sake.
"Sewall is dead," swift pinion'd fame thus cry'd.
Is Sewall dead? my trembling heart reply'd.
O what a blessing in thy flight deny'd!
But when our Jesus had ascended high,
With captive bands he led captivity;
And gifts received for such as knew not God,
Lord, send a pastor for thy churches' good.
O ruined world! bereft of thee, we cry'd
(The rocks, responsive to the voice, reply'd),
How oft for us this holy prophet pray'd;
But ah! behold him in his clay-cold bed,
By duty urged my weeping verse to close,
I'll on his Tomb an Epitaph compose.

Lo! here a man bought with Christ's precious blood,
Once a poor sinner, now a saint with God;
Behold! ye rich and poor, and fools and wise,
Nor let this monitor your hearts surprise!
I'll tell you all what this great saint has done,
Which makes him brighter than the glorious sun:
Listen, ye happy, from your seats above,
I speak sincerely, and with truth and love;
He sought the paths of virtue and of truth;
'Twas this which made him happy in his youth,
In blooming years he found that grace divine,
Which gives admittance to the sacred shrine.
Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed;
Seek yet more earnest for the living Bread—
E'en Christ, your Bread, what cometh from above—
Implore his pity, and his grace and love.
Mourn him, ye youth, whom he hath often told
God's bounteous mercy from the times of old.
I, too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn,
For this my monitor will not return.

Now, this faint semblance of his life complete;
He is, through Jesus, made divinely great,
And left a glorious pattern to repeat.
But when shall we to this bless'd state arrive?
When the same graces in our hearts do thrive.

The following are from the volume collected by the author:—

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, 1770.

Hail, happy saint, on thine immortal throne
Possest of glory, life, and bliss unknown.
We hear no more the music of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
Thy sermons in unequall'd accents flow'd,
And ev'ry bosom with devotion glow'd:
Thou didst in strains of eloquence refin'd
Inflame the heart, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy, we the setting sun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it shines no more.

Behold the prophet in his tow'ring flight!
He leaves the earth for heaven's unmeasur'd height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our sight.
There *Whitefield* wings with rapid course his way,
And sails to *Zion* through vast seas of day.
Thy pray'rs, great saint, and thine incessant cries
Have pierc'd the bosom of thy native skies.
Thou, moon, hast seen, and all the stars of light,
How he has wrestled with his God by night.
He pray'd that grace in ev'ry heart might dwell,
He long'd to see *America* excell;
He charg'd its youth that ev'ry grace divine
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine;
That Saviour which his soul did first receive,
The greatest gift that e'en a God can give,
He freely offer'd to the num'rous throng,
That on his lips with list'ning pleasure hung.

"Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
Take him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream,
Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme;
Take him, my dear *Americans*, he said,
Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid:
Take him, ye *Africans*, he longs for you,
Impartial Saviour is his title due:
Wash'd in the fountain of redeeming blood,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God."

Great *Countess*,* we *Americans* revere
Thy name, and mingle in thy grief sincere;
New England deeply feels, the *Orphans* mourn,
Their more than father will no more return.

But, tho' arrested by the hand of death,
Whitefield no more exerts his lab'ring breath;
Yet let us view him in th' eternal skies,
Let ev'ry heart to this bright vision rise;
While the tomb safe retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine re-animates his dust.

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

To Mrs. Susanna Wright.

I.

Adieu, *New England's* smiling meads
Adieu, the flow'ry plain;
I leave thine op'ning charms, O spring,
And tempt the roaring main.

II.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for *health* deny'd.

III.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
O let me feel thy reign!
I languish till thy face I view,
Thy vanish'd joys regain.

IV.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal show'r,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour;

V.

Nor unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest:
But let no sighs, no groans for me,
Steal from her pensive breast.

VI.

In vain the feathered warblers sing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
Breathes out her sweet perfumes.

VII.

While for *Britannia's* distant shore
We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonish'd eyes explore
The wide extended main.

VIII.

Lo, *Health* appears! celestial dame;
Complacent and serene,
With *Hebe's* mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.

IX.

To mark the vale where *London* lies
With misty vapours crown'd,
Which cloud *Aurora's* thousand dyes,
And veil her charms around.

X.

Why, *Phœbus*, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view
Thou glorious king of day!

XI.

For thee, *Britannia*, I resign,
New England's smiling fields;
To view again her charms divine,
What joy the prospect yields!

XII.

But thou, *temptation*, hence away,
With all thy fatal train;
Nor once seduce my soul away,
By thine enchanting strain.

XIII.

Thrice happy they, whose heav'nly shield
Secures their souls from harms,
And fell *Temptation* on the field
Of all its pow'r disarms!

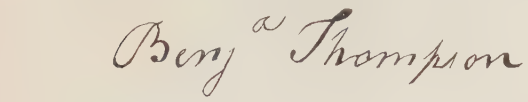
Boston, May, 7, 1775.

* The Countess of Huntingdon, to whom Mr. Whitefield was Chaplain.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON,

Better known by his title of Count Rumford, was a native of Woburn, Massachusetts. He was born March 26, 1753. After receiving a common-school education, he was placed with a physician, Dr. Hay. He indicated an aptness for the mechanic arts, amusing himself by making surgical instruments, and afterwards, when employed as a clerk in a store, by manufacturing fireworks, the latter experiment leading to an explosion by

which he was severely burned, and for a time deprived of sight. He showed little taste for business pursuits. He attended the course of philosophical lectures established at Cambridge about 1769, as a charity scholar, walking nine miles and back every day for the sake of the instruction and pleasure they afforded him.



In 1772 he engaged in school-keeping in Bradford, Massachusetts, and soon after at Rumford, now Concord, N. H., where he improved his circumstances by marrying a widow, Mrs. Rolfe.

He was with the American army at Lexington, and at Cambridge on the arrival of Washington as commander-in-chief, but afterwards became identified with the royalist side. He sailed for England in January, 1776. After a residence of several years in that country, where he became known as a scientific man, and held a post in the office of the department of American affairs, he was sent, near the close of the war, to New York, where he raised a regiment of dragoons and became a lieutenant-colonel.

In 1784 he returned to England, and was knighted by George III. In consequence of his scientific reputation, he received an invitation from the Bavarian government to remove to that country. He accepted the proposal, and resided for some years in Munich, where he introduced several reforms in the police service. One of his most successful efforts was in the treatment of the beggars, with whom the streets of Munich were infested. On a given day, sallying out with a proper military force, he swept these vagrants from the streets, and by establishing houses of industry, brought many of them to adopt thrifty habits. He was made a Count by the Elector Palatine, the title Rumford being his own selection, in compliment to his former residence, and received decorations from many of the courts of Europe. Visiting England, he projected the Royal Institution, and suggested Humphrey Davy, then but twenty-two, as the head of its chemical department. In 1802, he went to Paris, and married a second wife,* the widow of Lavoisier, from whom he was soon separated. In the enjoyment of a pension from the King of Bavaria, he resided at Auteuil, near Paris, till his death, August 20, 1814. His funeral oration before the Institute was delivered by Cuvier.†

By his will he bequeathed one thousand dollars annually, and the reversion of other sums, to the "University of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, in North America, for the purpose of founding, under the direction and management of the Corporation, Overseers, and Government of that University, a new Institution and Professorship, in order to teach, by regular courses of academical and public lectures, accompanied with proper experiments, the utility of the physical and mathematical sciences, for the improvement of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, prosperity, happiness, and well-being of society." In December, 1816, the Rumford Professorship was established in Harvard University, and Dr. Jacob Bigelow appointed the first professor. In his Inaugural, after reviewing the progress of physical science, and the advantages of New England culture, he pronounced a judicious eulogy on the founder, with this general summary of his various philosophical improvements in private and political economy:—

"In the prosecution of them he was led to the observation of many curious phenomena of light and caloric, with which the world has been made acquainted. The application of these to use, and the various contrivances he originated, to increase the convenience, economy, and comforts of living, have given a character to his writings, and are everywhere associated with his name. His pursuits might even be embodied into a science, for their object is everywhere known; a science conversant with a multiplicity of details, but possessing unity of design; a science humble in the sphere of its operations, but noble in its ultimate destiny; a science which every man must practise, but which philosophers and philanthropists must extend; one, which should it ever demand a definition, would be found to be the science—of clothing, of warming, and of nourishing mankind."

His daughter, by permission of the King of Bavaria, bore the title Countess of Rumford. She came to America after her father's death, and lived at Concord, where she died in 1852. Her will secured the fine estate on which she resided to the purposes of an asylum for indigent children. His *Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical*,* were published in London, and were reprinted in Boston, in 1798. The several chapters, which are somewhat curiously arranged, cover a wide sphere of philanthropy. There are speculations and calculations on the treatment of beggars, in which he gives an account of his experiences in Munich, of the foundation and regulation of the Houses of Industry established under his direction, the improvement wrought in morals

* His first, "whom he appears to have deserted, died in New Hampshire, in 1792."—Sabine's American Loyalists, 644.

† An elegant and expensive marble monument was erected in the English garden at Munich, during Count Rumford's absence from Bavaria, bearing the following inscription in German:—

Stay, wanderer.
At the creative fiat of Charles Theodore
Rumford, the friend of mankind,
by genius, taste, and love inspired,
Changed this once desert place
into what thou now beholdest.

And on the opposite side:—

To him
who rooted out the greatest of public evils,
idleness and mendicity;
Relieved and instructed the poor,
and founded many institutions
for the educating of our youth.

Go, wanderer,
and strive to equal him
in genius and activity,
and us
in gratitude.

* Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count of Rumford, Knight of the Orders of the White Eagle, and St. Stanislaus; Chamberlain, Privy Counsellor of State, and Lieutenant-General in the Service of his Most Serene Highness the Elector Palatine, Reigning Duke of Bavaria; Colonel of his Regiment of Artillery, and Commander in Chief of the General Staff of his Army; F.R.S. Acad. R. Hiber. Berol. Elec. Boicæ. Falat. et Amer. Soc. The first American, from the Third London Edition Boston: Printed by Manning & Loring, for David West, March, 1798.

and manners of the paupers by the kind treatment they received. A large space is devoted to a discussion of cheap food, one of the chapters on this subject being headed, "Of the Pleasure of Eating, and of the means that may be employed for increasing it."

Joel Barlow, in the Mountains of Savoy, when he retired for a while from the luxuries of Paris, wrote a poem for the consolation of his frugal countrymen at home, on the joys and associations of Hasty Pudding. As a pendant to that quaint production, the reader may desire to possess himself of Count Rumford's scientific handling of the same article:—

In regard to the most advantageous method of using Indian Corn as food, I would strongly recommend, particularly when it is employed for feeding the poor, a dish made of it that is in the highest estimation throughout America, and which is really very good, and very nourishing. This is called *hasty-pudding;* and it is made in the following manner: A quantity of water, proportioned to the quantity of hasty-pudding intended to be made, is put over the fire in an open iron pot, or kettle, and a proper quantity of salt for seasoning the pudding being previously dissolved in the water, Indian meal is stirred into it, by little and little, with a wooden spoon with a long handle, while the water goes on to be heated and made to boil; great care being taken to put in the meal by very small quantities, and by sifting it slowly through the fingers of the left hand, and stirring the water about very briskly at the same time with the wooden spoon, with the right hand, to mix the meal with the water in such a manner as to prevent lumps being formed. The meal should be added so slowly, that, when the water is brought to boil, the mass should not be thicker than water-gruel, and half an hour more, at least, should be employed to add the additional quantity of meal necessary for bringing the pudding to be of the proper consistency; during which time it should be stirred about continually, and kept constantly boiling. The method of determining when the pudding has acquired the proper consistency is this; the wooden spoon used for stirring it being placed upright in the middle of the kettle, if it falls down, more meal must be added; but if the pudding is sufficiently thick and adhesive to support it in a vertical position, it is declared to be *proof;* and no more meal is added. If the boiling, instead of being continued only half an hour, be prolonged to three quarters of an hour, or an hour, the pudding will be considerably improved by this prolongation.

This hasty-pudding, when done, may be eaten in various ways. It may be put, while hot, by spoonfuls into a bowl of milk, and eaten with the milk with a spoon, in lieu of bread; and used in this way it is remarkably palatable. It may likewise be eaten, while hot, with a sauce composed of butter and brown sugar, or butter and molasses, with or without a few drops of vinegar; and however people who have not been accustomed to this American cookery may be prejudiced against it, they will find upon trial that it makes a most excellent dish, and one which never fails to be much liked by those who are accustomed to it. The universal fondness of Americans for it proves that it must have some merit; for in a country which produces all the delicacies of the table in the greatest abundance, it is not to be supposed that a whole nation should have a taste so depraved as to give a decided preference to any particular species of food which has not something to recommend it.

The manner in which hasty-pudding is eaten with butter and sugar, or butter and molasses, in America, is as follows: The hasty-pudding being spread out equally upon a plate, while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it, with a spoon, into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put; and upon it, a spoonful of brown sugar, or more commonly of molasses. The butter being soon melted by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar, or molasses, and forms a sauce, which, being confined in the excavation made for it, occupies the middle of the plate. The pudding is then eaten with a spoon, each spoonful of it being dipt into the sauce before it is carried to the mouth; care being had in taking it up, to begin on the outside, or near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by regular advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation which forms the reservoir for the sauce.

Fireplaces and chimneys are one of his important topics, and a volume is in great part devoted to the construction of cooking apparatus, illustrated with diagrams and engravings.

The style of these essays is plain but clear. His suggestions are extremely valuable, and anticipate many of the ideas of Soyer and other authors on dietetics of the present day.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

David Humphreys, a soldier of the Revolution, who wrote patriotic and martial poetry in the camp, the friend and household companion of Washington, was born, the son of a Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Daniel Humphreys, in Derby, Connecticut, in 1753. He was educated at Yale College, where he fell in with Dwight and Trumbull, with whom he formed a personal and literary friendship, which was not neglected in after life. At the beginning of the war he entered the army, becoming attached to Putnam's staff as major, and in 1780 became aide, with the rank of colonel, in Washington's staff; or as he himself recites these military incidents of his career in verse:—

> With what high chiefs I play'd my early part,
> With Parsons first, whose eye, with piercing ken,
> Reads through the hearts the characters of men;
> Then how I aided, in the foll'wing scene,
> Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
> Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,
> In rank preferred, and as a parent lov'd.

To Putnam, Humphreys showed his gratitude by writing his life—a smooth and complimentary piece of biography, which certainly anticipates no modern doubts of the bravery of "Old Put."* His intercourse with Washington did not end with the war. He accompanied him on his retirement to Virginia, residing with him more than a year, and again returning after his visit to Europe, to live in this privileged house in 1788, until Washington became President, when Humphreys travelled with him to New York. Of his

* An Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam: addressed to the State Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut. In the dedication to Colonel Wadsworth, which is dated Mount Vernon, in Virginia, June 4, 1788, the author says, "the inclosed manuscript justly claims indulgence for its venial errors, as it is the first effort in biography that has been made on this continent." Colonel Humphreys forgets the labors of the Mathers in this line.

domestic intimacy with Washington, Humphreys, in his *Mount Vernon, an Ode*, has left a grateful reminiscence. Indeed, in his verses the reader is never long out of sight of Washington. His gratitude never tires of expressing itself, and this is a most amiable feature of his character. The man was formed for friendship. His countenance is full of benevolence, which in his long bachelor days—before he married Miss Bulkley, an English lady of wealth at Lisbon, when he was about forty-five—overflowed in kind remembrances of his associates. In a pleasant poetical epistle written to a young lady in Boston, and dated at New Haven in 1780, he celebrates a sleigh-ride journey which brought him among his friends in Connecticut.

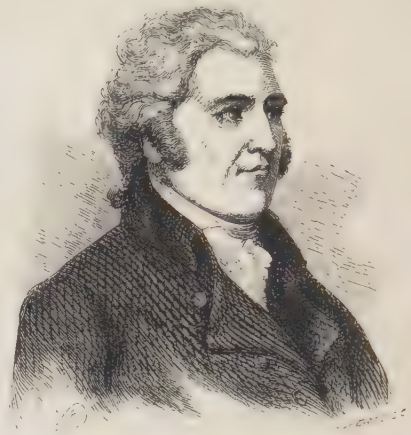
> Some days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on
> And found my Trumbull at New Haven;
> Than whom, more humour never man did
> Possess—nor lives a soul more candid—
> But who, unsung, would know hereafter,
> The repartees, and peals of laughter,
> Or how much glee those laughters yield one,
> Maugre the system Chesterfieldian!
> Barlow I saw, and here began
> My friendship for that spotless man;
> Whom, though the world does *not yet* know it,
> Great nature form'd her loftiest poet.
> But Dwight was absent at North-Hampton,
> That bard sublime, and virtue's champion.
> To whom the charms of verse belong,
> The father of our epic song.

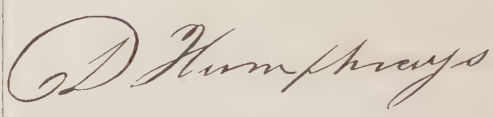
During his war scenes he had written his *Address to the Armies of the United States of America* in 1782, when he was encamped at Peekskill, and the foe was in possession of New York and Charleston. In this address he refers to President Davies's celebrated early prophecy of the greatness of Washington in Virginia, in the old French war.

> Oh! raised by heaven to save th' invaded state,
> So spake the sage long since thy future fate.*

His battle-pieces are in an animated style, and that he could fight as well as write, is witnessed by the sword which Congress voted him for his bravery at the siege of Yorktown, of the standards taken at which place he was the honored bearer to the government.† His poem, the Address, was translated into French by the accomplished courtier and soldier of the early period of the war, the Marquis de Chastellux.‡ From the pictures of war in this production, the death-scenes of Scammel and Laurens, the author animates the soldiery by a view of the future bounty lands of the West, in a description, the tranquil contrast of which to the opening passages was much admired by a French critic. The poem was noticed in England, Chastellux speaking of its having been read there in clubs, to which the public was admitted.

In 1784, Humphreys, in the capacity of Secre-





tary of Legation, sailed for Europe with Jefferson then proceeding to join his fellow commissioners, Franklin and Adams, in Paris. The vessel, the *Courrier de l'Europe*, left Boston in July, and Kosciusko was one of the passengers. Humphreys, always ready with his verses for the occasion, wrote on board ship a poetical epistle of the voyage to his friend Dr. Dwight, in which he celebrates

> Our Polish friend, whose name still sounds so hard.
> To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
> That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
> For virtue, science, arts, and arms renown'd.

The description of the cabin scenery would appear to have anticipated the glories of a Collins steamer.

> See the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
> Show fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold!
> O'er painted ceilings brighter prospects rise,
> And rural scenes again delight our eyes.

Showing how a little elegance may be more profitable to a man with a faculty of being pleased, than a great display to a dull observer. Facts are so sumptuous now, on a voyage to Liverpool, that there is no room left for the imagination, and the man who should write verses about plush or gilded carving would be justly accounted a snob.

Dwight met this epistle by another dated Greenfield, the next year, in which he takes a

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* *Ante*, p. 271.

† "This memorable event, his presenting the standards, was painted by a Danish artist, when the poet and soldier was in Europe, between 1784 and 1786, as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Jefferson."—Dunlap's Am. Theatre, p. 89.

‡ Marquis de Chastellux to Franklin, Paris, June 21, 1786.—"When you were in France, there was no need praising the Americans. We had only to say, *look, here is their representative.* But however worthily your place may have since been filled, it is not unreasonable to arouse anew the interest of a kind-hearted but thoughtless nation, and to fix, from time to time, its attention upon the great event to which it has had the happiness of contributing. Such has been my motive in translating Colonel Humphreys's poem. My success has fully equalled, and even surpassed, my expectation. Not only has the public received the work with favor, but it has succeeded perfectly at court, especially with the king and queen, who have praised it highly.

"I have taken more pains to render my work an agreeable one to read, than to make it an exact and faithful translation."—Sparks's Works of Franklin, x. 263.

higher strain of eloquence, and cautions his friend against the seductions of Europe. His picture of the Travelled Ape in this production, is one of the most vigorous passages of American satire. *A Poem on the Happiness of America, addressed to the Citizens of the United States*, was written by Humphreys during his residence abroad, and is the longest of his productions, extending to more than a thousand lines. It puts Washington's Farewell to the Army in verse, celebrates the purity and simplicity of American life, glances at the men of the old Continental Congress.

> His list'ning sons the sire shall oft remind,
> What parent sages first in Congress join'd;
> The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,
> Great Washington appear'd in godlike mien,
> Jay, Laurens, Clinton, skill'd in ruling men,
> And he, who earlier, held the farmer's pen.
> 'Twas Lee, illustrious at the father's head,
> The daring way to independence led.
> The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,
> And all the Livingstons to freedom dear;
> What countless names in fair procession throng,
> With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash demand the song!

And urges a naval crusade against the Algerines, in those days the tyrants of the sea, and concluding poetically, and prophetically as it turned out when Decatur took hold of them, with a brilliant triumph over those marauders. In Humphreys's volume of 1804, the copy of this poem is set down as the tenth edition. Several of its topics are again handled in the author's *Poem on the Future Glory of the United States of America;* indeed a certain monotony of subjects and treatment runs through all his verses. He had little variety in thought or execution.

Humphreys returned in 1786 to Connecticut, where he was elected to the State Legislature, appointed to the command of a regiment for the western service, and where he joined his poetical friends in the composition of the Anarchiad.* We next find him on his second residence at Mount Vernon, about this time employing his leisure in translating, or, as his title-page calls it, "imitating" from the French of M. de Mierre, a tragedy (with a very happy ending) entitled, *The Widow of Malabar*, which was acted by Hallam's old *American Company* at Philadelphia, in 1790. It is a showy sketch of a play for stage purposes, full of intensity in italics, and shrieks ascending to small pica capitals. The lady, having just buried a husband whom she never loved, is about to be sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, on the funeral pile. The young Brahmin whom the high priest, in a brief summary stage style, orders to look to the performance of the ceremony, turns out her brother, which is crisis number one: then there is opportunely an invading army on hand, with one of whose officers the lady had once been in love when travelling from the Ganges. The preparation goes on with passionate arguments and expostulations touching the rite *pro* and *con*. The widow is at the pile, which she has ascended, when at the last moment for interruption the French general steps in to the rescue, and the curtain falls, but not until a very clever epilogue written by the author of M'Fingal is recited, which laughs at the agreeable termination of the painful affair, and pleasantly tells the audience, with a travesty of Pope's verses, how much better off Columbia's daughters are than ladies subjected to such heathen dispensations.

> For here, ye fair, no servile rites bear sway,
> Nor force ye—(though ye promise)—to obey:
> Blest in the mildness of this temp'rate zone,
> Slaves to no whims, or follies—but your own.—
> Here custom, check'd in ev'ry rude excess,
> Confines its influence to the arts of dress,
> O'er charms eclips'd the side-long hat displays,
> Extends the hoop, or pares away the stays,
> Bedecks the fair with artificial gear,
> Breast-works in front, and bishops in the rear:—
> The idol rears, on beauty's dazzling throne,
> Mankind her slaves, and all the world her own;
> Bound by no laws a husband's whims to fear,
> Obey in life, or burn upon his bier;
> She views with equal eye, sublime o'er all,
> A lover perish—or a lap-dog fall—
> Coxcombs or monkeys from their chains broke loose—
> And now a husband dead—and now a goose.

Mrs. Henry, who recited the prologue, had a word to the men, which marks the time.

> Your vict'ries won—your revolution ended—
> Your constitution newly made—and mended—
> Your fund of wit—your intellectual riches—
> Plans in the closet—in the senate speeches—
> Will mark this age of heroes, wits, and sages,
> The first in story to the latest ages!—
> Go on—and prosper with your projects blest,
> Till your millennium rises in the west:—
> We wish success to your politic scheming,
> Rule ye the world!—and then—be rul'd by women!—

Humphreys also wrote a comedy, which he failed in his attempts to get upon the stage. Dunlap, who saw the author and the play in Boston in 1805, relates how Humphreys endeavored to persuade the manager, Bernard, to bring it out, how "it was extremely unlike those comedies Bernard owed his fame to, and repaid by imparting the vivifying influence of his art," and how "the wary comedian heard the poet read, drank his Madeira, said 'very well' now and then—but never brought out the play."

In 1794 Humphreys was appointed the first American ambassador to Lisbon,* where he resided for six years till 1797, when he became

* As the chief hand in this production was borne by Hopkins, we have placed our account of it in our notice of him.

* Of Humphreys's diplomatic business the author of M'Fingal has some pleasant raillery in a letter to Oliver Wolcott, dated Hartford, December 9, 1789:—"Pray, congratulate Colonel Humphreys, in my name, on his late promotion in the diplomatic line. If I understand the matter rightly, he holds the same post which Crispe promised George in the Vicar of Wakefield. You remember Crispe told him there was an embassy talked of from the Synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and he would use his interest to get him appointed secretary. Tell him not to be discouraged too much at his want of success. The President has tried him on M'Gillivray first, and he did not suit the skull of the savage, but we cannot argue from that circumstance that he could not fit as easy as a full-bottomed wig upon the fat-headed, sot-headed, and crazy-headed sovereigns of Europe. Tell him this story also for his comfort, and to encourage his hopes of speedy employment: A king being angry with an ambassador, asked him whether his master had no wise men at court, and was therefore obliged to send him a fool? 'Sire,' said the other, 'my master has many wise men about his court, but he conceived me the most proper ambassador to your Majesty.' Upon this principle I am in daily expectation of hearing that he is appointed minister plenipo. to George, Louis, or the stadtholder."—Gibbs's Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams.

minister to Spain, a post which he held till he was succeeded by Pinckney in 1802. He then returned to America, and engaged in the importation of merino sheep from Spain. He wrote a dissertation on the subject in prose, and employed its capabilities in verse, in his poem *On the Industry of the United States of America*, which was composed, he tells us, "on the delightful banks of the Tagus, where his days were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of health, happiness, and content."

Oh, might my guidance from the downs of Spain,
Lead a white flock across the western main;
Fam'd like the bark that bore the Argonaut,
Should be the vessel with the burden fraught!
Clad in the raiment my Merinos yield,
Like Cincinnatus fed from my own field;
Far from ambition, grandeur, care and strife,
In sweet fruition of domestic life;
There would I pass with friends, beneath my trees,
What rests from public life, in letter'd ease.

His wish was gratified. He imported a hundred of the "white flock," a fact which the Massachusetts Agricultural Society records on a medal. When Madison, in 1809, took his oath of office as president, he was dressed in a full suit of American woollens, of which Colonel Humphreys's manufactory furnished the coat, and Chancellor Livingston's the waistcoat and smallclothes.* He was also employed in agricultural improvements. The village of Humphreysville, situated on Naugatuc river, in Connecticut, the seat of a considerable manufacturing interest, was named after him. He was a native of the township.

Humphreysville.

Humphreys appears to have been something of a courtier at this time, keeping up an acquaintance with foreign princes by his dedications. His *Love of Country*, in celebration of the twenty-third anniversary of Independence, which he wrote in Spain, and published on his return, is an admirable Fourth of July oration in verse, full of revolutionary story and patriotism. His last poetic tribute to his friend, and chief inspirer of his song, was rendered in a *Poem on the Death of General Washington*, pronounced at the house of the American legation at Madrid, on the 4th July, 1800. He had already written a letter to Mrs. Washington, dated on the 22d February —the day, says he, "signalized by his birth, and which was accustomed to be celebrated with heartfelt festivity throughout the United States;" —and so may it ever be!

In 1812 he was appointed to the command of two regiments of Connecticut soldiery, the "Veteran Volunteers." The rest of his life was passed in retirement. He died at New Haven, February 21, 1818.

PUTNAM'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLF.—FROM THE LIFE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years on a new farm are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building an house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night,) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise: but he,

* National Intelligencer, quoted by Hildreth, Second Series, iii. 149.

knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

I have offered these facts in greater detail, because they contain a display of character; and because they have been erroneously related in several European publications, and very much mutilated in the history of Connecticut, a work as replete with falsehood as destitute of genius, lately printed in London.

MOUNT VERNON: AN ODE.*

By broad Potowmack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallow'd wish invades,
Retir'd from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or quench'd its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which wav'd the blade of high command,
And hew'd the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation sav'd, and conquest's charms:
Posterity shall hear,
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
And sooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
Thy happy seat inspires my song,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bow'ry wilderness of sweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
Here latest on the leafless sprays
The plumy people sing;
The vernal show'r, the rip'ning year,
Th' autumnal store, the winter drear,
For thee new pleasures bring.

Here lapp'd in philosophic ease,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees
Amidst thine ample farms,
No vulgar converse heroes hold,
But past or future scenes unfold,
Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wondrous æra have we seen,
Plac'd on this isthmus, half between
A rude and polish'd state!
We saw the war tempestuous rise,
In arms a world, in blood the skies,
In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calm'd, seren'd the heav'n,
And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n
Expands th' imperial day:
"O God, the source of light supreme,
Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
To guide our doubtful way!

"Restrain, dread Pow'r, our land from crimes!
What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
So querulous an age?
What means to freedom such disgust;
Of change, of anarchy the lust,
The fickleness and rage?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise
The legacy he gave—
And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind:
Yet, still on providence reclin'd,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That pow'r benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
Imperfectly achiev'd.

Thus buoy'd with hope, with virtue blest,
Of ev'ry human bliss possess'd,
He meets the happier hours:
His skies assume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rise to view,
And fairer bloom his flow'rs.

* Written at Mount Vernon, August, 1786.

THE SHEPHERD: A SONG.

(*Translated from the French.*)

It rains, it rains, my fair,
Come drive your white sheep fast:
To shelter quick repair,
Haste, shepherdess, make haste.

I hear the water pours,
With patt'ring on the vines:
See here! see here! it lours—
See there the lightning shines.

The thunder dost thou hear?
Loud roars the rushing storm:
Take (while we run, my dear,)
Protection from my arm.

I see our cot, ah, hold!
Mamma and sister Nance,
To open our sheep-fold,
Most cheerily advance.

God bless my mother dear,
My sister Nancy too!
I bring my sweetheart here,
To sleep to-night with you.

Go dry yourself, my friend,
And make yourself at home—
Sister, on her attend:
Come in, sweet lambkins, come.

Mamma, let's take good care
Of all her pretty sheep;
Her little lamb we'll spare
More straw whereon to sleep.

'Tis done—now let us haste
To her;—you here, my fair!
Undress'd, oh, what a waist!
My mother, look you there.

Let's sup; come take this place,
You shall be next to me;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall shine direct on thee.

Come taste this cream so sweet,
This syllabub so warm;
Alas! you do not eat:
You feel e'en yet the storm.

'Twas wrong—I press'd too much
Your steps, when on the way;
But here, see here, your couch—
There sleep till dawn of day,

With gold the mountain tips:—
Good-night, good-night, my dove!
Now let me on your lips
Imprint one kiss of love.

Mamma and I will come,
As soon as morn shall shine,
To see my sweetheart home,
And ask her hand for mine.

THE MONKEY,

Who shaved himself and his Friends.

A Fable.

Addressed to the Hon.—— ——.

A man who own'd a barber's shop
At York, and shav'd full many a fop,
A monkey kept for their amusement;
He made no other kind of use on't—
This monkey took great observation,
Was wonderful at imitation,
And all he saw the barber do,
He mimic'd straight, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop, the dog and cat,
While friseur din'd, demurely sat,
Jacko found naught to play the knave in,
So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.
Around the shop in haste he rushes,
And gets the razors, soap, and brushes;
Now puss he fix'd (no muscle miss stirs)
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,
Then gave a gash, as he began—
The cat cry'd "waugh!" and off she ran.

Next Towser's beard he tried his skill in,
Though Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling:
As badly here again succeeding,
The dog runs howling round, and bleeding.

Nor yet was tir'd our roguish elf;
He'd seen the barber shave himself;
So by the glass, upon the table,
He rubs with soap his visage sable,
Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw,—
The razor in his dexter paw;
Around he flourishes and slashes,
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin;
Drew razor swift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

Moral.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.
Though others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.

JAMES THACHER,

THE author of the *American Medical Biography*, was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts, in 1754, of a New England family, which figures conspicuously in the lists of Harvard College. The close of his medical education with Dr. Abner Hersey, a noted Massachusetts physician, brought him to the opening of the War of Independence. He eagerly stepped forward in the cause, and secured the post of surgeon's mate in the provincial hospital at Cambridge. He next became attached to one of the Eastern regiments, and was engaged in the hospital duties after the field at Saratoga. He was afterwards stationed at the Highlands of the Hudson, and was at West Point in 1780, at the time of the treason of Arnold, and witnessed the execution of André. He was also present at the surrender of Cornwallis. Of these and other incidents of the campaigns, he gave an interesting account, in his *Military Journal during the American Revolutionary War*, from 1775 to 1783, which was published in 1824. After the war he settled in Plymouth, Massachusetts, where he remained engaged in the practice of his profession, and in the composition of his numerous writings, till his death, at the advanced age of ninety-one, in May, 1844. Besides the Military Journal already mentioned, he was the author of an *American New Dispensatory*, 1810; *Observations on Hydrophobia*, 1821; the *Modern Practice of Physic*, 1817; the *American Orchardist*, 1822; a *Practical Treatise on the Management of Bees*, 1829; an *Essay on Demonology, Ghosts, Apparitions, and Popular Superstitions*, 1831; a *History of Plymouth*, 1832; besides various contributions to the journals on medical and scientific topics. His *American Medical Biography, or Memoirs of Eminent Physicians who have flourished in*

America, was published in two volumes, in 1828, a work of diligence and authority which has always commanded the respect of the profession. The *American Medical Biography*, by Dr. Stephen W. Williams,* may be regarded as a supplement to this work.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

From an intimation in the records of Trinity church it would appear that, as early as the year 1703, it was the intention of the colonial government, then represented by Lord Cornbury, to provide a site for a college on the island of New York. The subject appears further to have occupied the attention of Bishop Berkeley when his Bermuda plan had failed. In 1746 a provincial act was passed for raising money for the purpose by lottery; and in the next few years a sum gathered in this way of more than three thousand four hundred pounds, which was placed in the hands of trustees, a majority of whom were members of the Church of England, and a part of whom belonged to the vestry of Trinity church. The opposition to this Church of England interest for a long time thwarted the plans of the college. It was led by Mr. William Livingston, who agitated the subject in his periodical, "The Independent Reflector," striving to defeat the proposed royal charter, and substitute another institution, under an act of Assembly, to take possession of the funds. The charter of King's College was, however, granted on the 31st of October, 1754, and Livingston again bent his efforts to set up his own plan of a college. His opposition ended simply in diverting one half of the funds set apart to the city corporation, by which the college was so far the loser. Dr. Samuel Johnson had been in the meantime invited from his parish at Stratford to take charge of the new institution. A better choice could not have been made. A native of Guilford, Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale, he was one of the young clergymen of that region who accompanied President Cutler to England for Episcopal ordination. He returned to Stratford a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He had become the friend of Berkeley, whose theory of Idealism he adopted, and invited his liberality to Yale. The University of Oxford had conferred on him the degree of doctor in divinity. Dr. Franklin was anxious that he should take charge of the University of Pennsylvania. With such honorable associations he arrived at New York in his fifty-eighth year.

Samuel Johnson.

Bishop Berkeley, who was acquainted with the wishes of the friends of learning for a college in New York, wrote from his see of Cloyne to Johnson, in 1749. Anticipating the future speciality of the college, its attention to classical studies, he impressed upon the man marked out for its president, that "the Greek and Latin classics be well taught. Be this the first care as to learning!" To this he added an injunction for the principal care of "good life and morals;" recommends that the institution should start well, with the infusion of "a good taste into the society," by a handsome provision for its president and fellows, and suggested that "small premiums in books, or distinctions in habit, may prove useful encouragements to the students."*

The college was organized in May, 1755, when Trinity church conveyed to its governors the land inclosed by Church, Barclay, and Murray streets to the Hudson river. The only conditions of the gift were that the president should always be a member of the Church of England, and that its liturgy should be used in the service of the college. Beyond this there was to be no exclusion for religious opinion. The college seal was adopted from a device prepared by the president.

Application was made to England for funds. James Jay went over as applicant, and associated with Dr. Smith, provost of the college in Philadelphia. A large sum was collected for both institutions. On the 23d of August the first stone of the college building was laid by the governor, Sir Charles Hardy, who had favored the object at the outset, on his first arrival. The first Commencement was held in 1758. The original building, the central portion of the present edifice, was completed in 1760. The president, soon contemplating retirement, from age, made application to Archbishop Secker, in England, for an assistant, who might succeed to his office. Myles Cooper, a young graduate of Oxford, a man of learning and of some taste in poetry, was selected. Dr. Johnson retired to Stratford, when Cooper became president, in 1763, and passed his days in his ministry, till his death in 1772 at the age of seventy-five. He wished at the close of his days that he might die like his friend Berkeley, to whom death came suddenly in the quiet of his home, and a similar end was vouchsafed him.† The poetical inscription on the monument over his remains at Stratford, was written by Dr. Cooper:—

If decent dignity, and modest mien,
The cheerful heart, and countenance serene;
If pure religion and unsullied truth,
His age's solace, and his search in youth;
In charity, through all the race he ran,
Still wishing well, and doing good to man;
If learning free from pedantry and pride;

* American Medical Biography: or Memoirs of Eminent Physicians, embracing principally those who have died since the publication of Dr. Thacher's work on the same subject. 8vo., Greenfield, Mass. 1845.

* The letter is in the Appendix of Chandler's Life.
† Chandler's Life, p. 124.

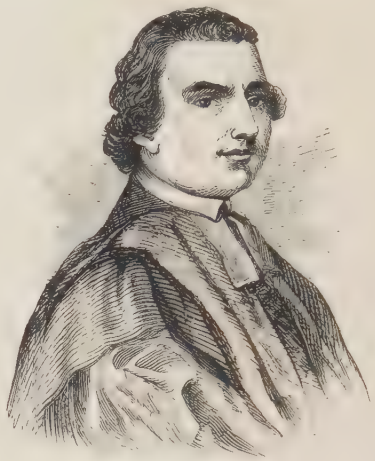
If faith and virtue walking side by side;
If well to mark his being's aim and end,
To shine through life the father and the friend;
If these ambition in thy soul can raise,
Excite thy reverence or demand thy praise,
Reader, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,
Revere his name, and be what he has been.

Johnson's life was written by his friend Dr. Chandler, the zealous advocate of episcopacy, but did not appear till 1805.*

Besides a number of discourses and other writings on church topics, Dr. Johnson published, in 1746, a *System of Morality* and a *Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics*, treatises with which Benjamin Franklin was so pleased that he printed them together in a volume in 1752, which was reprinted in London, where also a third edition appeared in 1754, corrected by the author, with a preface by Dr. William Smith, afterwards provost of the College of Pennsylvania. *An English and Hebrew Grammar*, being the first short rudiments of the two languages taught together, to which is added a Synopsis of all the Parts of Learning, appeared from his pen in London, in 1757.†

The name of the second president, Myles Cooper, being somewhat prominently connected with the Revolutionary era in New York, and his story furnishing several notable anecdotes, it may be of interest to state particularly what is known of his life and writings.

Myles Cooper came over to America in 1762. He brought a letter from Archbishop Secker, who had chosen him, at the request of the college, as a competent assistant and successor to President Johnson. The amiable and useful friend to America, Dr. Fothergill, had a hand in this appointment.‡ He was then but twenty-seven years of age; a youthful incumbent of so grave an office, in which he was fully installed the following year. Cooper was born in 1735. He took the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Oxford in 1760, and the next year published a volume of poems by subscription at that city.§ They are occasional verses, amatory and bacchanalian, full of the spirit of the old English gentleman who sang of Chloe, Delia, and Silvia; put old stories of cuckoldry into epigrams, and wrote heroic little poems on ladies' gaiters; at times subsiding into tranquillity in an ode to Contentment, or some touching lines to a Singing Bird in Confinement, and rising—if it be rising—into dull stanzas on sacred subjects; for all of these things did Myles Cooper in his salad days at Oxford, before he came to America to confront "sons of liberty" on the Hudson. It is not likely that he brought many copies of his Poems over for the use of the students and the eyes of sober Dr. Johnson of Connecticut, with the letter of the archbishop. Some of his verses are censurable, though the taste of the age allowed publications then to gentlemen which the more delicate standard of the present day would reject.



Myles Cooper.

It was one of the doctor's notions in his book that power, bower, tower, should be printed when they made one syllable in poetry, powre, bowre, towre, and he modestly states in his unsettled, apologetic preface, that some of his poems were imitations, and others were written by his friends.

In this old British period the young president's manners and convivial habits were much admired. He was a member of a literary club, which, "like those of modern days, mixed up a little literature with a great deal of conviviality."*

On the breaking out of the Revolution, Myles Cooper, with Seabury and Auchmuty, were active on the Tory side in writing and scheming. Cooper is said to have had a hand in the tract, a publication of the times—*A Friendly Address to all reasonable Americans, on the subject of our Political Confusions; in which the necessary consequences of violently opposing the King's troops, and of a general Non-Importation are fairly stated;* which one of his pupils, the young Alexander Hamilton, who had matriculated at the college in 1774, answered with signal ability. He is twice mentioned in M'Fingal.

Cooper became exceedingly obnoxious to the

* Thomas Bradbury Chandler was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, and was a graduate of Yale. He was ordained in England in 1751, and became rector at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, on his return. He died at the age of sixty-four, in 1790. His chief writings were controversial, against Chauncy of Boston, in defence of Episcopacy.

† An Historical Sketch of Columbia College, in the City of New York, 1846, by N. F. Moore, late President. A small volume compactly filled with important information. We have been greatly indebted to its faithful narrative throughout this notice.

‡ M'Vickar's Life of Bard, 29.

§ Poems on Several Occasions, by Myles Cooper, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford. *Spes est animi nostra timore minor.* —Ovid. Oxford. Printed by W. Jackson. 8vo.

* M'Vickar's Life of Bard, 100. "Among its members were Dr. Samuel Bard, Kempe, attorney-general, Bache, Jones, Middleton, and Sherbrooke."

people, as one of the Tory plotters, and in April, 1775, he and his friends received a significant hint from a published letter, signed "Three Millions," to "fly for their lives, or anticipate their doom by becoming their own executioners."*

On the night of May 10, of that year, after Hamilton and his youthful companions had destroyed the guns on the Battery, and one of their comrades had fallen, the mob became incensed, and proceeded to expel Dr. Cooper from the college. Hamilton and Troup, students, ascended the steps, and, to restrain the rioters, Hamilton addressed them "on the excessive impropriety of their conduct, and the disgrace they were bringing on the cause of liberty, of which they professed to be the champions." Dr. Cooper, who mistook the case and thought he was exciting the people, cried out from an upper window, "Don't listen to him, gentlemen; he is crazy, he is crazy" —but Hamilton kept them engaged till the Tory president escaped.† He made his way half-dressed over the college fence, and wandered about the shore of the Hudson till near morning, when he found shelter in the old Stuyvesant mansion in the Bowery, where he passed the day, and was at night taken on board the Kingfisher, Captain James Montagu, an English ship-of-war in the harbor, in which he sailed to England.‡ He kept the anniversary of these events next year by writing a poem, full of the circumstances, which he published in the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1776. It is a favorable specimen of his poetical powers.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF THE 10TH OF MAY, 1776, BY AN EXILE FROM AMERICA.

To thee, O God, by whom I live,
The tribute of my soul to give
On this eventful day,
To thee, O God, my voice I raise;
To thee address my grateful praise,
And swell the duteous lay.

Now has this orb unceasing run
Its annual circuit round the sun,
Since when the heirs of strife,
Led by the pale moon's midnight ray,
And bent on mischief, urged their way,
To seize my guiltless life.

At ease my weary limbs were laid,
And slumbers sweet around me shed
The blessings of repose:
Unconscious of the dark design,
I knew no base intent was mine,
And therefore feared no foes.

When straight, a heav'n-directed youth,
Whom oft my lessons led to truth,
And honour's sacred shrine,
Advancing quick before the rest,
With trembling tongue my ear addrest,
Yet sure in voice divine:

"Awake! awake! the storm is nigh—
This instant rouse—this instant fly—
The next may be too late—
Four hundred men, a murderous band,
Access, importunate, demand,
And shake the groaning gate."

I wake—I fly—while loud and near,
Dread execrations wound my ear,
And sore my soul dismay.
One avenue alone remained,
A speedy passage there I gained,
And winged my rapid way.

That moment, all the furious throng,
An entrance forcing, poured along,
And filled my peaceful cell;
Where harmless jest, and modest mirth,
And cheerful laughter oft had birth,
And joy was wont to dwell.

Not e'en the Muses' hallowed fane*
Their lawless fury can restrain,
Or check their headlong haste;
They push them from their solemn seats,
Profane their long revered retreats,
And lay their Pindus waste.

Nor yet content—but hoping still
Their impious purpose to fulfil,
They force each yielding door;
And while their curses load my head
With piercing steel they probe the bed,
And thirst for human gore.

Meanwhile along the sounding shore,
Where Hudson's waves incessant roar,
I work my weary way;
And skirt the windings of the tide,
My faithful pupil by my side,
Nor wish the approach of day.

At length, ascending from the beach,
With hopes revived, by morn I reach
The good Palemon's cot;
Where, free from terror and affright,
I calmly wait the coming night
My every fear forgot.

'Twas then I scaled the vessel's side,†
Where all the amities abide,
That mortal worth can boast;
Whence, with a longing, lingering view,
I bade my much loved York adieu,
And sought my native coast.

Now, all composed, from danger far,
I hear no more the din of war,
Nor shudder at alarms;
But safely sink each night to rest,
No *malice* rankling through my breast,
In *Freedom's* fostering arms.

Though stript of most the world admires,
Yet, torn by few untamed desires,
I rest in calm content;
And humbly hope a gracious Lord
Again those blessings will afford
Which once his bounty *lent*.

Yet, still, for many a faithful friend,
Shall, day by day, my vows ascend
Thy dwelling, O my God!
Who steady still in *virtue's* cause,
Despising *faction's* mimic laws,
The paths of *peace* have trod.

Nor yet for *friends* alone—for *all*,
Too prone to heed sedition's call,
Hear me, indulgent Heav'n!

* Force's American Archives, Fourth Series, ii. 889.
† Life of Hamilton, by John C. Hamilton, vol. i.
‡ Prest. N. F. Moore's Historical Sketch of Columbia College, p. 61, and Appendix.

* He alludes to the college edifice converted into a military hospital, and which a note on this passage intended for his English readers describes as—"an elegant edifice, since converted into common barracks."
† The Kingfisher, Captain James Montagu.

"O may they cast their arms away,
To *Thee* and *George* submission pay,
Repent, and be forgiven."

Upon his arrival in England Dr. Cooper became one of the ministers of the English Chapel in Edinburgh,* in which capacity he died at that city, suddenly, May 1, 1785. The epitaph which he wrote for himself is characteristic:—

Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who, living, lik'd whate'er was good;
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame;
But as the first he still preferr'd,
So here he chose to be interr'd,
And, unobscur'd, from crowds withdrew
To rest among a chosen few,
In humble hopes that Sovereign love
Will raise him to be blest above.

His portrait, which hangs in the college library, was engraved for a biographical article in the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*.† It exhibits his happy constitutional temperament.

Upon the flight of Dr. Cooper in 1775, the Rev. Benjamin Moore was appointed president *pro tem.*, but the college education was soon entirely interrupted by the Revolution. The building was taken possession of as a military hospital; the library, containing many valuable works from the University of Oxford and other sources, was removed and almost destroyed, but a few of the books coming to light many years afterwards in a room of St. Paul's chapel. There were consequently no graduates from 1776 to 1784. On the restoration of peace the iron crown was removed from the cupola of King's College, which henceforth, by the act of 1784, and under the new organization of trustees established in 1787, became Columbia College. The first student who presented himself after the Revolution was Dewitt Clinton; one of the last who left the college before it was Alexander Hamilton. John Randolph, of Virginia, appears among the early students of the restoration.

A new president was appointed in 1787, William Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, son of the first incumbent. He was fifty years of age at the time, was a graduate of Yale and Harvard, had been a delegate to Congress of 1765 at New York, and agent of Connecticut in England, where he formed the acquaintance of such men as Secker, Berkeley, Lowth, and others, including the leviathan Dr. Samuel Johnson, who became his correspondent on his return to America. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had the degree of doctor of divinity from Oxford. Among other honors and offices he was delegate to the Convention of the Constitution of the United States, and exercised an important influence in its deliberations. While Congress sat in New York he represented his native state in that body, assisting with Ellsworth in the formation of the judiciary, and on its removal to Philadelphia resigned his senatorship, and occupied himself exclusively with the government of the college till his withdrawal in 1800 from the infirmities of years. He died in Stratford, in 1819, at the age of ninety-two. Verplanck has applied to his retirement the lines of Dr. Johnson:—

The virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime
And age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in pious innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The general fav'rite as the general friend,
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?*

The Rev. Charles Wharton, of Philadelphia, was elected his successor, but immediately resigning, the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore was chosen, and held the office from 1801 to 1811.

The Rev. William Harris succeeded Bishop Moore for a period of eighteen years, till 1829. For the first six years of his administration Dr. John M. Mason was in a manner associated with the office, with the title of provost, an officer who, in the absence of the president, was to supply his place.

The Hon. William A. Duer, elected at the close of 1829, discharged the duties of the office till 1842.

William Alexander Duer was born September 8, 1780, at Rhinebeck, Dutchess county, New York. His father was Commissary-General for the Northern Department, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety. After the declaration of peace, 1783, he began the study of law with the eminent Peter S. Duponceau, in Philadelphia, and continued it with the late Nathaniel Pendleton of New York. During the *quasi* war with France of 1798, he obtained the appointment of midshipman in the Navy, and served under Decatur. On the adjustment of the French question he resumed his law studies with Pendleton, and being admitted to the bar in 1802, shortly afterwards formed a connexion in business with Edward Livingston, who was then district attorney and mayor of the city, which continued until the latter's removal to New Orleans. He then formed a professional partnership with his brother-in-law, Beverly Robinson. About this period he made his first essays in authorship as a contributor to a partisan weekly paper, the *Corrector*, conducted by Dr. Peter Irving, and enlisted in the support of Burr. It was a temporary affair, and the parties engaged in it were by no means committed subsequently to any disaffection towards the high character of General Hamilton. Mr. Duer shortly after joined Livingston at New Orleans, and devoted himself to the study of the Spanish civil law. He was successful, but was induced by the climate and his marriage with a lady of New York, the daughter of William Denning, a prominent Whig of the Revolution, to resume his practice in the latter city. In his new position he contributed literary articles to his friend Dr. Irving's newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*. He next opened an office in his native town, Rhinebeck, and in 1814 was elected to the State Assembly. In this position he was appointed chairman of a committee on colleges, academies, and

* Arnot's Hist. Edinburgh, p. 286.
† Vol. iii. 298.

* Quoted in Verplanck's Art. on Prest. Johnson in Knapp's Am. Biog.

other interests of science and literature, and succeeded in the passage of a bill which is the original of the existing law on the subject of the common school income. He was also chairman of the important committee which arraigned the constitutionality of the state law vesting the right of river-navigation in Livingston and Fulton.* He continued in the legislature till 1820. During this time he bore a prominent part in laying the foundation of the present canal legislation, and employed his efforts to check abuses growing out of the old lottery system. In 1822, with the adjustment of the courts under the new constitution, he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court in the third circuit, and held the office for seven years, till his appointment to the presidency of Columbia College. In his new administration he soon arranged a better distribution of college studies, and added one hour daily by the system to the time of instruction, taking charge himself of the exercises of the Freshman class in English composition, and delivering to the seniors a course of lectures on the constitutional jurisprudence of the United States. These "outlines" were published in 1833, and subsequently revised and issued in Messrs. Harper's "Family" and "School District" libraries. Dr. Duer's presidency of the college, which closed with his retirement in ill health in 1842, was marked by his high-toned and gentlemanly administration of its affairs. His courtesy, while it called for little exercise of discipline, secured him the respect of the students. During this period, at the request of the corporation, he delivered a eulogy upon President Monroe, which was pronounced in the open air from the portico of the City Hall. Since his retirement President Duer has resided at Morristown, New Jersey. His restored health and leisure have given him opportunity for literary pursuits, which he has availed himself of to write the life of his maternal grandfather Lord Stirling, which has been published as a volume of their collections by the Historical Society of New Jersey. In 1847 he delivered in the college chapel an address before the literary societies of Columbia, which has been published; and in 1848 an historical address of interest before the St. Nicholas Society, in which he reviews his early reminiscences of New York, and describes the scenes connected with the inauguration of Washington. This was published, and forms a valuable contribution to American historical memoirs.

Judge Duer was succeeded by Nathaniel F. Moore, who held the office till the autumn of 1849, when he resigned it and retired to private life.

Nathaniel F. Moore was born at Newtown, Long Island, on the 25th of December, 1782. His father, William Moore, removed to New York in the following autumn, and there continued to reside in the practice of his profession, as a highly respected physician, until 1824. Nathaniel was prepared for college by Mr. Samuel Rudd. He pursued his studies at Columbia College, and took his degree of A.B. in the year 1802, during the presidency of his uncle, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore. On this occasion he delivered the salutatory address, with an oration, *De Astronomiæ Laudibus*. After leaving college Mr. Moore studied law under Beverly Robinson, and was admitted to the bar in 1805. In the year 1817 he was appointed adjunct professor of the Greek and Latin languages in his *alma mater*, and soon after, in 1820, he succeeded Dr. Wilson as professor in the same department. In 1825 he received from Columbia College the degree of LL.D., which in this conferred on him another mark of her approbation of his faithful and valuable services. In 1835 he resigned his professorship and made a visit to Europe. On his return in 1837 the college purchased his valuable library, and appointed him librarian, an office which he held only long enough to reorganize the library, incorporate his own books therewith, and make a catalogue of the whole collection. In 1839 he again went abroad, and, on this occasion, he visited Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Dr. Moore has not been a voluminous writer, but he has made some very valuable additions to the classical publications of this country, particularly in the work entitled *Ancient Mineralogy*. He published also *Remarks on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language*, in reply to a pamphlet of Mr. Pickering's on the same subject; *Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature*, and *An Historical Sketch of Columbia College*, besides several smaller pamphlets and essays.

The successor of Dr. Moore in the presidency, Charles King, the second son of Rufus King, was born in the City of New York, March 16, 1789. His mother was Mary Alsop, of an eminent family of the state. He removed with his family to England in 1796, when Rufus King was appointed by Washington minister to the English court. He received there the principal part of his education. After passing a year or two at a preparatory school, near London, he was sent with his brother John A. King to Harrow, one of the large public schools of England. After five years spent at that school, where among the companions of about his own age were Lord Byron and the late Sir Robert Peel, he went to Paris, and passed a year at one of the chief schools in that city, a school under the special patronage of the Empress Josephine, two of whose nephews, the Tascher de la Pageries, were among the scholars.

At Paris he witnessed the early scenes of the Empire, the review of the troops, and the departure for the campaign which was decided at Austerlitz. From these scenes of war he was withdrawn on the return of Rufus King to the United States, to take his place, in pursuance of an arrangement made with Sir Francis Baring of London, the eminent banker and friend of his father, as a clerk in the house of Hope & Co. at Amsterdam. At the close of the year 1806 he returned to his native country after an absence of ten years, and was soon admitted a clerk in the mercantile house of Archibald Gracie. In 1810 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Gracie, and became partner with him in his eminently prosperous career of commerce, which terminated disastrously, however, in 1823, when the partnership was dissolved.

* Art. Fitch's and Fulton's Steam-Navigation.—Putnam's Monthly Mag., Jan., 1855.

During the war of 1812 Mr. King was twice called into the military service of the United States. In the autumn of 1813 he was chosen one of the representatives from the city to the legislature of the state; but after serving one term declined a re-election. Called by the affairs of his house to Europe he spent two years there, accompanied by his family, returning to the United States in 1817.

Two years after this date, in 1819, appeared the first number of the *New York American*, which was in the commencement conducted by James A. Hamilton, Johnston Verplanck, and Charles King. The paper was bold and aggressive, and made itself feared. At the close of the first year Messrs. Hamilton and King withdrew from any active and responsible connexion with the paper to the more pressing calls of their respective avocations, and Mr. Verplanck remained sole editor. He converted the weekly into a daily paper, still preserving its first name.

At that time the newspapers of the city were the old Gazette of Lang and Turner, and the Mercantile Advertiser of Butler, both mainly advertising sheets and records of ship-news, with perhaps a column or two daily of general intelligence. The Daily Advertiser by Theodore Dwight, and the National Advocate by M. M. Noah, were the two political morning papers. The evening papers were the Evening Post by William Coleman, the Commercial Advertiser by Zachariah Lewis and William L. Stone, and the Columbian by Charles Holt, and afterwards Nathaniel H. Carter. Among these, but very different in tone and aims from all of them, the New York American took its place. For three years Mr. Verplanck conducted the paper, at the end of which time Mr. King, whose commercial career was ended, became again his associate, and after a few months, upon Mr. Verplanck retiring into the country, the sole proprietor and editor of the New York American. It remained under his exclusive charge and management until 1847, when it was merged in the New York Courier and Enquirer.

But although sole editor, Mr. King had many and able correspondents and contributors. Among them were Joseph Blunt and Nathaniel B. Blunt, Charles F. Hoffman, A. Robertson Rodgers, Gulian C. Verplanck, John and William A. Duer, Rudolph Bunner, Edmund H. Pendleton, John A. Dix, Henry Cary, the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Richard Ray; and among its correspondents from Washington, Rufus King, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Senator Mills of Mass., Senator Johnson of Louisiana, and Henry R. Storrs of the House of Representatives.

One position the *American* always held. At a period when coarse personalities were the habitual language of editorial contests, it always treated its newspaper opponents as impersonalities, directing its arguments, in its often very plain talk, against the newspaper by name and not against the editor. In another walk the American led the way to a liberal improvement of the newspaper, now generally adopted, in its full literary articles, in which each Saturday the books of the week were passed under review with copious extracts. Its independence, allied with a due sense of responsibility, were features of Mr. King's editorship. The journal, too, was governed by a principle of taste involving a high question of morals, in its careful abstinence from vulgar and vicious means of excitement. It carefully rejected horrors, both physical and moral, from its columns; while the contrary practice, leading to immediate profit, has too frequently prevailed to the corruption of the public mind.

After a brief editorial connexion with the Courier and Enquirer, Mr. King, in the spring of 1848, withdrew to private life.

In November of that year he was elected President of Columbia College, and immediately entered upon the duties of that office, which he still occupies.

For the preceding ten or twelve years Mr. King had been a resident of the State of New Jersey, at Elizabethtown, whence he daily came to New York. His residence in New Jersey gave additional significance to the degree of LL.D., which was conferred upon him at a special session of the college at Princeton, immediately upon his election to the presidency of Columbia College. A few weeks afterwards Harvard College, where his father had been graduated nearly seventy years before, also conferred upon him the like degree of doctor of laws.

Of the old Professors of this institution, the Rev. Dr. John C. Kunze held a Professorship of ancient languages from 1784 to 1787, and from 1792 to 1795. He was a native of Saxony, and had been educated at the Halle orphan-house and studied theology at the University of that city. From Halle he was called, in 1771, to the service of the Lutheran congregations, in Philadelphia, of St. Michael's and Zion's churches, where he continued fourteen years. He was one of the first of his educated countrymen in America to urge the propriety of educating the German youth in English. By maintaining a contrary course, the German and Dutch congregations, where the preaching was kept up in those languages, lost many of their members. From Philadelphia Dr. Kunze came to New York, and took charge of the German Lutheran church. At this time he composed a hymn-book of German hymns translated into English verse, in which he mostly preserved the metre of the original. He also composed a liturgy and catechism in English. His position in New York, and the estimate set upon his learning, may be judged of from his appointments in Columbia College. On the formation of a second synod of the American Lutheran Church, he was elected its first President, a position which he accepted to carry out his liberal views in adopting the use of the English language in churches and in education. The benevolence of his character was celebrated. He died in 1807, after twenty-four years passed with his congregation at New York.*

Of John Kemp, the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy from 1786 to his death in 1812, Professor Renwick, in his alumni address, speaks in high terms, attributing to him an important influence in moulding the views of De

* History of the American Lutheran Church, from its commencement, in the year of our Lord 1685, to the year 1842. By Ernest L. Hazelius, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Synod of S. C., pp. 109, 132.

Witt Clinton on topics of internal improvement and national policy.* Kemp's interest in the subject led him, in 1810, to make a journey to Lake Erie, to satisfy himself of the project of the canal, which he pronounced, in advance of the surveys, entirely practicable. Kemp served the college for a long period and with signal ability.

Peter Wilson was Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, with a short interval of service, from 1789 to 1820, when he retired on a pension. He was a native of Scotland, and was educated at Aberdeen. He prepared a Greek Prosody which was long in use, and edited Sallust.

Verplanck speaks of Dr. John Bowden, the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic from 1801 till 1817, "with a pupil's grateful remembrance, as a scholar, a reasoner, and a gentleman," and commemorates "his pure taste, his deep and accurate erudition, his logical acuteness, and the dignified rectitude of his principles and character."†

The Rev. Dr. John M'Vickar, whose occupation of the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres, dates from 1817, was born in 1787, and was a graduate of the college with the class of 1804. He then passed some time at Cambridge, in England. He was settled as a clergyman at Hyde Park, from 1811 to 1817.

In 1822, Professor M'Vickar paid an amiable tribute to the family with which he had become connected in marriage, by the publication of *A Domestic Narrative of the Life of Samuel Bard*, one of the old New York celebrities, the physician of Washington, whose father had been the companion of Franklin. This domestic narrative belongs to a valuable class of compositions in reference to the early history of the country, which are seldom executed with the same skill. Its picture of the old New York society, and of the friends gathered around its subject in his retirement at Hyde Park, is of permanent interest.

Dr. Bard deserves mention in the history of education in America, for his services to Columbia College after the war, in his lectures on Natural Philosophy, one of the fruits of his discipline at Edinburgh in the great days of its University; his earlier establishment of the Medical School in New York, then attached to the College, of which he was Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine from 1767 to 1776; his services to other medical institutions of the city; and his occasional addresses, chiefly on topics connected with his profession. He died at Hyde Park, May 24, 1821, in his eightieth year, twenty-four hours after the death of his wife, with whom he had lived for fifty-five years.

In 1825, Dr. M'Vickar published a volume, *Outlines of Political Economy*. In 1834, he published a memoir of Bishop Hobart with the title *Early Years*, followed in 1836 by *The Professional Years of Bishop Hobart*. He is also the author of numerous essays, addresses, reviews, and occasional publications. He has held important positions in the church and the diocese, and is a member of the Standing Committee. Of late years he has been chaplain to the station of the United States forces at Governor's Island. As a college professor, Dr. M'Vickar has pursued the higher interests of the subjects intrusted to his hands with signal tact and ability. His course of instruction is eminently clear and practical, while he quietly but efficiently leads the student in the discipline of taste and philosophy.

The connexion of Dr. Charles Anthon with the college, which has so greatly promoted and established its repute for classical studies, dates from the year 1820, when at the age of twenty-three, having been a graduate of the college in 1815, and divided his law studies of the interim with ancient literature, he was appointed adjunct professor of Greek and Latin languages. In 1830 he took the title of Jay professor of these studies, and in 1835, on the resignation of Dr. Moore, succeeded to the leading chair in these departments. A grammar-school, in union with the college, having been projected in 1827, and having gone into successful operation in the building on the college grounds in Murray street erected for the purpose, Professor Anthon, in 1830, succeeded the first rector, John D. Ogilby, a good scholar, and with a warm generous nature, who subsequently entered the Episcopal ministry, and became eminent, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in the General Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary at New York.

The long series of Professor Anthon's classical publications dates from this time, commencing with an edition of Horace, in two octavo volumes, in 1830, laden with the rich stores of learning of this fruitful topic, and enlivened by the enthusiastic labor of the youthful scholar. It was by far the best specimen of scholarship in this walk of literature which the country had then seen, and still maintains its place as a valuable library edition, while in a slightly curtailed form it is generally in use with teachers and pupils. To the Horace succeeded similar annotated editions of Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, the Æneid, the Eclogues, and Georgics, six books of the Iliad, the Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia, the Treatise on Old Age and Tusculan Disputations of Cicero.*

Among other services to classical studies was Anthon's displacement of the old meagre edition of Lemprière's Dictionary, which, at the date of his Jay professorship, was the best work in use of its kind. It was first enlarged by him in several editions—each an improvement on the previous one—and afterwards entirely superseded by his Classical Dictionary in 1841. In his works in illustration of the ancient languages and literature; his several elementary and other grammars; his volumes on the composition and prosody of both tongues; his manuals of Ancient Geography, and his Greek and Roman Antiquities, he has brought together the amplest stores of foreign scholarship.

A glance at the old copies of Lemprière, and at the grammars and other books of classical instruction in use in the country in the first quar-

* Discourse on De Witt Clinton, pp. 17, 20.

† Address before the Philolexian and Peithologian Societies, 1830. By Gulian C. Verplanck.

* The first publishers of Dr. Anthon's books were G. and C. Carvill, in Broadway. In 1835, the extensive classical series was undertaken by the Harpers, and now forms one of the largest sections of the volume of their trade catalogue.

ter of the century, will show the rapid development which dates from the beginning of Dr. Anthon's labors. In the preface to his present Classical Dictionary, he tells us of the surprise created with the trade, when, in 1825, he proposed making some alterations in the text of Lemprière, and how he received for answer, that "one might as well think of making alterations in the Scriptures as in the pages of Dr. Lemprière." When an opportunity was once gained to exhibit the new stores of German and English acquisition, the progress was rapidly onward. The books of Dr. Anthon became distinguished for the fulness and accuracy of their information, and still hold their ground by their ample illustrations of the text. As a critic of the ancient languages he is ingenious and acute, while his scholarship and reading cover the vast field of classical investigation in various departments of philosophy, history, art, and literature. The personal influence and resources of Dr. Anthon, his vivacity and quickness of illustration, are commensurate with these extended labors, which sit lightly upon an iron constitution. He still, as rector of the grammar-school and in his Professor's chair, pursues and enlivens the daily toil of tuition, communicating to his pupils an enthusiasm for his favorite studies. His literary labors in the illustration of the classics are still in progress; editions of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Terence's Comedies having been interrupted only for a short time, by the fire which destroyed the premises of the Messrs. Harper, in December, 1853.

Professor James Renwick, a graduate of the College of the year 1807, filled the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry from 1820 to 1854. During this time he occupied a prominent position as a man of science through his contributions to the journals and leading reviews, his lectures before scientific associations, and his occasional engagements in public services. He was one of the United States Commissioners in the survey of the North-Eastern boundary. His writings are numerous. He published works on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Practical Mechanics, and a Treatise on the Steam-Engine, which are in use as College textbooks. To Sparks's series of American Biographies he contributed the Lives of Rittenhouse, Robert Fulton, and Count Rumford; and to Harpers' Family Library a Life of DeWitt Clinton, whose "Character and Public Services" he had made the subject of a discourse before the Alumni of the College in 1829.

Dr. Henry J. Anderson received his appointment as Professor of Mathematics, Analytical Mechanics, and Physical Astronomy, in 1825, and resigned it in 1843. His highly trained scientific culture did honor to the institution. In 1828 he contributed to the American Philosophical Society a paper on the Motion of Solids on Surfaces, in the two Hypotheses of perfect sliding and perfect rolling, with a particular Examination of their small oscillatory motions.* Since his retirement from the College he has travelled in Europe, and been attached to Lieut. Lynch's Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, as the geologist of the company. His *Geological Reconnoissance of part of the Holy Land*, made in April and May, 1848, including the Regions of the Libanus, Northern Galilee, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, has been published by the Government.

Professor Henry Drisler, adjunct professor of Greek and Latin, has been connected with the College since 1843. His frequent association with Dr. Anthon in the preparation of his editions of the classics appears from the introductions to those works, while his edition of the Greek-English Lexicon of Liddell and Scott, bearing date 1846, is an additional proof of the fidelity of his scholarship.

The real estate owned by Columbia College is

Columbia College.

valuable, though heretofore its income has not greatly profited from this source. It consists of the real estate in the third ward of the city now occupied by the College, which is estimated at more than half a million of dollars; and of the

* Transactions Am. Philos. Soc. iii., New Series, 1830, pp. 315–382.

property in the nineteenth ward, once occupied as the Botanic Garden, which was granted to the College by the Legislature in 1814. The latter, now lying in the Fifth Avenue, includes twenty-one acres, comprising two hundred and twenty-five building lots, exclusive of the streets, and is set down in round numbers at four hundred thousand dollars in value. This has been hitherto unproductive, but is now in process of grading by the College, and will soon yield a large income. In addition to this real estate the College derives a rent of upwards of nineteen thousand dollars from other property in the third ward, under lease. The annual expenditures of the College, for the last fifteen years, have been about twenty-two thousand dollars; and the income from students, who pay an annual fee of ninety dollars each, about nine thousand dollars.*

THE CHARLESTON LIBRARY—THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

The three oldest public library associations in the country, disconnected with colleges, are the Library Company of Philadelphia, the Library Society of Charleston, S. C., and the New York Society Library. Of the first we have already spoken. The second was founded in 1748 by an association of seventeen young men, who in that year united in raising a fund to "collect new pamphlets" and magazines published in Great Britain. They remitted ten pounds to England, and by the close of the same year expanded their plan to that of a public library. In 1750 their numbers had increased to one hundred and sixty. A charter was obtained in 1755; a bequest of the valuable library of John M'Kenzie, an eminent lawyer of the city, received in 1771; and the vested fund, exclusive of the amount expended in books, amounted in 1778 to £20,000. On the fifteenth of January, of the same year, the collection was destroyed by fire, only 185 out of from five to six thousand volumes being preserved, with about two thirds of the M'Kenzie collection. As its other property was greatly depreciated during the war, but little remained of the institution at the peace. In 1792 a new collection was commenced, which in 1808 amounted to 4,500, and in 1851 to 20,000 volumes. A building, originally the Bank of South Carolina, was purchased for the use of the institution in 1840.

The New York Society Library was chartered in 1754. The foundation of the collection may, however, be dated back, in advance of all other American institutions of a similar kind, to the commencement of the century, the Rev. John Sharp, chaplain to the governor of the province, the Earl of Bellamont, having in 1700 given a number of volumes for the use of the public, which were deposited in a room provided for the purpose. Those of the collection which remain are preserved in the library, and consist of ponderous tomes of theology, bearing the autograph of the original donor.

Nothing more is known of the history of the collection until twenty-nine years later, when the Rev. Dr. Millington, rector of Newington, England, bequeathed his library to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by whom it was presented to the New York library. The entire collection remained without further additions of importance in the hands of the corporation, who do not appear to have been good curators of the books intrusted to them.

The establishment of King's College, 1754, seems to have led a number of eminent citizens to unite in an association to form a library "for the use and ornament of the city, and the advantage of our intended college." Funds were collected, and a number of books purchased, which were placed in the same room with those already in the possession of the city. In 1772 a charter was obtained, and the institution assumed the title it has since borne of "The New York Society Library." In 1774 the records of the society were broken off, and not resumed until fourteen years after. During the occupation of the city by the British the soldiery were in the habit, in the words of a venerable citizen, who remembered the circumstance, of "carrying off books in their knapsacks, which they sold for grog."* Little or nothing is said to have been left of the collection at the peace but the folios, which either proved too bulky for the knapsacks or too heavy for the backs of the pilferers, or were perhaps too dry for exchange for fluids on any terms whatever. In December, 1788, the shareholders at last bestirred themselves, issued a call, came together, elected officers, and in the next year obtained a renewal of their charter.

The room in the old city hall, on the site of the present custom-house at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, being found too small for the convenient accommodation of the collection, additional subscribers were obtained, and a spacious and elegant building erected for its exclusive accommodation in Nassau street, opposite the Middle Dutch church, now the post-office, to which it was removed in 1795.

In 1836 the rapid growth of the city, and the entire abandonment of its lower portion to mercantile purposes, rendered a removal of the library desirable. The building was sold, and a new edifice erected at the corner of Broadway and Leonard streets. In 1853 another removal was deemed advisable. The building was sold to the Messrs. Appleton, by whom the lower floor was converted into the finest and largest retail bookstore in the United States, and probably in the world, thus preserving in a measure the literary associations of the locality. The library was removed to apartments in the Bible-House, which it still occupies. Land has been purchased at the corner of Thirteenth street and University place for a new edifice, which has not yet been commenced.

A catalogue of the library was printed before the Revolution, but no copies have been preserved, nor is the extent of the collection at that time known. A catalogue was printed in 1793, when the library contained five thousand volumes. The collection increased to thirteen thousand in 1813, to twenty-five thousand in 1838. The last catalogue, published in 1850, states the

* Report of Committee of the Senate, March 10, 1855.

* Reminiscences of New York, by John Pintard, published in the New York Mirror.

number of volumes at that time to be thirty-five thousand. The number is now forty thousand.

The original price of shares was fixed at five pounds, the shares being perpetual, but subject to an annual payment of ten shillings. The present price is twenty-five, with an annual payment of six dollars. The number of members in 1793 was nine hundred, it is now one thousand.

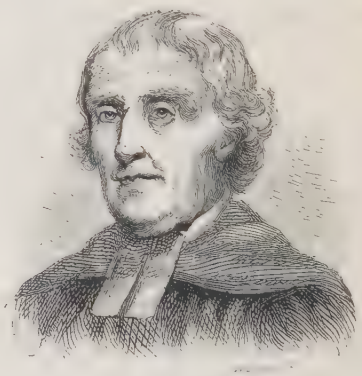
The proprietors elect annually fifteen of their number as trustees, to whom the entire charge of the affairs of the corporation is intrusted.

John Forbes filled the office of librarian from 1794 to 1824. He was succeeded by his son, the present librarian, Philip J. Forbes, to whom the institution is under obligations for his long services as a faithful curator of its possessions, and a judicious co-operator with the trustees for their increase.

The collection includes valuable files of the newspapers and periodical publications of the present century, and good editions of classic writers of every language. In 1812 the society received a valuable donation from Francis B. Winthrop, Esq., of a collection of early theological and scientific works, mostly in the Latin language, collected by his ancestor John Winthrop, the first governor of Connecticut.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

This institution is an illustration of the growth and development of liberal education in the city of Philadelphia. It had its origin mainly in the efforts of Franklin, by whose exertions the Academy of Philadelphia was organized, and went into operation in 1750. A public school had been established in 1689 by the Society of Friends, at which Latin and mathematics were taught, and of which George Keith was the first teacher. In 1743 Franklin, sensitive to the wants of the times, communicated the plan of an Academy, as he states in his autobiography, to the Rev. Richard Peters, which he revived in 1749 in conjunction with Thomas Hopkinson and others, when he issued his pamphlet entitled "Proposals relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," the publication of which he tells us, in his politic way, he took care to represent, in his introduction, "not as an act of mine, but of some public-spirited gentleman, avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit." A body of trustees was formed, including the most influential men of the city, among whom were Franklin himself, James Logan, Thomas Hopkinson, Richard Peters, Jacob Duché, Philip Syng, Charles Willing, and others, "men of character and standing and learning; or where, as with the greatest of them, mere scholarship was wanting, of masculine intelligence, and pure, vigorous American mother wit;" while "the master spirit then, as the master spirit in every effort to do public good, from the hour when he landed penniless at Market-street wharf, till the distant day when, at the end of almost a century, he was carried amidst mourning crowds and tolling bells to his modest and almost forgotten grave, was Benjamin Franklin. His mind conceived and his energy achieved the first Philadelphia college."* Franklin has himself told the story of his adroitness in taking advantage of the arrival of Whitefield to secure a permanent location for the school. A building was erected to provide accommodation for travelling preachers under similar circumstances with the great Methodist, and was placed under the control of members of the several denominations. One of them was a Moravian, who had not given satisfaction to his colleagues; and on his death it was resolved to leave that sect out, and as there was no religious variety to draw from, Franklin secured his election on the ground of being of no sect at all. Having thus attained a position in both boards, he effected a junction of the school and the meeting-house in the same building, and to this day, in the present halls of the University, accommodation is afforded, if called for by itinerant preachers.† In 1751 the academy opened in the new building with masters in Latin, English, and mathematics. Charles Thomson, the future Secretary of Congress, was during four years a tutor in the school. In 1753 a charter was obtained for "the Trustees of the Academy and Charitable School in the Province of Pennsylvania." Logic, rhetoric, natural and moral philosophy were added to the instructions, and the Rev. William Smith, then full of youthful ardor in the cause of education, was employed to teach them. An additional charter in 1755 conferred the power of granting degrees, and instituted a faculty with the title of "The Provost, Vice-Provost, and Professors of the College and Academy of Philadelphia, in the province of Pennsylvania." By this act the Rev. William Smith was appointed the first Provost, and the Rev. Francis Alison Vice-Provost. Both, by disposition, education, and experience, were well fitted for the calling.



William Smith.

William Smith was born in Scotland, and was a graduate of the University of Aberdeen in 1747. After his arrival in this country he was for more than two years tutor in the family of

* Address before the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, by William B. Reed, Nov. 13, 1849.

† History of the Univ. Pa., by Geo. B. Wood, M.D. Memoirs Hist. Soc. Pa. iii. 179, a source from which our sketch of the College is mostly derived.

Col. Martin of Long Island. During this time he revisited England and was ordained to the ministry.

He early gave his attention to the subject of education, for in 1753,* when King's College was about being organized in New York, he drew up and published an ingenious essay entitled *A General Idea of the College of Mirania*, addressed "to the Trustees by law appointed for receiving proposals relating to the establishment of a College in New York." He visited England, and received his ordination there in 1753.

Before the College charter was obtained in Philadelphia he was placed at the head of the Academy, May 25, 1754, and was, as we have seen, constituted the first Provost of the College. In the published collection of his Discourses there is a sermon from his pen preached in Christ Church, Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1754, on the death of a pupil of the Senior Philosophy Class, William Thomas Martin, which is accompanied by verses written by Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Magaw, Jacob Duché, and Paul Jackson who became a classical tutor in the College, who were among the first graduates in the year 1757. Other discourses and addresses at various intervals show Dr. Smith to have been a man of science, of literature, of patriotism, and of Christian devotion. One of the earliest of his writings was *A Philosophical Meditation and Religious Address to the Supreme Being*, which was intended for the use of young students in philosophy, and published in London in 1754, in a volume with a treatise on Ethics by the Rev. Dr. Johnson, the first President of King's College. From October, 1757, to October, 1758, he published a series of eight essays in the American Magazine at Philadelphia, with the title of *The Hermit*. They exhibit a warmth of feeling and a taste for letters ready to ripen into the pursuits of the scholar and divine. In 1758 he wrote an *Earnest Address to the Colonies* stimulating the country for its defence against the French. He preached also several sermons on occasion of that war and on the opening of the Revolution a military discourse, June 23, 1775, in which he assisted the American cause. He also delivered an oration in memory of General Montgomery, at the request of Congress, in 1776. This was an eloquent production, as was also his Eulogium on Benjamin Franklin pronounced before the American Philosophical Society, March 1, 1791.†

The Rev. Francis Alison, who filled the office of Vice-Provost the corresponding period with the Provost-ship of Dr. Smith, was born in Ireland in 1705, was educated at the University of Glasgow, and reaching America in 1735, was appointed to the charge of a Presbyterian Church at New London, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. There he opened a school, and had for his pupils several youths who afterwards became distinguished. He was first Rector and then Master of the Latin School at Philadelphia. He then became first Vice-Provost of the College in 1755, and held the office at his death in 1779. Besides these engagements Dr. Alison was colleague in the ministry of the First Presbyterian Church with Dr. Ewing.

Provost Smith made two visits to England while in charge of the college. On one of these, in 1759, undertaken we are told "to escape the resentment of the Pennsylvania legislature,"* with which he had become at odds by his sympathies with the proprietors, he received the title of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford; and in 1762 he was united with James Jay of New York in solicitation for funds which were divided between the colleges in New York and Philadelphia; the latter receiving the sum of six thousand pounds sterling. The College had been sustained by numerous donations, legacies, and gifts, which its benevolent feature of a charity school facilitated.

The College rapidly grew into fame under Smith's administration; the aggregate of students was large, and the number from other provinces and the West Indies became so considerable that a special building, in 1762, was erected for their accommodation, the trustees readily raising the funds by a lottery.

From 1753 to 1773, in this ante-revolutionary period, the studies in oratory and English literature were directed by the Rev. Ebenezer Kinnersley, who attained separate distinction by his share in the electrical experiments of Franklin. He exhibited the phenomena of electricity in public lectures through the Colonies, and visited the West Indies. His apparatus was bought by the College after his decease. The Medical School which has become of such high distinction, dates from the appointment of Dr. Morgan in 1765 as professor of the theory and practice of physic. Dr. William Shippen's chair of anatomy and surgery was created the same year, and the appointments of Dr. Kuhn, Professor of Botany and Materia Medica, and of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Chemistry, followed. In 1767, the Medical School, which has since attained such high distinction, was regularly organized, and the next year degrees were conferred.

At a later period in Smith's career difficulties grew up between the trustees and the legislature representing the popular interest. The Provost had been attached to the proprietors in the political agitations of the times, and it was charged, though apparently without reason, that it was the design of the trustees, some of whom were represented to be of monarchical inclination, to defeat the original liberal object of the charter, by making a Church of England institution of the College. This prejudice or hostility took shape in 1779 in an act of the Legislature which annulled the charter of the College, took away the funds, and created a new institution, with libe-

* This is the date also given to a Poem by the Rev. Mr. Smith, on visiting the Academy of Philadelphia; printed in folio, and of nearly three hundred lines. It is mentioned by Fisher in his account of the early poets of Pennsylvania, who also speaks of the Provost's habit of "inciting and encouraging every boyish attempt at rhyme in the College; so that every commencement or exhibition, every occasion of general rejoicing or grief, was an opportunity for the public pronunciation of dialogues, odes, or elegies, some of which possess great beauty and animation, and are far above the ordinary capacity of Collegians."

† These were published in the posthumous edition of his Works in Philadelphia in two volumes in 1803. There were two London editions of his Discourses in the author's lifetime, in 1759 and 1762.

* Wood's History, p. 189. At one time he was placed under arrest, and his classes attended him at his place of confinement.

The University of Pennsylvania.

ral grants out of the confiscated estates of the royalists, entitled the University of Pennsylvania. The old offices were pronounced vacant in this act, and a new body of trustees appointed. This act produced the usual excitement of a proceeding necessarily of a violent revolutionary character, and it was resisted by Dr. Smith and his friends, who procured a law in 1789 reinstating the College trustees and faculty in their ancient estates and privileges. The meetings for the reorganization of the College were held at the house of Dr. Franklin. Dr. Smith became again Provost, and the medical faculty was strengthened by the addition of Dr. Wistar in Chemistry and the Institutes of Medicine, and Barton in Botany and Natural History. In 1791 the old institution finally succumbed, and an act of the Legislature was passed blending the two bodies in the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Smith at this time permanently retired from the institution, his age and the old difficulties preventing his reappointment. He carried with him the respect of the public and an acknowledgment of his usefulness in an annuity of one hundred pounds for life. He died in 1803, leaving a collection of his writings ready for posthumous publication.

In the charter of the University in 1779 the Rev. Dr. John Ewing was created Provost. He was born the son of a farmer in East Nottingham, Maryland, June 22, 1732, and received his classical education at the school of Francis Alison. He was a graduate of the College at Princeton in 1752, where he was received as a student of the senior class. He studied theology; and in 1758, when Dr. Smith left the College of Philadelphia on his visit to Europe, took his place as instructor of the philosophical classes. In 1759 he was called to the ministry of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he filled during the remainder of his life. In 1773 he visited England to collect funds for the Academy at Newark, in Delaware, and while there had the opportunity of the acquaintance of Dr. Robertson, an interview with Dr. Johnson, in which he overcame the disinclination of that leviathan to a republican from America, and meeting Lord North frankly acquainted him with the probable and, as it turned out, prophetic, issue of a contest between England and this country. He received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh.

In 1777 Dr. Ewing removed from the scenes of the Revolution in Philadelphia to Maryland, and on his return became Provost of the University in 1779. He was eminent as a man of science, and filled the chair of Vice-President of the Philosophical Society. His College lectures on Natural Philosophy were published in 1809.*

During a portion of his College course from 1779 to 1782 the office of Vice-Provost was held by David Rittenhouse. Ewing's accomplishments are highly spoken of. He was eminent as a mathematician and in the various branches of Natural Philosophy, and profound in metaphysical and classical studies.

The incumbents of the office of Provost since this period have been Dr. John McDowell, from 1806 to 1810; Dr. John Andrews, who had held the Chair of Moral Philosophy since 1789, for the next three years; Dr. Frederick Beasley from 1813 to 1828; the present Bishop William H. Delancey from 1828 till 1834; when Dr. John Ludlow succeeded, who was followed by Dr. Henry Vethake, the present incumbent. He was first connected with the College as Vice-Provost, and was formerly for a short period a lecturer in Columbia College, New York. In 1838, he published in Philadelphia his Principles of Political Economy, and in 1847 edited the supplementary fourteenth volume of the Encyclopædia Americana.

Dr. John McDowell, before his appointment to the Provostship, occupied the position of Principal of St. John's College in Maryland.

Dr. John Andrews, born in Maryland in 1746, was educated at the Academy at Philadelphia, and was a graduate of the College in 1765 in the same class with Bishop White. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1767, and became a

* Art. by Robert Walsh, Am. Biog., Am. Quar. Rev. No. 1. History of First Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Am. Quar. Reg. xiii. 303.

Missionary of the Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. He was afterwards rector at Queen Ann's county, Maryland. His political sentiments were with the loyalists, and he removed from his parish to Yorktown, where he kept a school. In 1785 he took charge of a new Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, and in 1791 was made Vice-Provost of the College. In December, 1810, he succeeded Dr. McDowell as Provost. He withdrew from the office in 1813 in ill health, and died in that year at the age of sixty-seven.*

The Rev. Frederick Beasley, a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University from 1813 to 1828, and is favorably known for his metaphysical work in defence of the philosophy of Locke, which he published in 1822, entitled "A Search of Truth in the Science of the Human Mind." He lived many years after his retirement, dying at Elizabethtown, N. J., at the age of sixty-eight, in 1845.

The present University Buildings in Ninth street, originally erected for the accommodation of Congress, were in 1800 purchased by the University.

The general course of instruction is embraced in the Faculties of Arts and of Medicine, while the original distinctive features of the College, the Academy or Grammar-school, and the Charity schools, are severally maintained under the organization.

JOEL BARLOW.

Joel Barlow, whose career presents a greater variety of circumstances than the history of any of his fellow litterateurs in the early records of America, was born the son of a respectable farmer, and the youngest of a family of ten children, at Reading, in Connecticut, in the year 1755. His father died while he was at school, leaving the son means sufficient to acquire a college education. In 1774, he was sent to Dartmouth, and thence removed to Yale, where he found Dwight, who had been installed tutor three years before, and with whom he shared both his patriotism and his poetry. During the vacations of the college, Barlow was off handling a musket with the militia in the opening scenes of the Revolution, being present, it is said, and fighting bravely, in the action at White Plains. His poetic first appearance was made on Commencement day, when he took his degree, in 1778, and delivered a poem, *The Prospect of Peace*, which was published the same year in New Haven, and which reappeared, with another poem spoken at the college three years afterwards on taking his degree of Master of Arts, in the Litchfield collection of "American Poems" by Elihu H. Smith, in 1793. In 1780, he published an elegy on his friend, the accomplished statesman of Connecticut, Titus Hosmer.† In these early productions, we notice a certain breadth of philanthropy, and extension of the local limits of American patriotism, which the author, in after life, was destined to display on an ampler field. It is curious to note at this time, in advance of the dreams of the French Revolution, the universal claims of humanity engaging his attention. He was even then an enthusiastic visionary looking for an early Millennium. He already saw the advancing conquests of America—

What wide extent her waving ensigns claim,
Lands yet unknown and streams without a name.

And celebrated the coming population of Europe.

On this broad theatre unbounded spread,
In different scenes, what countless throngs must tread!
Soon as the new-form'd empire, rising fair,
Calms her brave sons now breathing from the war,
Unfolds her harbors, spreads the genial soil,
And welcomes freemen to the cheerful toil.

With war and discord around him, he sang the universality of peace and union; nations growing fraternal under the general impulse—

Till each remotest realm, by friendship join'd,
Link in the chain and harmonize mankind,
The union'd banner be at last unfurl'd,
And wave triumphant round the accordant world.

From college Barlow went to the study of law, but the Massachusetts line wanting chaplains, he turned to divinity, and putting himself through a diligent six weeks' course of theology, was duly licensed a Congregational minister, and joined the army as Dwight had done before him; and like Dwight, he cheered the spirits of the soldiery with animating odes from the camp. He remained in the army during the war, meditating and composing his *Vision of Columbus*, which was a well written poem for the times; some of the difficulties of which, to the scholar, may be estimated from Barlow's statement that he had long sought in vain in the country for a copy of Camoens' Lusiad, and had not been able to obtain it till his poem was ready for the press. The Vision was published by subscription in 1787, and was reprinted in London and in Paris. The dedication to the first edition was to Louis XVI., in a strain of superfluous eulogy and humility.*

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* Wood's Historical Discourse. Sabine's Loyalists.

† Titus Hosmer, the friend of Barlow, was a lawyer and patriot of great distinction in Connecticut, whose education and manners procured him great respect and affection. David D. Field, in his Middletown *Historical Address*, has given a notice of his career: "Noah Webster numbered him among the three 'mighties;' and these three he designated as William Samuel Johnson, LL.D., of Stratford, Oliver Ellsworth of Windsor, Chief Justice of the United States, and the Hon. Titus Hosmer of Middletown." The general Congress had just conferred the appointment of Judge of a Court of Appeals upon Hosmer, when he died suddenly, August 4, 1780, at the age of forty-four. Barlow, who was encouraged by Hosmer to write his Vision of Columbus, speaks of his orphaned muse on this event:—

At thy command she first assumed the lyre,
And hop'd a future laurel from thy name.

How did thy smiles awake her infant song!
How did thy virtues animate the lay!
Still shall thy fate the dying strain prolong,
And bear her voice with thy lost form away.

* If all that he says of the Bourbons is true, the French Revolution ought never to have occurred. "The illustrious line of your royal ancestors have been conspicuous in seizing those advantages (proceeding from the discovery of America) and diffusing their happy effects. The great Father of the House of Bourbon will be held in the highest veneration till his favorite political system shall be realized among the nations of Europe and extended to all mankind. * * Your Majesty's permission, that the unfortunate Columbus may once more enjoy the protection of a royal benefactor, has added a new obligation to those I before felt—in common with a grateful country."

At the close of the struggle he left the church and army together, and returned to the law, settling at Hartford, and engaging in a weekly newspaper, *The American Mercury*. He was admitted to the bar in 1785, in which year he was also employed by the "General Association" of Connecticut, in the adaptation of Watts's version of the Psalms,* the same task which was subsequently performed by the more orthodox hand of his friend Timothy Dwight. The work was received with satisfaction, and used in the churches by authority. Barlow's additions consisted in versions of twelve of the Psalms which Watts had omitted,† and several others were altered by him.‡ One from his pen was much admired; this version of Psalm cxxxviii.:—

THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

Along the banks where *Babel's* current flows
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While *Zion's* fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of *Zion* claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great JEHOVAH'S name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown
Shall *Israel's* sons a song of *Zion* raise?

O hapless *Salem*, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of Praise.

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when *Zion* calls,
O'ertake her foes with terrour and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

To dispose of the literary wares which he had now on hand, the Psalm Book and the Vision, Barlow, who appears with no lack of personal liberality to have been always of a mercantile, speculating turn, opened a book-store at Hartford, which he closed when he had accomplished his purpose, and began the practice of the law. He was at this time associated with Trumbull, Humphreys, and Hopkins, in penning the patriotic effusions of the Anarchiad. In 1787, he delivered an oration on the 4th July at Hartford, in which he urged the adoption of a general government. The law does not appear to have suited his disposition and temperament; he is described as too stiff and unyielding for its requirements; so that when a Land Company was formed, called "The Scioto Company," Barlow accepted a part in its management, and was sent as agent to England in 1788, to dispose of the property. The title to the lands was stolen, and the company were swindlers, but Barlow was unconscious of the skilfully concealed deception. When he found it out he resigned.

Joel Barlow

This foreign journey brought him in contact with the Girondins in Paris, into whose political prospects he warmly entered. His own personal affairs were probably somewhat uncertain. Trumbull, writing to Oliver Wolcott, Dec. 9, 1789, says of their friend: "I cannot conceive what Barlow is doing. After being eighteen months abroad, you tell me he has got so far as to see favourable prospects. If he should not

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* *Doctor Watts's Imitation of the Psalms of David, corrected and enlarged, by Joel Barlow, to which is added a Collection of Hymns;* the whole applied to the state of the Christian Church in General. Luke xxiv.—All things must be fulfilled which were written in the . . . Psalms concerning us. Hartford. Printed by Barlow & Babcock, 1785.

† They are the 28th, 43d, 52d, 54th, 59th, 64th, 70th, 79th, 88th, 108th, 137th, and 140th.

‡ A story is told of an effusion in verse on Barlow the versifier of Watts, perpetrated by a local poet of reputation for a knack at extempore rhyming. This personage was Oliver, a cousin of Benedict Arnold, and is commemorated in a History of Norwich, Connecticut, by Miss F. M. Caulkins (1845), where the following is narrated:—"In a bookseller's shop in New Haven, he was introduced to Joel Barlow, who had just then acquired considerable notoriety by the publication of an altered edition of Watts's Psalms and Hymns. Barlow asked for a specimen of his talent; upon which the wandering poet immediately repeated the following stanza:—

You've proved yourself a sinful cre'tur';
You've murdered Watts, and spoilt the metre;
You've tried the Word of God to alter,
And for your pains deserve a halter.

Oliver was also a sailor and a patriot, and cordially despised the course taken by his cousin Benedict, in betraying his country. Local tradition ascribes to him the following acrostic on the traitor's name, and it is even added that being on a visit to his cousin after the war, and called upon by him to amuse a party of English officers with some extemporaneous effusion, he stood up and repeated this Ernulphus curse, which would have satisfied Dr. Slop himself. The composition itself, however, contradicts such a report, as it bears no resemblance to other short and unstudied efforts of the native rhymester, which have been preserved.

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind.
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great, 'twould glut historic tide.
Defunct, your cursed memory will live,
In all the glare that infamy can give.
Curses of ages will attend your name,
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul—
Nature looks shuddering back, with conscious dread,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, riveted in chains,
Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

effect something soon, I would advise him to write 'The Visions of Barlow,' as a sequel to those of Columbus and McFingal."* On revisiting London from Paris, in 1791, Barlow published, at the end of the year, the first part of his *Advice to the Privileged Orders*, and in the February following, a poem, *The Conspiracy of Kings*, on the alliance against France. These are both vigorous productions. In the first he considers the state of Europe under the five heads of the Feudal system,—the Church, the Military, the Administration of Justice, and Revenue, and Public Expenditure, supporting each topic with great vehemence of statement.

The poem, with a stirring preface at the beginning and uncompromising note at the end, was mainly levelled at Mr. Burke, who is solemnly arraigned as almost exclusively the author of the war with all its train of calamities. This piece of prose is clear, vigorous, and sonorous, with many of the most striking qualities of expression. If Barlow had given the same attention to composition in this department which he bestowed upon his verses, his reputation would have been greater. He denounces the transfer of Burke from the side of liberty to kingcraft in unmeasured terms. "Here," says he, "is a man who calls himself a philosopher, not remarkable for his avarice, the delight and ornament of a numerous society of valuable friends, respected by all enlightened men as a friend of peace and preacher of humanity, living in an age when military madness has lost its charms, and men begin to unite in searching the means of avoiding the horrors of war; this man, wearied with the happiness that surrounds him, and disgusted at the glory that awaits him, renounces all his friends, belies the doctrines of his former life, bewails that the military savageness of the fourteenth century has passed away, and, to gratify his barbarous wishes to call it back, conjures up a war, in which at least two millions of his fellow-creatures must be sacrificed to his unaccountable passion." His verse is hardly equal to this in force, but the reader may be interested in a portrait drawn nearly twenty years after Goldsmith had pencilled his mild sketch of his friend who

To party gave up what was meant for mankind.

But Burke's prophecies were at least as philosophical as Barlow's: both had their credulities, and time, which amendeth all things, will correct many errata in their writings. It was Barlow's misfortune to be carried away by French theory, and set too little value on the sterling though more slowly moving facts of England and America. He confounded the abstract truths of morality with their practical applications among men as exhibited in society. Morals are one thing, men quite another. When he says that "Many truths are as perceptible when first presented to the mind, as an age or a world of experience could make them; others require only an indirect and collateral experience; some demand an experience direct and positive;" and that "it is happy for human nature, that in morals we have much to do with this first class of truths, less with the second, and very little with the third; while in physics we are perpetually driven to the slow process of patient and positive experience;"—it may be all very true of moral philosophy as a science, but the remark is valueless as respects the conduct of men in political government—which is of much slower growth, and more painful development than even the tedious facts of physics. A year or two later, when Barlow was preparing for a History of the French Revolution, which he never wrote, he commends to Wolcott the example of that great effort for American imitation. "I do not mean," says he, "that a revolution, or anything like it, will be necessary with us, but that many principles for the general diffusion of information, the preservation and improvement of morals, and the encouragement of such a degree of equality in the condition of men as tends to their dignity and happiness, will certainly be established by them, and will be equally necessary for us." In French politics Barlow was a visionary, but he shared his enthusiasm with many sober-minded men.

In 1791, the French philosopher Volney's Ruins or Reflections on the Revolutions of Empires was published in Paris, and a translation from Barlow's pen appeared the next year in London.

Barlow's *Letter to the National Convention of France*, offering some suggestions in constitution-making, is dated London, Sept. 16 1792. He was then associated with the reformers in England, a member of the Constitutional Society, which body delegated him to carry an address to the Convention, which in turn conferred upon him the honor of French citizenship. It is in these relations that a story is told of a supper at which Barlow was present. The famous song attributed to his pen, in eulogy of the Guillotine, which was afterwards revived to his disadvantage on his return to New England, when he fell among the Federalists, was originally written, it is said, for the amusement of some of his revolutionary friends at Hamburgh, assembled after the execution of Louis XVI. It was a parody on the English national anthem, "God save the king," and ran—

A SONG.

TUNE—"God save the Guillotine."

Fame let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around—
How Capet fell:
And when great George's poll
Shall in the basket roll,
Let mercy then control
The Guillotine.

When all the sceptred crew
Have paid their homage to
The Guillotine;
Let freedom's flag advance,
Till all the world, like France!
O'er tyrants' graves shall dance,
And peace begin.*

* Gibbs's Oliver Wolcott, i. 25.

* Biographie Universelle, Art. Barlow. Hildreth, Second Series, ii. 551. The song, with the comments to which Hildreth alludes, will be found in the *Columbian Centinel*, Nov. 16, 1805.

A somewhat similar effusion to this has been attributed to Akenside, the poet, as an ode written for the Calf Head Club, on the 30th January, the anniversary of the beheading of King Charles I. Freneau prints it in his Jersey Chronicle, page 338 A calf's head, it is stated, was brought in with a crown of pastry after dinner, with daggers or sharp-pointed knives

In December, 1792, he was with the Abbé Gregoire and a deputation sent to organize the territory of Savoy, whence, from its capital, he dated *A Letter Addressed to the People of Piedmont, on the advantages of the French Revolution, and the necessity of adopting its principles in Italy;* a revolutionary proceeding which he varied by the composition of his pleasant American dietetic lay, *The Hasty Pudding.*

The original American edition of this poem was printed at New Haven in 1796. An advertisement dated April of that year sets forth its "republican virtue recommended with republican freedom and boldness," and the design expressed in its preface for which "it ought to be owned and studied by every family in New England." The reprint which follows this article preserves the original title and preface, with several passages omitted in later editions.*

By this time his pecuniary prospects were improving. His position and knowledge of affairs gave him the advantage in the midst of the changing fortunes of the Revolution. In 1795 he was employed as a private legal or commercial agent to the north of Europe, and in the same year was appointed consul at Algiers for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the Barbary powers, which he effected with many brave and successful exertions in behalf of the prisoners confined there. On returning to Paris he made a fortune in some commercial speculations, and purchased the hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnerre, where he lived in sumptuous style. During his French residence, the administration of Adams brought Barlow out in opposition to the government at home, in two *Letters to the People of the United States.*† His language in that time of heated politicians was rash and intemperate. One of Barlow's letters to his brother-in-law Baldwin was obtained from him by Matthew Lyon, the extravagant democratic member of Congress from Vermont, who published it. It contained violent denunciations of Adams and Washington, and furnished one of the counts of Lyon's arraignment under the sedition law, for which he was thrown into prison.

In a memoir to the French Government at this time, he denounced the system of privateering, with a view to its prevention in the new constitution. In 1805, having been absent from home seventeen years, Barlow returned to the United States. After a few months of travel, he turned to Washington, and built a fine house for his residence in the district of Columbia, which he called Kalorama. He projected a national academy to be founded by government, but Congress did not act upon his plan.

As an illustration of the feeling entertained for Barlow at this time by the Federal party in New England, we may give an account of a copy of verses which he produced for a public dinner at Washington, with the treatment they received in Boston.

On the 14th of January, 1807, a dinner was given at Washington by the citizens to Captain Meriwether Lewis, in congratulation of his safe return from the Rocky Mountains. Robert Brent presided, and Captain Tingey and Colonel Wharton were vice-presidents. "At an early period of the entertainment," as the report of the *National Intelligencer** tells us, "the following elegant and glowing Stanzas, from the pen of Mr. Barlow, were recited by Mr. Beckley":—

ON THE DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN LEWIS.

Let the Nile cloak his head in the clouds, and defy
  The researches of science and time;
Let the Niger escape the keen traveller's eye,
  By plunging or changing his clime.

Columbus! not so shall thy boundless domain
  Defraud thy brave sons of their right:
Streams, midlands, and shorelands elude us in vain,
  We shall drag their dark regions to light.

Look down, sainted sage, from thy synod of Gods;
  See, inspired by thy venturous soul,
Mackenzie roll northward his earth-draining floods,
  And surge the broad waves to the pole.

With the same soaring genius thy Lewis ascends,
  And seizing the car of the sun,
O'er the sky-propping hills and high waters he bends
  And gives the proud earth a new zone.

Potowmak, Ohio, Missouri had felt
  Half her globe in their cincture comprest;
His long curving course has completed the belt,
  And tamed the last tide of the west.

Then hear the loud voice of the nation proclaim,
  And all ages resound the decree:
Let our occident stream bear the young hero's name
  Who taught him his path to the sea.

These four brother floods, like a garland of flowers,
  Shall entwine all our states in a band,
Conform and confederate their wide spreading powers,
  And their wealth and their wisdom expand.

From Darien to Davis one garden shall bloom,
  Where war's wearied banners are furl'd,
And the far scenting breezes that waft its perfume,
  Shall settle the storms of the world.

Then hear the loud voice of the nation proclaim
  And all ages resound the decree:
Let our occident stream bear the young hero's name,
  Who taught him his path to the sea.

* Jan. 16, 1807

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to each member. A couple of stanzas of the "ode" will explain their use.

On this renown'd illustrious day,
Let freedom's sons be glad and gay,
  And bigot fools deride,
This day a faithless tyrant fell;
Nor warm, nor brave, sunk he to hell,
  But felon-like he died.
* * * * *
We vow the tyrant justly fell
  To ratify the deed;
Without all scruple, doubt or awe,
Our shining weapons forth we draw
  And strike this mimic head.

* We are indebted for this copy as well as for the opportunity of presenting a portrait not hitherto engraved, from an original by Vanderlyn, to the Rev. Lemuel G. Olmstead of this city, a gentleman connected by birth and marriage with the families of three distinguished revolutionary worthies, Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight, and Col. Humphreys. He is the grandnephew of Barlow on the mother's side. He has taken in charge the collection of the writings of Barlow with a view to the publication of a complete edition, which is much needed.

† Letters from Paris to the Citizens of the United States of America on the System of Policy hitherto pursued by their Government, relative to their Commercial Intercourse with England and France. London, 1800. 8vo.

In the Monthly Anthology for March, 1807, appeared the following parody of this affair, complimentary neither to Barlow nor to Jefferson, which is known to be from the pen of John Quincy Adams:—

ON THE DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN LEWIS.

Good people listen to my tale,
'Tis nothing but what true is;
I'll tell you of the mighty deeds
Achiev'd by Captain Lewis—
How starting from the Atlantick shore
By fair and easy motion,
He journied, *all the way by land*,
Until he met the ocean.

Heroick, sure, the toil must be
To travel through the woods, sir;
And never meet a foe, yet save
His person and his goods, sir!
What marvels on the way he found
He'll tell you, if inclin'd, sir—
But *I* shall only now disclose
The things he *did not* find, sir.

He never with a Mammoth met,
However you may wonder;
Nor even with a Mammoth's bone,
Above the ground or under—
And, spite of all the pains he took
The animal to track, sir,
He never could o'ertake the hog
With navel on his back, sir.

And from the day his course began,
Till even it was ended,
He never found an Indian tribe
From Welchmen straight descended:
Nor, much as of Philosophers
The fancies it might tickle;
To season his adventures, met
A mountain, sous'd in pickle.

He never left this nether world—
For still he had his reason—
Nor once the waggon of the sun
Attempted he to seize on.
To bind a *Zone* about the earth
He knew he was not able—
They say he did—but, ask himself,
He'll tell you 'tis a fable.

He never dreamt of taming *tides*,
Like monkeys or like bears, sir—
A *school*, for teaching floods to flow,
Was not among his cares, sir—
Had rivers ask'd of him their path,
They had but mov'd his laughter—
They knew their courses, all, as well
Before he came, as after.

And must we then resign the hope
These elements of changing?
And must we still, alas! be told
That after all his ranging,
The Captain could discover nought
But water in the Fountains?
Must Forests still be form'd of Trees?
Of rugged Rocks the Mountains?

We never will be so fubb'd off,
As sure as I'm a sinner!
Come—let us all subscribe, and ask
The hero to a dinner—
And Barlow stanzas shall indite—
A bard, the tide who tames, sir—
And if we cannot alter *things*,
By G—, we'll change their *names*, sir!

Let old Columbus be once more
Degraded from his glory;
And not a river by his name
Remember him in story—
For what is *old* Discovery
Compar'd to that which new is?
Strike—strike *Columbia* river out,
And put in—*river Lewis!*

Let dusky Sally henceforth bear
The name of Isabella;
And let the mountain, all of salt,
Be christen'd Monticella—
The hog with navel on his back
Tom Pain may be when drunk, sir—
And *Joël* call the Prairie-dog,
Which once was call'd a Skunk, sir.

And when the wilderness shall yield
To bumpers bravely brimming,
A nobler victory than men;—
While all our heads are swimming,
We'll dash the bottle on the wall
And name (the thing's agreed on)
Our first-rate-ship United States,
The flying frigate *Fredon*.

True—Tom and Joël now, no more
Can overturn a nation:
And work, by butchery and blood,
A great regeneration;—
Yet, still we can turn inside out
Old Nature's Constitution,
And bring a Babel back of *names*—
Huzza! for revolution!

In 1807 the magnum opus of Barlow, the *Columbiad*, appeared, dedicated to the author's intimate friend Robert Fulton; the most costly work which had been published in America. It was issued in Philadelphia. It has eleven engravings after original designs by Smirke, executed by the best line engravers in London, Goulding, Parker, Anker Smith, Raimbach, and others. Of these, Hester Appearing to Columbus in Prison, The Murder of Lucinda, Cruelty Presiding over the Prison Ship, and The Initiation to the Mysteries of Isis, may be instanced for the force of the conception and beauty of handling. The portrait of Barlow prefixed was painted by Fulton, and is admirably engraved. From the dedication we learn that Fulton "designated the subjects to be painted for engravings," and, intent upon the "expensive and splendid decorations" of the work, ordered them to be executed in Barlow's absence, and at his own expense.

The plan of the ten books of the Columbiad is simple enough. Columbus is introduced to us in prison, suffering the ingratitude of his country, in Spain, when Hesper appears to him and conducts him to a mount of vision commanding the western continent. The geography of the vast region is described, and Hesper relates at length the story of Mexico and Peru. The colonization of North America by Raleigh and others is passed in review, when we enter upon the old French war and the scenes of the Revolution which form the central portion of the work. The companions of Washington in the struggle have poetical justice done them:—

Here stood stern Putnam, scored with ancient scars,
The living records of his country's wars;
Wayne, like a moving tower, assumes his post,
Fires the whole field, and is himself a host;

Undaunted Stirling, prompt to meet his foes,
And Gates and Sullivan for action rose;
Macdougal, Clinton, guardians of the state,
Stretch the nerved arm to pierce the depth of fate.
* * * * * *
Bland, Moyland, Sheldon, the long lines enforce
With light-arm'd scouts, with solid squares of horse;
And Knox from his full park to battle brings
His brazen tubes, the last resort of kings.
The long black rows in sullen silence wait,
Their grim jaws gaping, soon to utter fate;
When at his word the carbon cloud shall rise,
And well-aim'd thunders rock the shores and skies.

Among the special descriptions of this portion of the poem are the indignant lines on the cruelties of the British in the prison-ships, and the employment of the Indians, introducing the story of Miss M'Crea. The battles having been all disposed of, including the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown, and a naval action between Degrasse and Graves, with the poetical license of a few additional commanders who were not present, and several valorous incidents which never occurred on those occasions, the Columbiad passes from the conquests of war to those of peace. The progress and influences of modern art and science are pointed out, the advantages of the federal government, and of a larger confederation of nations, with an assimilation and unity of language; an abandonment of war, and a final blaze of rockets over the emancipation of the world from prejudice and a general millennium of philosophic joy and freedom.

South of the sacred mansion, first resort
The assembled sires, and pass the spacious court.
Here in his porch earth's figured genius stands,
Truth's mighty mirror poising in his hands;
Graved on the pedestal and chased in gold,
Man's noblest arts their symbol forms unfold,
His tillage and his trade; with all the store
Of wondrous fabrics and of useful lore:
Labours that fashion to his sovereign sway
Earth's total powers, her soil, and air, and sea;
Force them to yield their fruits at his known call,
And bear his mandates round the rolling ball.
Beneath the footstool all destructive things,
The mask of priesthood and the mace of kings,
Lie trampled in the dust; for here at last
Fraud, folly, error, all their emblems cast.
Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand
Of some old idol from his native land;
One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,
One lays a crescent, one a cross to sleep;
Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns and globes and stars,
Codes of false fame and stimulants to wars,
Sink in the settling mass; since guile began,
These are the agents of the woes of man.
Now the full concourse, where the arches bend,
Pour thro' by thousands and their seats ascend.
Far as the centred eye can range around,
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend,
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,
A sire elect in peerless grandeur shone;
He open'd calm the universal cause,
To give each realm its limit and its laws,
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;
Till one confederate, condependent sway
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centred system, one all-ruling soul,
Live thro' the parts and regulate the whole.

This is the outline of the Columbiad. In its composition it is an enlargement of the *Vision of Columbus*, which his simple-minded countrymen, perplexed by the new notions of the author, liked the better of the two.

Barlow's alterations and amendments of his early poem, like most changes of the kind where poems have been rewritten, might as well have been left unattempted. "God mend me," said Pope, in his favorite form of exclamation, to the link-boy; "Mend you, indeed," replied the boy to the shambling little bard, "it would be far easier to make a new one." There is occasionally an improvement, however, in particularity of detail, the prevailing fault of both poems being a vague generality of expression. A comparison of one or two passages will throw some light on the peculiar powers of Barlow, and the verse-generating habit of the age, when Pope was still worshipped and Darwin was the newly-arrived celebrity of the day.

Barlow, in the interval between the publication of the two poems, had become a neologist in words. It is in his later poem that we find the ill-digested scientific phrases thrown out, which he had swallowed at the banquet of the philosophers. The sky "lamp'd with reverberant fires," "this bivaulted sphere," nature which "impalms all space," "the impermeated mass" of chaos, "crude and crass," globes whirling forth "in cosmogyral course," and hundreds of other similar crudities, were inventions of Barlow's later day. In the midst of these scientific impertinences, however, he has introduced one of his purest passages on the birth of creation, when—

light at last begun,
And every system found a centred sun,
Call'd to his neighbor, and exchanged from far
His infant gleams with every social star;
Rays thwarting rays and skies o'erarching skies,
Robed their dim planets with commingling dyes,
Hung o'er each heaven their living lamps serene,
And tinged with blue the frore expanse between:
Then joyous Nature hail'd the golden morn,
Drank the young beam, beheld her empire born.

In his allusion to the pyramids, he gives in a word a new sense of their enormous mass, threatening to disturb the orbit of gravitation:—

Press the *poized* earth with their enormous weights.

In the review of intellectual progress, in the ninth book of the *Columbiad*—

There, like her lark, gay Chaucer leads the lay,
The matin carol of his country's day:

is an improvement on

Where, like the star that leads the orient day,
Chaucer directs his tuneful sons their way.

The introduction of Franklin in the first sketch is more poetical than in the second. In the *Vision*:—

See on yon darkening height bold Franklin stand

in the *Columbiad*, this truthful glimpse of nature is spoilt by the poetical finery of—

Yon meteor-mantled hill see Franklin tread.

Another line is, however, an improvement, the change from—

His daring toils, the threatening blast that wait,

To—

His well-tried wires, that every tempest wait.

In which we get nearer to the fact; and fact and reality are not such enemies to poetry as is sometimes apprehended.

On other pages he omits his warmer religious views of 1787, the date of his first version. The picture of the divinely-nurtured life of the preacher and the earnest indication of the atonement of the seventh and eighth books of the *Vision* are entirely omitted in the *Columbiad;* while we have a vast deal of science in their stead.

In this poem there is a vivid anticipation of the material progress of the world in opening lines of communication by canals, which appears again with some modifications in the Columbiad. As it gives Barlow's poetry the high merit, in addition to whatever other qualities it may possess, of the prophetic instinct, we quote the passage from the earliest copy in *The Vision*, printed in 1787, when "internal improvements," not as yet developed by Fulton and Clinton, rested wholly in such chimerical suppositions. As we write, the newspapers of the day (March, 1854) are occupied with an additional fulfilment of the prophecy, in the division, if we may be allowed to receive the Panama railroad as a substitute for Barlow's canal, of the "ridgy Darien hills" opening the commerce of Peru.

He saw, as widely spreads the unchannel'd plain,
Where inland realms for ages bloom'd in vain,
Canals, long-winding, ope a watery flight,
And distant streams and seas and lakes unite.
Where Darien hills o'erlook the gulphy tide,
By human art, the ridgy banks divide;
Ascending sails the opening pass pursue,
And waft the sparkling treasures of Peru.
Jeneiro's stream from Plata winds his way,
And bold Madera opes from Paraguay.
From fair Albania, tow'rd the falling sun,
Back thro' the midland, lengthening channels run,
Meet the far lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,
And Hudson join to broad Ohio's wave.*
From dim Superior, whose unfathom'd sea
Drinks the mild splendors of the setting day,
New paths, unfolding, lead their watery pride,
And towns and empires rise along their side;
To Mississippi's source the passes bend,
And to the broad Pacific main extend.
From the red banks of blest Arabia's tide,
Thro' the dread isthmus, waves unwonted glide;
From Europe's crowded coasts while bounding sails
Look through the pass and call the Asian gales.
Volga and Oby distant oceans join,
And the long Danube meets the rolling Rhine;
While other streams that cleave the midland plain,
Spread their new courses to the distant main.

The notes to the Columbiad and the preliminary account of Columbus are well written. The anticipation of the decline of public war, from the decline of private, is felicitous. Alluding to the legend on the cannon of Louis XIV., *ultima ratio regum*, he says, "There certainly was a time when the same device might have been written on the hatchet or club or fist of every man; and the best weapon of destruction that he could wield against his neighbor might have been called *ultima ratio virorum*, meaning that human reason could go no farther." His remarks on the philosophy of history show what would have been the spirit of his contemplated History of the American Revolution, in which he would doubtless have anticipated something of the treatment of Bancroft. He carries his single idea of the evils of war to a ridiculous excess, forgetting for the moment the uses of poetry and the imagination, when he falls foul of Homer for his pictures of battles and kings, and pronounces the opinion that the existence of that famous old bard "has really proved one of the signal misfortunes of mankind."*

The *Columbiad* was reprinted in 1809, in two duodecimo volumes; it was republished in England and also in Paris. In this year Barlow delivered a Fourth of July Oration at the request of the Democratic citizens of the District of Columbia, in which he urged a general system of public improvement and public instruction to be sustained by appropriations from government. He next turned his attention to the composition of a history of the United States, a task which was interrupted by his appointment from Monroe of Minister to France, succeeding Armstrong. His new French labors were applied to the difficult negotiations with the government, growing out of the policy of France in the Berlin and Milan decrees. In October, 1812, when Bonaparte was on his Russian campaign, Barlow received an invitation to wait upon him at Wilna. He set off post-haste; the severity of the weather and fatigues of the journey, with the changes of temperature from the small Jewish taverns in Poland to the atmosphere without, induced an inflammation of the lungs, to which he rapidly succumbed, dying on his return to Paris, December 22, 1812, at Zarnawicka, an unimportant village near Cracow.

His last poem was a withering expression of his sentiment towards Napoleon. It was dictated by Barlow, in December, 1812, while lying on his bed, to his secretary, Thomas Barlow, about midnight, only a night or two before the van of the French army, which had been defeated by the burning of Moscow, entered Wilna on their retreat, the same month in which he died. It was copied in diplomatic characters and sent to Mrs. Barlow in Paris, but it never reached her. The original poem written at Wilna is now in the possession of the Rev. Lemuel G. Olmstead, who has placed a copy at our disposal. The paper has, in watermark, a head of Napoleon, and the words, "*Napoleon Empereur des Francais et Roi D'Italie.*"

ADVICE TO A RAVEN IN RUSSIA.

Black fool, why winter here? These frozen skies,
Worn by your wings and deafened by your cries,

* In the Columbiad (1807) these last four lines read—

From Mohawk's mouth, far westing with the sun,
Thro' all the midlands recent channels run,
Tap the redundant lakes, the broad hills brave,
And Hudson marry with Missouri's wave.

* Preface to the Columbiad.

Should warn you hence, where milder suns invite,
And Day alternates with his mother Night.
You fear, perhaps, your food will fail you there—
Your human carnage, that delicious fare,
That lured you hither, following still your friend,
The great Napoleon, to the world's bleak end.
You fear because the southern climes pour'd forth
Their clustering nations to infest the north—
Bavarians, Austrians—those who drink the Po,
And those who skirt the Tuscan seas below,
With all Germania, Neustria, Belgia, Gaul,
Doom'd here to wade through slaughter to their fall.
You fear he left behind no wars to feed
His feather'd cannibals and nurse the breed.
Fear not, my screamer, call your greedy train,
Sweep over Europe, hurry back to Spain—
You'll find his legions there, the valiant crew,
Please best their masters when they toil for you.
Abundant there they spread the country o'er,
And taint the breeze with every nation's gore—
Iberian, Russian, British, widely strown,
But still more wide and copious flows their own.
Go where you will, Calabria, Malta, Greece,
Egypt and Syria still his fame increase.
Domingo's fattened isle and India's plains
Glow deep with purple drawn from Gallic veins.
No raven's wing can stretch the flight so far
As the torn bandrols of Napoleon's war.
Choose then your climate, fix your best abode—
He'll make you deserts and he'll bring you blood.
How could you fear a dearth? Have not mankind,
Though slain by millions, millions left behind?
Has not conscription still the power to wield
Her annual falchion o'er the human field?
A faithful harvester! or if a man
Escape that gleaner, shall he 'scape the ban,
The triple ban, that, like the hound of hell,
Gripes with three joles to hold his victims well!
Fear nothing, then! hatch fast your ravenous brood,
Teach them to cry to Buonaparte for food.
They'll be, like you, of all his suppliant train,
The only class that never cries in vain!
For see what natural benefits you lend—
The surest way to fix the mutual friend—
While on his slaughtered troops your tribes are fed,
You cleanse his camp and carry off his dead,
Imperial scavenger, but now, you know,
Your work is vain amid these hills of snow.
His tentless troops are marbled through with frost,
And changed to crystal when the breath is lost.
Mere trunks of ice, though limn'd like human frames,
And lately warmed with life's endearing flames,
They cannot taint the air, the world infest,
Nor can you tear one fibre from their breast.
No! from their visual sockets as they lie,
With beak and claws you cannot pluck an eye—
The frozen orb, preserving still its form,
Defies your talons as it braves the storm,
But stands and stares to God as if to know,
In what curst hands he leaves his world below!
Fly then, or starve, though all the dreadful road
From Minsk to Moscow with their bodies strow'd
May count some myriads, yet they can't suffice
To feed you more beneath these dreadful skies.
Go back and winter in the wilds of Spain;
Feast there awhile, and in the next campaign
Rejoin your master, for you'll find him then,
With his new millions of the race of men,
Clothed in his thunders, all his flags unfurl'd,
Raging and storming o'er a prostrate world!
War after war his hungry soul requires;
State after state shall sink beneath his fires.
Yet other Spains in victim smoke shall rise.
And other Moscows suffocate the skies.
Each land lie reeking with its people slain,
And not a stream run bloodless to the main,
Till men resume their souls, and dare to shed
Earth's total vengeance on the monster's head!

Barlow in early life married Ruth, sister of the celebrated politician, Abraham Baldwin, a Connecticut man who settled in Georgia, and who received in his post in Congress Barlow's political letters from Europe. In the dedication of the Columbiad to Fulton, Barlow speaks of the poem being much benefited by "the observations of my excellent wife." This lady survived him nearly six years, dying at his seat of Kalorama, May 30, 1818, at the age of sixty-two.

HYMN TO PEACE.

Hail, sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode
'Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God,
Before his arm, around this shapeless earth,
Stretch'd the wide heav'ns and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue;
Veiled in the brightness of th' Almighty's mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclined;
Borne through the heaven, with his creating voice,
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice;
Gave to seraphic hearts their sounding lays,
Their joy to angels and to men their praise.

From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores that stain,
From gasping friends that press the sanguine plain,
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
Have rung discordant through the unpleasing lay;
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
O'er heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead:
Accept, departed shades, these grateful sighs,
Your fond attendants to the approving skies.
But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
With yon retiring navies to the main;
While other views unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.
Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celestial throng,
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;
To see thy blissful charms that here descend,
Thro' distant realms and endless years extend.

THE CONSPIRACY OF KINGS.

Eternal Truth, thy trump undaunted lend,
People, and priests, and courts, and kings, attend;
While, borne on western gales from that far shore
Where Justice reigns, and tyrants tread no more,
Th' untainted voice that no dissuasion awes,
That fears no frown, and seeks no blind applause,
Shall tell the bliss that Freedom sheds abroad,
The rights of Nature, and the gift of God.
Think not, ye knaves, whom meanness styles the great,
Drones of the church and harpies of the state,—
Ye, whose curst sires, for blood and plunder fam'd,
Sultans, or kings, or czars, or emp'rors nam'd,
Taught the deluded world their claims to own,
And raise the crested reptiles to a throne,—
Ye, who pretend to your dark host was given
The lamp of life, the mystic keys of heaven;
Whose impious arts with magic spells began,
When shades of ign'rance veil'd the race of man;

Who change, from age to age, the sly deceit,
As science beams, and virtue learns the cheat;
Tyrants of double powers, the souls that blind,
To rob, to scourge, and brutalize mankind,—
Think not I come to croak with omen'd yell
The dire damnations of your future hell,
To bend a bigot or reform a knave,
By op'ning all the scenes beyond the grave.
I know your crusted souls: while one defies,
In sceptic scorn, the vengeance of the skies,
The other boasts,—I ken thee, power divine,
But fear thee not; th' avenging bolt is mine.
No! 'tis the present world that prompts the song,
The world we see, the world that feels the wrong,
The world of *men*, whose arguments ye know,
Of men, long curb'd to servitude and woe,
Men, rous'd from sloth, by indignation stung,
Their strong hands loos'd, and found their fearless tongue;
Whose voice of thunder, whose descending steel,
Shall speak to souls, and teach dull nerves to feel.
Think not, (ah no, the weak delusion shun,
Burke leads you wrong, the world is not his own),
Indulge not once the thought, the vap'ry dream,
The fool's repast, the mad-man's thread-bare theme,
That nations, rising in the light of truth,
Strong with new life and pure regenerate youth,
Will shrink from toils so splendidly begun,
Their bliss abandon and their glory shun,
Betray the trust by Heav'n's own hand consign'd,
The great concentred stake, the interest of mankind.
Ye speak of kings combin'd, some league that draws
Europe's whole force, to save your sinking cause;
Of fancy'd hosts by myriads that advance
To crush the untry'd power of new-born France.
Misguided men! these idle tales despise;
Let one bright ray of reason strike your eyes;
Show me your kings, the sceptred horde parade,—
See their pomp vanish! see your Visions fade!
Indignant MAN resumes the shaft he gave,
Disarms the tyrant and unbinds the slave,
Displays the unclad skeletons of kings,*
Spectres of power, and serpents without stings.
And shall mankind,—shall France, whose giant might
Rent the dark veil, and dragg'd them forth to light,
Heed now their threats in dying anguish tost?
And she who fell'd the monster, fear the ghost?
Bid young Alcides, in his grasp who takes,
And gripes with naked hand the twisting snakes,
Their force exhausted, bid him prostrate fall,
And dread their shadows trembling on the wall.
But grant to kings and courts their ancient play,
Recal their splendour and revive their sway;
Can all your cant and all your cries persuade
One power to join you in your wild crusade?
In vain ye search to earth's remotest end;
No court can aid you, and no king defend.
Not the mad knave who Sweden's sceptre stole,
Nor she whose thunder shakes the northern pole;
Nor Frederic's widow'd sword, that scorns to tell
On whose weak brow his crown reluctant fell.
Not the tri-sceptred prince, of Austrian mould,
The ape of wisdom and the slave of gold,
Theresa's son, who, with a feeble grace,
Just mimics all the vices of his race;
For him no charm can foreign strife afford,
Too mean to spend his wealth, too wise to trust his sword.
Glance o'er the Pyrenees,—but you'll disdain
To break the dream that soothes the monk of Spain.
He counts his beads, and spends his holy zeal
To raise once more th' inquisitorial wheel,
Prepares the faggot and the flame renews,
To roast the French, as once the Moors and Jews:
While abler hands the busy task divide,
His queen to dandle and his state to guide.
Yet ask great Pitt to join your desp'rate work,—
See how his annual aid confounds the Turk!
Like a war-elephant his bulk he shows,
And treads down friends, when frighten'd by his foes.
Where then, forsaken villains, will ye turn?
Of France the outcast and of earth the scorn;
What new-made charm can dissipate your fears?
Can Burke's mad foam, or Calonne's house of peers?
Can Artois' sword, that erst near Calpe's wall,
Where Crillon fought and Elliott was to fall,
Burn'd with the fire of fame, but harmless burn'd,
For sheath'd the sword remain'd, and in its sheath return'd!
Oh Burke, degenerate slave! with grief and shame
The Muse indignant must repeat thy name.
Strange man, declare,—since, at creation's birth,
From crumbling chaos sprang this heav'n and earth,
Since wrecks and outcast relics still remain,
Whirl'd ceaseless round confusion's dreary reign,
Declare, from all these fragments, whence you stole
That genius wild, that monstrous mass of soul;
Where spreads the widest waste of all extremes,
Full darkness frowns, and heav'n's own splendour beams;
Truth, error, falsehood, rhetoric's raging tide,
And pomp and meanness, prejudice and pride,
Strain to an endless clang thy voice of fire,
Thy thoughts bewilder and thy audience tire.
Like Phœbus' son, we see thee wing thy way,
Snatch the loose reins, and mount the car of day,
To earth now plunging plough thy wasting course,
The great sublime of weakness and of force.
But while the world's keen eye, with generous glance,
Thy faults could pardon and thy worth enhance.
When foes were hush'd, when justice dar'd commend,
And e'en fond freedom claim'd thee as a friend,
Why, in a gulph of baseness, sink forlorn,
And change pure praise for infamy and scorn?
And didst thou hope, by thy infuriate quill
To rouse mankind the blood of realms to spill?
Then to restore, on death-devoted plains,
Their scourge to tyrants, and to man his chains?
To swell their souls with thy own bigot rage,
And blot the glories of so bright an age?
First stretch thy arm, and, with less impious might,
Wipe out the stars, and quench the solar light:
"*For heav'n and earth*," the voice of God ordains,
"*Shall pass and perish, but my word remains*,"
Th' eternal WORD, which gave, in spite of thee,
REASON to man, that bids the man be free.
Thou could'st not hope: 'twas heav'n's returning grace,
In kind compassion to our injur'd race,
Which stripp'd that soul, ere it should flee from hence,
Of the last garb of decency or sense.
Left thee its own foul horrors to display,
In all the blackness of its native day,
To sink at last, from earth's glad surface hurl'd,
The sordid sov'reign of the letter'd world.
In some sad hour, ere death's dim terrors spread,
Ere seas of dark oblivion whelm thy head,
Reflect, lost man,—If those, thy kindred knaves,
O'er the broad Rhine whose flag rebellious waves,
Once draw the sword; its burning point shall bring

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* *Ossa vides regum vacuis exhausta medullis.*
JUVENAL, *Sat.* 8.

To thy quick nerves a never-ending sting;
The blood they shed thy weight of woe shall swell,
And their grim ghosts for ever with thee dwell.
Learn hence, ye tyrants, ere ye learn too late,
Of all your craft th' inevitable fate.
The hour is come, the world's inclosing eyes
Discern with rapture where its wisdom lies;
From western heav'ns th' inverted orient springs,
The morn of man, the dreadful night of kings.
Dim, like the day-struck owl, ye grope in light,
No arm for combat, no resource in flight;
If on your guards your lingering hopes repose,
Your guards are men, and men you've made your foes;
If to your rocky ramparts ye repair,
De Launay's fate can tell your fortune there.
No turn, no shift, no courtly arts avail,
Each mask is broken, all illusions fail;
Driv'n to your last retreat of shame and fear,
One counsel waits you, one relief is near:
By worth internal, rise to self-wrought fame,
Your equal rank, your human kindred claim;
'Tis reason's choice, 'tis wisdom's final plan,
To drop the monarch and assume the man.
Hail MAN, exalted title! first and best,
On God's own image by his hand imprest,
To which at last the reas'ning race is driven,
And seeks anew what first it gain'd from heaven.
O MAN, my brother, how the cordial flame
Of all endearments kindles at the name!
In every clime, thy visage greets my eyes,
In every tongue thy kindred accents rise;
The thought expanding swells my heart with glee,
It finds a friend, and loves itself in thee.
Say then, fraternal family divine,
Whom mutual wants and mutual aids combine,
Say from what source the dire delusion rose,
That souls like ours were ever made for foes;
Why earth's maternal bosom, where we tread,
To rear our mansions and receive our bread,
Should blush so often for the race she bore,
So long be drench'd with floods of filial gore;
Why to small realms for ever rest confin'd
Our great affections, meant for all mankind.
Though climes divide us; shall the stream or sea,
That forms a barrier 'twixt my friend and me,
Inspire the wish his peaceful state to mar,
And meet his falchion in the ranks of war?
Not seas, nor climes, nor wild ambition's fire
In nation's minds could e'er the wish inspire;
Where equal rights each sober voice should guide,
No blood would stain them, and no war divide.
'Tis dark deception, 'tis the glare of state,
Man sunk in titles, lost in small and great:
'Tis rank, distinction, all the hell that springs
From those prolific monsters, courts and kings.
These are the vampires nurs'd on nature's spoils;
For these with pangs the starving peasant toils,
For these the earth's broad surface teems with grain,
Theirs the dread labours of the devious main;
And when the wasted world but dares refuse
The gifts oppressive and extorted dues,
They bid wild slaughter spread the gory plains,
The life-blood gushing from a thousand veins,
Erect their thrones amid the sanguine flood,
And dip their purple in the nation's blood.
The gazing crowd, of glittering state afraid,
Adore the power their coward meanness made;
In war's short intervals, while regal shows
Still blind their reason and insult their woes,
What strange events for proud processions call!
See kingdoms crowding to a birth-night ball!
See the long pomp in gorgeous glare display'd,
The tinsel'd guards, the squadron'd horse parade;
See heralds gay, with emblems on their vest,
In tissu'd robes, tall, beauteous pages drest;
Amid superior ranks of splendid slaves,
Lords, dukes and princes, titulary knaves,
Confus'dly shine their crosses, gems and stars,
Sceptres and globes and crowns and spoils of wars.
On gilded orbs see thundering chariots roll'd,
Steeds, snorting fire, and champing bitts of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice; while each assumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on a moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the chosen scourge of man;
Clarions and flutes and drums his way prepare,
And shouting millions rend the troubled air;
Millions, whose ceaseless toils the pomp sustain,
Whose hour of stupid joy repays an age of pain.
Of these no more. From orders, slaves and kings,
To thee, O MAN, my heart rebounding springs,
Behold th' ascending bliss that waits thy call,
Heav'n's own bequest, the heritage of all.
Awake to wisdom, seize the proffer'd prize;
From shade to light, from grief to glory rise.
Freedom at last, with reason in her train,
Extends o'er earth her everlasting reign;
See Gallia's sons, so late the tyrant's sport,
Machines in war and sycophants at court,
Start into men, expand their well-taught mind,
Lords of themselves and leaders of mankind.
On equal rights their base of empire lies,
On walls of wisdom see the structure rise;
Wide o'er the gazing world it towers sublime,
A modell'd form for each surrounding clime.
To useful toils they bend their noblest aim,
Make patriot views and moral views the same,
Renounce the wish of war, bid conquest cease,
Invite all men to happiness and peace,
To faith and justice rear the youthful race,
With strength exalt them and with science grace.
Till truth's blest banners, o'er the regions hurl'd,
Shake tyrants from their thrones, and cheer the waking world.
In northern climes, where feudal shades of late
Chill'd every heart and palsied every state,
Behold, illumin'd by th' instructive age,
That great phenomenon, a sceptred sage.
There Stanislaus unfurls his prudent plan,
Tears the strong bandage from the eyes of man,
Points the progressive march, and shapes the way,
That leads a realm from darkness into day.
And deign, for once, to turn a transient eye
To that wide world that skirts the western sky;
Hail the mild morning, where the dawn began,
The full fruition of the hopes of man.
Where sage experience seals the sacred cause;
And that rare union, liberty and laws.
Speaks to the reas'ning race: to freedom rise,
Like them be equal, and like them be wise.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

A Poem in Three Cantos.

Written at Chambery in Savoy, January, 1793.

By Joel Barlow.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses.

To Mrs. Washington.

MADAM:—A simplicity in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so great and necessary a virtue to the rational part of mankind, I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. I am sensible that it is one of those sub-

jects in which example has infinitely more power than the most convincing arguments, or the highest charms of poetry. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, though possessing these two advantages in a greater degree than any other work of the kind, has not prevented villages in England from being deserted. The apparent interest of the rich individuals, who form the taste as well as the laws in that country, has been against him; and with that interest it has been vain to contend.

The vicious habits which in this little piece I endeavor to combat, seem to me not so difficult to cure. No class of people has any interest in supporting them, unless it be the interest which certain families may feel in vieing with each other in sumptuous entertainments. There may indeed be some instances of depraved appetites which no arguments will conquer; but these must be rare. There are very few persons but would always prefer a plain dish for themselves, and would prefer it likewise for their guests, if there were no risk of reputation in the case. This difficulty can only be removed by example; and the example should proceed from those whose situation enables them to take the lead in forming the manners of a nation. Persons of this description in America, I should hope, are neither above nor below the influence of truth and reason when conveyed in language suited to the subject.

Whether the manner I have chosen to address my arguments to them be such as to promise any success, is what I cannot decide. But I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many rhymes together; and much less should I have ventured to place your name at the head of these observations.

Your situation commands the respect and your character the affections of a numerous people. These circumstances impose a duty upon you, which I believe you discharge to your own satisfaction and that of others. The example of your domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect among your countrywomen. I only wish to rank *simplicity of diet* among the virtues. In that case it will certainly be cherished by you, and I should hope more esteemed by others than it is at present.

THE AUTHOR.

THE HASTY PUDDING.—CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurled,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingle, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,

No more thy awkward unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella whom I sang before
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.*
From climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize:
A grain, whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short gentle showers, and bright etherial fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more,
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French of course *Polente*.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spaw
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth,
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding!* thus my sire
Was wont to greet thee fuming from his fire;
And while he argued in thy just defence

* A certain king, at the time when this was written, was publishing proclamations to prevent American principles from being propagated in his country.

With logic clear, he thus explain'd the sense:—
"In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling, man, to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious: am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, claim a kin to mine?
Sure the sweet song, I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims: I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days!
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.

Let the green succotash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride,
Rich *Johnny-Cake*, this mouth has often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot,
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast,
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows,—
You tempt me not—my fav'rite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach, and to sink the heart
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first fram'd her book,
Commanding sweats to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee—his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness drest,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.

While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother sees the morning cauldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care;
To spread the table and the bowls prepare;
To feed the household as their portions cool
And send them all to labor or to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
E'en *Hasty-Pudding*, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies,
Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring,
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone but labor from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
When met to burn the pope, or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row
Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe:
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.

Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
The busy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done:
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-drest field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade;
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,

The bolder squirrel labors through the day.
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their gran'ries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage, where they take no part,—
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
To boil the *Hasty-Pudding;* here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them, in substance or in song.
At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stones;
Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.
Ah who can sing what every wight must feel,
The joy that enters with the bag of meal,
A general jubilee pervades the house,
Wakes every child and gladdens every mouse.

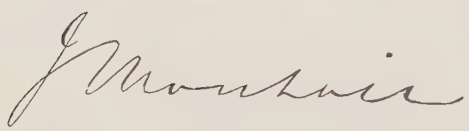
CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaus,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can tell;
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the round, and culls one favored beau,
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport, as are the wits and brains
Of well pleased lasses and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.
Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high; and, as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill-dam breaks)
Foams, roars, and rages, with incessant toils,
So the vex'd cauldron rages, roars and boils.
First with clean salt, she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn: and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.
I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More useful matters to my faithful song.
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.
Some with molasses grace the luscious treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful and the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Blest cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
Mother of Egypt's god,—but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!
How oft thy bounties prove my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!
And roar'd, like thee, to see thy children slain!
Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.
Milk then with pudding I should always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Good for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due,
So taught my sire, and what he taught is true.
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace,
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of art.
These tuneful lips that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide.
Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side.
Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:——
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin; or like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project,
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall,
The wide mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all!*

* The following note was added:—
"There are various ways of preparing and eating it; with molasses, butter, sugar, cream, and fried. Why so excellent a thing cannot be eaten alone? Nothing is perfect alone, even man who boasts of so much perfection is nothing without his fellow substance. In eating, beware of the lurking heat that lies deep in the mass; dip your spoon gently, take shallow dips and cool it by degrees. It is sometimes necessary to blow. This is indicated by certain signs which every experienced feeder knows. They should be taught to young beginners. I have known a child's tongue blistered for want of this attention, and then the schooldame would insist that the poor thing had told a lie. A mistake: the falsehood was in the faithless pudding. A prudent mother will cool it for her child with her own sweet breath. The husband, seeing this, pretends his own wants blowing too from the same lips. A sly deceit of love.

JOHN MARSHALL.

JOHN MARSHALL, the author of the Life of Washington, and the judicial basis of authority of the Supreme Court of the United States, was one of the vigorous natural growths of America, which could sometimes out of the field of action and the energies of the new state produce even great lawyers—the product, according to Lord Coke, of the vigils of twenty years—at much shorter notice. Hamilton took his station at the bar in almost a single step from the camp. Marshall's education was that of a soldier. Both, however, possessed what neither the Temple nor Westminster Hall, Littleton nor Coke could confer—the judicial mind. Nature had set in these men the elements of the law, and whatever wind that should blow, was to ripen them.



John Marshall was born (the eldest of a family of fifteen children) in Fauquier county, Virginia, September 24, 1755. His father was a man of character and ability, of limited education and opportunities among the mountains of Virginia, but of sufficient insight and sagacity to direct the capacities of his son, whom he placed, at the age of fourteen, under the charge of a clergyman, a Mr. Campbell, at a considerable distance from his home, receiving him back again at the end of a year, to complete what book knowledge he was to start in the world with, under the tuition of another clergyman from Scotland, who had then become guardian of the parish, and an inmate of his father's house. This is one of many instances in which the great minds of America received their first discipline at the hands of the clergy. At a somewhat later day, in Virginia, William Wirt, another legal eminence, received his first culture and generous love of learning at the hands of a clergyman—the Rev. James Hunt, from Princeton. James Madison was educated by a clergyman, and also Legaré. Hamilton in the West Indies was taught, and sent to New York by a clergyman, Dr. Knox, at Santa Cruz, and two clergymen of that city, Drs. Rodgers and Mason, received him on his arrival. In New England it was the general rule. The clergyman was the sun of the intellectual system in village, township, and city. John Adams, in his early life—we may take him as a fair type of self-culture, seizing upon all neighboring advantages—was almost as much a clerical growth as a pupil of St. Omer's or the Propaganda. Throughout the South, the clergyman was the pioneer of education. This is a missionary influence which does not suggest itself so prominently as it should to the American of the present day. We are apt to think of the clergyman only in his relation to the pulpit, and confine our notions of his influence to the family and the parish, in those concerns of eternal welfare which are locked up in the privacies of home and the heart. These spiritual relations have, indeed, the grandest and widest scope; but there are others which should not be separated from them. The clergyman not only sanctified and cemented the parish, but he founded the state. It was his instruction which moulded the soldier and the statesman. Living among agriculturists remote from towns, where language and literature would naturally be neglected and corrupted, in advance of the schoolmaster and the school, he was the future college in embryo. When we see men like Marshall graduating at his right hand, with no other courses than the simple man of God who had left the refinements of civilization for the wilderness taught, and with no other diploma but his benediction, we may indeed stop to honor their labors. Let the name of the American missionary of the colonial and revolutionary age suggest something more to the student of our history than the limited notion of a combatant with heathenism and vice. He was also the companion and guide to genius and virtue. When the memorials of those days are written, let his name be recorded, in no insignificant or feeble letters, on the page with the great men of the state whom his talents and presence inspired.

Like his father, Marshall took part in the active military service of the Revolutionary war, starting in the action of the provincial militia of Virginia with Lord Dunmore at the Great Bridge. He attained the rank of a Captain in 1777, and was at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, continuing with his Virginia company till the expiration of their term of service. In the midst of these affairs he attained his initiatory knowledge of law; was admitted to the bar in 1780, and recalled at once to the field to repel the invasion of Arnold. He rose rapidly in his legal profession at the close of the war in 1782, when he was elected to the legislature of his state, appearing in that assembly, from various constituencies, till 1796. When the Constitution of the United States was ratified in 1788 by the Virginia convention, he was a member of that body, ably seconding its provisions. In 1797 he was minister to France, with Pinckney and Gerry, in the unsuccessful attempt at negotiation with the French Directory, when his native manliness and honor were brought in contact with

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She knows the cheat, but feigning ignorance, lends her pouting lips and gives a gentle blast, which warms the husband's heart more than it cools his pudding."

the mean and subtle policy of Talleyrand. Returning to America the next year, he was elected to Congress in 1799. His speech in the House of Representatives, when the papers were called for in the Robbins case, is one of the great landmarks of Congressional debate. Robbins had been a mutineer in the British navy; had escaped to the United States; betrayed his disguise at Charleston; been reclaimed under the British treaty; surrendered by the administration; carried off to Halifax; tried, and executed. Marshall closed a long debate with a brilliant legal vindication of the Government. It prepared his way to the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court in 1801, the office with which his memory is identified. In the authority and ability of his decisions, extended over a period of thirty-five years, he still exists in the life and action of the Republic.*

His latest memorialist, Benton, quotes John Randolph's eulogy of his "native dignity and unpretending grace" in this office, and adds this tribute to the man and his manners:—"He was supremely fitted for high judicial station—a solid judgment, great reasoning powers, acute and penetrating mind; with manners and habits to suit the purity and the sanctity of the ermine; attentive, patient, laborious; grave on the bench, social in the intercourse of life; simple in his tastes, and inexorably just. Seen by a stranger come into a room, and he would be taken for a modest country gentleman, without claims to attention, and ready to take the lowest place in company or at table, and to act his part without trouble to anybody. Spoken to and closely observed, he could be seen to be a gentleman of finished breeding, of winning and prepossessing talk, and just as much mind as the occasion required him to show."†

In 1805 appeared his Life of Washington, in five octavo volumes.‡ As a narrative it is faithful and conscientious, and it relies on valuable original material, the writer having had access to the papers of the family.

Marshall died in office, at Philadelphia, July 6, 1835, having, shortly previous to his death, borne with characteristic fortitude a painful and temporarily successful operation for the stone. As the patient was nearly eighty years of age, this is one of the remarkable cases of medical science.

A courteous and intelligent English traveller in the United States, the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, has given us a pleasing picture of Marshall, as he appeared at Richmond in 1835, a few months before his death:—"A tall, venerable man; his hair tied in a cue, according to olden custom, and with a countenance indicating that simplicity of mind and benignity which so eminently distinguish his character. I had the pleasure of several long conversations with him, and was struck with admiration at the extraordinary union of modesty and power, gentleness and force which his mind displays. His house is small, and more humble in appearance than those of the average of successful lawyers or merchants. I called three times upon him; there is no bell to the door; once I turned the handle of it, and walked in unannounced; on the other two occasions he had seen me coming, and lifted the latch and received me at the door, although he was at the time suffering from some very severe contusions received in the stage while travelling on the road from Fredericksburg to Richmond. I verily believe there is not a particle of vanity in his composition, unless it be of that venial and hospitable nature which induces him to pride himself on giving to his friends the best glass of Madeira in Virginia."*

Anecdotes of the simplicity of Marshall are numerous. On one occasion, as the story has been related to us, at the old market at Richmond, meeting a would-be exquisite, and hearing him call for some one to take a turkey which he had purchased home for him, he humorously offered himself. He was in his usual plain dress, and the gentleman, taking him for a countryman, accepted his services. The judge carried the turkey home, and actually received a shilling for his services, which proved a very costly retainer to the young man, in the amount of chagrin he endured, when he found that his porter was the Chief-Justice of the United States. He added to his rustic appearance with his homespun dress and yarn stockings, on some occasions, by coming into court covered with the burrs caught in riding through the woods from his farm on his little pony.

His favorite haunt at Richmond was Buchanan's spring, just on the edge of town, where he used to go with the club of which he was a member, pitch quoits, drink juleps, and dispute about the technicalities of the game with the zest of a boy. The club still survives, rich in these traditions.†

WASHINGTON.

In the sober language of reality, without attempting to deck a figure with ornaments or with qualities borrowed from the imagination, a person who has had some opportunity to observe him while living, and who since his decease has most assiduously inspected his private and public papers, will endeavour faithfully to give the impressions which he has himself received.

General Washington was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous—capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness.

His manners were rather reserved than free,

* In 1839, an octavo volume of Marshall's leading decisions in the Supreme Court was published in Boston—"The Writings of John Marshall, late Chief Justice of the United States, upon the Federal Constitution."

† Thirty Years' View, by a Senator, i. 681.

‡ The Life of George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the American forces, during the war which established the independence of his country, and first President of the United States: compiled under the inspection of the Honourable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, and now in possession of the author, to which is prefixed an Introduction, containing a compendious view of the Colonies planted by the English on the Continent of North America, from the settlement to the commencement of that war which terminated in their Independence. By John Marshall, Philadelphia.

* Travels in North America during the years 1834-5-6, ch. ix.

† Art. Encyclopædia Americana. Supplementary Volume. Life by Story, American Portrait Gallery, and Discourse before the Suffolk Bar. 1835. Sketch and Eulogy by Horace Binney, Philadelphia, 1835. George Van Santvoord's Lives of Chief Justices, 1854.

though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution, which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candour will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience, the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable, were seldom if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great or decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means, will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard, without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favourable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modelling the army of 1798, he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less than for their prudence in counsel, and contemplated a system of continued attack. "The enemy," said the general in his private letters, "must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores."

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and, though far from being regardless of popular favour, he could never stoop to retain by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.

In speculation, he was a real republican, devoted to the constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between order and chaos. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue.

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which for ever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy."

If Washington possessed ambition, that passion

was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the mean of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

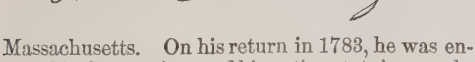
In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities? of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce? of the constant favour of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him? the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide: and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise: and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

AARON BANCROFT

Was born at Reading, Massachusetts, November 10, 1755. His father was a farmer, and the son assisted him in the intervals of his hurried studies with the migratory school of the district. He entered Harvard in 1774, and succeeded in the midst of the revolutionary difficulties in getting his degree in 1788. He became a clergyman, and in 1780 accepted a call to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, with the consent of the executive council of



Massachusetts. On his return in 1783, he was engaged in Connecticut and his native state in preaching, forming a permanent connexion with a congregational society at Worcester, in 1785. He published a great number of sermons and addresses.* Many of these are on topics of religious education. He also took an active part in the affairs of his town, in the improvement of secular instruction. His *Life of Washington*, a narrative written with ease and simplicity, mainly based on the work of Marshall, in which he led the way for the pursuits of his son the historian, was published at Worcester in an octavo volume, in 1807. He delivered, on the 31st January, 1836, a discourse on the fifty years of his ministry at Worcester, which has been printed with historical notes. John Adams admired his *Sermons on the Doctrines of the Gospel*. In 1823, he acknowledges "the gift of a precious volume. It is a chain of diamonds set in links of gold. I have never read, nor heard read, a volume of sermons better calculated and adapted to the age and country in which it was written."

Dr. Bancroft died at Worcester, in his eighty-fifth year, August 19, 1840.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

General Washington was exactly six feet in height; he appeared taller, as his shoulders rose a little higher than the true proportion. His eyes were of a gray, and his hair of a brown color. His limbs were well formed, and indicated strength. His complexion was light, and his countenance serene and thoughtful.

His manners were graceful, manly, and dignified. His general appearance never failed to engage the respect and esteem of all who approached him.

Possessing strong natural passions, and having the nicest feelings of honor, he was in early life prone keenly to resent practices which carried the intention of abuse or insult; but the reflections of maturer age gave him the most perfect government of himself. He possessed a faculty above all other men to hide the weaknesses inseparable from human nature; and he bore with meekness and equanimity his distinguished honors.

Reserved, but not haughty, in his disposition, he was accessible to all in concerns of business, but he opened himself only to his confidential friends; and no art or address could draw from him an opinion, which he thought prudent to conceal.

He was not so much distinguished for brilliancy of genius as for solidity of judgment, and consummate prudence of conduct. He was not so eminent for any one quality of greatness and worth, as for the union of those great, amiable, and good qualities, which are very rarely combined in the same character.

His maxims were formed upon the result of mature reflection, or extensive experience; they were the invariable rules of his practice; and on all important instances, he seemed to have an intuitive view of what the occasion rendered fit and proper. He pursued his purposes with a resolution, which, one solitary moment excepted, never failed him.

Alive to social pleasures, he delighted to enter into familiar conversation with his acquaintance, and was sometimes sportive in his letters to his friends; but he never lost sight of the dignity of his character, nor deviated from the decorous and appropriate behaviour becoming his station in society.

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* Thirty-five are enumerated in the notice of his life from which these facts are taken, in Lincoln's History of Worcester, p. 203.

He commanded from all the most respectful attention, and no man in his company ever fell into light or lewd conversation. His style of living corresponded with his wealth; but his extensive establishment was managed with the strictest economy, and he ever reserved ample funds liberally to promote schemes of private benevolence, and works of public utility. Punctual himself to every engagement, he exacted from others a strict fulfilment of contracts, but to the necessitous he was diffusive in his charities, and he greatly assisted the poorer classes of people in his vicinity, by furnishing them with means successfully to prosecute plans of industry.

In domestic and private life, he blended the authority of the master with the care and kindness of the guardian and friend. Solicitous for the welfare of his slaves, while at Mount Vernon, he every morning rode round his estates to examine their condition; for the sick, physicians were provided, and to the weak and infirm every necessary comfort was administered. The servitude of the negroes lay with weight upon his mind; he often made it the subject of conversation, and revolved several plans for their general emancipation; but could devise none, which promised success, in consistency with humanity to them, and safety to the state.

The address presented to him at Alexandria, on the commencement of his presidency, fully shows how much he was endeared to his neighbors, and the affection and esteem in which his friends held his private character.

His industry was unremitted, and his method so exact, that all the complicated business of his military command, and civil administration, was managed without confusion, and without hurry.

Not feeling the lust of power, and ambitious only for honorable fame, he devoted himself to his country upon the most disinterested principles: and his actions wore not the semblance but the reality of virtue: the purity of his motives was accredited, and absolute confidence placed in his patriotism.

While filling a public station, the performance of his duty took the place of pleasure, emolument, and every private consideration. During the more critical years of the war, a smile was scarcely seen upon his countenance; he gave himself no moments of relaxation; but his whole mind was engrossed to execute successfully his trust.

As a military commander, he struggled with innumerable embarrassments, arising from the short enlistment of his men, and from the want of provisions, clothing, arms, and ammunition; and an opinion of his achievements should be formed in view of these inadequate means.

The first years of his civil administration were attended with the extraordinary fact, that while a great proportion of his countrymen did not approve his measures, they universally venerated his character, and relied implicitly on his integrity. Although his opponents eventually deemed it expedient to vilify his character, that they might diminish his political influence; yet the moment that he retired from public life, they returned to their expressions of veneration and esteem; and after his death used every endeavor to secure to their party the influence of his name.

He was as eminent for piety as for patriotism. His public and private conduct evince, that he impressively felt a sense of the superintendence of God and of the dependence of man. In his addresses, while at the head of the army, and of the national government, he gratefully noticed the signal blessings of Providence, and fervently commended his country to divine benediction. In private, he was known to have been habitually devout.

In principle and practice he was a *Christian*. The support of an Episcopal church, in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, rested principally upon him, and here, when on his estate, he with constancy attended public worship. In his address to the American people, at the close of the war, mentioning the favorable period of the world at which the independence of his country was established, and enumerating the causes which unitedly had ameliorated the condition of human society, he, above science, philosophy, commerce, and all other considerations, ranked "*the pure and benign light of Revelation.*" Supplicating Heaven that his fellow citizens might cultivate the disposition, and practise the virtues, which exalt a community, he presented the following petition to his God: That he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the *Divine Author of our blessed religion;* without a humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

During the war, he not unfrequently rode ten or twelve miles from camp to attend public worship; and he never omitted this attendance, when opportunity presented.

In the establishment of his presidential household, he reserved to himself the Sabbath, free from the interruptions of private visits, or public bnsiness; and throughout the eight years of his civil administration, he gave to the institutions of Christianity the influence of his example.

He was as fortunate as great and good.

Under his auspices, a civil war was conducted with mildness, and a revolution with order. Raised himself above the influence of popular passions, he happily directed these passions to the most useful purposes. Uniting the talents of the soldier with the qualifications of the statesman, and pursuing, unmoved by difficulties, the noblest end by the purest means, he had the supreme satisfaction of beholding the complete success of his great military and civil services, in the independence and happiness of his country.

HANNAH ADAMS.

The life of this lady presents an admirable example of self-reliance and perseverance. She was probably the first woman in the country to devote herself to a literary life, and this, too, at a time when the temptations such a career could offer to either sex, were insignificant, either in view of fame or gain.

Hannah Adams was born at Medfield, near Boston, in 1756. Her father was a man of education, who endeavored to procure the means of support from a small country store. To the use of the books which constituted—the calls of his customers being taken as a standard—an undue proportion of his stock, his daughter attributed her early taste for literature. She was a diligent student, although ill health rendered her attendance at school extremely irregular. She obtained from some young divinity students, who boarded at her father's house, a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and from a small manuscript, containing an account of Arminians, Calvinists, and a few other leading denominations, in the possession of one of these, the hint of her first work, the *View of Religious Opinions.*

She had lost her mother at the early age of ten years, and the ill success of her father in busi-

ness threw the family on their own resources. "During the American Revolutionary war," she informs us in her admirable little autobiography, "I learned to weave bobbin lace, which was then saleable, and much more profitable to me than spinning, sewing, or knitting, which had previously been my employment. At this period, I found but little time for literary pursuits. But at the termination of the American war, this resource failed, and I was again left in a destitute situation." Thus circumstanced, she commenced the View of Religious Opinions, giving instructions in Greek and Latin at the same time to three young students of theology in the neighborhood. Her "View," after various difficulties in finding a printer, was published in 1784. It met with a good sale, of which the printer reaped the profit. A second edition, enlarged and corrected, was published in 1791, which by the aid of friends, who made her bargain with the publisher and exerted themselves in obtaining subscribers for copies, was so successful, that, as she says, "the emolument I derived from it not only placed me in a comfortable situation, but enabled me to pay the debts I had contracted during mine and my sister's illness, and to put out a small sum at interest."

Her next undertaking was a *History of New England*, in the preparation for which she pored so assiduously over old colonial records and other dim manuscripts, as to seriously impair her eyesight. By a cessation from labor, and frequent use of "laudanum and sea water several times in the course of the day, for two years," she recovered, and by employing an amanuensis, was enabled to print the book in 1799.

Her history meeting with a good sale, she formed the plan of abridging it for the use of schools. Before doing this, she "set about writing a concise view of the Christian religion, selected from the writings of eminent laymen." "I found it difficult," she continues, "to procure proper materials for the work, as I was utterly unable to purchase books. A considerable part of this compilation, as well as the additions to the third edition of my View of Religions, was written in booksellers' shops. I went to make visits in Boston, in order to consult books in this way, which it was impossible for me to buy or borrow." These difficulties, so simply narrated that we almost lose sight of their formidableness, surmounted, and the manuscript completed, others followed with publishers, and she was glad at last to sell the copyright for one hundred dollars in books.

Her abridged History of New England was anticipated by a work of a similar character by the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, author of the first American geography. This led to a controversy which excited much attention and warmth of feeling. Her book, when it appeared, unfortunately brought her no remuneration, on account of the failure of her printer. Her personal and literary merits had, however, by this time gained her many and influential friends, among whom President Adams was preëminent in rank and kindness, and by their aid she was enabled to supply her simple wants and prosecute her studies.

The labor to which she next devoted herself, was a *History of the Jews*. This subject engaged

Hannah Adams.

all her attention. "If you would know Miss Adams," said one of her friends, "you must talk to her about the Jews." She corresponded with the Abbé Gregoire upon the subject, and consulted every authority to which she could obtain access. In this last respect, her resources were less limited than at previous periods of her life, as she had free access to the Boston Athenæum, and the library of her friend the Rev. J. S. Buckminster. Her failing health, however, prevented the completion of her work.

In the latter years of her life, Miss Adams enjoyed a comfortable annuity raised by her friends. She died at Brookline, near Boston, 1832. Her autobiography, with a continuation by a friend, Mrs. H. F. Lee, was published in the same year.*

HENRY LEE.

Henry Lee, the author of the *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*, was a member of a leading family in Virginia, where he was born, January 29, 1756. He was educated at Princeton College.

In 1776 he was made captain of one of the six companies of cavalry raised by Virginia. In September, 1777, these companies formed into one regiment were united with the Continental army.

Lee soon gained distinction by the high state of discipline and efficiency he maintained in his company, which at the battle of Germantown was selected by Washington as his body-guard. In January, 1778, when occupying with ten men a stone house, the rest of his troop being absent in search of forage, the building was surrounded by two hundred of the enemy's cavalry, who endeavored to take him prisoner, but were met with so determined a resistance that they were compelled to retreat. He was soon after this promoted to the rank of major, with the command of three companies of cavalry; and in 1780, having been made lieutenant-colonel, was sent with his

* A Memoir of Miss Hannah Adams, written by herself, with additional notices by a friend. Boston, Gray & Bowen. 1832. 12mo. pp. 110.

troops to join the southern army under General Greene, where he remained until the close of the war, distinguishing himself in several actions.

In 1786 he was sent to Congress, where he remained until the new constitution went into operation. In 1792, having previously served in the house of delegates and the convention for the ratification of the federal Constitution, he was elected governor of Virginia. In the last of his three years of office, he was placed by President Washington in command of the forces sent to the western part of Pennsylvania to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection. In 1799 he was sent to Congress.

He was honorably distinguished by this body in being selected to deliver the funeral eulogy on Washington, in the course of which the memorable sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," occurs.

Lee remained in Congress until the accession of Jefferson in 1801, after which he did not again hold public office.

His profuse hospitality involved him in pecuniary embarrassment, which, however disagreeable to himself, proved advantageous to the public, as during and probably in consequence of his confinement as a debtor,* within the bounds of Spottsylvania county, in 1809, he wrote his celebrated memoirs. They were published without any preface in two octavo volumes, by Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia. In July, 1812, while in Baltimore, Lee took part in the defence of the house occupied by Mr. Hanson, one of the editors of the Federal Republican. This paper had shortly before published strictures on the declaration of war of June 19, and its office had in consequence been attacked by a mob, who destroyed the printing materials and building. The publication of the paper was soon after resumed in Georgetown, and the numbers distributed from a house in Baltimore. Anticipating an attack, Hanson had provided arms and been joined by General Greene, General Lingan, John Howard Payne, and others. The mob on the evening of the 27th attempted to force the door. Muskets were fired during the confusion, by which two persons were killed and several wounded. The military appeared, and the occupants of the house surrendered on promise of being protected within the city prison. On the following night the prison was attacked by the mob, who succeeded in effecting an entrance, killed Lingan and wounded eleven others, among whom was General Lee. Some of the rioters were arrested, tried, and acquitted. In consequence of the injuries thus received, the General's health declined. A visit to the West Indies proved of no benefit to him, and he returned to the United States in 1818, where he died on the 25th of March, at the residence of Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of General Greene, Cumberland Island, near St. Mary's, Georgia.

Lee's memoirs were reprinted in 1827 at Washington. The editor, H. Lee, in a brief preface, acknowledged the assistance of friends in providing for the expenses of the edition. Such aid should not have been needed, for the work, in addition to its historical value as the testimony of a prominent actor, is valuable on account of its literary merit as a life-like and spirited narrative. It is plain in style, and the want of dates renders it somewhat inconvenient in the absence of an index for reference.

One of the most valuable and interesting portions of the book is the minute narrative of the gallant attempt of Sergeant Champe to carry off Arnold from New York, after the detection of his treason, an object Washington was anxious to accomplish, from a humane desire to save André. Champe undertook the service at the request of Lee, who overcame the sergeant's scruples to desertion from the American army, a course essential to preserve secresy. He was instructed to obtain possession of Arnold if possible, but under no circumstances to take his life.

CHAMPE'S EXPEDITION.

Giving to the sergeant three guineas, and presenting his best wishes, Lee recommended him to start without delay, and enjoined him to communicate his arrival in New York as soon thereafter as might be practicable. Champe pulling out his watch, compared it with the major's, reminding the latter of the importance of holding back pursuit, which he was convinced would take place in the course of the night, and which might be fatal, as he knew that he should be obliged to zigzag in order to avoid the patroles, which would consume time. It was now nearly eleven. The sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise and orderly book, he drew his horse from the picket, and mounting him put himself upon fortune. Lee, charmed with his expeditious consummation of the first part of the enterprise, retired to rest. Useless attempt! the past scene could not be obliterated; and, indeed, had that been practicable, the interruption which ensued would have stopped repose.

Within half an hour Captain Carnes, officer of the day, waited upon the major, and with considerable emotion told him that one of the patrole had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spur to his horse and escaped, though instantly pursued. Lee complaining of the interruption, and pretending to be extremely fatigued by his ride to and from headquarters, answered as if he did not understand what had been said, which compelled the captain to repeat it. Who can the fellow that was pursued be? inquired the major; adding, a countryman, probably. No, replied the captain, the patrole sufficiently distinguished him as to know that he was a dragoon; probably one from the army, if not certainly one of our own. This idea was ridiculed from its improbability, as during the whole war but a single dragoon had deserted from the legion. This did not convince Carnes, so much stress was it now the fashion to lay on the desertion of Arnold, and the probable effect of his example. The captain withdrew to examine the squadron of horse, whom he had ordered to assemble in pursuance of established usage on similar occasions. Very quickly he returned, stating that the scoundrel was known, and was no less a person than the sergeant-major, who had gone off with his horse, baggage, arms and orderly book—so presumed, as neither the one nor the other could be found. Sensibly affected at the supposed baseness of a soldier extremely re-

* A story is told, that, having been arrested for debt, as he was riding along with the sheriff, he remarked, that he was glad that he was on his way to a place of confinement, since having been bitten by a mad dog he needed to be taken care of. Soon after this introduction of the subject, he assumed such energetic symptoms of mania that the official made off in hot haste.—Allen's Biog. Dic.

spected, the captain added that he had ordered a party to make ready for pursuit, and begged the major's written orders.

Occasionally this discourse was interrupted, and every idea suggested which the excellent character of the sergeant warranted, to induce the suspicion that he had not deserted, but had taken the liberty to leave camp with a view to personal pleasure: an example, said Lee, too often set by the officers themselves, destructive as it was of discipline, opposed as it was to orders, and disastrous as it might prove to the corps in the course of service.

Some little delay was thus interposed; but it being now announced that the pursuing party was ready, major Lee directed a change in the officer, saying that he had a particular service in view, which he had determined to entrust to the lieutenant ready for duty, and which probably must be performed in the morning. He therefore directed him to summon cornet Middleton for the present command. Lee was induced thus to act, first to add to the delay, and next from his knowledge of the tenderness of Middleton's disposition, which he hoped would lead to the protection of Champe should he be taken. Within ten minutes Middleton appeared to receive his orders, which were delivered to him made out in the customary form, and signed by the major. "Pursue so far as you can with safety sergeant Champe, who is suspected of deserting to the enemy, and has taken the road leading to Paulus Hook. Bring him alive, that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken."

Detaining the cornet a few minutes longer in advising him what course to pursue,—urging him to take care of the horse and accoutrements, if recovered,—and enjoining him to be on his guard, lest he might, by his eager pursuit, improvidently fall into the hands of the enemy,—the major dismissed Middleton, wishing him success. A shower of rain fell soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse; knowing, as officer and trooper did, the make of their shoes, whose impression was an unerring guide.*

When Middleton departed, it was a few minutes past twelve; so that Champe had only the start of rather more than an hour,—by no means as long as was desired. Lee became very unhappy, not only because the estimable and gallant Champe might be injured, but lest the enterprise might be delayed: and he spent a sleepless night. The pursuing party during the night, was, on their part, delayed by the necessary halts to examine occasionally the road, as the impression of the horse's shoes directed their course; this was unfortunately too evident, no other horse having passed along the road since the shower. When the day broke, Middleton was no longer forced to halt, and he pressed on with rapidity. Ascending an eminence before he reached the Three Pidgeons, some miles on the north of the village of Bergen, as the pursuing party reached its summit, Champe was descried not more than half a mile in front. Resembling an Indian in his vigilance, the sergeant at the same moment discovered the party (whose object he was no stranger to), and giving spur to his horse, he determined to outstrip his pursuers. Middleton at the same instant put his horses to the top of their speed; and being (as the legion all were) well acquainted with the country, he recollected a short route through the woods to the bridge below Bergen, which diverged from the great road just after you gain the Three Pidgeons. Reaching the point of separation, he halted; and dividing his party, directed a sergeant with a few dragoons to take the near cut, and possess with all possible despatch the bridge, while he with the residue followed Champe; not doubting but that Champe must deliver himself up, as he would be closed between himself and his sergeant. Champe did not forget the short cut, and would have taken it himself, but he knew it was the usual route of our parties when returning in the day from the neighborhood of the enemy, properly preferring the woods to the road. He consequently avoided it; and persuaded that Middleton would avail himself of it, wisely resolved to relinquish his intention of getting to Paulus Hook, and to seek refuge from two British galleys, lying a few miles to the west of Bergen.

This was a station always occupied by one or two galleys, and which it was known now lay there. Entering the village of Bergen, Champe turned to his right, and disguising his change of course as much as he could by taking the beaten streets, turning as they turned, he passed through the village and took the road towards Elizabethtown Point. Middleton's sergeant gained the bridge, where he concealed himself, ready to pounce upon Champe when he came up; and Middleton, pursuing his course through Bergen, soon got also to the bridge, when, to his extreme mortification, he found that the sergeant had slipped through his fingers. Returning up the road, he inquired of the villagers of Bergen, whether a dragoon had been seen that morning preceding his party. He was answered in the affirmative, but could learn nothing satisfactorily as to the route he took. While engaged in inquiries himself, he spread his party through the village to strike the trail of Champe's horse, a resort always recurred to. Some of his dragoons hit it just as the sergeant, leaving the village, got in the road to the Point. Pursuit was renewed with vigor, and again Champe was descried. He, apprehending the event, had prepared himself for it, by lashing his valise (containing his clothes and orderly book) on his shoulders, and holding his drawn sword in his hand, having thrown away its scabbard. This he did to save what was indispensable to him, and to prevent any interruption to his swimming by the scabbard, should Middleton, as he presumed, when disappointed at the bridge, take the measures adopted by him. The pursuit was rapid and close, as the stop occasioned by the sergeant's preparations for swimming had brought Middleton within two or three hundred yards. As soon as Champe got abreast of the galleys, he dismounted, and running through the marsh to the river, plunged into it, calling upon the galleys for help. This was readily given; they fired upon our horse, and sent a boat to meet Champe, who was taken in and carried on board, and conveyed to New York with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the past scene, all of which he had seen.

The horse with his equipments, the sergeant's cloak and sword scabbard, were recovered; the sword itself, being held by Champe until he plunged into the river, was lost, as Middleton found it necessary to retire without searching for it.

About three o'clock in the evening our party returned, and the soldiers, seeing the horse (well known to them) in our possession, made the air resound with exclamations that the scoundrel was killed.

Major Lee, called by this heart-rending annuncia-

* The horses being all shod by our own farriers, the shoes were made in the same form; which, with a private mark annexed to the fore-shoes, and known to the troopers, pointed out the trail of our dragoons to each other, which was often very useful.

tion from his tent, saw the sergeant's horse led by one of Middleton's dragoons, and began to reproach himself with the blood of the high prized faithful and intrepid Champe. Stifling his agony, he advanced to meet Middleton, and became somewhat relieved as soon as he got near enough to discern the countenance of his officer and party. There was evidence in their looks of disappointment, and he was quickly relieved by Middleton's information that the sergeant had effected his escape with the loss of his horse, and narrated the particulars just recited.

Lee's joy was now as full as, the moment before, his torture had been excruciating. Never was a happier conclusion. The sergeant escaped unhurt, carrying with him to the enemy undeniable testimony of the sincerity of his desertion,—cancelling every apprehension before entertained, lest the enemy might suspect him of being what he really was.

Major Lee imparted to the commander-in-chief the occurrence, who was sensibly affected by the hair-breadth escape of Champe, and anticipated with pleasure the good effect sure to follow the enemy's knowledge of its manner.

On the fourth day after Champe's departure, Lee received a letter from him, written the day before in a disguised hand, without any signature, and stating what had passed after he got on board the galley, where he was kindly received.

He was carried to the commandant of New York as soon as he arrived, and presented the letter addressed to this officer from the captain of the galley. Being asked as to what corps he belonged, and a few other common questions, he was sent under care of an orderly sergeant to the adjutant-general, who, finding that he was sergeant-major of the legion horse, heretofore remarkable for their fidelity, he began to interrogate him. He was told by Champe, that such was the spirit of defection which prevailed among the American troops in consequence of Arnold's example, that he had no doubt, if the temper was properly cherished, Washington's ranks would not only be greatly thinned, but that some of his best corps would leave him. To this conclusion, the sergeant said, he was led by his own observations, and especially by his knowledge of the discontents which agitated the corps to which he had belonged. His size, place of birth, his form, countenance, color of his hair, the corps in which he had served, with other remarks, in conformity to the British usage, was noted in a large folio book. After this was finished, he was sent to the commander-in-chief, in charge of one of the staff, with a letter from the adjutant-general. Sir Henry Clinton treated him very kindly, and detained him more than one hour, asking him many questions, all leading,—first to know to what extent this spirit of defection might be pushed by proper incitements,—what the most operating incitements,—whether any general officers were suspected by Washington as concerned in Arnold's conspiracy, or any other officers of note;—who they were, and whether the troops approved or censured Washington's suspicions;—whether his popularity in the army was sinking, or continued stationary. What was major André's situation,—whether any change had taken place in the manner of his confinement,—what was the current opinion of his probable fate,—and whether it was thought Washington would treat him as a spy. To these various interrogations, some of which were perplexing, Champe answered warily; exciting, nevertheless, hopes that the adoption of proper measures to encourage desertion (of which he could not pretend to form an opinion) would certainly bring off hundreds of the American soldiers, including some of the best troops, horse as well as foot. Respecting the fate of André, he said he was ignorant, though there appeared to be a general wish in the army that his life should not be taken; and that he believed it would depend more upon the disposition of Congress, than on the will of Washington.

After this long conversation ended, sir Henry presented Champe with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to wait upon general Arnold, who was engaged in raising an American legion in the service of his majesty. He directed one of his aids to write to Arnold by Champe, stating who he was, and what he had said about the disposition in the army to follow his example; which very soon done, it was given to the orderly attending on Champe to be presented with the deserter to general Arnold. Arnold expressed much satisfaction on hearing from Champe the manner of his escape, and the effect of Arnold's example; and concluded his numerous inquiries by assigning quarters to the sergeant,—the same as were occupied by his recruiting sergeants.

He also proposed to Champe to join his legion, telling him he would give to him the same station he had held in the rebel service, and promising further advancement when merited. Expressing his wish to retire from war, and his conviction of the certainty of his being hung if ever taken by the rebels, he begged to be excused from enlistment; assuring the general, that should he change his mind, he would certainly accept his offer. Retiring to the assigned quarters, Champe now turned his attention to the delivery of his letters, which he could not effect until the next night, and then only to one of the two incognita to whom he was recommended. This man received the sergeant with extreme attention, and having read the letter, assured Champe that he might rely on his faithful co-operation in doing everything in his power consistent with his safety, to guard which required the utmost prudence and circumspection. The sole object in which the aid of this individual was required, regarded the general and others of our army, implicated in the information sent to Washington by him. To this object Champe urged his attention; assuring him of the solicitude it had excited, and telling him that its speedy investigation had induced the general to send him into New York. Promising to enter upon it with zeal, and engaging to send out Champe's letters to major Lee, he fixed the time and place for their next meeting, when they separated.

Lee made known to the general what had been transmitted to him by Champe, and received in answer directions to press Champe to the expeditious conclusion of his mission; as the fate of André would be soon decided, when little or no delay could be admitted in executing whatever sentence the court might decree. The same messenger who brought Champe's letter, returned with the ordered communication. Five days had nearly elapsed after reaching New York, before Champe saw the confidant to whom only the attempt against Arnold was to be entrusted. This person entered with promptitude into the design, promising his cordial assistance. To procure a proper associate to Champe was the first object, and this he promised to do with all possible despatch. Furnishing a conveyance to Lee, we again heard from Champe, who stated what I have related, with the additional intelligence that he had that morning (the last of September) been appointed one of Arnold's recruiting sergeants, having enlisted the day before with Arnold; and that he was induced to take this afflicting step, for the purpose of securing uninterrupted ingress and egress

to the house which the general occupied; it being indispensable to a speedy conclusion of the difficult enterprise which the information he had just received had so forcibly urged. He added, that the difficulties in his way were numerous and stubborn, and that his prospect of success was by no means cheering. With respect to the additional treason, he asserted that he had every reason to believe that it was groundless; that the report took its rise in the enemy's camp, and that he hoped soon to clear up that matter satisfactorily. The pleasure which the last part of this communication afforded, was damped by the tidings it imparted respecting Arnold, as on his speedy delivery depended André's relief. The interposition of sir Henry Clinton, who was extremely anxious to save his much loved aid-de-camp, still continued; and it was expected the examination of witnesses and the defence of the prisoner, would protract the decision of the court of inquiry, now assembled, and give sufficient time for the consummation of the project committed to Champe. A complete disappointment took place from a quarter unforeseen and unexpected. The honorable and accomplished André, knowing his guilt, disdained defence, and prevented the examination of witnesses by confessing the character in which he stood. On the next day (the 2d of October) the court again assembled; when every doubt that could possibly arise in the case having been removed by the previous confession, André was declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer accordingly.

The sentence was executed on the subsequent day in the usual form, the commander-in-chief deeming it improper to interpose any delay. In this decision he was warranted by the very unpromising intelligence received from Champe,—by the still existing implication of other officers in Arnold's conspiracy,—by a due regard to public opinion,—and by real tenderness to the condemned.

Neither Congress nor the nation could have been with propriety informed of the cause of the delay, and without such information it must have excited in both alarm and suspicion. André himself could not have been entrusted with the secret, and would consequently have attributed the unlooked-for event to the expostulation and exertion of sir Henry Clinton, which would not fail to produce in his breast expectations of ultimate relief; to excite which would have been cruel, as the realization of such expectation depended upon a possible but improbable contingency. The fate of André, hastened by himself, deprived the enterprise committed to Champe of a feature which had been highly prized by its projector, and which had very much engaged the heart of the individual chosen to execute it.

Washington ordered major Lee to communicate what had passed to the sergeant, with directions to encourage him to prosecute with unrelaxed vigor the remaining objects of his instructions, but to intermit haste in the execution only as far as was compatible with final success.

This was accordingly done by the first opportunity, in the manner directed. Champe deplored the sad necessity which occurred, and candidly confessed that the hope of enabling Washington to save the life of André (who had been the subject of universal commiseration in the American camp) greatly contributed to remove the serious difficulties which opposed his acceding to the proposition when first propounded. Some documents accompanied this communication, tending to prove the innocence of the accused general; they were completely satisfactory, and did credit to the discrimination, zeal and diligence of the sergeant. Lee inclosed them immediately to the commander-in-chief, who was pleased to express the satisfaction he derived from the information, and to order the major to wait upon him the next day; when the whole subject was re-examined; and the distrust heretofore entertained of the accused was for ever dismissed. Nothing now remained to be done, but the seizure and safe delivery of Arnold. To this object Champe gave his undivided attention: and on the 19th October major Lee received from him a very particular account of the progress he had made, with the outlines of his plan. This was, without delay, submitted to Washington; with a request for a few additional guineas. The general's letter, written on the same day (20th October), evinces his attention to the minutiæ of business, as well as his immutable determination to possess Arnold alive, or not at all. This was his original injunction, which he never omitted to enforce upon every proper occasion.

Major Lee had an opportunity in the course of the week of writing to Champe, when he told him that the rewards which he had promised to his associates would be certainly paid on the delivery of Arnold; and in the meantime, small sums of money would be furnished for casual expenses, it being deemed improper that he should appear with much, lest it might lead to suspicion and detection. That five guineas were now sent, and that more would follow when absolutely necessary.

Ten days elapsed before Champe brought his measures to conclusion, when Lee received from him his final communication, appointing the third subsequent night for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, when he hoped to deliver Arnold to the officer. Champe had, from his enlistment into the American legion (Arnold's corps), every opportunity he could wish, to attend to the habits of the general. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve every night, and that previous to going to bed he always visited the garden. During this visit the conspirators were to seize him, and being prepared with a gag, intended to have applied the same instantly.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and in which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings and replaced them, so that with care and without noise he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he meant to have conveyed his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was with the boat prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat; representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as known to Lee, were communicated to the commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much desired intelligence. He directed major Lee to meet Champe, and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt. The day arrived, and Lee with a party of dragoons left camp late in the evening, with three led accoutred horses; one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The

party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood,—Lee with three dragoons stationing himself near the river shore. Hour after hour passed—no boat approached. At length the day broke and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to camp, when he proceeded to headquarters to inform the general of the much lamented disappointment, as mortifying as inexplicable. Washington having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption that at length the object of his keen and constant pursuit was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy such conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing (as was rumored) for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports; it being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert. Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia! Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia he passed into North Carolina near the Saura towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late major, now lieutenant-colonel Lee. His whole story soon became known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier (heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant), heightened by universal admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to general Greene, who very cheerfully complied with the promises made by the commander-in-chief, as far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to general Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant and presented him with his discharge from further service,* lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the enemy's hands; when, if recognised, he was sure to die on a gibbet.

FROM THE FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WASHINGTON, DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF CONGRESS.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth! Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and his valour, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or, when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where, to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks, himself unmoved. Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter—the storm raged—the Delaware rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief pursuing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown, he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valour on the ever memorable heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his restless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine—the fields of Germantown—or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the Hero of Saratoga, and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates—to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally,

* When General Washington was called by President Adams to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country from French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant-colonel Lee to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry.

Lee sent to Loudon county, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army; when he learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a lustre corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

* * * * *

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

ROYAL TYLER

WAS a wit, a poet, and a Chief Justice. His life certainly deserves to be narrated with more particularity than it has yet received. His writings, too, should be collected and placed in an accessible form. American literature cannot be charged with poverty while it has such valuables uninvested in its forgotten repositories.

Royal Tyler was born in Boston, in the neighborhood of Faneuil Hall, about the year 1756. He was a Harvard graduate of the class of 1776; studied law in that school of patriotism, the office of John Adams, and was for a short time aide-de-camp to General Lincoln. He served in the same capacity in the suppression of Shay's rebellion in 1786; and was employed in some negotiations connected with that affair in a visit to New York, where a comedy which he had written during his military service was produced on the stage. It was entitled *The Contrast*, and has the distinction of being the first stage production in which the Yankee dialect and story telling, since so familiar in the parts written for Hackett, Hill, and others, was employed. It was more than that; it was the first American play which was ever acted on a regular stage by an established company of comedians. It was played at the old John Street Theatre in New York, under the management of Hallam and Henry, April 16, 1786.* Its success was such as to induce the author to produce a second, entitled *May Day, or New York in an Uproar*, for the benefit of the actor Wignell in the May following.

The Country Jonathan, in the *Contrast*, on a visit to town, drops into the theatre with the expectation of seeing "a hocus pocus man," and sits out a performance of the School for Scandal without any notion that he has visited a playhouse. On being asked if he saw the man with his tricks—"Why I vow," says he, "as I was looking out for him, they lifted up a great green cloth, and let us look right into the next neighbor's house." "Have you a good many houses in New York made in that ere way?" he asks, and is told not many, a but did you see the family? Well, and how did you like them?" "Why, I vow, they were pretty much like other families;—there was a poor good-natured curse of a husband, and a sad rantipole of a wife." At the close, he asks for his money, as he has not had the show:—"the dogs a bit of a sight have I seen, unless you call listening to people's private business a sight."*

Tyler not long after gained considerable reputation by his contributions to that very pleasant newspaper and miscellany, one of the very best of its kind ever published in this country, the *Farmer's Weekly Museum*, published at Walpole in New Hampshire, by Isaiah Thomas and David Carlisle. When Dennie became its editor, Tyler was called in to assist him with his contributions *from the shop of Messrs. Colon and Spondee*, an amusing melange of light verse and entertaining social and political squibs, which he had already opened in the journals, the *Eagle*, at Hanover, the *Federal Orrery* at Boston, and the *Tablet*. Tyler thus announced the project in a parody of the advertisements of the "Universal Stores" of those days.

VARIETY STORE.

TO THE *LITERATI.*

Mess. COLON & SPONDEE

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

VERSE PROSE and *MUSIC,*

Beg leave to inform the PUBLIC and the LEARNED in particular, that —previous to the ENSUING

COMMENCEMENT—

They purpose to open a fresh Assortment of *Lexographic, Burgursdician, & Parnassian*

GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,

At the Room on the PLAIN,† lately occupied by Mr. FREDERIC WISER, *Tonsor,* if it can be procured——

——*Where they will expose to Sale*——

SALUTATORY and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations and Dialogues among the living and the dead—Theses and Masters, Questions, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic and the ancient Coptic, neatly modified into Dialogues, Orations &c. on the shortest notice—with Dissertations on the Targum and Talmud, and Collations after the manner of Kennicott—Hebrew roots and other simples—Dead Languages for living Drones—Oriental Languages with or without points, prefixes, or suffixes—Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutturals—Synalœphas, Elisions, and Ellipses of the newest *cut*—v's added and dove-tailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnesian Nasal Twangs—Classic Compliments adapted to all dignities, with superlatives in *o*, and gerunds in *di, gratis*—Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on from *one* to *twenty* logues.

Anagrams, Acrostics, Anacreontics; Chronograms, Epigrams, Hudibrastics, & Panegyrics;

* He gave the copyright to the principal actor in the piece, Vignell, who published it by subscription.

* Dunlap's History of the American Theatre, pp. 72–3.
† At Hanover, N. H.

Rebusses, Charades, Puns, and Conundrums, by the *gross* or *single dozen*. Sonnets, Elegies, Epithalamiums; Bucolics, Georgics, Pastorals; Epic Poems, Dedications, and Adulatory Prefaces, in *verse* and *prose*.

Ether, Mist, Sleet, Rain, Snow, Lightning, and Thunder, prepared and personified, after the manner of Della Crusca, with a quantity of *Brown Horror, Blue Fear and Child Begetting Love*, from the same Manufactory; with a pleasing variety of high-colored, *Compound* Epithets, well assorted ———Farragoes, and other Brunonian Opiates—Anti-Institutes, or the new and concise patent mode of applying *forty letters* to the spelling of a monosyllable—Love Letters by the Ream—Summary Arguments, both *Merry* and *Serious*—Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical—Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons—Old Orations scoured, Forensics furbished, Blunt Epigrams newly pointed, and cold Conferences hashed; with *Extemporaneous* Prayers *corrected and amended*—Alliterations artfully allied —and periods polished to perfection.

Airs, Canons, Catches, and Cantatas—Fuges, Overtures, and Symphonies for any number of Instruments———Serenades for Nocturnal Lovers —with *Rose Trees* full blown, and *Black* Jokes *of all colours*——Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered, and slurred——with Couplets, Syncopations, Minims and Crotchet Rests, for female voices———and *Solos* with *three* parts, for hand organs.

Classic College Bows, clear starched, lately imported from Cambridge, and now used by all the topping scientific connoisseurs, in hair and wigs, in this country.

Adventures, Paragraphs, Letters from Correspondents, Country Seats for Rural Members of Congress, provided for Editors of Newspapers—with Accidental Deaths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hail-Stones, of all dimensions, adapted to the Season.

Circles Squared, and Mathematical points divided into quarters, and half shares; and jointed Assymptotes, which will meet at any given distance.

Syllogisms in Bocardo, and Baralipton; Serious Cautions against Drunkenness, &c., and other coarse Wrapping-Paper, *gratis*, to those who buy the smallest article.

☞ *On hand a few Tierces of Attic Salt——Also, Cash, and the highest price, given for* Raw Wit, *for the use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above Articles.*

Tyler also published a series of papers with the title, *An Author's Evenings*, in the Port Folio for 1801, and subsequently. A liberal collection of these papers is included in a volume published by Thomas and Thomas at Walpole in 1801, entitled *The Spirit of the Farmer's Museum, and Lay Preacher's Gazette*. Tyler was at that time an attorney in Guilford, Vermont. His facility in verse in these compositions was remarkable. He had great command of versification and an abundant fund of impromptu humor. His "Colon and Spondee" articles are divided between Federal politics, attacks on French democracy, the Della Cruscan literature, and the fashionable frivolities of the day. The paragraphs in prose show the author's wit, taste in literature, and strongly marked opinions of the federal school in politics.

In 1797, he wrote a comedy in three acts, *The Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon*, in ridicule of a speculating mania for wild Yazoo lands. It was repeatedly performed in Boston with success. He wrote some other dramatic productions, but none of them have been published.

In 1797 appeared from the press of David Carlisle, at Walpole, in two volumes, his *Algerine Captive; or the Life and Adventures of Doctor Updike Underhill: six years a prisoner among the Algerines*. It is dedicated to the poet Humphreys. This work is said to have been mistaken by an English critic for a narrative of actual adventure. It is a fictitious book of memoirs, in which the author ventilates his opinions on various topics of American society, paints the horrors of the slave trade and the now almost incomprehensible grievances which the European and American powers for a long time endured from the assumptions of the Algerines. In the close of the work there are some sketches of Mahometanism. The book is written in short chapters with spirit and neatness of style. There is quite enough ingenuity in the thought, coupled with the descriptions of the manners of the times, to redeem this work from the neglect into which it has fallen. Though printed in at least a second American edition, it is now exceedingly scarce.

In 1799, he composed a Fourth of July ode for the public celebration of the day at Windsor, Vermont, and a convivial song for the same occasion. He was frequently called upon for these services, and for the occasional prologues in vogue at charitable and other theatrical benefits.

The Fourth of July ode is fluent, but not over vigorous. A stanza will show its sentiment for the times:—

> When haughty Britons strove in vain
> To bind our land with slavery's chain,
> Our fathers drew their warlike swords.
> Our fathers drew their warlike swords.
> Immortal fields of Bennington,
> Attest the laurels which they won.
> Now faithless France, with impious hand,
> Strikes at the glory of our land—
> To arms! to arms! each hardy son,
> And earn the fame your sires have won.

The Convivial Song in the evening has more spirit in it—

> Here's Washington, the brave, boys,
> Source of all Columbia's joys,
> Here's Washington, the brave, boys,
> Come rise and toast him standing:
> For he's the hero firm and brave,
> Who all our country's glory gave,
> And once again he shall us save,
> Our armies bold commanding.
>
> Here's to our native land, boys,
> Land of liberty and joys,
> Here's to our native land, boys,
> Your glasses raise for drinking;
> And he that will not drink this toast,
> May he in France of freedom boast,
> There dangling on a lantern post,
> Or in the Rhone be sinking.

In 1804 we notice Tyler as a contributor of verses to the *Columbian Centinel*.

In 1800, and for several successive years, he was elected by the Legislature of Vermont Chief Justice of the Superior Court. In 1809 he published two volumes of *Reports of Cases in the*

Supreme Court of Vermont. He still continued to write for the journals, in the Port Folio, and other quarters. Some of his latest productions appeared in the *New England Galaxy.*

In 1806 he was a contributor to Buckingham's monthly periodical, *The Polyanthus*, of the papers entitled "Trash," and a number of fugitive poetical pieces, and again on the revival of the publication in 1812.*

The last portion of this life of literary gaiety was melancholy. Judge Tyler died at Brattleboro', Vermont, August 16, 1826, having suffered for several years from a cancer in the face.†

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Address to DELLA CRUSCA, *humbly attempted in the sublime style of that fashionable author.*

O THOU, who, with thy blue cerulean blaze,
Hast circled Europe's brow with LOVELORN praise;
Whose magic pen its gelid lightning throws,
Is now a sunbeam, now a fragrant rose.
Child of the dappl'd spring, whose green delight,
Drinks, with her snowdrop lips, the dewy light.
Son of the summer's bland, prolific rays,
Who sheds her loftiest treasures in thy lays;
Who swells her golden lips to trump thy name,
Which sinks to whispers, at thy azure fame.
Brown autumn nurs'd thee with her dulcet dews,
And lurid winter rock'd thy *cradled muse.*
SEASONS AND SUNS, AND SPANGL'D SYSTEMS ROLL,
Like atoms vast, beneath thy "*cloud capt*" soul.
Time wings its panting flight in hurried chase,
But SINKS in dew dropt languor in the IMMORTAL RACE.

O THOU, whose soul the nooky Britain scorns;
Whose white cliffs tremble, when thy GENIUS storms.
The sallow Afric, with her curl'd domains,
And purpled Asia with her muslin plains,
And surgy Europe—VAIN—thy soul confin'd
Which fills *all space*—AND E'EN MATILDA'S MIND!
Anna's capacious mind, which all agree,
Contain'd a wilderness of words in thee.
More happy thou than Macedonia's Lord,
Who wept for worlds to feed his famish'd sword,
Fatigu'd by attic conquest of the old,
Fortune to thee a NOVEL WORLD unfolds.
Come, mighty conqueror, thy foes disperse;
Let loose "thy epithets," THOSE DOGS OF VERSE;
Draw forth thy gorgeous sword of damask'd rhyme,
And ride triumphant through Columbia's clime,
Till sober lettered sense shall dying smile,
Before the mighty magic of thy style.
What tawny tribes in dusky forest wait,
To grace the ovation of thy victor state.
What ocher'd chiefs, vermillion'd by thy sword,
Mark'd by thy epithets, shall own thee lord.
The punic Creek, and nigrified Choctaw,
The high bon'd Wabash, and bland hanging Maw;
Great Little Billy, Piamingo brave,
With pity's dew drops wet M'Gilvery's grave.
What sonorous streams meander through thy lays.
What lakes shall bless thy rich bequest of praise,
Rough Hockhocking, and gentle Chicago,
The twin Miamis—placid Scioto.
How will Ohio roll his lordly stream,
What blue mists dance upon the liquid scene,
Gods! how sublime shall Della Crusca range,
When ALL NIAGARA CATARACTS THY PAGE.
What arts? What arms? Unknown to thee belong?
What ruddy scalps shall deck thy sanguin'd song?
What fumy cal'mets scent the ambient air,
What lovelorn Warhoops, CAPITALS declare
Cerulean tomahawks shall grace each line,
And BLUE EY'D WAMPUM glisten through thy rhyme,
Rise, Della Crusca, prince of bards sublime,
And pour on us whole cataracts of rhyme.
SON OF THE SUN, arise, whose brightest rays,
All merge to tapers in thy ignite blaze.
Like some colossus, stride the Atlantic o'er,
A LEG OF GENIUS place on either shore,
Extend thy red right arm to either world;
Be the proud standard of thy style unfurl'd;
Proclaim thy sounding page, from shore to shore,
And swear that sense in verse, shall be no more.

DELLA YANKEE.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Spondee's Mistresses.

I.

LET Cowley soft in am'rous verse
The rovings of his love rehearse,
With passion most unruly,
Boast how he woo'd sweet Amoret,
The sobbing Jane, and sprightly Bet,
The lily fair and smart brunette,
In sweet succession truly.

II.

But list, ye lovers, and you'll swear,
I rov'd with him beyond compare,
And was far more unlucky.
For never yet in Yankee coast
Were found such girls, who so could boast.
An honest lover's heart to roast,
From Casco to Kentucky.

III.

When first the girls nicknam'd me beau,
And I was all for dress and show,
I set me out a courting.
A romping Miss, with heedless art,
First caught, then almost broke, my heart,
Miss CONDUCT nam'd, we soon did part,
I did not like such sporting.

IV.

The next coquet, who rais'd a flame,
Was far more grave, and somewhat lame,
She in my heart did rankle.
She conquer'd, with a sudden glance,
The spiteful slut was called MISS CHANCE;
I took the gypsy out to dance;
She almost broke my ankle.

V.

A thoughtless girl, just in her teens,
Was the next fair, whom Love it seems
Had made me prize most highly,
I thought to court a lovely mate,
But, how it made my heart to ache,
It was that jade, the vile MISS TAKE;
In troth, Love did it slyly.

VI.

And last, MISS FORTUNE, whimpering, came,
Cur'd me of Love's tormenting flame,
And all my beau pretences.
In Widow's Weeds, the prude appears;
See now—she drowns me with her tears,
With bony fist, now slaps my ears,
And brings me to my senses.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Ode composed for the Fourth of July, calculated for the meridian of some *country towns in Massachusetts, and* Rye *in New Hampshire.*

SQUEAK the fife, and beat the drum,
INDEPENDENCE DAY is come!!

* Buckingham's Personal Memoirs, i. 56, 59.
‡ Buckingham's Specimens of Newspaper Literature. Ketell's Specimens.

Let the roasting pig be bled.
Quick twist off the cockerel's head.
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutcakes fried in butter.
Set the cups, and beaker glass,
The pumpkin, and the apple sauce,
Send the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy,
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of *swinging thick*,
Sal, put on your russel skirt,
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
To day we dance to tiddle diddle.
—Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,
And play up Yankee doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your witched tricks.
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and mother shall make two;
Sall, Moll and I stand all a row,
Sambo, play and dance with quality;
This is the day of blest Equality.
Father and *mother* are but men,
And Sambo—is a *Citizen*,
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him;
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And Father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious *Independent day*.—
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the 'Squire too with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the 'Squire our great arm chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn cob stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind;
Squire, drink until you're blind;
Come, here's the French—and Guillotine,
And here is good 'Squire Gallatin,
And here's each noisy Jacobin.
Here's friend Madison so hearty,
And here's confusion to the treaty.
Come, one more swig to southern Demos
Who represent our brother negroes.
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious INDEPENDENT DAY!

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

In briery dell or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet fern scents the passing gale.
There hop the birds from bush to tree;
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is love and liberty.

No parent birds their love direct;
Each seeks his fair in plumy throng;
Caught by the lustre of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song.
They sing and bill from bush to tree;
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is love and liberty.

Some airy songster's feathered shape,
O! could my love and I assume—
The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume;
O then we'd sing from bush to tree:
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be love and liberty.

THE AUTHOR KEEPETH A COUNTRY SCHOOL: THE ANTICIPATIONS, PLEASURES, AND PROFITS OF A PEDAGOGUE.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

By our minister's recommendation, I was engaged to keep a school, in a neighbouring town, so soon as our fall's work was over.

How my heart dilated with the prospect, in the tedious interval, previous to my entering upon my school. How often have I stood suspended over my dung fork, and anticipated my scholars, seated in awful silence around me, my arm chair and birchen sceptre of authority. There was an echo in my father's sheep pasture. More than once have I repaired there alone, and exclaimed with a loud voice, is MASTER Updike Underhill at home? I would speak with MASTER Underhill, for the pleasure of hearing how my title sounded. Dost thou smile, indignant reader? pause and recollect if these sensations have not been familiar to thee, at some time in thy life. If thou answerest disdainfully—no—then I aver thou hast never been a corporal in militia, or a sophomore at college.

At times, I however entertained less pleasing, but more rational contemplations on my prospects. As I had been once unmercifully whipt, for detecting my master in a false concord, I resolved to be mild in my government, to avoid all manual corrections, and doubted not by these means to secure the love and respect of my pupils.

In the interim of school hours, and in those peaceful intervals, when my pupils were engaged in study, I hoped to indulge myself with my favourite Greek. I expected to be overwhelmed with the gratitude of their parents, for pouring the fresh instruction over the minds of their children, and teaching their young ideas how to shoot. I anticipated independence from my salary, which was to be equal to four dollars, hard money, per month, and my boarding; and expected to find amusement and pleasure among the circles of the young, and to derive information and delight from the classic converse of the minister.

In due time my ambition was gratified, and I placed at the head of a school, consisting of about sixty scholars. Excepting three or four overgrown boys of eighteen, the generality of them were under the age of seven years. Perhaps a more ragged, ill bred, ignorant set, never were collected, for the punishment of a poor pedagogue. To study in school was impossible. Instead of the silence I anticipated, there was an incessant clamour. Predominant among the jarring sounds were, Sir, may I read? May I spell? Master, may I go out? Will master mend my pen? What with the pouting of the small children, sent to school, not to learn, but to keep them out of "harm's way," and the gruff, surly complaints of the larger ones, I was nearly distracted. Homer's *poluphlosboio thalasses*, roaring sea, was a whisper to it. My resolution, to avoid beating of them, made me invent small punishments, which often have a salutary impression on delicate minds; but they were insensible to shame. The putting of a paper fool's cap on one, and ordering another under my great chair, only excited mirth in

* From the Algerine Captive.

the school; which the very delinquents themselves often increased, by loud peals of laughter. Going, one frosty morning, into my school, I found one of the larger boys sitting by the fire in my arm chair. I gently requested him to remove. He replied that he would, when he had warmed himself; "father finds wood, and not you." To have my throne usurped, in the face of the whole school, shook my government to the centre. I immediately snatched my two foot rule, and laid it pretty smartly across his back. He quitted the chair, muttering that he would tell father. I found his threats of more consequence than I apprehended. The same afternoon, a tall, rawboned man called me to the door; immediately collaring me with one hand, and holding a cart whip over my head with the other; and with fury in his face, he vowed he would whip the skin from my bones, if ever I struck Jotham again: ay, he would do it that very moment, if he was not afraid I would take the law of him. This was the only instance of the overwhelming gratitude of parents I received. The next day, it was reported all over town, what a cruel man the master was. "Poor Jotham came into school, half frozen and near fainting; master had been sitting a whole hour by the warm fire; he only begged him to let him warm himself a little, when the master rose in a rage and cut open his head with the tongs, and his life was despaired of."

Fatigued with the vexations of my school, I one evening repaired to the tavern, and mixed with some of the young men of the town. Their conversation I could not relish; mine they could not comprehend. The subject of race-horses being introduced, I ventured to descant upon Xanthus, the immortal courser of Achilles. They had never heard of 'squire Achilles, or his horse; but they offered to bet two to one, that Bajazet, the Old Roan, or the deacon's mare, Pumpkin and Milk, would beat him, and challenged me to appoint time and place.

Nor was I more acceptable among the young women. Being invited to spend an evening, after a quilting, I thought this a happy opportunity to introduce Andromache, the wife of the great Hector, at her loom; and Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, weaving her seven years' web. This was received with a stupid stare, until I mentioned the long time the queen of Ulysses was weaving; when a smart young woman observed, that she supposed Miss Penelope's yarn was rotted in whitening, that made her so long: and then told a tedious story of a piece of cotton and linen she had herself woven, under the same circumstances. She had no sooner finished, than, to enforce my observations, I recited above forty lines of Greek, from the Odyssey, and then began a dissertation on the *cæsura*. In the midst of my harangue, a florid-faced young man, at the further end of the room, with two large prominent foreteeth, remarkably white, began to sing—

Fire upon the mountains, run, boys, run;

And immediately the whole company rushed forward, to see who should get a chance in the reel of six.

I was about retiring, fatigued and disgusted, when it was hinted to me, that I might wait on Miss Mima home; but as I could recollect no word in the Greek, which would construe into *bundling*, or any of Homer's heroes, who *got the bag*, I declined. In the Latin, it is true, that Æneas and Dido, in the cave, seem something like a precedent. It was reported all over the town, the next day, that master was a *papish*, as he had talked French two hours.

Disappointed of recreation among the young, my next object was the minister. Here I expected pleasure and profit. He had spent many years in preaching, for the edification of private families, and was settled in the town, in a fit of enthusiasm; when the people drove away a clergyman, respectable for his years and learning. This he was pleased to call an awakening. He lectured me, at the first onset, for not attending the conference and night meetings; talked much of gifts, and decried human learning, as carnal and devilish, and well he might, he certainly was under no obligations to it; for a new singing master coming into town, the young people, by their master's advice, were for introducing Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms. Although I argued with the minister an hour, he remains firmly convinced, to this day, that the version of Sternhold and Hopkins is the same in language, letter and metre, with those Psalms King David chaunted, in the city of Jerusalem.

As for the independence I had founded on my wages, it vanished, like the rest of my scholastic prospects. I had contracted some debts. My request for present payment, was received with astonishment. I found I was not to expect it, until the next autumn, and then not in cash, but produce; to become my own collector, and to pick up my dues, half a peck of corn or rye in a place.

I was almost distracted, and yearned for the expiration of my contract, when an unexpected period was put to my distress. News was brought, that, by the carelessness of the boys, the school-house was burnt down. The common cry now was, that I ought, in justice, to pay for it; as to my want of proper government the carelessness of the boys ought to be imputed. The beating of Jotham was forgotten, and a thousand stories of my want of proper spirit circulated. These reports, and even the loss of a valuable *Gradus ad Parnassum*, did not damp my joy. I am sometimes led to believe, that my emancipation from real slavery in Algiers, did not afford me sincerer joy, than I experienced at that moment.

I returned to my father, who received me with kindness. My mother heard the story of my discomfitures with transport; as, she said, she had no doubt that her dream, about my falling into the hands of savages, was now out.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, WHOM THE AUTHOR VISITS IN PHILADELPHIA.

One not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
POPE.

I carried a request to the late Doctor Benjamin Franklin, then president of the state of Pennsylvania, for certain papers, I was to deliver further southward. I anticipated much pleasure, from the interview with this truly great man: To see one, who, from small beginnings, by the sole exertion of native genius, and indefatigable industry, had raised himself to the pinnacle of politics and letters; a man, who, from an humble porter's boy, had elevated himself to be the desirable companion of the great ones of the earth: who, from trundling a wheelbarrow in bye lanes, had been advanced to pass in splendour through the courts of kings; and, from hawking vile ballads, to the contracting and signing treaties, which gave peace and independence to three millions of his fellow citizens, was a sight interesting in the extreme.

I found the doctor surrounded by company, most of whom were young people. He received me with the attention due to a young stranger. He dispatched a person for the papers I wanted; asked me politely to be seated; inquired after the family I sprang from; and told me a pleasing anecdote of my

brave ancestor, Captain Underhill. I found, in the doctor, all that simplicity of language, which is remarkable in the fragment of his life, published since his decease; and which was conspicuous in my medical preceptor. I have since been in a room a few hours with Governour Jay, of New York; have heard of the late Governour Livingston, of New Jersey; and am now confirmed in the opinion, I have suggested, that men of genuine merit, as they possess the essence, need not the parade of great knowledge. A rich man is often plain in his attire, and the man, who has abundant treasures of learning, simple in his manners and style.

The doctor, in early life, was economical from principle; in his latter days, perhaps from habit. Poor Richard held the purse strings of the president of Pennsylvania. Permit me to illustrate this observation by an anecdote. Soon after I was introduced, an airy, thoughtless relation, from a New England state, entered the room. It seems he was on a party of pleasure, and had been so much involved in it, for three weeks, as not to have paid his respects to his venerable relative. The purpose of his present visit was, to solicit the loan of a small sum of money, to enable him to pay his bills, and transport himself home. He preluded his request, with a detail of embarrassments, which might have befallen the most circumspect. He said that he had loaded a vessel for B——, and as he did not deal on credit, had purchased beyond his current cash, and could not readily procure a draft upon home. The doctor, inquiring how much he wanted, he replied, with some hesitation, fifty dollars. The benevolent old gentleman went to his escritoir, and counted him out an hundred. He received them with many promises of punctual payment, and hastily took up the writing implements, to draught a note of hand, for the cash. The doctor, who saw the nature of the borrower's embarrassments, better than he was aware; and was possessed with the improbability of ever recovering his cash again, stepped across the room, laying his hand gently upon his cousin's arm, said, stop cousin, we will save the paper; a quarter of a sheet is not of great value, but it is worth saving: conveying, at once, a liberal gift and gentle reprimand for the borrower's prevarication and extravagance. Since I am talking of Franklin, the reader may be as unwilling to leave him as I was. Allow me to relate another anecdote. I do not recollect how the conversation was introduced; but a young person in company mentioned his surprise, that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with such anxiety and solicitude; and instanced Mr. R—— M——, who, he said, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy and more anxious, than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The doctor took an apple from a fruit basket, and presented it to a little child, who could just totter about the room. The child could scarce grasp it in his hand. He then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. See there, said the philosopher; there is a little man, with more riches than he can enjoy.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Alexander Hamilton, the soldier, statesman, and jurist, the right arm of Washington in peace and war, was not a native of the United States, though no name is more thoroughly American in its associations than his in our home annals. He was born in St. Kitts, one of the West India Islands, January 11, 1757. His grandfather was a gentleman of Ayrshire, in Scotland, whence his father emigrated to St. Kitts, where he became bankrupt as a merchant. He married at that island a widow of Huguenot descent, and thus his son, Alexander Hamilton, may have inherited the Scottish strength with the French vivacity of character. He certainly possessed both these qualities in a very eminent degree, and exhibited them at a very early age. When he attained fortune and influence in New York, he earnestly invited his father to join him; but his health not suffering him to leave the southern climate, the son contributed to his support till his death in 1799. His mother, who died in his childhood, he recollected as his warm nature and her qualities demanded, says his own son and biographer, "with inexpressible fondness." Upon her death, he was under the care of her relations at St. Croix acquiring a limited West India education, with such progress in general reading as his own powers of mind and the acquaintance of a Presbyterian clergyman directed. At twelve years of age he is in the counting-house of Nicholas Cruger, a New York merchant, transacting business in the island, who took the strongest interest in his prosperity, and by whom his good reception, when he went to America, was greatly promoted. For these good services Hamilton always entertained the warmest recollections. When upon the death of Cruger a litigation grew out of his will, Hamilton defended and secured the rights of his family, steadily refusing any compensation; and when upon Hamilton's death, a recompense for his services was offered to his widow, it was met by the production of a paper written by Hamilton in his last hours, enjoining his family never to receive money from any of the name of Cruger; so far did he carry his sense of the early kindness shown him.

A letter of that date, 1769, shows the ardent ambition of the boy, and the fire at that early age pent up within him. He writes to a school-fellow at New York: "To confess my weakness, Ned, my ambition is prevalent, so that I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I'm no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you'll conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying I wish there was a war." There was nothing of the indolence of the tropics in this language. "The child was father of the man." He was a thorough merchant's clerk, as he was afterwards the financier of the new states even then struggling into being on the main land. A description of a storm among the islands, which he wrote at the age of fifteen, influenced his friends in sending him to New York to pursue his studies. He landed at Boston, October, 1772, and passing to New York was introduced to the good society of the place. He studied hard at the school of Francis Bar-

ber* at Elizabethtown, and enjoyed the intimacy of Governor Livingston; practising his pen all the while in such occasional verses as an elegy, and a prologue and epilogue for a play acted by British soldiers in the neighborhood. He presented himself to Dr. Witherspoon at Princeton College, with the intention of passing as rapidly through the classes as his powers would permit. This privilege was not allowed by the rules of the institution, and he entered King's, after the Revolution Columbia College at New York. He exercised his talents as a speaker in a debating club of the college; and his ready pen in doggrel rhymes at the expense of the ministerial writers who attacked John Holt's Whig newspaper. His character exhibited itself at this time in his strong devotional feeling.

His first step in public affairs was memorable, and, as it is related in his memoirs, would form a worthy scene for the pencil of the artist. A meeting of the people of New York was called in The Fields to consider the questions preparatory to a general congress. It was one of the most important occasions in the city of the early Revolutionary period. Hamilton was then seventeen. His patriotism had just been excited by a visit to Boston, then the school of Revolution, where Trumbull at the same time learnt the lesson of freedom. The story is thus told by his biographer.

"It has been related to have been his habit to walk several hours each day under the shade of some large trees which stood in Batteau, now Dey street, talking to himself in an under tone of voice, apparently engaged in deep thought, a practice which he continued through life. This circumstance attracted the attention of his neighbors, to whom he was known as the 'young West Indian,' and led them to engage in conversation with him. One of them remarking the vigor and maturity of his thoughts, urged him to address this meeting, to which all the patriots were looking with the greatest interest. From this seeming intrusion he at first recoiled; but after listening attentively to the successive speakers, and finding several points untouched, he presented himself to the assembled multitude. The novelty of the attempt, his youthful countenance, his slender and diminutive form, awakened curiosity and arrested attention. Overawed by the scene before him, he at first hesitated and faltered; but as he proceeded almost unconsciously to utter his accustomed reflections, his mind warmed with the theme, his energies were recovered; and after a discussion clear, cogent, and novel, of the great principles involved in the controversy, he depicted in glowing colors the long continued and long endured oppressions of the mother country; he insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed to the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory. The breathless silence ceased as he closed; and the whispered murmur, 'it is a collegian! it is a collegian!' was lost in loud expressions of wonder and applause at the extraordinary eloquence of the young stranger."*

The orator was thus launched on the troubled waters of the times. The writer soon plunged after. One of his first efforts seems to have been a newspaper reply to some Tory argument by the President of his college, the youthful Myles Cooper, and his earliest distinct publication, a pamphlet issued by Rivington, a reply to a government tract of the times, in which Dr. Seabury (afterwards the Bishop) had a hand.† The argument of this piece of Hamilton's is direct, the language nervous. Two brief sentences are already in this early effort Hamiltonian tests of the future statesman. Addressing the farmers he intimates that he affects no class partialities for them as such, and adds, "I despise all false pretensions and mean arts." A few sentences further on, "Give me the steady, uniform, unshaken security of constitutional freedom." A second pamphlet followed February, 1775, from his pen, of noticeable vigor.‡ President Cooper thought Mr. Jay must have written it, for Hamilton was quite too young for such a production.

There was a third character in which he was to be known to his countrymen—the soldier. While still a collegian he was engaged with some of the youth of the city in military exercises in the churchyard of St. George's chapel. They called their company the "Hearts of Oak." It was sufficiently organized to be detailed by the revolutionary committee to the work of removing the cannon from the Battery. A boat from the Asia man-of-war was fired upon, and several citizens killed by the return broadside from the ship. Hamilton, undisturbed by a fallen comrade, accomplished his work. A convention of the townspeople ensued, which drove Dr. Cooper from the college, and for a while Toryism and literature were at a discount.

We have now seen Hamilton fully embarked on his great American career, and must pass rapidly over the incidents of his manhood, barely alluding to his early engagement in the camp with Washington, at the age of twenty, in 1777; his military life, by the side of his great leader, from Trenton to Yorktown, in which his bravery and capacity were always distinguished, and the services of his pen in the army correspon-

* Francis Barber, who was of Irish parentage, was born at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1751, where he received his education, and was afterwards in charge of an academy at Elizabethtown. On the breaking out of the Revolution he was an officer in the Jersey service, and rose to the rank of Colonel, being actively engaged in the scenes of the war. He was present at the capture of Yorktown. He met with his death in a singular manner by a tree falling on him as he passed the edge of a wood in the discharge of his duty as a soldier in camp with Washington at New Windsor.—Nat. Portrait Gallery, 2d Ed. 1835.

* Life of Hamilton, by J. C. Hamilton, i. 22.

† Hamilton's pamphlet was entitled, "A full Vindication of the Measures of Congress from the Calumnies of their enemies, in answer to a Letter under the signature of a W. Farmer; whereby his *sophistry* is exposed, his *cavils* confuted, his *artifices* detected, and his *wit* ridiculed in a General Address to the Inhabitants of America, and a Particular Address to the Farmers of the *Province of New York*. Veritas magna est et prevalebit. Truth is powerful and will prevail. New York. Printed by James Rivington. 1774.

‡ The Farmer Refuted; or, a more comprehensive and impartial view of the Disputes between Great Britain and the Colonies. Intended as a further Vindication of the Congress in answer to a letter from a Westchester Farmer, entitled a View of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies, including a mode of determining the present disputes finally and effectually, &c. By a sincere friend to America. Tituli remedia pollicentur, sed pixedes ipsæ venena continent. The title promises remedies, but the box itself poisons.

dence. Two incidents of the war may be mentioned, for the light which they throw upon his character—his momentary difficulty with General Washington, showing his high sense of honor and the spur of his southern birth, and his pathetic considerate conduct on the capture of Major André, to whom, while his judgment acquiesced in his rigorous fate, his tenderness was unbounded. There is no finer written pathos in our history than Hamilton's account, sent to Laurens, of the treason of Arnold and the death of André.* The delicacy with which Arnold's wife is mentioned; the sensitiveness and almost reverence with which he writes about the last offices to the gallant sufferer; the ardor of his emotion, which inspires such subtle and eloquent reflections as his remarks on war, that "the authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature"—and of André, that "never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less." These are noble monuments of the man.

In 1780, Hamilton was married on the 14th December to the second daughter of General Schuyler, who survived her husband for half a century, dying at the age of ninety-six in the autumn of 1854.

In 1782, he withdrew from public life, which then opened to him some of its rewards, in occupation in the service of his country abroad, and devoted himself at Albany to the incessant study of the law for four months, when he was admitted to the Supreme Court. At the close of the year he took his seat in Congress, and is henceforth in political life. Becoming a delegate from New York to the Congress of 1787 which formed the Constitution, which is identified with his name as associated with Jay and Madison, he defended its provisions, and asserted its principles in the pages of the *Federalist*, while it was before the several states for adoption. Of the eighty-five numbers of which this work was composed, fifty-one were by Hamilton; Jay wrote but five, and Madison the remainder.* The introduction and conclusion were from the pen of Hamilton. He also took the main discussion of the important points in respect to the taxation and the revenue, the army and militia, the power of the Executive, and the Judiciary.

When the Constitution—which he had done so much to organize and secure, both for the country at large and for his own state in the New York Convention—went into effect with the Presidency of Washington, that great man again called Hamilton to his side in the important post—perhaps the most important then in the national affairs—of Secretary of the Treasury. His cabinet papers and practical achievements in this position establish his great financial reputation. It was in allusion to these financial exertions and abilities that Daniel Webster paid an eloquent tribute to the genius of Hamilton in a public dinner speech in New York. "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet."†

On the fourth of July, 1789, he delivered an Eulogium on Major-General Greene before the Society of the Cincinnati, in which he gave full expression to his admiration of the life of that distinguished officer and friend of Washington, and traced his military career in a succinct and forcible narrative. It is a model for compositions of its class.

The letters of *Pacificus*, in 1793, exhibit his course when France urged the abandonment of American neutrality. When, in the Presidency of Adams, Washington was invited to the command of the national forces, on the prospect of an attack from France, he paid a last compliment to the military genius of his friend and aide of the Revolution. He stipulated that Hamilton should be his second in command. On the death of Washington he became Commander-in-Chief.

The too brief remainder of Hamilton's life was passed in New York, in the practice of the law and the agitations of politics, till his fatal and unnecessary duel with Burr, at Weehawken, closed his life July 12, 1804. His last great legal effort was made but a short time before his death, in Feb., 1804, being his argument on the law of libel in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in the case of the People against Harry Croswell, on an indictment for a libel on Jefferson, in which he maintained the popular privilege of the jury in the decision of both law and fact.

Never was American more sincerely mourned. The eloquence of the pulpit, the bar, and the press, was expended in oration, discourse, and eulogium.‡

* It is printed in the first volume of the Life, by his son.

* The Federalist originally appeared in the columns of the New York Daily Advertiser. The papers were collected and published in two neat duodecimo volumes, by J. & A. M'Lean, New York, 1788; another edition appeared during Hamilton's lifetime, in 1802, from the press of George F. Hopkins, New York. The papers were also included in an edition of Hamilton's works, in three vols., by Williams & Whiting, New York, 1810. In 1818, an edition was published by Jacob Gideon at Washington, which embraced the revisions by Madison of his papers.

† Speech, Feb., 1831.

‡ Coleman, of the Evening Post, published a memorial of the occasion in A Collection of the Facts and Documents relative to the Death of Major-General Alexander Hamilton; with

Gouverneur Morris delivered his funeral oration. Dr. Mason pronounced his Eulogy in the pulpit.

His federal compatriot and friend, the eminent Fisher Ames, borrowed the language of Scripture in mourning over his death, and measuring his probable earthly future, had he lived by his undoubted past, vented his feelings in the exclamation, that "his soul stiffened with despair when he thought what Hamilton would have been."*

In 1851, an edition of the works of Hamilton, including his correspondence and official papers, with the exception of the Federalist, was published with the assistance of Congress.† It was prepared by John C. Hamilton. In the last volume, two papers are given from the original MS. of Hamilton bearing upon Washington's Farewell Address: one, an *Abstract of Points to form an Address*, the other, a draft in full, the variations from which, as delivered, are noted. This, with the previous publication by Mr. Lenox, completed the materials for the study of the preparation of this interesting document.‡

THE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

A Letter from Hamilton to Laurens.§

Since my return from Hartford, my dear Laurens, my mind has been too little at ease to permit me to write to you sooner. It has been wholly occupied by the affecting and tragic consequences of Arnold's treason. My feelings were never put to so severe a trial. You will no doubt have heard the principal facts before this reaches you; but there are particulars to which my situation gave me access, that cannot have come to your knowledge from public report, which I am persuaded you will find interesting.

From several circumstances, the project seems to have originated with Arnold himself, and to have been long premeditated. The first overture is traced back to some time in June last. It was conveyed in a letter to Colonel Robinson, the substance of which was, that the ingratitude he had experienced from his country, concurring with other causes, had entirely changed his principles; that he now only sought to restore himself to the favour of his king by some signal proof of his repentance, and would be happy to open a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for that purpose. About this period he made a journey to Connecticut; on his return from which to Philadelphia, he solicited the command of West Point, alleging that the effects of his wound had disqualified him for the active duties of the field. The sacrifice of this important post was the atonement he intended to make. General Washington hesitated the less to gratify an officer who had rendered such eminent services, as he was convinced the post might be safely entrusted to one who had given so many distinguished proofs of his bravery. In the beginning of August he joined the army, and renewed his application. The enemy at this juncture had embarked the greatest part of their force on an expedition to Rhode Island, and our army was in motion to compel them to relinquish the enterprise, or to attack New York in its weakened state. The General offered Arnold the left wing of the army, which he declined, on the pretext already mentioned, but not without visible embarrassment. He certainly might have executed the duties of such a temporary command, and it was expected from his enterprising temper, that he would gladly have embraced so splendid an opportunity. But he did not choose to be diverted a moment from his favourite object; probably from an apprehension, that some different disposition might have taken place which would have excluded him. The extreme solicitude he discovered to get possession of the post, would have led to a suspicion of the treachery, had it been possible, from his past conduct, to have supposed him capable of it.

The correspondence thus begun, was carried on between Arnold and Major André, Adjutant General to the British army, in behalf of Sir Henry Clinton, under feigned signatures, and in a mercantile disguise. In an intercepted letter of Arnold, which lately fell into our hands, he proposes an interview "to settle the risks and profits of the copartnership," and in the same style of metaphor intimates an expected augmentation of the garrison, and speaks of it as the means of extending their traffic. It appears by another letter, that André was to have met him on the lines, under the sanction of a flag, in the character of Mr. John Anderson. But some cause or other, not known, prevented this interview.

The twentieth of last month, Robinson and André went up the river in the Vulture sloop of war. Robinson sent a flag to Arnold with two letters, one to General Putnam, enclosed in another to himself, proposing an interview with Putnam, or in his absence with Arnold, to adjust some private concerns. The one to General Putnam was evidently meant as a cover to the other, in case, by accident, the letters should have fallen under the inspection of a third person.

General Washington crossed the river on his way to Hartford, the day these despatches arrived. Arnold, conceiving he must have heard of the flag, thought it necessary, for the sake of appearances, to submit the letters to him, and ask his opinion of the propriety of complying with the request. The General, with his usual caution, though without the least surmise of the design, dissuaded him from it, and advised him to reply to Robinson, that whatever related to his private affairs must be of a civil nature, and could only properly be addressed to the civil authority. This reference fortunately deranged the plan, and was the first link in the chain of events that led to the detection. The interview could no longer take place in the form of a flag, but was obliged to be managed in a secret manner.

Arnold employed one Smith to go on board the Vulture the night of the twenty-second, to bring André on shore with a pass for Mr. John Anderson. André came ashore accordingly, and was conducted

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Comments: together with the various Orations, Sermons, and Eulogies that have been published or written on his Life and Character. Quoad humanum genus incolume manserit, quamdiu usus literis, honor summæ Eloquentiæ pretium erit, quamdiu rerum natura aut fortuna steterit, aut memoria duraverit, admirabile, posteris vigebis ingenium. AURELIUS FUSCUS. By the Editor of the Evening Post. New York: J. Riley & Co., 1804. 8vo. pp. 238.

* Sketch of the Character of Alexander Hamilton, 1804.

† The Works of Alexander Hamilton; comprising his Correspondence, and his Political and Official Writings, exclusive of the Federalist, Civil and Military. Published from the Original Manuscripts deposited in the Department of State, by order of the Joint Library Committee of Congress. Edited by John C. Hamilton, Author of "The Life of Hamilton." 7 vols. 8vo. New York: Francis & Co. 1851.

‡ *Ante*, p. 180.

§ The feelings of the whole army were most liberal in behalf of André; but none was more impressed with those sentiments of generosity and sympathy than Colonel Hamilton. He was daily searching some way to save him. Every wish to that effect having proved impossible, Hamilton, who was as sensible as any other of that impossibility, and one of those who lamented it the most, published a narrative of the events, and a portraiture of the unfortunate André, which is a masterpiece of literary talents and amiable sensibility. As it embraces all the essential circumstances of this interesting scene, and has been erroneously published, it may not improperly be introduced into the biography of its author.—*Note by J. C. Hamilton in the "Life."*

within a picket of ours to the house of Smith, where Arnold and he remained together in close conference all that night and the day following. At daylight in the morning, the commanding officer at King's Ferry, without the privity of Arnold, moved a couple of pieces of cannon to a point opposite to where the Vulture lay, and obliged her to take a more remote station. This event, or some lurking distrust, made the boatmen refuse to convey the two passengers back, and disconcerted Arnold so much, that by one of those strokes of infatuation which often confound the schemes of men conscious of guilt, he insisted on André's exchanging his uniform for a disguise, and returning in a mode different from that in which he came. André, who had been undesignedly brought within our posts, in the first instance, remonstrated warmly against this new and dangerous expedient. But Arnold persisting in declaring it impossible for him to return as he came, he at length reluctantly yielded to his direction, and consented to change his dress, and take the route he recommended. Smith furnished the disguise, and in the evening passed King's Ferry with him, and proceeded to Crompond, where they stopped the remainder of the night (at the instance of a militia officer), to avoid being suspected by him. The next morning they resumed their journey, Smith accompanying André a little beyond Pine's Bridge, where he left him. He had reached Tarrytown, when he was taken up by three militia men, who rushed out of the woods, and seized his horse. At this critical moment, his presence of mind forsook him. Instead of producing his pass, which would have extricated him from our parties, and could have done him no harm with his own, he asked the militia men if they were of the upper or lower party, distinctive appellations known among the refugee corps. The militia men replied, they were of the lower party; upon which he told them he was a British officer, and pressed them not to detain him as he was upon urgent business. This confession removed all doubt; and it was in vain he afterwards produced his pass. He was instantly forced off to a place of greater security; where, after a careful search, there were found concealed in the feet of his stockings, several papers of importance delivered to him by Arnold. Among these there were a plan of the fortifications of West Point, a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defence of the place, returns of the garrison, cannon, and stores, copy of the minutes of a council of war held by General Washington a few weeks before. The prisoner at first was inadvertently ordered to Arnold; but on recollection, while still on the way, he was countermanded and sent to Old Salem.

The papers were enclosed in a letter to General Washington, which having taken a route different from that by which he returned, made a circuit, that afforded leisure for another letter, through an ill-judged delicacy, written to Arnold, with information of Anderson's capture, to get to him an hour before General Washington arrived at his quarters, time enough to elude the fate that awaited him. He went down the river in his barge to the Vulture, with such precipitate confusion, that he did not take with him a single paper useful to the enemy. On the first notice of the affair he was pursued, but much too late to be overtaken.

There was some colour for imagining it was a part of the plan to betray the General into the hands of the enemy: Arnold was very anxious to ascertain from him the precise day of his return, and the enemy's movements seem to have corresponded to this point. But if it was really the case, it was very injudicious. The success must have depended on surprise, and as the officers at the advanced posts were not in the secret, their measures might have given the alarm, and General Washington, taking the command of the post, might have rendered the whole scheme abortive. Arnold, it is true, had so dispersed the garrison as to have made a defence difficult, but not impracticable; and the acquisition of West Point was of such magnitude to the enemy, that it would have been unwise to connect it with any other object, however great, which might make the obtaining of it precarious.

Arnold, a moment before his setting out, went into Mrs. Arnold's apartment, and informed her that some transactions had just come to light, which must forever banish him from his country. She fell into a swoon at this declaration, and he left her in it to consult his own safety, till the servants, alarmed by her cries, came to her relief. She remained frantic all day, accusing every one who approached her with an intention to murder her child (an infant in her arms), and exhibiting every other mark of the most genuine and agonizing distress. Exhausted by the fatigue and tumult of her spirits, her phrenzy subsided towards evening, and she sunk into all the sadness of affliction. It was impossible not to have been touched with her situation; everything affecting in female tears, or in the misfortunes of beauty, everything pathetic in the wounded tenderness of a wife, or in the apprehensive fondness of a mother, and, till I have reason to change the opinion, I will add, everything amiable in suffering innocence, conspired to make her an object of sympathy to all who were present. She experienced the most delicate attentions, and every friendly office, till her departure for Philadelphia.

André was, without loss of time, conducted to the head-quarters of the army, where he was immediately brought before a board of general officers, to prevent all possibility of misrepresentation or cavil on the part of the enemy.

The board reported that he ought to be considered as a spy, and according to the laws and usages of nations, to suffer death, which was executed two days after.

Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character, for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an imposter; that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only that to whatever rigour policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonourable. His request was granted in its full extent; for in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which would even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might implicate others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself, and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members were not more impressed with the candour and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated

with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behaviour towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said, he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during his confinement), he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the General, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness; I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence; bursting into tears, in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collecting himself enough afterwards to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclinations, as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the sentiment and diction.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference to his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought that this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was, therefore, determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations, which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate (said he), but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "it will be but a momentary pang;" and springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies he died universally regretted, and universally esteemed.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said, he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared.

His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem;—they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his General, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him, is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware, that a man of real merit is never seen in so favourable a light as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities, that in prosperous times serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy; and are more disposed by compassion to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction, as well as violence; and the General who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we would not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag,—about this, a man of nice honour ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great. Let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton, and others, were received in the course of the affair, feebly attempting to prove that André came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service; and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation, composed of Lieutenant-General Robinson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the true state of Major André's case. General Greene met Robinson, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged André's release as a personal favour to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that besides the time, manner, object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags; and the passport was not to Major André, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there been, on the contrary, all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say, that the sanction of a flag, for corrupting an officer to betray his trust, ought to be respected. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation.

André himself has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea, in his examination

before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it.

There was, in truth, no way of saving him. Arnold or he must have been the victim; the former was out of our power

It was by some suspected, Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner, that if the interview had been discovered in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice André to his own security. This surmise of double treachery, made them imagine Clinton would be induced to give up Arnold for André; and a gentleman took occasion to suggest the expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it. The moment he had been capable of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct, previous to his desertion, is only equalled by his baseness since. Besides the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, that André had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions, while commanding officer at a post, and that therefore he did not doubt he would be immediately sent in, he had the effrontery to write to General Washington in the same spirit, with the addition of a menace of retaliation, if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is, in every sense, despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little as well as great villanies. He practised every art of peculation; and even stooped to connexion with the suttlers of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct, that of the captors of André formed a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation; and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory, to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down, with execration, to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams.

I congratulate my friend on our happy escape from the mischiefs with which this treason was big. It is a new comment on the value of an honest man, and, if it were possible, would endear you to me more than ever. Adieu.

FROM THE EULOGIUM ON GEN. GREENE, BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

There is no duty that could have been assigned to me by this society which I should execute with greater alacrity than the one I am now called upon to perform. All the motives capable of interesting an ingenuous and feeling mind conspire to prompt me to its execution. To commemorate the talents, virtues, and exploits, of great and good men, is at all times a pleasing task to those who know how to esteem them. But when such men, to the title of superior merit, join that of having been the defenders and guardians of our country; when they have been connected with us as companions in the same dangers, sufferings, misfortunes, and triumphs; when they have been allied to us in the still more endearing character of friends; we recall the ideas of their worth with sensations that affect us yet more nearly, and feel an involuntary propensity to consider their fame as our own. We seem to appropriate to ourselves the good they have done; and to take a personal interest in the glory they have acquired; and to share in the very praise we bestow.

In entering upon a subject in which your feelings as well as my own are so deeply concerned, however it might become me to follow examples of humility, I shall refrain from a practice perhaps not less laudable than it is common. I cannot prevail upon myself to check the current of your sensibility by the cold formalities of an apology for the defects of the speaker. These can neither be concealed nor extenuated by the affectation of diffidence; nor even by the genuine concessions of conscious inability. 'Tis your command, and the reverence we all bear to the memory of him of whom I am to speak, that must constitute my excuse, and my claim to your indulgence. Did I even possess the powers of oratory, I should with reluctance attempt to employ them upon the present occasion. The native brilliancy of the diamond needs not the polish of art; the conspicuous features of pre-eminent merit, need not the coloring pencil of imagination, nor the florid decorations of rhetoric.

From you who knew and loved him, I fear not the imputation of flattery, or enthusiasm, when I indulge an expectation, that the *name* of GREENE will at once awaken in your minds, the images of whatever is noble and estimable in human nature. The fidelity of the portrait I shall draw, will therefore have nothing to apprehend from your sentence. But I dare not hope that it will meet with equal justice from all others; or that it will entirely escape the cavils of ignorance and the shafts of envy. For high as this great man stood in the estimation of his country, the whole extent of his worth was little known. The situations in which he has appeared, though such as would have measured the faculties and exhausted the resources of men who might justly challenge the epithet of great, were yet incompetent to the full display of those various, rare, and exalted endowments, with which nature only now and then decorates a favorite, as if with intention to astonish mankind.

As a man, the virtues of Greene are admitted; as a patriot, he holds a place in the foremost rank; as a statesman, he is praised; as a soldier, he is admired. But in the two last characters, especially in the last but one, his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit, in full day, the vast, I had almost said the enormous, powers of his mind.

The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life, cut him off from those scenes, which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire, could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field.

In forming our estimate, nevertheless, of his character, we are not left to supposition and conjecture. We are not left to vague indications or uncertain appearances, which partiality might varnish or prejudice discolor. We have a succession of deeds, as glorious as they are unequivocal, to attest his greatness and perpetuate the honors of his name.

It is an observation, as just as it is common, that in those great revolutions which occasionally convulse society, human nature never fails to be brought forward in its brightest as well as in its blackest colors: and it has very properly been ranked not among the least of the advantages which compensate for the evils they produce, that they serve to bring

to light, talents and virtues, which might otherwise have languished in obscurity, or only shot forth a few scattered and wandering rays.

Nathaniel Greene descended from reputable parents; but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must, in all probability, have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen, or, at most, with the contracted sphere of an elective office, in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind, had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more ample theatre.

Happily for America, he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by an enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise, of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude; in a cause, which was worthy of the toils and of the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to, at Lexington, as the Arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene, shortly after, marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge; determined to abide the awful decision.

He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence.

His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the councils of his Chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the checkered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the first most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterwards broke forth with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity, in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country. To attribute to him a port on of the praise which is due, as well to the formation as to the execution of the plans that effected these important ends, can be no derogation from that wisdom and magnanimity which knew how to select and embrace counsels worthy of being pursued.

The laurels of a Henry were never tarnished by the obligations he owed and acknowledged to a Sully.

* * * * * *

From the Heights of Monmouth I might lead you to the Plains of Springfield, there to behold the veteran Knyphaussen, at the head of a veteran army, baffled and almost beaten by a general without an army—aided, or rather embarrassed, by small fugitive bodies of volunteer militia, the mimicry of soldiership!

But it would ill become me to detain you in the contemplation of objects diminutive in comparison with those that are to succeed.

Hitherto, we have seen the illustrious Greene acting in a subordinate capacity, the faint glimmerings of his fame absorbed and lost in the superior rays of a Washington. Happy was it for him to have been called to a more explicit station. Had this never been the case, the future historian, perplexed between the panegyric of friends and satire of enemies, might have doubted in what colors to draw his true character. Accident, alone, saved a Greene from so equivocal a fate; a reflection which might damp the noble ardor of emulation, and check the towering flight of conscious merit.

The defeat of Camden, and the misfortune of Gates, opened the career of victory and of glory to Greene. Congress having resolved upon a successor to the former, the choice was left to the Commander-in-Chief, and fell upon the latter. In this destination, honorable in proportion as it was critical, he acquiesced with the mingled emotions of a great mind—impelled by a sense of duty—allured by the hope of fame—apprised of the danger and precariousness of the situation, yet confident of its own strength, and animated by the magnitude of the object for which it was to be exerted.

Henceforth we are to view him on a more exalted eminence. He is no longer to figure in an ambiguous or secondary light; he is to shine forth the artificer of his own glory—the leader of armies and the deliverer of States!

BALLAD LITERATURE, &c., OF THE INDIAN, FRENCH, AND REVOLUTIONARY WARS.

One of the early ballads written in the country is that composed about 1724, on the encounter between Captain Lovewell and Paugus, an Indian chief. Lovewell was the son of Zaccheus Lovewell, an ensign in Cromwell's army, who emigrated to New Hampshire and settled at Dunstable, where he attained the wonderful age of one hundred and twenty years. Captain Lovewell had, previously to the engagement in which he lost his life, taken part in several encounters with the Indians, and proved himself a man of skill and bravery.* We give the ballad from the appendix to the reprint of Church's Indian Wars, by Samuel G. Drake, with the valuable notes added by the editor.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

Of worthy Captain Lovewell, I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers, did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indians' pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket,† on the eighth day of May,‡
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond§ as we're made to understand.

* Farmer and Moore's Hist. Coll. of New Hampshire, i. 25; iii. 64.

† Situated on the upper part of the river Saco, then fifty miles from any white settlement.—Farmer and Moore's Coll. i. 27. It is in the present town of Fryeburg, Maine.

‡ They set out from Dunstable about the 16th April, 1725. Symmes' narrative, in Farmer and Moore's Coll. i. 27.

§ Called Saco pond. Some call this Lovewell's pond, but Lovewell's pond is in Wakefield, where he some time before captured a company of Indians, who were on their way to attack some of the frontier towns.

Our men resolved to have him and travell'd two miles round,
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then spake up Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," says he,
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.*

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack,†
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,‡
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise one man more,§
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.‖

Then having scalp'd the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spy'd them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by;
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out "Here's an Indian," with that they started out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English, all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they fear'd them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forc'd to flee.¶

Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began,
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are inform'd, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,**

The rogues were forc'd to flee them, altho' they skulk'd for fear.

Two logs there were behind them, that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English, they travell'd in a row,
And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning, when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians, some hours before 'twas night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceased awhile to fight.*

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number, at night did get home well.†

And that our valiant English, till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.‡

Of all our valiant English, there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians, there were about four score.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.§

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lt. Robins,‖ and wounded good young Frye,¶
Who was our English chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam** too I'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavouring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell;
But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismay'd,
But still they kept their motion, and Wyman's†† Captain made,

* This Indian was out a hunting, and probably had no knowledge of the English, having two ducks in his hand, and his guns loaded with beaver shot.—Symmes and Belknap.

† The Indians finding their packs, learned their number, and placed themselves to surround them, when they returned.

‡ It appears from Mr. Symmes, that the English saw the Indian coming, and secreted themselves, firing at him first. He then, having two guns, discharged both, and wounded the Captain mortally.

§ Samuel Whiting.

‖ Ensign Wyman shot him, and Mr. Frye, the chaplain, and another, scalped him.—Symmes.

¶ Both parties advanced with their guns presented, and when they came within "a few yards," they fired on both sides. "The Indians fell in considerable numbers, but the English, most, if not all of them, escaped the first shot."—Ib. Then advancing within twice the length of their guns, slew nine.—Penhallow.

** Twelve were killed and wounded before they retreated to the pond. There was a small bank, which served them as a breastwork, and, perhaps, saved them from an immediate defeat. This is the more probable, as but few were killed afterwards.—*Ib.*

* They probably drew off to take care of the wounded. Symmes nor Penhallow makes mention that they returned again to the fight, after they drew off.

† Forty were said to be killed upon the spot, and eighteen more died of their wounds.—*Penhallow.*

‡ Solomon Keyes, after receiving three wounds, crawled along the shore of the pond, where he chanced to find an old canoe, into which he rolled himself, and the wind wafted him on several miles toward the fort, which he reached in safety. He felt his end approaching, when he was in the boat, into which he had crawled, only to die in peace, and to escape the scalping knife, but wonderfully revived.—*Symmes.*

§ Eight were left in the woods, whose wounds were so bad that they could not travel, of whom two only returned. One ran away in the beginning of the fight.

‖ He belonged to Chelmesford. Being mortally wounded, desired to have two guns charged, and left with him, which they did. He said, "As the Indians will come in the morning to scalp me, I will kill one more of them if I can."—*Ib.*

¶ He fell about the middle of the afternoon. He was the only son of Capt. James Frye of Andover, graduated at Harvard college in 1723, and was chaplain of the company.—*Ib.*

** Only son of Major Fullam of Weston, was sergeant of the company, and fell in the beginning of the fight.—*Ib.*

†† Ensign Seth Wyman of Woburn. He was presented with a silver hilted sword for his good conduct, and commissioned Captain. He died soon after.

Who shot the old chief Paugus,* which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arriv'd at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.†

The long-continued contest known as the old French War, though waged at a comparative distance from the settled portion of the country, was one which could not fail to leave its trace in the popular literature. The foe was one whose ascendency, in the opinion of a great part of the colonists, foreboded destruction to soul as well as body. The Roman Catholic priest represented a system which they detested; the Indian was identified with infant recollections and the tales of terror of the fireside. The colonists went heart and hand with the mother country, and shared to the full the John Bull prejudice and contempt of a Frenchman. As expedition succeeded expedition, battle followed after battle, the companionship in different scenes of danger and endurance led to a union of feeling among the representatives of different portions of the country, and while it furnished a school of warfare, presented one also of federative union.

History has been active in identifying the localities of the war and in preserving the memory of its heroes, but has bestowed slight care on a department which has claims equal to these—the preservation of the ballad and song which cheered the long march of the soldier through the wilderness, and warmed the hearts of his kindred at the fireside. Many, probably, of the fugitive productions of which we have spoken have perished, and the lines of some which remain may to us have little of the spirit-stirring element, but they are worthy of regard for their past services.

One of the first in order of the productions to which we have alluded is a little duodecimo pamphlet of thirty pages, entitled *Tilden's Miscellaneous Poems on Divers Occasions, chiefly to animate and rouse the Soldiers. Printed* 1756. We know nothing of the author beyond the information he furnishes us in his

PREFACE, OR INTRODUCTION.

INGENIOUS AND COURTEOUS READER:

It may justly seem a matter of great surprise that a man near 70 years of age should attempt to be an author: it may justly be deemed by you, or any other gentleman, to be the product of superannuation. Yet, Courteous Reader, I have some excuses to make, for digging up rusty talents out of the earth so long lain hid. In the first place, when I was young I was bashful, and could not stand the gust of a laugh; but having observed the press for 60 years, which has stood open and free to every idle scribbler, who have come off with impunity instead of the punishment, I tho't they would have had; I am thereby emboldened to venture myself among the rest. But, ingenious sirs, I think I have greater and nobler views; for since brave soldiers are the very life, nerves, and sinews of their country, and cannot be too much honored, nor too well paid —being a lover of martial discipline—I tho't at this critical juncture it might be of some service to the public, to attempt to animate, and stir up the martial spirits of our soldiery, which is the utmost I can do under my present circumstances. The small effort I made last spring was so well accepted by the gentlemen of the army, that I am thereby emboldened to revise that, and some other pieces, and put them into a small pamphlet. I have nothing further to say, Gentlemen, but conclude with the two following stanzas:—

Kind Sirs, if that you will accept,
This pretty Pamphlet as a gift:
With all the powers I have left,
I will consult your Honor,
But if you throw her quite away,
As I confess you justly may,
I've nothing further for to say;
But spit and tread upon her.

But if that kindly you receive,
And grant the Muse a blest reprieve;
That little while she has to live,
'Twill give her life and motion,
And make her crazy pinions strong;
Thro' lofty theme she'll fly along,
And every stanza in her song,
Shall stand at your devotion.

The work opens as a patriotic work, designing to fill, in due course, all the regular requirements of such a production, with

THE BRITISH LION ROUSED.

Hail! great Apollo guide my feeble pen,
To rouse the august lion from his den,
Exciting vengeance on the worst of men.

Rouse, *British Lion*, from thy soft repose,
And take revenge upon the worst of foes,
Who try to ring and haul you by the nose.

They always did thy quiet breast annoy,
Raising rebellion with the Rival Boy,
Seeking thy faith and int'rest to destroy.

Treaties and oaths they always did break thro';
They never did nor wou'd keep faith with you,
By popes and priests indulged so to do.

All neighbouring powers and neutral standers by
Look on our cause with an impartial eye,
And see their falseness and their perfidy.

Their grand encroachments on us ne'er did cease,
But by indulgence mightily increase,
Killing and scalping us in times of peace

They buy our scalps, exciting savage clans,
In children's blood for to embue their hands,
Assisted by their cruel Gallic bands.

The British lion on his legs, with rampant tail, we have next *The English Soldiers Encouraged*, from which we take a passage exhibiting the grievances complained of:—

From Acadia to the Ohio river,
They seize your lands where Jove is not the giver;
Laying a plan that they in time to come,
O'er all these lands may sing their *Te Deum;*
And cloud your sun with Popish superstition,
And make you dread their bloody Inquisition.

* Many of Lovewell's men knew Paugus personally. A huge bear's skin formed a part of his dress. From Mr. Symmes' account, it appears that John Chamberlain killed him. They had spoken together some time in the fight, and afterwards both happened to go to the pond to wash out their guns, which were rendered useless by so frequent firing. Here the challenge was given by Paugus, "It is you or I." As soon as the guns were prepared they fired, and Paugus fell.

† Wyman and three others did not arrive until the 15th, but the main body, consisting of twelve, arrived the 18th.

In vain you'll sigh, and make your sad complaints
Unto these idiot-worshippers of saints.
Better to die if Heaven sees it fit,
In fields of blood, than ever to submit:
Go, heroes bold, you've a commission given
From George, our king, and the great King of Heaven.
The blood of infants crieth from the ground,
With scalped mothers scatter'd up and down.
Revenge, revenge our blood and righteous cause
Upon these rogues who break all nature's laws.
In coverts they watch many days and nights,
To take a time to do their base exploits,
Scalp a few children, home again they run,
And swing their scalps and sing their *Te Deum:*
They've murther'd thus in all our north frontiers,
Fill'd mothers' hearts with sighs and groans and tears,
And thus they've acted more than three-score years.
Had ever mortals such a cursed foe?
Ask Jove or Mars, and they will tell you no.

Next follows *Braddock's Fate, with an Incitement to Revenge, composed August* 20, 1755. We select a passage, headed

HIS EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone brave Braddock lies,
Who always hated cowardice,
But fell a savage sacrifice;
Amidst his Indian foes.
I charge you, heroes, of the ground,
To guard his dark pavilion round,
And keep off all obtruding sound,
And cherish his repose.

Sleep, sleep, I say, brave valiant man,
Bold death, at last, has bid thee stand,
And to resign thy great demand,
And cancel thy commission:
Altho' thou didst not much incline,
Thy post and honors to resign;
Now iron slumber doth confine;
None envy's thy condition.

A survey of the battle so rouses the author, that he gives us some glimpses of his own individuality:—

Their skulking, scalping, murdering tricks
Have so enraged old sixty-six,*
With legs and arms like withered sticks,
And youthful vigor gone;
That if he lives another year,
Complete in armor he'll appear,
And laugh at death, and scoff at fear,
To right his country's wrong.

Let young and old, both high and low,
Arm well against this savage foe,
Who all around environ us so;
The sons of black delusion.
New England's sons, you know their way,
And how to cross them in their play,
And drive these murdering dogs away,
Unto their last confusion.

One bold effort O let us make,
And at one blow behead the snake;
And then these savage powers will break,
Which long have us oppress'd.
And this, brave soldiers, will we do,
If Heaven and George shall say so too:
And if we drive the matter thro'
The land will be at rest.

Come, every soldier, charge your gun,
And let your task be killing one:
Take aim until the work is done:
Don't throw away your fire;
For he that fires without an aim,
May kill his friend, and be to blame,
And in the end come off with shame,
When forced to retire.

O mother land, we think we're sure
Sufficient is thy marine powers,
To dissipate all eastern showers:
And if our arms be blest,
Thy sons in *North America*
Will drive these hell-born dogs away
As far beyond the realms of day,
As east is from the west.

Forbear, my muse, thy barbarous song,
Upon this theme thou'st dwelt too long,
It is too high and much too strong,
The learned won't allow:
Much honor should accrue to him,
Who ne'er was at their Academ,
Come, blot out every telesem;*
Get home unto thy plow.

A poem follows on *The Christian Hero, or New England's Triumph; written soon after the success of our arms at Nova Scotia, and the Signal Victory at Lake George*, after which we find *The Soldiers Reproved for Reflecting on one another.* The remaining pieces consist of verses on *The Vanity and Uncertainty of all Sublunary Things; An Epitaph upon Sir Isaac Newton;* and *An Essay on Progedies and Earthquakes.*

We are indebted for one of the most stirring of our specimens to The History of An Expedition against Fort Du Quesne in 1755 under Major-General Braddock, edited from the original manuscripts by Winthrop Sargent, M.A.; published during the present year by the Pennsylvania Historical Society. "This jingling provincial ballad," says Mr. Sargent, "was composed in Chester county, Pennsylvania, while the army was on its march in the spring or early summer of 1755. During the Revolution it was still a favorite song there, the name of Lee being substituted for Braddock. It has never, I believe, appeared in print before. There is no doubt of its authenticity."

To arms, to arms! my jolly grenadiers!
Hark, how the drums do roll it along!
To horse, to horse, with valiant good cheer;
We'll meet our proud foe before it is long.
Let not your courage fail you;
Be valiant, stout, and bold;
And it will soon avail you,
My loyal hearts of gold.
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I say huzzah!
Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah,

March on, march on, brave Braddock leads the foremost;
The battle is begun as you may fairly see.
Stand firm, be bold, and it will soon be over;
We'll soon gain the field from our proud enemy.
A squadron now appears, my boys;
If that they do but stand!
Boys, never fear, be sure you mind
The word of command!

* The Author.

* A name the author gives to this sort of metre.—*Author's note.*

Huzzah, my valiant countrymen! again I say huzzah!
'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah!

See how, see how, they break and fly before us!
See how they are scattered all over the plain!
Now, now—now, now, our country will adore us!
In peace and in triumph, boys, when we return again!
Then laurels shall our glory crown
For all our actions told:
The hills shall echo all around,
My loyal hearts of gold.
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I say huzzah!
'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah!

The Pennsylvania Gazette of September 30, 1756, contains the following spirited

ODE TO THE INHABITANTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Still shall the tyrant scourge of Gaul
With wasteful rage resistless fall
On Britain's slumbering race?
Still shall she wave her bloody hand
And threatening banners o'er this land,
To Britain's fell disgrace?

And not one generous chieftain rise
(Who dares the frown of war despise,
And treacherous fear disclaim)
His country's ruin to oppose,
To hurl destruction on her foes,
And blast their rising fame?

In Britain's cause, with valour fired,
Braddock, unhappy chief! expired,
And claim'd a nation's tear;
Nor could Oswego's bulwarks stand
The fury of a savage band,
Though Schuyler's arm was there.

Still shall this motley, murderous crew
Their deep, destructive arts pursue,
And general horror spread?
No—see Britannia's genius rise!
Swift o'er the Atlantic foam she flies
And lifts her laurell'd head!

Lo! streaming through the clear blue sky,
Great Loudon's awful banners fly,
In British pomp display'd!
Soon shall the gallant chief advance;
Before him shrink the sons of France,
Confounded and dismay'd.

Then rise, illustrious Britons, rise!
Great Freedom calls, pursue her voice,
And save your country's shame!
Let every hand for Britain arm'd,
And every breast with virtue warm'd,
Aspire at deathless fame!

But chief, let Pennsylvania wake,
And on her foes let terrors shake,
Their gloomy troops defy;
For, lo! her smoking farms and plains,
Her captured youths, and murder'd swains,
For vengeance louder cry.

Why should we seek inglorious rest,
Or sink, with thoughtless ease oppress'd,
While war insults so near?
While ruthless, fierce, athirst for blood,
Bellona's sons, a desperate brood!
In furious bands appear!

Rouse, rouse at once, and boldly chase
From their deep haunts, the savage race,
Till they confess you men.

Let other Armstrongs* grace the field:
Let other slaves before them yield,
And tremble round Du Quesne.

And thou, our chief, and martial guide,
Of worth approved, of valour tried
In many a hard campaign,
O Denny, warmed with British fire,
Our inexperienced troops inspire,
And conquest's laurels gain!

The fine song, "How stands the glass around?" is said to have been composed by General Wolfe the evening before the attack on Quebec. Wolfe was a man of fine taste as well as literary ability, and one of the many stories of the repetition of Gray's Elegy by distinguished men on their death-beds, or near the close of their lives, perpetuates an incident of the same eventful evening. "As he passed from ship to ship," of the fleet containing his troops, "he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the Elegy in a Country Churchyard. 'I,' said he, 'would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;' and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass around?
For shame ye take no care, my boys,
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound,
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

* The worthy and gallant Colonel Armstrong, who, at the head of a number of the provincial troops, destroyed an Indian town, and its inhabitants, within twenty-five miles of Fort Du Quesne.

† Bancroft's History United States, iv. 382.

The death of Wolfe called forth many mournful tributes to his virtues. We select a few lines which appeared in the Pennsylvania Gazette, Nov. 8, 1759.

Thy merits, Wolfe, transcend all human praise,
The breathing marble or the muses' lays.
Art is but vain—the force of language weak,
To paint thy virtues, or thy actions speak.
Had I Duché's or Godfrey's magic skill,
Each line to raise, and animate at will—
To rouse each passion dormant in the soul,
Point out its object, or its rage control—
Then, Wolfe, some faint resemblance should we find
Of those great virtues that adorn'd thy mind.
Like Britain's genius shouldst thou then appear,
Hurling destruction on the Gallic rear—
While France, astonish'd, trembled at thy sight,
And placed her safety in ignoble flight.
Thy last great scene should melt each Briton's heart,
And rage and grief alternately impart.
With foes surrounded, midst the shades of death,
These were the words that closed the warrior's breath—
"My eyesight fails!—but does the foe retreat?
If they retire, I'm happy in my fate!"
A generous chief, to whom the hero spoke,
Cried, "Sir, they fly!—their ranks entirely broke:
Whilst thy bold troops o'er slaughter'd heaps advance,
And deal due vengeance on the sons of France."
The pleasing truth recalls his parting soul,
And from his lips these dying accents stole:—
"I'm satisfied!" he said, then wing'd his way,
Guarded by angels to celestial day.
An awful band!—Britannia's mighty dead,
Receives to glory his immortal shade.
Marlborough and Talbot hail the warlike chief—
Halket and Howe, late objects of our grief,
With joyful song conduct their welcome guest
To the bright mansions of eternal rest—
For those prepared who merit just applause
By bravely dying in their country's cause.

JOHN MAYLEM.

John Maylem was graduated at Harvard in 1715. He published, in 1758, *The Conquest of Louisbourg, a Poem*, 8vo. pp. 16, and in the same year, *Gallic Perfidy, a Poem*, about the same length. His name appears on the title-pages of both these productions, with the warlike affix, "Philo-bellum." From the character of some unpublished poems, copied in a MS. collection made by Du Simitière the antiquary, preserved in the Philadelphia library, he appears to have loved wine and Venus as well. Du Simitière, who appears to have had a special fondness for the writer, has also copied a letter from John Maylem to Mr. J—s—pho—n, in which he calls himself a drunkard, and describes an attempt which he made to hang himself, in which a brief tension of the rope by his suspended neck was followed by an abandonment of the project, serious reflection, and, up to the date of the letter, a thorough reformation.

Maylem's poetic ordnance is suggestive of the weight of the metal rather than the fire and momentum of the discharge. We will, however, give a brief passage from one of the most intensified of his "sound and fury" strains:—

Meanwhile, alternate deaths promiscuous fly,
And the fierce meteors blaze along the sky;
Then shiver in the air, and sudden pour
A cloud of atoms, in a sulphur shower;
Or in their city wild convulsive burst
Ten thousand ways, and mingle with the dust.
A gaping chasm in their wall disclose,
The reeking soldier at his death repose.
While fate in showers of lead connected rains,
And wings famed heroes to her dark domains;
The cutting grape-shot spatter o'er the heath,
And the fierce langrel aid the glare of death.
In such sad scenes alternately involved,
Till one fair season half her course dissolved:
Too much the odds—the Gallic ensigns struck,
By all their patron images forsook,
With drooping flag and solemn pace advance,
Their courage faints, nor more can stand the chance,
The last sad purpose of their souls impart,
And claim the mercy of a British heart.

The following decided expression of opinion is taken from Du Simitière's MS. copy:—

SATIRE ON HALIFAX, IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The dregs of Thames and Liffy's sable stream,
Danubian rubbish and the Rhine's my theme,
Of them I sing, the rebel vagrant rout,
Base emigrants that Europe speweth out,
Their country's bane, such traitrous scoundrel crews,
Torn from the gaols, the gallows, and the stews,
From Europe's plains to Nova Scotia's woods,
Transported over the great Atlantic floods;
In shoals they come, and fugitive invade
The horrid gloom of Halifax's shade.
Oh, Halifax! the worst of God's creation,
Possest of the worst scoundrels of each nation:
Whores, rogues, and thieves, the dregs and scum of vice,
Bred up to villainy, theft, rags, and lice—
Proud upstarts here, tho' starved from whence they come;
Just such a scoundrel pack first peopled Rome;
Send them to hell and then they'll be at home.

Another of the poets of the war was

GEORGE COCKINGS.

We know nothing of this writer in connexion with America except that he wrote a portion of his poem on War in Newfoundland, in the winter of 1758; that the second edition of his performance was published at Portsmouth, "in Piscataqua, or New Hampshire Colony, in America, in 1761," the first having appeared in London in 1760, and the third "in Massachusetts Colony, in 1762." The fourth and last edition was published in London without date, but must have appeared in or before 1766, as we find it advertised in its complete form on the title-page of a play, *The Conquest of Canada*, by the same writer, and it was not until its fourth issue that it attained its full growth of ten books. He was also the author of *Stentorian Eloquence and Medical Infallibility*, a satire in verse on itinerant preachers and advertising quacks, published in 1771, and of *Benevolence and Gratitude, a Poem*, in 1772.

The longest and most ambitious of these productions is the *Heroic Poem on War*. The subject grew upon the author from an account of the conquest of Louisburg to a chronicle of the entire war, including the achievements of the English at the Havana and Manilla. Wolfe is of course the chief hero of his chronicle. A few lines from the argument of his poem will display its style:—

I sing how Wolfe, the faithless foe engag'd;
(For where Wolfe led, the battle fiercely rag'd!)
The havock of his war, the mould'ring walls!
Quebec's, Cape Breton's fate; the conquer'd Gauls!
His warlike deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
Whom foes admire! and conqu'ring Britons love.
By bloody toils, he gain'd on hostile ground,
That honour great; with which his mem'ry's crown'd:
In Britain's cause (amidst the martial strife)
He fought, he conquer'd, and resign'd his life:
So Sampson flung proud Dagon's temple down,
Gain'd glorious death! and conquest! and renown!

* * * * * *

Where English, Scotch, and bold Hibernians storm,
(A formidable triple union form!)
The three-fold pow'rs their gallantry display,
Like powder, shot, and fire, impetuous force their way!

The closing simile is a good specimen of the strangely combined vigor and absurdity which characterize this odd production.

Cockings's versification was amended by practice. His progress reminds us of those remarkable specimens of improvement put forth by advertising writing-masters as proofs of the proficiency of their pupils. As a specimen of his first attempt we will give the salutation of Sophia to her lover, Wolfe, when he comes to take leave of her before leaving for America, an interview to which the general has worked up himself and his audience by a preliminary soliloquy:—

Sophia.—When I find, sir, you prefer the noise and
Danger of the Battle, and Fatigues of
A foreign Campaign, to the quiet enjoyment
Of your Friends in Safety in your native
Country?

Second attempt—A passage from the description of Louisburg during the siege:—

Disploded shells and shot together throng;
And mortars from their brazen bases flung,
A prospect odd, of iron, brass, and lead:
Of stones, and mangled bodies of the dead.
Fathers to future sons shall this report;
So fought brave Wolfe; so look'd their island fort.

Third attempt—the opening of his satire—

When empiricks illit'rate rise,
And cram the press with bare-fac'd lies,
And with great effront'ry declare,
Their med'cines most effectual are, &c.

Fourth and last attempt, from Benevolence and Gratitude, a very fair copy of verses, Master Cockings, with an exuberance of flourish quite remarkable as compared with the cramped hand of No. 1:—

Descend celestial muse! my song inspire;
With sentiments sublime, my bosom fire,
To sing the gifts conferr'd on human race;
With gratitude the streams of bliss to trace.

Cockings, but little successful as an epic, is still less so as a dramatic poet. His play is heavy and absurd. His heroes seem to forget in their long speeches that they have started with blank verse, their language soon degenerates into the plainest of plain prose. A passage from the thick of the action before Quebec will show, however, that the author lavishes his choicest similes with democratic impartiality on the humbler as well as more exalted of the dramatis personæ.

Front Trumpet.—My brave fellows! behave like British seamen.
There's warm duty for ye!
A sailor answers.—Never fear, sir!
We'll tow them ashore, if the grapples hold;
Or we'll fry like sausages in the flames!

BENJAMIN YOUNG PRIME.

The Patriot Muse, or Poems on some of the principal events of the late war: together with a poem on the Peace: Vincit amor patriæ: By an American Gentleman, was published at London in 1764, in an 8vo. pamphlet of 94 pages. It is stated in a note in the copy belonging to the Philadelphia Library, to be by Benjamin Young Prime of New York. It contains poems on Gen. Braddock's defeat; on the surrender of Fort William Henry; an elegy on Governor Belcher, the governor of New Jersey, and the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Nassau Hall. A few lines will give a sufficient idea of the last.

But whither am I led? why all this grief?
Though great our sorrow 'tisn't past relief;
Let sad Burrissa's sighs be all suppress,
And sooth'd the anguish of her troubled breast.

An Ode on Viscount George Augustus Howe, slain in a skirmish near Carillon, July 6th, 1758, follows an ode on the surrender of Louisburg. It consists of thirty-four stanzas similar to the following:—

'Tis done, 'tis done,
The day is won,
At length the destin'd blow is giv'n;
Though long our woes,
And strong our foes,
Our cause is still the cause of heav'n.

Another ode, "composed on the taking of Quebec," contains a tribute to Wolfe.

Ah Wolfe! the mention of thy name
Damps in my breast th' heroic flame,
And gloomy scenes far other thoughts inspire;
Smit by thy truly noble deeds,
Brave man! my conscious bosom bleeds,
To think such merit should so soon expire.
And shall the martial lay
Triumphantly display
Britannia's victories?
And not the fun'ral strain
In pensive moans complain,
When ah! perhaps her bravest hero dies?
Yes, thou shalt now my thoughts employ,
Awhile I'll bid adieu to joy,
And in soft mis'ry mourn;
Awhile my cheerful tongue
Shall drop the gay unfinished song,
And sing the dirge funereal o'er thy urn.

Britain, dear shade, indignant grieves
To be victorious at thy cost;
She mourns thy fall, and scarce believes
The conquest glorious, where her Wolfe is lost.
While she triumphant twines
For her surviving sons the laurel wreath
To martial merit due,
Struck by thy hapless fate, she joins
The cypress and the yew,
To mourn her loss and their's in thy lamented death.
But thou couldst not repine,
Thou freely couldst resign
In Britain's cause thy breath;

Couldst act the patriot hero's part,
And bear thy country on thy heart,
Ev'n while it languish'd in the pangs of death.

As once the Decii certain death defy'd,
T' insure Rome conquest and devoted dy'd;
As Curtius, noble youth! intrepid brav'd
The gulf wide-yawning, and his country sav'd:
So thou, brave Wolfe, durst, at the heav'nly call,
Rush into ruin's open jaws,
Thus like those heroes didst thou greatly fall,
Thyself devoted in thy country's cause.
Long as Quebec shall rear aloft her head,
Long as her rocks her stable walls sustain,
Long as Laurentius in his spacious bed,
Rolls his vast tide of waters to the main;
So long, O Wolfe, thy memory shall bloom,
And deathless laurels flourish on thy tomb.

This is followed by two patriotic hymns, composed for, and sung on days of national thanksgiving, "by desire of the preacher on his text."

The author also tries his hand on French verse, and gives *La Lamentation de Louis sur les victoires des Anglois.* A.D. MDCCLX.

Que dirai-je?
Que ferai-je?
Pauvre miserable roi!
Ah! personne
La couronne
N'embarrasse autant que moi.

Pensive, trembling, and embarrass'd
What expedients shall I try?
Sure no monarch e'er was harass'd
With such ill success as I.

This is followed by Loyal Tears shed over Royal Dust, an elegy on George II. Also, "on the Liberty of the Press to Mr. F——, printer, at New York, A.D. MDCCLXII." With other verses on incidents of the war, and two Latin paraphrases of the lament of David over Absalom, and the fight with Goliath.

In 1791, Dr. Prime published *Columbia's Glory, or British Pride Humbled; a Poem on the American Revolution: some part of it being a parody on an ode entitled Britain's Glory, or Gallic Pride Humbled; composed on the capture of Quebec, A.D.* 1759, *by Benjamin Young Prime, M.D.* In a brief preface, he speaks of his former publication in London, in 1764, and of the requests of his friends made to him to compose a parody upon it in honor of the American revolution. The plan expanded to a composition of 1441 lines, occupied with a review of the events of the war, a eulogy of the friends and denunciation of the enemies of the country. It was ready for publication at the close of the war, but, as the author informs us, in consequence of a seven years' absence from the city, his affairs had become somewhat deranged, and as no printer could be found to execute the work on any but cash terms, he postponed publishing for a few years. We extract a portion of a panegyric upon Washington:—

O Washington! thou dear, illustrious chief!
Thou ornament and blessing to mankind!
The soldier's glory and thy country's pride!
Columbia's skilful guide
Through the dire contest, and her sweet relief
In all the sorrows of her state forlorn!
How has thy character refin'd
Since first thy great career began!
Together in one glorious group combin'd
All the bright virtues that adorn
The Christian, Patriot, Hero or the Man!
* * * * * *
Nor to the narrow bounds
Of one short age alone,
Shall poorly be confin'd
The gen'rous things which thou hast done
To benefit mankind:
For as thy fame resounds
To foreign climes;
So future times
The sweet rehearsal shall regale,
And from their fathers' lips, in a long line,
Shall children's children hear the pleasing tale!

The first of the songs which mark the progress from discontent to revolution, comes to us from the Old Dominion:—

From the Virginia Gazette, May 2, 1766.

Sure never was picture drawn more to the life
Or affectionate husband more fond of his wife,
Than America copies and loves Britain's sons,
Who, conscious of Freedom, are bold as great guns.
"Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those Men,
Who always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
To fight for their freedom again and again."

Tho' we feast and grow fat on America's soil,
Yet we own ourselves subjects of Britain's fair isle;
And who's so absurd to deny us the name?
Since true British blood flows in every vein.
"Hearts of Oak, &c."

Then cheer up, my lads, to your country be firm,
Like kings of the ocean, we'll weather each storm;
Integrity calls out, fair liberty, see,
Waves her Flag o'er our heads and her words are *be free.*
"Hearts of Oak, &c."

To King George, as true subjects, we loyal bow down,
But hope we may call Magna Charta our own.
Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,
Great Britain has ordered her sons to be free.
"Hearts of Oak, &c."

Poor Esau his birth-right gave up for a bribe,
Americans scorn th' mean soul-selling tribe;
Beyond life our freedom we chuse to possess,
Which, thro' life we'll defend, and abjure a broad S.
"Hearts of Oak are we still, and we're sons of those men,
Who fear not the ocean, brave roarings of cannon,
To stop all oppression, again and again.

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd Liberty wear,
What Englishmen ought we Americans dare;
Though tempests and terrors around us we see,
Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that are free.
"Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men
Who always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
To fight for their freedom again and again."

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine,
Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine;
Let us set an example, what all men should be,
And a Toast give the World, "Here's to those dare be free.
"Hearts of Oak, &c."

The next we present was published in the Pennsylvania Chronicle, July 4, 1768. It was one of the earliest lyrics of the Revolution, and, by an advertisement in Hugh Gaine's Gazette, appears to have been published with the music to which it was set. It has been ascribed to Mrs. Mercy Warren;* but it was written by John Dickinson, assisted by Arthur Lee.†

A SONG.

To the Tune of "Hearts of Oak," &c.

Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous act shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonour America's name.
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live!

Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady;—
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.
In freedom we're born, &c.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely their birthrights they prized;
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land and the deep.
In freedom we're born, &c.

The tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered,
With transport then cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom we're born, &c.

How sweet are the labours that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure—
No more such sweet labours Americans know
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.
In freedom we're born, &c.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners‡ soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.
In freedom we're born, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By *uniting*, we stand, by *dividing*, we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.
In freedom we're born, &c.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom we're born, &c.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and if we are but free.
In freedom we're born, &c.

A tory parody of this song appeared in the Supplement Extraordinary to the Boston Gazette of Monday, September 26, 1768:—

Last Tuesday the following song made its appearance from a garret at C—st—e W—m:—

Come, shake your dull noddles, ye pumpkins, and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call.
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame!
In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live,
To madness still ready,
And stupidly steady,
Not as men but as monkies, the tokens you give.

Your grandsire, old Satan—now give him a cheer!—
Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer.
So great an example in prospect still keep;
Whilst you are alive, old Belzee may sleep.
In folly, &c.

Such villains, such rascals, all dangers despise,
And stick not at mobbing, when mischief's the prize:
They burst through all barriers, and piously keep,
Such chattels and goods the vile rascals can sweep.
In folly, &c.

The tree which the wisdom of justice hath rear'd,
Should be stout for their use, and by no means be spared,
When fuddled with rum, the mad sots to restrain;
Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.
In folly, &c.

Your brats and your bunters by no means forget,
But feather your nests, for they're bare enough yet;
From the insolent rich sure the poor knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of a meal.
In folly, &c.

When in your own cellars you've quaffed a regale,
Then drive, tug and stink the next house to assail.
For short is your harvest, nor long shall you know
The pleasure of reaping what other men sow.
In folly, &c.

Then plunder, my lads, for when red coats appear,
You'll melt like the locusts when winter is near:
Gold vainly will glow; silver vainly will shine;
But faith you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.
In folly, &c.

Then nod your poor numbskulls, ye pumpkins, and bawl!
The De'il take such rascals, fools, whoresons and all.
Your cursed old trade of purloining must cease,
The curse and the dread of all order and peace.
In folly, &c.

All ages shall speak with contempt and amaze,
Of the vilest Banditti that swarm'd in those days;
In defiance of halters, of whips, and of chains,
The rogues would run riot, damn'd fools for their pains.
In folly, &c.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans,
And order depress'd her lost empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be,
From snobs, knaves and villains, protected and free.
In folly, &c.

We soon after have the tables again turned, in a new version of this popular song. It was published in a handbill at Boston.*

* Moore's Ency. Music, 881. † Tudor's Otis, 322.

‡ The ministry have already begun to give away in pensions the money they lately took out of our pockets without our consent.

* We are indebted for this and the previous song to a very valuable collection of cuttings from American and English newspapers, illustrating the history of our country from 1660 to 1840, formed by the antiquary William Upcott, in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

THE PARODY PARODIZED, OR THE MASSACHUSETTS SONG OF LIBERTY.

Come, swallow your bumpers, ye Tories, and roar,
That the sons of fair freedom are hamper'd once more;
But know that no cut-throats our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.

Chorus.

In freedom we're born, and like sons of the brave,
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive if unable to save.

Our grandsires, blest heroes! we'll give them a tear,
Nor sully their honors by stooping to fear;
Thro' deaths and thro' dangers their trophies they won,
We dare be their rivals, nor will be outdone.
Chorus.

Let tyrants and minions presume to despise,
Encroach on our rights and make freedom their prize;
The fruits of their rapine they never shall keep—
Tho' vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep.
Chorus.

The tree which proud Haman for Mordecai rear'd,
Stands recorded, that virtue endanger'd is spar'd;
That rogues, whom no bonds and no laws can restrain,
Must be stript of their honors and humbled again.
Chorus.

Our wives and our babes still protected, shall know
Those who dare to be free shall for ever be so;
On these arms and these hearts they may safely rely,
For in freedom we'll live, or like heroes we'll die.
Chorus.

Ye insolent tyrants, who wish to enthrall,
Ye minions! ye placemen! pimps, pensioners, all!
How short is your triumph, how feeble your trust!
Your honors must wither and nod to the dust.
Chorus.

When opprest and reproach'd, our king we implore,
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll restore;
When our hearts beat to arms to defend a just right,
Our monarch rules there, and forbids us to fight.
Chorus.

Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of a fray,
Could make us submit to their chains for a day;
Withheld by affection, on Britons we call,
Prevent the fierce conflict which threatens your fall.
Chorus.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the prudence we show in support of our cause.
Assur'd of our safety a Brunswick still reigns,
Whose free, loyal subjects are strangers to chains.
Chorus.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
To be free, is to live; to be slaves is to fall;
Has the land such a dastard as scorns not a lord?
Who dreads not a fetter much more than a sword?
Chorus.

A song to the same tune was composed in New York, in honor of some of the leaders of opinion in that day, a portion of whom afterwards figured on the royalist side. It appeared in the New York Journal, January 26, 1769.

A SONG.

Come, cheer up, my lads, like a true British band,
In the cause of our country who join heart and hand;
Fair Freedom invites—she cries out—"Agree!
And be steadfast for those that are steadfast for me."

Hearts of oak are we all,
Hearts of oak we'll remain:
We always are ready—
Steady, boys, steady—
To give them our voices again and again.

With the brave sons of Freedom, of every degree,
Unite all the good—and united are we:
But still be the lot of the villains disgrace—
Whose foul, rotten hearts give the lie to their face.
Hearts of oak, &c.

See! their unblushing chieftain! perverter of laws!
His teeth are the shark's, and a vulture's his claws—
As soon would I venture—howe'er he may talk,
My lambs with a wolf, or my fowls with a hawk.
Hearts of oak, &c.

First—the worth of good Cruger let's crown with applause,
Who has join'd us again in fair Liberty's cause—
Sour Envy, herself, is afraid of his name,
And weeps that she finds not a blot in his fame.
Hearts of oak, &c.

To Jauncey, my souls, let your praises resound!
With health and success may his goodness be crown'd:
May the cup of his joy never cease to run o'er—
For he gave to us all when he gave to the poor!
Hearts of oak, &c.

What Briton, undaunted, that pants to be free,
But warms at the mention of brave De Launcey?
"Happy Freedom!" said Fame, "what a son have you here!
Whose head is approved, and whose heart is sincere."
Hearts of oak, &c.

For worth and for truth, and good nature renown'd,
Let the name and applauses of Walton go round:
His prudence attracts—but his free, honest soul
Gives a grace to the rest, and enlivens the whole.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Huzza! for the patriots whose virtue is tried—
Unbiass'd by faction, untainted by pride:
Who Liberty's welfare undaunted pursue,
With heads ever clear, and hearts ever true.
Hearts of oak, &c.

The planting of the first liberty pole in the country in The Fields at New York, in that portion of the present Park between the west end of the City Hall and Broadway, by the Sons of Liberty, and the struggle which ensued between that energetic band and the government troops, during which the pole was cut down, again set up, again felled, and finally hooped and otherwise protected with iron, seems to have excited the attention of some Tory versifier, who perpetrated a burlesque cantata, a copy of which is preserved in its original form of four folio pages, printed in large type, in the collection of broadsides made by Du Simitière, now in the possession of the Library Company of Philadelphia. A MS. note by that antiquary on the copy, informs us that "this paper was found under the front door of a great many houses in New York on the morning of the fifth of March, 1770."

The Procession with the Standard of Faction: a Cantata, opens with a few lines of

RECITATIVE.

'Twas on the morn when Virtue wept to see
Discord stalk forth in robes of liberty,
The sons of Faction met (a ghastly band!)
To fix their standard in our bleeding land:

Pleas'd with the plaything, roar'd the youthful train,
Wond'ring their parents had grown young again.
* * * * * *
High o'er the rest bra' champion Sawney stood,
The brazen trumpet of the factious brood.

Sawney sings a song in Scotch.

He ended, while amid the gazing throng
The noble captain proudly stalk'd along.

"The noble captain" was Sands, who sings a song to the air Yankee Doodle. A stanza or two may be given:—

Good neighbors, if you're not afraid,
Be not in trepidation,
Tho' our great loss before did raise
Prodigious consternation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Let ev'ry body laugh and sing,
And be a very gay soul;
For we have got another post
As big as any May-pole.

Recitative.

In solemn pomp, amid the shouting throng,
The coursers drew the massy Pole along.
* * * * * *
P——r then sings,

Of all the men in our town,
The dark, the fair, the red, the brown,
That toil to pull the *churchmen down*,
There's none like S*** the L——r.

Recitative.

Brave, honest George, of genuine British mould,
With face of plenty, and with heart of gold,
As 'mong the bellowing band he dauntless stood,
Soon as their standard rais'd in air he view'd,
His virtuous breast with patriot fervour glow'd,
While thus his words with manly freedom flow'd:

We give this song entire, for its minute description of the liberty-pole.

Air—"Derry-down."

Come listen, good neighbours of every degree,
Whose hearts, like your purses, are open and free,
Let this pole a monument ever remain,
Of the folly and arts of the time-serving train.
Derry down, &c.

Its bottom, so artfully fix'd under ground,
Resembles their scheming, so low and profound;
The dark underminings, and base dirty ends,
On which the success of the faction depends.
Derry down, &c.

The vane, mark'd with freedom, may put us in mind,
As it varies, and flutters, and turns, with the wind,
That no faith can be plac'd in the words of our foes,
Who change as the wind of their interest blows.
Derry down, &c.

The iron clasp'd around it, so firm and so neat,
Resembles too closely their fraud and deceit,
If the outside's but guarded, they care not a pin,
How rotten and hollow the heart is within.
Derry down, &c.

Then away, ye pretenders to freedom, away,
Who strive to cajole us in hopes to betray;
Leave the pole for the stroke of the lightning to sever,
And, huzzah for King George and our country for ever!
Derry down, &c.

This curious production has never, to our knowledge, been reprinted or noticed. Our extracts are from Du Simitière's copy, the only one we have met with.

The burning of the armed schooner Gaspee in the waters of Rhode Island, one of the earliest instances of resistance to British authority, gave rise to a ballad at the time which has a genuine flavor of the popular feeling. The passage of history to which it refers is thus related by Bancroft. The time was June, 1772.

"Inhabitants of Providence, in Rhode Island, had in the last March, complained to the Deputy Governor of the conduct of Lieutenant Dudingston, Commander of the Gaspee, who obstructed their vessels and boats, without showing any evidence of his authority. Hopkins, the Chief Justice, on being consulted, gave the opinion, 'that any person who should come into the Colony and exercise any authority by force of arms, without showing his commission to the Governor, and if a Custom House officer, without being sworn into his office, was guilty of a trespass, if not piracy.' The Governor, therefore, sent a sheriff on board the Gaspee, to ascertain by what orders the Lieutenant acted; and Dudingston referred the subject to the Admiral. The Admiral answered from Boston: 'The Lieutenant, Sir, has done his duty. I shall give the King's officers directions, that they send every man taken in molesting them to me. As sure as the people of Newport attempt to rescue any vessel, and any of them are taken, I will hang them as pirates.' Dudingston seconded the insolence of his superior officer, insulted the inhabitants, plundered the islands of sheep and hogs, cut down trees, fired at market boats, detained vessels without a colorable pretext, and made illegal seizures of goods of which the recovery cost more than they were worth.

"On the ninth of June, the Providence Packet was returning to Providence, and proud of its speed, went gayly on, heedless of the Gaspee. Dudingston gave chase. The tide being at flood, the Packet ventured near shore; the Gaspee confidently followed; and drawing more water ran aground on Nauquit, a little below Pautuxet. The following night a party of men in six or seven boats, led by John Brown and Joseph Brown of Providence, and Simeon Potter of Bristol, boarded the stranded schooner, after a scuffle in which Dudingston was wounded, took and landed its crew, and then set it on fire."*

The author of the old ballad is unknown:

NEW SONG CALLED THE GASPEE.†

'Twas in the reign of George the Third,
The public peace was much disturb'd,
By ships of war that came and laid,
Within our ports to stop our trade.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-two,
In Newport harbor lay a crew
That play'd the parts of pirates there,
The sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they'd weigh, and give them chase,
Such actions, sure were very base!—
No honest coasters could pass by,
But what they would let some shot fly.

* Bancroft's United States, vi. 416, 417.

† From Sketches of Newport and its Vicinity, published by John S. Taylor, New York, 1842, pp. 150–2.

Which did provoke to high degree
Those true-born Sons of Liberty,—
So that they could no longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there.

It was not long, ere it fell out
That William Duddingston, so stout,
Commander of the Gaspee tender,
Which he has reason to remember—

Because, as people do assert,
He almost met his just desert;
Here on the twelfth* day of last June,
Between the hours of twelve and one—

Did chase the sloop called the Hannah,
Of which one Lindsay was commander—
They dogg'd her up Providence Sound,
And there the rascals got aground.

The news of it flew that very day,
That they on Naquit Point did lay;—
That night, about half after ten,
Some Narragansett Indian-men,

Being sixty-four, if I remember,
Soon made this stout coxcomb surrender—
And what was best of all their tricks,
In him a ball too they did fix—

Then set the men upon the land
And burnt her up, we understand—
Which thing provok'd the king so high
He said those men should surely die

So if he can but find them out,
King George has offered very stout
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddingston.

One thousand more, he says he'll spare
To those who say they Sheriffs were—
One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the *leader's* name.

Likewise one hundred pound per man,
For any one of all the clan;
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out one of these hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty fold.

We have next to present three out of several scraps of verse on the exciting topic of tea. The first is from the New Hampshire Gazette of July 22, 1774; the second from the Pennsylvania Journal of September 14, in the same year; the third is also from a newspaper of about the same period:—

I.

Rouse ev'ry generous thoughtful mind,
The rising danger flee;
If you would lasting freedom find,
Now then abandon tea.

II.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,
Though they allure the sight;
Bid them defiance if they claim
Our freedom and birth-right.

III.

Shall we our freedom give away,
And all our comfort place
In drinking of outlandish TEA,
Only to please our taste.

IV.

Forbid it, Heaven, let us be wise,
And seek our country's good;
Nor ever let a thought arise,
That tea should be our food.

V.

Since we so great a plenty have,
Of all that's for our health;
Shall we that baleful herb receive,
Impoverishing our wealth.

VI.

When we survey the breathless corpse,
With putrid matter fill'd;
For crawling worms a sweet resort,
By us reputed ill.

VII.

Noxious effluvia sending out
From its pernicious store,
Not only from the foaming mouth,
But every lifeless pore.

VIII.

To view the same enroll'd in TEA,
Besmear'd with such perfumes,
And then the herb sent o'er the sea,
To us it tainted comes.

IX.

Some of it tinctur'd with the filth
Of carcases embalm'd;
Taste of this herb then if thou wilt,
Sure me it cannot charm.

X.

Adieu, away, O TEA begone,
Salute our taste no more;
Though thou art coveted by some,
Who're destin'd to be poor.

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA.

By a Lady.

Begone, pernicious baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possess'd;
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee,
My noble sons shall be oppress'd.
To Britain fly, where gold enslaves
And venal men their birth-right sell:
Tell North and his brib'd clan of knaves
Their bloody acts were made in hell.
In Henry's reign those acts began,
Which sacred rules of justice broke;
North now pursues the hellish plan,
To fix on us his slavish yoke.
But we oppose, and will be free,
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree,
Shall make us "at his feet to bend."
From Anglia's ancient sons we came,
Those heroes who for freedom fought;
In Freedom's cause we'll match their fame,
By their example greatly taught.
Our king we love, but North we hate,
Nor will to him submission own;
If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA-TABLE.

Farewell the tea-board, with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar-tongs,
The pretty tea-chest also, lately stor'd
With Hyson, Congou, and best double fine.

* Historians say the 9th of June.

Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at—may be—nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once lov'd liquor,
Though now detestable,
Because I am taught (and I believe it true)
Its use will *fasten slavish chains upon my country,*
And LIBERTY's the goddess I would chose
To reign triumphant in AMERICA.

The Association, &c., of the Colonies at the Grand Congress held at Philadelphia, September 1, 1774, by "Bob Jingle, Esq., Poet-Laureat to the Congress," printed in that year, is a parody in verse of the Articles of Association, which seems to have been a favorite species of wit with the Tory bards, who found in the new proceedings of legislation novel matter for their jocularity. A clever squib, in verse, *A Dialogue between a Southern Delegate and his Spouse, on his return from the Grand Continental Congress*, of the same year, is in a similar vein, the humor consisting in the indignant wife rating her simple-minded husband for his rashness in intermeddling with affairs of state. A single passage of the altercation will suffice :—

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!
I fear, child, thou'rt drunk,
Dost thou think thyself, deary, a *Cromwell*, or Monck?
Dost thou think that wise nature meant thy shallow pate,
To digest the important affairs of a state?
Thou born! thou! the machine of an empire to wield?
And thou wise in debate? Should'st feel bold in the field?
If thou'st wisdom to manage tobacco, and slave,
It's as much as God ever designed thee to have:
Because men are males, are they all politicians?
Why then I presume they're divines and physicians,
And born all with talents every station to fill,
Noble proofs you've given! no doubt of your skill:
Would! instead of Delegates, they'd sent Delegates' wives;
Heavens! we couldn't have bungled it so for our lives!
If you had even consulted the boys of a school,
Believe me, Love, you could not have played so the fool:
Would it bluster, and frighten its own poor dear wife,
As the Congress does *England!* quite out of her life?

HUSBAND. This same Congress, my dear, much disturbeth thy rest,
God and man ask no more than that men do their best;
Tis their fate, not their crimes, if they've little pretence,
To your most transcendent penetration and sense;
Tis great pity, I grant, they hadn't ask'd the advice
Of a judge of affairs, so profound and so nice;
You're so patient, so cool, so monstrous eloquent,
Next Congress, my Empress shall be made President.

A mild remonstrance against a famous practice appears in Rivington's Gazette at this date. We give it with its introductory note, showing its author at least did not set an extravagant value on his contribution.

MR. RIVINGTON—

I shall take it very kind in you, sir, if you will be so good to put the verses, wrapt up in this paper, into your next Gazetteer, for fear of some terrible mischief: I am concerned I can't afford to give you any thing for't, but I hope you will do it for nothing, for

A POOR MAN.

New York, Dec. 19, 1774.

ON HEARING THAT THE POOR MAN WAS TARRED AND FEATHERED.

Upon my word it's very hard
A man can't speak his mind,
But he must tarr'd and feather'd be,
And left to north-west wind.

God knows my heart, my neighbours dear,
I meant to serve you all;
And little did I think or fear
My pride would have such fall.

Oh sad! the toil of many an hour,
One moment can destroy.
How great is inspectional power,
How vain all human joy.

I meant to serve you all, 'tis true,
With heart, and strength, and might,
Yet selfish hop'd some praise was due
To what I did indite.

Alas! 'twas all an idle dream,
These tyrants to oppose,
In vain we strive against the stream,
They have us by the nose.

Our noses they will grind full well,
On grindstone hard and ruff,
Until we wish them all at h—ll,
And cry, Enuff, enuff.

Ah, where's the man in your defence,
That boldly will arise,
With homely language, downright sense,
To open on your eyes.

Tar, feathers, haunt him day and night,
And check his bold career.
He's not afraid of human wight,
But loves his wife full dear.

Ah, should she view him dress'd in tar,
And feathers, ah so grim,
She'd rage and rave, and storm and swear,
And tear them limb from limb.

Inspectors all, beware, beware,
Come not unto our house,
She'll scratch your eyes, and tear your hair,
And crack you like a louse.

'Twould be a shame, a woman poor
Your pow'r should dare oppose,
Kick you, and cuff you out of door,
As God and nature's foes.

Rivington's New York Gazette, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1774.

Another, but more vigorous Tory strain, appears in the same journal a little later. As these pieces show the spirit of the time, and the activity of the foe enhances the glory of the conqueror, we do not scruple to insert them. Each section of the country seems to have furnished its quota.

On Calvert's plains new faction reigns,
Great Britain—we defy, Sir;
True liberty—lies gag'd in chains,
Tho' freedom is the cry, Sir·
The Congress, and their factious tools,
Most wantonly oppress us,
Hypocrisy triumphant rules,
And sorely does distress us.

The British bands with glory crown'd,
No longer shall withstand us;
Our martial deeds loud fame shall sound,
Since mad Lee—now commands us:
Triumphant soon, a blow he'll strike,
That all the world shall awe, Sir,
And General Gage, Sir, Perseus-like,
Behind his wheels,—he'll draw, Sir.

When Gallic hosts, ungrateful men,
Our race meant to exterminate,
Pray, did Committees save us then,
Or H——k, or such vermin?
Then faction spurn, think for yourselves,
Your parent state, believe me,
From real griefs, from factious elves,
Will speedily relieve ye.

Baltimore, Dec. 19.

Contributed by "Agricola" to Rivington's New York Gazetteer, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1775.

We find in the Pennsylvania Journal of May 31, 1775, a song, which we have not met in any other shape, and which well deserves the honor of a reprint:—

A SONG.

To the tune of "The Echoing Horn."

Hark! 'tis Freedom that calls, come, patriots, awake!
To arms, my brave boys, and away:
'Tis Honour, 'tis Virtue, 'tis Liberty calls,
And upbraids the too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing our foes,
Thro' blood and thro' carnage we'll fly;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake them, huzza!
The tyrants are seized on, they die.

II.

Triumphant returning with Freedom secur'd,
Like men, we'll be joyful and gay—
With our wives and our friends, we'll sport, love, and drink,
And lose the fatigues of the day.
'Tis freedom alone gives a relish to mirth,
But oppression all happiness sours;
It will smooth life's dull passage, 'twill slope the descent,
And strew the way over with flowers.

A few months later in the same year, we meet the date, October, 1775, of the composition of one of the finest and most popular productions of the war, the "Why should vain mortals tremble?" of Nathaniel Niles:—

THE AMERICAN HERO.

A Sapphic ode, written in the time of the American Revolution, at Norwich, Conn., October, 1775.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God, our Creator.

Well may we praise him: all his ways are perfect:
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder,
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

O, then, exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds which, around him, hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for,
Sweetly as babes' sleep will I give my life up,
When call'd to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing ether.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking, like Ætna, through the smoky columns,
Lowering, like Egypt, o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burn'd down.*

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the British lions;
Dauntless as death stares, nimble as the whirl-wind,
Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I am afraid to follow:
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's-head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

Nathaniel Niles was a graduate of Princeton of 1766 and Master of Arts of Harvard 1772; he settled in Vermont, where he became District Judge of the United States. He died in West Fairlee, Vermont, in November, 1828, at the age of eighty-six. His grandfather, Samuel Niles, the minister of Braintree, Mass., was an author of note. He wrote *Tristia Ecclesiarum*, an account of the New England churches in 1745, and a tract in verse, *God's Wonder Working Providence for New England in the reduction of Louisburg*, in 1747, also several theological publications, and a History of the Indian Wars published in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, dying in 1762 at the age of eighty-nine.†

Niles, we learn further, preached occasionally as a Presbyterian clergyman in Norwich, Conn., during the Revolution, where he also established a wire manufactory, previous to his removal to

* Charlestown, near Boston.

† Mass. Hist. Coll., Third Series, vi. 154–279. Updike's Nar. Ch. 37.

the Vermont District.* He was an acute preacher; two sermons delivered by him at Torringford, Conn., *The Perfection of God, the Fountain of God*, and published at Norwich, "for a number of hearers," fully supporting a reputation in this particular. There is an improvement in one of them in an allusion to Washington which is curious. He is illustrating the providence of the Deity: "Observe the sunbeams that shoot by stealth into a darkened room. There you will see myriads of playing motes. Can there be any importance in these? Indeed there can, indeed there is: too much for any except God to manage. One of these may overthrow an empire, give the world a shock, and extend its influence into eternity. It may fall on the lungs of some monarch, and occasion great revolutions in his dominions. It may light on the eye of a David, a Solomon, a Cyrus, an Alexander, bring on an inflammation which may spread to the other; produce a mortification, first of those parts, and then of the whole body. Should this be the case with the Commander-in-Chief of the present American forces, what dreadful consequences might not follow. Our strength might give way; our country be subdued; our religious privileges be wrested from us; superstition and idolatry be introduced, and, by and by, spread from us throughout this continent; and then spread over the other quarters of the world, in an heavier cloud than they now lie under." He also published several other discourses, but he will be mainly remembered by his *American Hero*, a sapphic ode, sung vigorously in Norwich in the olden time, and still revived, we understand, on certain occasions in New Haven.*

The bombardment of Bristol occurred on the 7th of October, 1775, and the ballad on the subject was written not long after. We extract the lines from Mrs. Williams's Biography of Barton. Wallace was the commander of the English squadron off Newport:—

THE BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL.

The incident which occasioned the following ballad is thus described by an eye-witness (whose name is not given) in a letter to Mrs. Williams.

October 7, 1775, the day when Wallace fired upon the town of Bristol, I was something over ten years old, and all the circumstances relating to that event are fresh in my memory. It was on a pleasant afternoon, with a gentle breeze from the south, that the ships at Newport got under weigh, and stood up towards Bristol (appearing to us a pretty sight). The wind being light they did not arrive till sunset. Wallace, in the Rose, led the way, run up and anchored within a cable's length of the wharf. I think the other ships' names were the Gaspee and Eskew. The next followed, and anchored one cable's length to the south. The other one, in endeavouring to go further south, grounded on the middle ground. Besides these, I think there was a bomb brig and a schooner. The schooner run up opposite the bridge, and anchored. I was on the wharf, with hundreds of others, viewing the same, and suspecting no evil. At eight o'clock the Commodore fired a gun. Even then the people felt no alarm, but in a very short time they began to fire all along the line, and continued to fire for an hour. The bomb brig threw carcasses, machines made of iron hoops, and filled with all manner of combustibles, to set fire to the town. They threw them up nearly perpendicular, with a tremendous tail to them, and when they fell on the ground they blazed up many yards high, several of which were put out. * * * The cowardly rascal, after firing for an hour or so, being hailed by one of our citizens, ceased firing, and a committee from the town went on board, and his demand on them was a number of sheep and cattle. I believe they collected a few; and the next day, being Sunday, he got under way, and left us, with a name not yet forgotten. * * *

It is marvellous that there were not more people killed, as the bridge was crowded with people all the time of the firing, and the schooner lay within pistol shot of the bridge, and kept up a constant fire. The rest of the ships fired grape, round and double head shot, which were plentifully found after the firing. * * * The following verses were made on the occasion:—

In seventeen hundred and seventy-five,
Our Bristol town was much surprised
By a pack of thievish villains,
That will not work to earn their livings.

October 't was the seventh day,
As I have heard the people say,
Wallace, his name be ever curst,
Came on our harbor just at dusk.

And there his ships did safely moor,
And quickly sent his barge on shore,
With orders that should not be broke,
Or they might expect a smoke.

Demanding that the magistrates
Should quickly come on board his ships,
And let him have some sheep and cattle,
Or they might expect a battle.

At eight o'clock, by signal given,
Our peaceful atmosphere was riven
By British balls, both grape and roun
As plenty afterwards were found.

But oh! to hear the doleful cries
Of people running for their lives!
Women, with children in their arms,
Running away to the farms!

With all their firing and their skill
They did not any person kill;
Neither was any person hurt,
But the Reverend Parson Burt.

And he was not killed by a ball,
As judged by jurors one and all;
But being in a sickly state,
He, frightened, fell, which proved his fate.

Another truth to you I'll tell,
That you may see they levelled well;
For aiming for to kill the people,
They fired their shot into a steeple.

They fired low, they fired high,
The women scream, the children cry;
And all their firing and their racket
Shot off the topmast of a packet.

In relation to the following, we find the schooner True American, twelve guns, Captain Daniel Hawthorne, spoken of as in service in 1777 in a list of Salem Privateers, in Joseph B. Felt's Annals of Salem (Salem, 1849), vol. ii. 268. The ballad is given in McCarty's Songs, vol. ii. 250, from R. W. Griswold's manuscript col-

* History of Norwich, Conn., from its first settlement in 1660, to January, 1845, by Miss F. M. Caulkins, p. 298. Dodd's Revolutionary Memorials, p. 66.

lection of American Historical Ballads, and is said to have been taken down "from the mouths of the surviving shipmates of Hawthorne, who were accustomed to meet at the office of the Marine Insurance Company in Salem."

BOLD HAWTHORNE; OR THE CRUISE OF THE FAIR AMERICAN, COMMANDED BY CAPT. DANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Written by the Surgeon of the Vessel.

The twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,
By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valour can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives;
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main;
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she return'd the same.

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our mainmast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropp'd astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fish'd our mainmast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent
And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase, and soon perceived
She was a British snow
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
With glasses, and he said,
"My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid;
All hands repair to quarters,
See every thing is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us,
And put us close on board;
When the cannon roar'd like thunder,
And the muskets fired amain,
But soon we were alongside
And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd,
The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,*
To whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers,
Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America
And our good privateer!

Joseph Warren contributed by his voice and pen, as well as his sword, to the progress of the American cause. He delivered in 1772 and 1775 orations on the Boston Massacre, the second of which was pronounced in defiance of the threats of the soldiery of the garrison, who lined the pulpit stairs. Warren, to avoid confusion, entered by the window in the rear. The address was an animated and vigorous performance. The interest it excited out of Boston may be gathered from the abusive account of its delivery in Rivington's Gazette, March 16, 1775, an amusing specimen of the style of writing in that periodical.†

On Monday, the 5th instant, the Old South Meeting-house being crowded with mobility and fame, the selectmen, with Adams, Church and Hancock, Cooper and others, assembled in the pulpit, which was covered with black, and we all sat gaping at one another, above an hour, expecting! At last, a single horse chair stopped at the apothecary's, opposite the meeting, from which descended the orator (Warren) of the day, and, entering the shop, was followed by a servant with a bundle, in which were the Ciceronian toga, etc

Having robed himself, he proceeded across the

* Hawthorne was wounded in the head by a musket ball.
† Quoted in Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, p. 60.

street to the meeting, and, being received into the pulpit, he was announced by one of his fraternity to be the person appointed to declaim on the occasion. He then put himself into a Demosthenian posture, with a white handkerchief in his right hand, and his left in his breeches,—began and ended without action. He was applauded by the mob, but groaned at by people of understanding. One of the pulpiteers (Adams) then got up and proposed the nomination of another to speak next year on the bloody massacre,—the first time that expression was made to the audience,—when some officers cried, O fie, fie! The gallerians, apprehending fire, bounded out of the windows, and swarmed down the gutters like rats, into the street. The 43d regiment, returning accidentally from exercise, with drums beating, threw the whole body into the greatest consternation. There were neither pageantry, exhibitions, processions, or bells tolling, as usual, but the night was remarked for being the quietest these many months past.

Warren wrote for the newspapers in favor of freedom, and turned his poetical abilities in the same direction. His *Free America*, written probably not long before his lamented death, shows that he possessed facility as a versifier.

FREE AMERICA.

Tune—"*British Grenadiers.*"

That seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
For North America.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled!
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened in the wild!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty:
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Proud Albion bow'd to Cesar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more:
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain:
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America.

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.

A pamphlet collection of *Poems upon Several Occasions*, printed in Boston, 1799, opens with a ballad of a simple earnest feeling, which, in reviewing the early incidents of the war, gives an account of the death of Warren, of value as a probably contemporary testimony.*

A POEM, CONTAINING SOME REMARKS ON THE PRESENT WAR, ETC.

Britons grown big with pride
And wanton ease,
And tyranny beside,
They sought to please
Their craving appetite;
They strove with all their might,
They vow'd to rise and fight,
To make us bow.

The plan they laid was deep,
Even like hell;
With sympathy I weep,
While here I tell
Of that base murderous brood,
Void of the fear of God,
Who came to spill our blood
In our own land.

They bid their armies sail
Through billows' roar,
And take the first fair gale
For Boston's shore;
They cross'd the Atlantic sea
A long and watery way,
Poor Boston fell a prey
To tyranny.

They felt proud tyrants' rage
And cruelty,
A monster of a Gage
There passing by,
With every trap and snare,
Whose oaths did taint the air;
The illustrious city fair
Was in distress.

No pen can fully write,
Nor tongue express,
Nor heart that can indite
The wickedness
Of that army so base;
Void of all fear and grace,
Infesting of that place
On every side.

* Poems upon Several Occasions, viz.:—1. A Poem on the Enemy's first coming to Boston; the Burning of Charlestown; the fight at Bunker-Hill, &c. 2. The Widow's Lamentation. 3. Nebuchadnezzar's Dream. 4. Against Oppression. 5. An Heroic Poem on the taking of General Burgoyne, &c.

Shall every sense of Virtue sleep, and every talent lie buried in the Earth, when subjects of such importance call for them to be improved?

Boston: Printed for the Author. 1799.

The harbour was block'd up
No ship could sail;
Our fishery was stopt,
A doleful tale!
Of tyrants' cruelty;
Their banners lifted high,
Made sons of freedom cry
Unto their God.

The Congress that we chose
Bid us unite,
And to withstand our foes,
For freedom fight;
They bid us ready stand,
Fight for our fathers' land,
Though we a feeble band,
Bid us not fear.

With great reluctancy
We ready stood,
And with our spirits high,
Trusting in God;
Our prayers did ascend,
That he would be our friend,
That he would us defend
In troubles great.

But oh! when cruel Gage
Did see that we
Would not bow to his rage
And tyranny;
Did fortify most strong,
His guards were stretch'd along
A base and brutish throng,
Of British troops.

Gage was both base and mean,
He dare not fight;
The men he sent were seen
Like owls in night.
It was in Lexington,
Where patriots' blood did run
Before the rising sun
In crimson gore.

Here sons of freedom fell
Rather than flee,
Unto those brutes of hell
They fell a prey;
But they shall live again,
Their names shall rise and reign
Among the noble slain
In all our land.

But oh! this cruel foe
Went on in haste,
To Concord they did go,
And there did waste
Some stores in their rage,
To gratify old Gage,
His name in every page
Shall be defam'd.

Their practice thus so base
And murder too,
Rous'd up the patriot race,
Who did pursue,
And put this foe to flight,
They could not bear the light,
Some rue'd the very night
They left their den.

And now this cruelty
Was spread abroad,
The sons of liberty
This act abhorr'd;
Their noble blood did boil,
Forgetting all the toil,
In troubles they could smile,
And went in haste.

Our army willingly
Did then engage
To stop the cruelty
Of tyrants' rage.
They did not fear our foe,
But ready were to go,
And let the tyrants know
Whose sons they were.

But when old Gage did see
All us withstand,
And strive for liberty
Through all our land,
He strove with all his might,
For rage was his delight,
With fire he did fight,
A monster he.

On Charlestown he display'd
His fire abroad;
He it in ashes laid,
An act abhorr'd
By sons of liberty—
Who saw the flames on high
Piercing their native sky,
And now lies waste.

To Bunker-hill they came
Most rapidly,
And many there were slain,
And there did die.
They call'd it bloody hill,
Although they gain'd their will
In triumph they were still,
'Cause of their slain.

Here sons of freedom fought
Right manfully;
A wonder here was wrought,
Though some did die.
Here Warren bow'd to death
His last expiring breath,
In language mild he saith—
Fight on, brave boys.

Oh! this did stain the pride
Of British troops;
They saw they were deny'd
Of their vain hopes
Of marching thro' our land,
When twice a feeble band
Did fight, and boldly stand
In our defence.

Brave Washington did come
To our relief;
He left his native home,
Filled with grief;
He did not covet gain,
The cause he would maintain
And die among the slain
Rather than flee.

His bosom glow'd with love
For liberty;
His passions much did move
To orphans' cry.
He let proud tyrants know,
How far their bounds should go,
And then his bombs did throw
Into their den.

This frighted them full sore
When bombs were sent,
When cannon loud did roar
They left each tent;
Oh! thus did the tyrants fly,
Went precipitately,
Their shipping being nigh,
They sailed off.

And now Boston is free
From tyrants base;
The sons of liberty
Possess the place;
They now in safety dwell,
Free from those brutes of hell,
Their raptured tongues do tell
Their joys great.

But they must try again
Us to undo;
Their fleets have cross'd the main
And do pursue.
They've come in mighty haste
To lay our country waste,
The Southern States must taste
Of tyrants' rage.

Britons and Hessian troops,
A brutish throng,
To prosecute their hopes
They've sail'd along;
The Tories ask'd them o'er,
To come and try once more,
Some landed on the shore
Near Charleston bar.

Brave Charleston was prepar'd
For this brave foe;
A fortress they had rear'd
To let them know
That freedom's cause was good,
They would resist for blood,
And manfully withstood,
And drubb'd them well.

Oh! here Parker was beat
Right manfully;
And with his scatter'd fleet
With wounded's cry.
His ammunition fail'd,
He took the first fair gale,
With scarce a mast or sail
To join old Howe.

Howe's fleet cover'd the sea
Near New York shore
And very subtle he
To try once more;
Here Tories join'd our foe,
As base as hell below,
Who did our shores know,
Help'd them to land.

But oh! the bloody scene
I now will write;
Long Island I do mean,
Where was the fight,
Where our brave men did die,
Fighting for liberty,
No succor could come nigh
For their relief.

Here valiant men did bleed,
And fell a prey;
Here tyrants did succeed
And win the day;
It was by Tories' art,
Who took the tyrants' part
We yet do feel the smart
Of that base crew.

Brave Washington did say,
Alas! good God,
Brave men I've lost to-day,
They're in their blood.
His grief he did express
To see them in distress,
His tears and hands witness
He lov'd his men.

And then he thought best
To leave that place,
Than there to stand the test
With men so base.
He was wise and discreet,
He bid his men retreat,
Go farther from the fleet,
So left New York.

Du Simitière's volume of poetical selections in MS., to which we have frequently expressed our obligations, furnishes us with some lively verses for the outset of 1776, which are there entitled

Parody by John Tabor Kemp, Attorney-General of New York, to welcome Cortlund Skinner, Attorney-General of New Jersey, on board of the Asia Man-of-War, at New York, Feb., 1776.

I.

Welcome, welcome, brother Tory,
To this merry floating place;
I came here a while before you;
Coming here is no disgrace.
Freedom finds a safe retreat here,
On the bosom of the waves;
You she now invites to meet her.
Welcome, then, thou Tory brave.

II.

As you serve, like us, the King, sir,
In a hammock you must lay;
Better far 'tis so to swing, sir,
Than to swing another way.
Tho' we've not dry land to walk on,
The quarter deck is smooth to tread:
Hear how fast, while we are talking,
Barrow* trips it over head.

III.

Should vile Whigs come here to plunder,
Quick we send them whence they came;
They'd soon hear the Asia thunder,
And the Phœnix in a flame.
Neptune's gallant sons befriend us,
While at anchor here we ride;
Britain's wooden walls defend us,
Britain's glory and her pride.

In 1776, appeared The Fall of British Tyranny: or American Liberty Triumphant,—The First Campaign; a Tragi-Comedy of five acts, as lately planned at the Royal Theatrum Pandemonium, at St. James'. Phila. 8vo. pp. 66. It is one of several dramatic satires, like the Group of Mrs. Warren, which appeared during the war. We present a portion of

THE DEDICATION.

To Lord Boston, and the Remnant of the Actors, Merry-Andrews, and Strolling Players in Boston, Lord Kidnapper, and the rest of the Pirates and Buccaneers, and the innumerable and never-ending Clan of Macs and Donalds upon Donalds, in America:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Understanding you are vastly fond of plays and farces, and frequently exhibit them for your own amusement, and the laudable purpose of ridiculing your masters (the Yankees, as you call 'em), it was expected you would have been polite enough to have favoured the world, or America at least (at

* The deputy paymaster general of the King's army, that has also fled on board of the Asia, and continually walks the quarter-deck.

whose expence you act them) with some of your play-bills, or with a sample of your composition.

* * * * * * *

This is signed "Dick Rifle," and is followed by a prose preface, and this by

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

Hail! patriots, hail! by me inspired be!
Speak boldly, think and act for Liberty,
United sons, America's choice band,
Ye patriots firm, ye sav'ours of the land.
Hail! patriots, hail! rise with the rising sun,
Nor quit your labour, till the work be done.
Ye early risers in your country's cause,
Shine forth at noon, for Liberty and Laws,
Build a strong tow'r, whose fabric may endure
Firm as a rock from tyranny secure.
Yet would you build my fabric to endure,
Be your hearts warm—but let your hands be pure,
Never to shine yourselves, your country sell;
But think you nobly, while in place act well.
Let no self-server general trust betray,
No pique, no party, bar the public way.
Front an arm'd world, with union on your side:
No foe shall shake you,—if no friends divide.
At night repose, and sweetly take your rest;
None sleeps so sound as those by conscience blest:
May martyr'd patriots whisper in your ear,
To tread the paths of virtue without fear;
May pleasing visions charm your patriot eyes,
While Freedom's sons shall hail you blest and wise.
Hail! my last hope, she cries, inspir'd by me,
Wish, write, talk, fight, and die—for Liberty!

The characters of the play consist of the leading statesmen of England, who are introduced under descriptive names, Bute being Lord Paramount, Mansfield Lord Mocklaw, &c.; Gage figures as Lord Boston, and Washington, Lee, and Putnam appear *in propriâ personâ*. The scene is laid in England, and at Lexington and Bunker's Hill. The dialogue is in prose and somewhat stiff. The following song is sung by one of two shepherds, near Lexington, who have a discussion of public affairs "after the defeat and flight of the Regulars." Roger says, "This is the First of May; our shepherds and nymphs are celebrating our glorious St. Tammany's day; we'll hear the song out, and then join in the frolic, and chorus it o'er and o'er again. This day shall be devoted to joy and festivity."

SONG.

Tune.—"The Hounds are all out."

I.

Of St. George, or St. Bute, let the poet laureat sing,
Of Pharaoh or Pluto of old,
While he rhimes forth their praise, in false flattering lays,
I'll sing of St. Tamm'ny the bold, my brave boys.

II.

Let Hibernia's sons boast, make Patrick their toast,
And Scots Andrew's fame spread abroad;
Potatoes and oats, and Welch leeks for Welch goats,
Was never St. Tammany's food, my brave boys.

III.

In freedom's bright cause, Tamm'ny pled with applause,
And reason'd most justly from nature;
For this was his song, all, all the day long:
Liberty's the right of each creature, brave boys.

IV.

Whilst under an oak his great parliament sat,
His throne was the crotch of the tree;
With Solomon's look, without statutes or book,
He wisely sent forth his decree, my brave boys.

V.

His subjects stood round, not the least noise or sound,
Whilst freedom blaz'd full in each face;
So plain were the laws, and each pleaded his cause,
That might Bute, North, and Mansfield disgrace, my brave boys.

VI.

No duties, nor stamps, their blest liberty cramps,
A king, though no tyrant was he;
He did ofttimes declare, nay sometimes would swear
The least of his subjects were free, my brave boys.

VII.

He, as king of the woods, of the rivers and floods,
Had a right all beasts to control;
Yet, content with a few, to give nature her due;
So gen'rous was Tammany's soul, my brave boys.

VIII.

In the morn he arose, and a hunting he goes,
Bold Nimrod his second was he.
For his breakfast he'd take a large venison steak,
And despis'd your slip-slops and tea, my brave boys

IX.

While all in a row, with squaw, dog and bow,
Vermillion adorning his face,
With feathery head he rang'd the woods wide:
St. George sure had never such grace, my brave boys.

X.

His jetty black hair, such as Buckskin saints wear,
Perfumed with bear's grease well smear'd,
Which illum'd the saint's face, and ran down apace,
Like the oil from Aaron's old beard, my brave boys.

XI.

The strong nervous deer, with amazing career,
In swiftness he'd fairly run down;
And, like Sampson, wou'd tear wolf, lion or bear,
Ne'er was such a saint as our own, my brave boys.

XII.

When he'd run down a stag, he behind him would lag,
For, so noble a soul had he;
He'd stop, tho' he lost it, tradition reports it,
To give him fresh chance to get free, my brave boys.

XIII.

With a mighty strong arm, and a masculine bow,
His arrow he drew to the head,
And as sure as he shot, it was ever his lot,
His prey it fell instantly dead, my brave boys.

XIV.

His table he spread where the venison bled,
Be thankful, he used to say;
He'd laugh and he'd sing, tho' a saint and a king,
And sumptuously dine on his prey, my brave boys.

XV.

Then over the hills, o'er the mountains and rills,
He'd caper, such was his delight;
And ne'er in his days, Indian history says,
Did lack a good supper at night, my brave boys.

XVI.

On an old stump he sat, without cap or hat,
When supper was ready to eat,

Snap, his dog, he stood by, and cast a sheep's eye;
For ven'son, the king of all meat, my brave boys.

XVII.

Like Isaac of old, and both cast in one mould,
Tho' a wigwam was Tamm'ny's cottage,
He lov'd sav'ry meat, such that patriarch eat,
Of ven'son and squirrel made pottage, brave boys.

* * * * * *

XIX.

As old age came on, he grew blind, deaf and dumb,
Tho' his sport, 'twere hard to keep from it,
Quite tired of life, bid adieu to his wife,
And blaz'd like the tail of a comet, brave boys.

XX.

What country on earth, then, did ever give birth,
To such a magnanimous saint?
His acts far excel all that history tell,
And language too feeble to paint, my brave boys.

XXI.

Now, to finish my song, a full flowing bowl
I'll quaff, and sing all the long day,
And with punch and wine paint my cheeks for my saint,
And hail ev'ry first of sweet May, my brave boys.

We have next to present a poem, which, though dated from a distant city, has the true home spirit of the time.

To the tune of "Smile Britannia."

Rise, rise, bright genius rise,
Conduct thy sons to war;
Thy spear pois'd to the skies,
Whirl, whirl thy rapid car;
Fire each firm breast with noble zeal,
To conquer for the common weal.

For years the iron rod
Has hover'd o'er our heads,
Submit to George's nod,
Whose power all Europe dreads;
The slavish minion cries,
But Freedom's sons all fears despise.

All means for peace we've tried,
But found those measures vain;
North's ministerial pride
Thought fear made us complain.
But in the end, convinc'd he'll see,
We dread not death, but slavery.

Tho' fatal lust of pow'r
Has steel'd the tyrant's soul;
Though in an ill-tim'd hour
He bids his thunders roll,
Great Liberty, inspired by thee,
We fly to death or victory.

Great Nature's law inspires,
And free-born souls unite,
While common interest fires
Us to defend our right
Against corruption's boundless claim,
And firmly fix great Freedom's reign.

They foreign troops employ,
For mercenary hire;
Their weakness we enjoy,
Each pulse new ardors fire,
Convinc'd the *wretch* who fights for pay,
Will never bear the palm away.

They boast their power by sea,
The ruin of our trade;
Our navy soon they'll see,
Wide o'er the ocean spread;
Britain not long shall boast her reign
O'er the wide empire of the main.

Throughout the universe
Our commerce we'll extend,
Each power on the reverse
Shall seek to be our friend,
Whilst our sons crown'd with wealth immense,
Sing Washington and Common Sense.

Bordeaux, July 1, 1776.
Freeman's Journal, or New Hampshire Gazette, Oct. 22 1776.

The poets seem to have felt the spur of the passage of the Declaration of Independence, and the newspaper corners of the time abound with patriotic lines. We select two, which we have not found in any reprinted form.

ON INDEPENDENCE.

Come all you brave soldiers, both valiant and free,
It's for Independence we all now agree,
Let us gird on our swords, and prepare to defend
Our liberty, property, ourselves and our friends.

In a cause that's so righteous, come let us agree,
And from hostile invaders set America free;
The cause is so glorious we need not to fear
But from merciless tyrants we'll set ourselves clear.

Heaven's blessing attending us, no tyrant shall say
That Americans e'er to such monsters gave way;
But, fighting, we'll die in America's cause,
Before we'll submit to tyrannical laws.

George the Third, of Great Britain, no more shall he reign,
With unlimited sway o'er these free states again;
Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of their clan,
Shall ever be honor'd by an American.

May heaven's blessing descend on our United States,
And grant that the union may never abate;
May love, peace and harmony ever be found
For to go hand in hand America round.

Upon our grand Congress, may heaven bestow
Both wisdom and skill our good to pursue;
On heaven alone dependent we'll be,
But from all earthly tyrants we mean to be free.

Unto our brave generals may heaven give skill,
Our armies to guide and the sword for to wield;
May their hands taught to war and their fingers to fight,
Be able to put British armies to flight.

And now, brave Americans, since it is so,
That we are independent we'll have them to know,
That united we are, and united we'll be,
And from all British tyrants we'll try to keep free.

May heaven smile on us in all our endeavours,
Safe guard our sea-ports, our towns and our rivers;
Keep us from invaders, by land and by sea,
And from all who'd deprive us of our liberty.

Freeman's Journal, or New Hampshire Gazette, August 17, 1776.

A continuation of Hudibras, in Two Cantos, written in the time of the Unhappy Contest between Great Britain and America, in 1777 and 1778, published in London in the latter year, contains a parody, with comments, on the Declaration of Independence, and may with propriety be inserted here. We are without clue to the name or place of nativity of the author, but it is probably an American production.

When in the course of human things,
All subjects may desert their kings,
And thus becoming disaffected,
Break bonds by which they were connected;
Assuming 'mongst the powers on earth
An equal rank, to which their birth,
The laws of heav'n and of nature,
Intitle every human creature,
Respect when men are thus inclin'd,
For the opinions of mankind,
Requires they should the causes tell,
That have induc'd them to rebel.
First, let this downright maxim strike,
That all men are born free alike,
And are undoubtedly allow'd,
By Providence to be endow'd
(As many a learned author writes)
With some unalienable rights;
'Mong these we lay the greatest stress,
On life, pursuit of happiness,
And (what is best of all the three)
Of uncontrouled liberty.
For surely no one can believe,
But he's a certain right to live,
Without receiving check or stop here,
As long as ever he think proper:
Neither is life like chair or table,
To one another alienable,
Neither can any mortal have,
The right to make himself a slave
(Although by thieving we must say
Some people do it ev'ry day):
Neither can any one entrap ye,
From the just right of being happy
(Tho' your chief happiness in life,
Should be to kiss your neighbour's wife).
To keep these rights by their consents,
Men instituted governments;
And should they afterwards be tir'd,
Of systems that the world admir'd,
The people have a right t' abolish,
Alter, relinquish, and demolish,
By methods novel and surprising,
New states and powers organizing,
In such a form and figure drest,
As the wise authors shall think best.
Prudence indeed might plainly dictate,
(To any but a dull and thick pate)
That governments establish'd ancient,
Should not be chang'd for causes transient,—
And therefore all experience shews,
That men would rather something lose,
Than to be rash,—because they're strong,
And right themselves by doing wrong.—
But when we had refused assent,
To British acts of parliament,
(Tho' bulwarks of the constitution)
And stuck to this our resolution
When we determined to be free,
And seiz'd on other people's tea,
Tarring and feathering ev'ry fool,
That spoke in favour of good rule;
Broke up the courts of law and justice,
(For in ourselves—our hope and trust is)
Forcing from every one—concession,
To things of which we made profession,
And setting those we could not guide,
To ride upon a stick—astride,
Because we plainly saw designs,
To catch us in despotic mines;
When *after this*—the plans absurd,
Of that harsh tyrant George the Third,
Under a notion of expedience,
To bring us to a due obedience,
Pursued thro' regular gradation,
Of great abuse and usurpation,
Prove an invariable design,
Our liberties to undermine,
A resolution to betray,
And rule us by despotic sway;
It is our right and our intent,
To throw off such a government,
Whilst other methods may be tried,
For future safety to provide.

During the winter which followed the battle of Trenton occurred. We have a ballad in its honor.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day in '76,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see, the boats below,
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no symptoms of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared to invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
With ensigns streaming with renown,
Which ne'er had known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb'd with frost.
Greene on the left, at six began,
The right was with brave Sullivan,
Who in battle no time lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colours, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day:
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing our safe deliverance
From arbitrary sway.
And as life you know is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of the day.*

One of the patriotic productions of the same year was a poem, in a pamphlet of fifteen pages, commenting in a severe but not equally forcible style on the conduct of Lord North. We quote the title-page, confident that the reader will not "ask for more."

The Continental Key of the Liberties of America; in three parts.

Perhaps the critics of the age,
May find a fault in ev'ry page,
Or yet, perhaps, in ev'ry line,
Well, they have their faults, I have mine.

If any man should ask the price,
One or two shillings take your choice,
Sometimes true Whigs have given twenty,
But Tories think that five is plenty.

New York, printed for Elijah Weige, 1776.

* McCarty's Songs, 1. 24.

We are indebted to the Curiosities of American Literature, by R. W. Griswold, printed as an Appendix to a reprint (New York, 1843) of D'Israeli's Curiosities, for two spirited productions on the defeat of Burgoyne.

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.

When Jack the king's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bow'd
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crown'd
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those away he goes
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made
To gain his wished-for station,
While far and wide his minions hied
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as staid he offers made
Of "*pardon* on *submission*;
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turn'd their back
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair, when he first retired
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honour be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

THE NORTH CAMPAIGN.

Come unto me, ye heroes,
Whose hearts are true and bold,
Who value more your honour
Than others do their gold;
Give ear unto my story,
And I the truth will tell
Concerning many a soldier,
Who for his country fell.

Burgoyne, the king's commander,
From Canada set sail
With full eight thousand reg'lars,
He thought he could not fail;
With Indians and Canadians,
And his cursed Tory crew,
On board his fleet of shipping
He up the Champlain flew.

Before Ticonderoga,
The first day of July,
Appear'd his ships and army,
And we did them espy.
Their motions we observed
Full well both night and day,
And our brave boys prepared
To have a bloody fray.

Our garrison they viewed them,
As straight their troops did land,
And when St. Clair, our chieftain,
The fact did understand
That they the Mount Defiance
Were bent to fortify,
He found we must surrender,
Or else prepare to die.

The fifth day of July, then,
He order'd a retreat,
And when next morn we started,
Burgoyne thought we were beat.
And closely he pursued us,
Till when near Hubbardton,
Our rear guards were defeated,
He thought the country won.

And when 't was told in Congress,
That we our forts had left,
To Albany retreated,
Of all the North bereft.
Brave General Gates they sent us,
Our fortunes to retrieve,
And him with shouts of gladness
The army did receive.

Where first the Mohawk's waters
Do in the sunshine play,
For Herkimer's brave soldiers
Sellinger* ambush'd lay;
And them he there defeated,
But soon he had his due,
And scared† by Brooks and Arnold
He to the North withdrew.

To take the stores and cattle
That we had gather'd then,
Burgoyne sent a detachment
Of fifteen hundred men;
By Baum they were commanded,
To Bennington they went;
To plunder and to murder
Was fully their intent.

But little did they know then,
With whom they had to deal;
It was not quite so easy
Our stores and stock to steal:
Bold Starke would give them only
A portion of his *lead;*
With half his crew ere sunset
Baum lay among the dead.

The nineteenth of September,
The morning cool and clear,
Brave Gates rode through our army,
Each soldier's heart to cheer;

* St. Leger.

† A man employed by the British as a spy, was taken by Arnold, and at the suggestion of Colonel Brooks sent back to St. Leger with such deceptive accounts of the strength of the Americans as induced him to retreat towards Montreal.

"Burgoyne," he cried, "advances,
But we will never fly;
No—rather than surrender,
We'll fight him till we die."

The news was quickly brought us,
The enemy was near,
And all along our lines then,
There was no sign of fear;
It was above Stillwater
We met at noon that day,
And every one expected
To see a bloody fray.

Six hours the battle lasted,
Each heart was true as gold,
The British fought like lions,
And we like Yankees bold;
The leaves with blood were crimson,
And then brave Gates did cry—
"'Tis diamond now cut diamond!
We'll beat them, boys, or die."

The darkness soon approaching,
It forced us to retreat
Into our lines till morning,
Which made them think us beat;
But ere the sun was risen,
They saw before their eyes
Us ready to engage them,
Which did them much surprise.

Of fighting they seem'd weary,
Therefore to work they go
Their thousand dead to bury,
And breastworks up to throw:
With grape and bombs intending
Our army to destroy,
Or from our works our forces
By stratagem decoy.

The seventh day of October,
The British tried again,—
Shells from their cannon throwing
Which fell on us like rain,—
To drive us from our stations
That they might thus retreat;
For now Burgoyne saw plainly
He never us could beat.

But vain was his endeavour
Our men to terrify;
Though death was all around us,
Not one of us would fly.
But when an hour we'd fought them,
And they began to yield,
Along our lines the cry ran,
"The *next* blow wins the field!"

Great God, who guides their battles
Whose cause is just and true,
Inspired our bold commander
The course he should pursue.
He order'd Arnold forward,
And Brooks to follow on;
The enemy were routed
Our liberty was won!

Then, burning all their luggage,
They fled with haste and fear,
Burgoyne with all his forces
To Saratogue did steer;
And Gates our brave commander,
Soon after him did hie,
Resolving he would take them
Or in the effort die.

As we came nigh the village,
We overtook the foe;
They'd burn'd each house to ashes,
Like all where'er they go.
The seventeenth of October,
They did capitulate—
Burgoyne and his proud army
Did we our pris'ners make.

Now here's a health to Arnold,
And our commander Gates;
To Lincoln and to Washington,
Whom ev'ry Tory hates;
Likewise unto our Congress,
God grant it long to reign,
Our Country, Right and Justice
For ever to maintain.

Now finish'd is my story,
My song is at an end;
The freedom we're enjoying
We're ready to defend;
For while our cause is righteous,
Heaven nerves the soldier's arm,
And vain is their endeavour
Who strive to do us harm.

To these we may add a third on the same subject, from McCarty's National Song Book.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

Said Burgoyne to his men, as they pass'd in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When him, who is your leader, they know, boys!
They with men have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm, and a loyal Briton's steel,
Can put to flight a rebel, as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to jo the game,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
He began to have the trembles, lest a flash should be the flame,
For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
No lack of skill, but fates,
Shall make us yield to Gates,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
The devils may have leagued, as you know, with the States,
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

Burgoyne, like André, amused himself with literature. He was the author of four five-act plays, three of which, The Maid of the Oaks, The Lord of the Manor, and The Heiress, are comedies. The fourth, Richard Cœur de Lion, is an "Historical Romance," from the French of M. Sédaine. The four were published with a few miscellaneous poems, and a Life of the Author, in two volumes, 8vo. London, 1808. The comedies are in prose, interspersed with songs, and were acted by the

British officers in garrison at Boston and New York.* They possess little merit. We give the

PROLOGUE TO ZARA.

Spoken by Lord Rawdon, at Boston.

In Britain once (it stains the historic page)
Freedom was vital-struck by party rage:
Cromwell the fever watch'd, the knife supplied,
She madden'd, and by suicide she died.
Amidst the groans sunk every liberal art
That polish'd life, or humanized the heart;
Then fell the stage, quell'd by the bigots' roar,
Truth fell with sense, and Shakspeare charm'd no more.

To sooth the times too much resembling those,
And lull the care-tir'd thought, this stage arose;
Proud if you hear, rewarded if you're pleased,
We come to minister to minds diseased.
To you, who, guardians of a nation's cause,
Unsheath the sword to vindicate her laws,
The tragic scene holds glory up to view,
And bids heroic virtue live in you:
Unite the patriot's with the warrior's care
And, while you burn to conquer, wish to spare.
The comic scene presides o'er social life,
And forms the husband, father, friend and wife;
To paint from nature, and with colours nice
Shew us ourselves, and laugh us out of vice.
Now say, ye Boston prudes, (if prudes there are)
Is this a task unworthy of the fair?
Will fame, decorum, piety refuse
A call on beauty to conduct the Muse?
Perish the narrow thought, the sland'rous tongue!
When the heart's right, the action can't be wrong.
Behold the test, mark at the curtain's rise
How Malice sinks abashed at Zara's eyes.†

The adventurous capture of General Prescott at Newport furnished ready material for a popular ballad, which was not lost sight of. Prescott was the commanding officer of the British troops in possession of Newport, and had rendered himself very unpopular by acts of petty tyranny. Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, of the American militia at Providence, determined to take him prisoner. Embarking with a small party of picked men in four whale-boats, they crossed on the night of the tenth of July, 1777, Narragansett bay to the house of a Quaker named Overing, Prescott's head-quarters, about five miles from the town. Gagging the sentinel, they entered the house unperceived, roused Prescott from his bed, and carried him off without giving him time to dress, speed being essential to success in the daring exploit, from the presence of three British frigates in the bay close to the house. The party recrossed in safety, and conveyed their prisoner to Providence, and thence to Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson. Prescott remained a prisoner until the following April, when he was exchanged for General Charles Lee, and returned to his troops in Rhode Island. Barton received a sword, and a grant of land in Vermont, from Congress. He subsequently became involved in legal proceedings in consequence of a transfer of a portion of this tract, and was thrown into prison for debt, where he remained until the visit of Lafayette in 1825, who, hearing of the circumstance, paid the debt and released the old soldier.*

The ballad written on the occasion, it is said, was served up to Prescott himself when he returned to his station. The story is thus told:—

Shortly after his exchange he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade. General Prescott was naturally a haughty, imperious man, and as a commander was very unpopular with his officers and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but a brave and skilful officer.

It was often that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial law was the law of the place. A small lad, about thirteen years of age, was placed in this situation previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the general dined there. He did not know General Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first lieutenant observed to the admiral, who was a real jolly son of Neptune, that "there was a Yankee lad on board who would shame all the singing." "Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow, being somewhat intimidated by gold-laced coats, epaulettes, &c., replied, "I can't sing any songs but Yankee songs." The admiral, perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "Come, my little fellow, don't be frightened; give us one of your Yankee songs." General Prescott spoke in his usual haughty, imperious manner, "You d—d young rebel, give us a song or I'll give you a dozen." The admiral interfered, and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song—any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of Newport, was then given, to the great amusement of the company.

'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
The wind and waves did roar,
Bold Barton then, with twenty men,
Went down upon the shore.

And in a whale-boat they set off
To Rhode Island fair,
To catch a red-coat general
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets and guard-boats strong,
They held their dangerous way,
Till they arrived unto their port,
And then did not delay.

* The following paragraph from an English journal of the period furnishes us with some valuable information, hitherto we believe unnoticed, relative to the amateur performances by officers of the army, which appear from their frequency to have been extremely popular during the British occupancy of our cities.

"An American Correspondent says, that the officers of the army in New York, concerned in the management of the theatre, there form a body like any other company of Comedians, and share the profits arising from their exhibitions. To people on this side the water, it may seem mean for British officers to perform for hire; but in New York necessaries are so extremely dear, that an inferior officer, who has no other resources than his pay, undergoes more difficulties than the common soldier; and circumstanced as many brave men now are in America, such an exertion of their talents to increase their incomes deserves the greatest encouragement."—1781, Upcott's Newspaper Cuttings.

† A parody on this prologue was published in the Freeman's Journal or New Hampshire Gazette, June 22, 1776.

* Lossing's Field-Book, ii. 75.

A tawny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravine led,
And entering then the Overing House,
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rush'd in,
And seized him in his bed.

"Stop! let me put my breeches on,"
The general then did pray:
"Your breeches, massa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay."

Then through rye-stubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
"The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they've carried hum."

The drums were beat, skyrockets flew,
The soldiers shoulder'd arms,
And march'd around the ground they knew,
Fill'd with most dire alarms.

But through the fleet with muffled oars
They held their devious way,
And landed him on 'Ganset shore
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto land they came,
Where rescue there was none,
"A d—d bold push," the general cried,
"Of prisoners I am one."

There was a general shout of all the company during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board at the time, observed, he "thought the deck would come through with the stamping and cheering."

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying, "Here, you young dog, is a guinea for you." The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman living at Newport.*

There is another version thus given in Mrs. Williams's Life of Barton.

The day was spent, the evening fair,
When Barton marched his men with care†
Down to the river's side;
And unto them most nobly said—
"Let none embark who are afraid
To cross the swelling tide."

But they, like hardy sons of Mars,
Inured to hardships and to wars,
Most nobly did reply;
"With manly rage our souls on fire,
We scorn the thought for to retire;
We conquer will or die."

Thus did they cross and march away,
Where Prescott's host encamped lay,
On hostile measures bent;
Young David took this bloody Saul,
And sentry, aid-de-camp, and all,
Back to the boat they went.

You watchful host who round him kept,
To guard your General while he slept,
Now you have lost your head;
Since they from freedom's happy shore,
Return'd and brought their booty o'er,
The hero from his bed.

Go to your king, and to him say,
"Call home your troops, call them away,
Or Prescott's fate they'll share."
For Barton, with his sling and stone,
Will bring the great Goliah down,
And catch him in a snare.*

We are indebted to North Carolina "Wood Notes"† for the following

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL FRANCIS NASH.

Genius of Freedom! whither art thou fled?
While fields of death thy sons undaunted tread,
Lo, where for thee thy brightest heroes fall,
And not thy shield to ward the winged ball.

On Bunker's height great Warren is no more;
The brave Montgomery's fate we next deplore;
Princeton's fam'd fields to trembling Britain tell,
How, scored with wounds, the conquering Mercer fell;
New England's boast, the generous Wooster, slain,
Demands our tears; while Britons fly the plain.
Last flow our sorrows for a favourite son,
Whom, weeping, Carolina claims her own,
The gallant Nash, who, with the fatal wound,
Though tortured, welt'ring on the hostile ground,
"Fight on, my troops," with smiling ardor said,
"'Tis but the fate of war, be not dismay'd."

High Heaven ordain'd for great designs this woe,
Which, till the destined period, none must know.
Heroes of old thus for their country stood,
Raised mighty empires, founded with their blood;
In this new world like great events must come;
Thus Athens rose, and thus imperial Rome.

Inscribed to Col. Thomas Clark, of the First North Carolina Battalion, by his friend and most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. MARTIN.

Camp, near Germantown.
Oct. 30, 1777.

General Nash was wounded on the fourth, and died on the seventh of October, 1777. Lieut.-Col. Alexander Martin, the author of the lines, at the close of the war became governor of his native state of North Carolina, and afterwards a senator of the United States. Col. Clark succeeded to Nash's command.‡

The unsuccessful attempt, in connexion with the French fleet, to dislodge the British from Newport, in July, 1778, gave occasion to a lively Tory effusion.

YANKEE DOODLE'S EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND.

Written at Philadelphia.

I.

From Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came
To Congress in this town, Sir,

* McCarty's Songs, ii. 367–369, quoted from Plymouth Memorial, 1835.

† This song is still in traditional circulation. A friend had it from an old soldier, who commenced his recitation vigorously:—

The moon shone bright, the night was clear,
Bold Barton march'd his men with *keer*.

* Mrs. Williams's Biog. of Revolutionary Heroes. Providence: 1839. p. 128.

† Wood Notes; or Carolina Carols: a Collection of North Carolina Poetry. Compiled by Tenella. Raleigh: Warren L. Pomeroy. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo.

‡ Wood Notes, ii. 235.

They bow'd to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, Sir.
Chorus. Yankee Doodle, &c.

II.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup
You shall *bientot* behold, Sir,
This was believ'd as Gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, Sir.

III.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The sound of British drum, Sir,
How oft it made him quake and sweat
In spite of Yankee rum, Sir.

IV.

He took his wallet on his back,
His rifle on his shoulder,
And *vow'd* Rhode Island to attack
Before he was much older.

V.

In dread array their tatter'd crew,
Advanced with colours spread, Sir;
Their fifes play'd Yankee Doodle doo,
King Hancock at their head, Sir.

VI.

What numbers bravely cross'd the seas,
I cannot well determine,
A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
And every other vermin.

VII.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they tho't,
For all flesh only grass is,
A plenteous store they therefore brougt
Of whiskey and molasses.

VIII.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,
So did their good Ally, Sir,
And take him prisoner in a week;
But that was all *my eye*, Sir.

IX.

As Jonathan so much desir'd,
To shine in martial story,
D'Estaing with politesse retir'd
To leave him all the glory.

X.

He left him what was better yet,
At least it was more use, Sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuse, Sir.

XI.

To stay, unless he ruled the sea,
He thought would not be right, Sir,
And Continental troops, said he,
On islands should not fight, Sir.

XII.

Another cause with these combin'd,
To throw him in the dumps, Sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind
And made him stir his stumps, Sir,
Sing Yankee doodle doodle doo.

Rivington's Royal Gazette, Oct. 3, 1778.

The next event of the war of which we offer poetical commemoration, is the Massacre at Wyoming. The ballad which follows is printed, apparently for the first time, in the Appendix to the History of Wyoming by Charles Miner,* where it is stated to have been written soon after the tragedy by "Mr. Uriah Terry, of Kingston."

WYOMING MASSACRE.

Kind Heaven, assist the trembling muse,
While she attempts to tell
Of poor Wyoming's overthrow,
By savage sons of hell.

One hundred whites, in painted hue,
Whom Butler there did lead,
Supported by a barb'rous crew
Of the fierce savage breed.

The last of June the siege began,
And several days it held,
While many a brave and valiant man
Lay slaughtered on the field.

Our troops marched out from Forty Fort,
The third day of July,
Three hundred strong, they marched along,
The fate of war to try.

But oh! alas! three hundred men,
Is much too small a band,
To meet eight hundred men complete,
And make a glorious stand.

Four miles they marched from the Fort
Their enemy to meet,
Too far indeed did Butler lead,
To keep a safe retreat.

And now the fatal hour is come—
They bravely charge the foe,
And they with ire, returned the fire,
Which prov'd our overthrow.

Some minutes they sustained the fire,
But ere they were aware
They were encompassed all around
Which prov'd a fatal snare.

And then they did attempt to fly,
But all was now in vain,
Their little host—by far the most—
Was by those Indians slain.

And as they fly, for quarters cry;
Oh hear! indulgent Heav'n!
Hard to relate—their dreadful fate,
No quarters must be given.

With bitter cries and mournful sighs
They seek some safe retreat,
Run here and there, they know not where,
Till awful death they meet.

Their piercing cries salute the skies—
Mercy is all their cry:
'Our souls prepare God's grace to share,
We instantly must die."

Some men yet found are flying round
Sagacious to get clear;
In vain to fly, their foes too nigh!
They front the flank and rear.

And now the foe hath won the day,
Methinks their words are these:
"Ye cursed, rebel, Yankee race,
Will this your Congress please?"

"Your pardons crave, you them shall have,
Behold them in our hands;
We'll all agree to set you free,
By dashing out your brains.

* History of Wyoming in a Series of Letters, from Charles Miner, to his son, William Penn Miner, Esq. Phila.: J. Cressy, 1845.

"And as for you, enlisted crew,
We'll raise your honours higher:
Pray turn your eye, where you must lie,
In yonder burning fire."

Then naked in those flames they're cast,
Too dreadful 'tis to tell,
Where they must fry, and burn and die,
While cursed Indians yell.

Nor son, nor sire, these tigers spare,—
The youth, and hoary head,
Were by those monsters murdered there,
And numbered with the dead.

Methinks I hear some sprightly youth,
His mournful state condole:
"O, that my tender parents knew,
The anguish of my soul.

"But O! there's none to save my life,
Or heed my dreadful fear;
I see the tomahawk and knife,
And the more glittering spear.

When years ago, I dandled was
Upon my parents' knees,
I little thought I should be brought
To feel such pangs as these.

"I hoped for many a joyful day,
I hoped for riches' store—
These golden dreams are fled away;
I straight shall be no more.

"Farewell, fond mother; late I was,
Locked up in your embrace;
Your heart would ache, and even break,
If you could know my case.

"Farewell, indulgent parents dear,
I must resign my breath;
I now must die, and here must lie
In the cold arms of death.

"For O! the fatal hour is come,
I see the bloody knife,—
The Lord have mercy on my soul!"
And quick resigned his life.

A doleful theme; yet, pensive muse,
Pursue the doleful theme:
It is no fancy to delude,
Nor transitory dream.

The Forty Fort was the resort,
For mother and for child,
To save them from the cruel rage,
Of the fierce savage wild.

Now, when the news of this defeat,
Had sounded in our ears,
You well may know our dreadful woe,
And our foreboding fears.

A doleful sound is whispered round,
The sun now hides his head;
The nightly gloom forebodes our doom,
We all shall soon be dead.

How can we bear the dreadful spear,
The tomahawk and knife?
And if we run, the awful gun,
Will rob us of our life.

But Heaven! kind Heaven, propitious power!
His hand we must adore.
He did assuage the savage rage,
That they should kill no more.

The gloomy night now gone and past,
The sun returns again,
The little birds from every bush,
Seem to lament the slain.

With aching hearts and trembling hands
We walked here and there,
Till through the northern pines we saw,
A flag approaching near.

Some men were chose to meet this flag,
Our colonel was the chief,
Who soon returned and in his mouth
He brought an olive leaf.

This olive leaf was granted life,
But then we must no more,
Pretend to fight with Britain's king,
Until the wars are o'er.

And now poor Westmoreland is lost,
Our forts are all resigned,
Our buildings they are all on fire,—
What shelter can we find?

They did agree in black and white,
If we'd lay down our arms,
That all who pleased might quietly
Remain upon their farms.

But O! they've robbed us of our all,
They've taken all but life,
And we'll rejoice and bless the Lord,
If this may end the strife.

And now I've told my mournful tale,
I hope you'll all agree,
To help our cause and break the jaws
Of cruel tyranny.

In the same year, appeared from the press of Thomas and Samuel Green, New Haven, a pamphlet entitled *Poems, occasioned by several circumstances and reminiscences in the present grand contest of America for Liberty*. The author has been ascertained by the Rev. Stephen Dodd, of East Haven church, who has republished the poems,* to have been the Rev. Wheeler Case, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, New York. He states in his preface that some of the pieces have been written merely for amusement, and others with design to promote the cause of liberty, into whose Treasury he casts his mite in publishing them. They are quaint and spirited expressions of patriotism and piety, mainly elicited by the defeat of Burgoyne. The struggle is symbolized by a contest between the eagle and the crane, in which the latter (in 1776) is hopefully made to come off victorious. The "tragical death of Miss M'Crea" is celebrated with more feeling than art. In the verses, "An Answer to the Messengers of the Nation," with a text from Isaiah, the writer expresses the not uncommon feeling of the pulpit of those days towards General Washington, who was looked to as a deliverer under the protection of heaven, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

We give two passages from this old volume for their earnestness and their historical value.

WASHINGTON.

Let not my theme by any be abus'd,
Tho' *Zion's* founded, means must yet be us'd.
When foes with spears rush on us like a flood,
Curs'd be the man who keeps his sword from blood.†
When wonders great for *Zion* have been done,
God and his people went to war as one.

* Revolutionary Memorials, embracing Poems by the Rev. Wheeler Case. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1852.
† Jer. xlviii. 10.

Gideon went forth against a mighty host,
Three hundred men were all that he could boast;
Before these few the *Midianites* now fall.
It was one sword alone that did it all,
E'en by the sword of GOD and *Gideon.*
What great exploits were done by Israel's King,
How we hear this hero vict'ry sing.
Where did he learn this skill, or whence this might?
The *God* of armies taught his hands to fight.
When *Zion's* foes against her did conspire,
Hail-stones from heaven were sent, and flames of fire.
To crush her foes and maintain her cause,
The *God* of nature alters nature's laws;
The sun and moon are stopp'd, they cease to run,
'Till *Joshua's* work is o'er, his work is done.
Joshua the hero, and the man of GOD,
Rais'd up his eye, his mandate sent abroad,
Thou sun, bright lamp of day, thou moon, stand still,
Nor dare advance to yonder Western hill,
'Till I have crush'd my foes and done JEHOVAH'S will.
But why need we go back to ancient dates,
While wonders great are done within these States?
JEHOVAH'S power, his all-wise providence,
Hath been engag'd for us in our defence.
Let's eye that Providence, adore the hand,
That rais'd for us a *Joshua* in our land.
O what a blessing to the States! it is our bliss,
Great WASHINGTON was rais'd for such a day as this.
How good, how kind is most indulgent heav'n,
That such a leader to our army's giv'n!
What great exploits he and his troops have done!
How bravely they have fought, what vict'ries won.
It was the LORD that did their breasts inspire
With thirst for liberty and martial fire,
'Twas he their operations plann'd so well,
And fought for them, e'en when ten thousand fell.
When these affairs are view'd and duly scann'd,
He's blind that does not see JEHOVAH'S hand.
See Washington thro' *Jersey* State retreat,
His foes rejoice—they thought that he was beat;
Howe him pursues with speed, he presses on,
He thought the day his own, the vict'ry won.
The *secret* friends of *George* their off'rings bring,
They boldly raise their head, and own their King:
A gloom is spread around, alas! what grief,
We know not where to go to find relief.
A storm of snow and hail the LORD sent down,
A blessed season this for *Washington:*
He now return'd, and thro' the storm he press'd,
And caught twelve hundred *Hessians* in their nest.
Our hero pitch'd his tents near *Trenton* bridge,
Howe gather'd all his troops upon a ridge,
Not far from where his little army lay,
Impatient waits his vengeance to display,
Determin'd when the shades of night were o'er,
Great *Washington* should fall and be no more.
But he with skill consummate did retire,
Soon made the foe at *Princeton* feel his ire,
Leaving the valiant *Howe* to fight the fire.*

THE FALL OF BURGOYNE.

Is this *Burgoyne, Burgoyne* the great,
Who fill'd our land with woe,
And threaten'd vengeance from the state,
Is he now fell so low?

Is't he that made the earth to tremble,
That was so great a curse,
That doth great *Babel's* king resemble,
Is he now weak like us?

To *Indians* he gives stretch no more,
Nor them supplies with knives
To stain our land with crimson gore,
With them to scalp our wives.

His threat'ning proclamation's stopp'd,
He's now o'erspread with gloom,
The wings with which he flew are cropp'd,
He has no *elbow-room.*

His titles he proclaims no more,
No more his triumphs spread,
His thund'ring cannon cease to roar,
And all his joys are fled.

Where is his great and mighty host,
That huge *gigantic* race,
The sons of *Anak, Britain's* boast?
They're pris'ners in disgrace.

Pris'ners to rebels, *Yankies* too,
O mortifying stroke!
They caught *Burgoyne* with all his crew,
Britons now wear the yoke.

Great WASHINGTON, that man of might,
Hath laid a snare for *Howe,*
Unless with speed he takes his flight,
He to the yoke must bow.

During this year Rivington's contributors kept up a constant succession of pasquinades. We quote a few:—

NEW YORK, *October* 24, 1778.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

We learn from Philadelphia, that there was lately exhibited in that city, an admirable Farce called INDEPENDENCE. Who was the author is not positively known. Some people are of opinion, that it is the work of a certain Quack Doctor, called FRANKLIN. Others assert, that it is the joint production of the strolling company by whom it was acted; it is, however, generally allowed, that one Adams gave the first hint, contrived the plot, and cast the parts. It appeared in the exhibition so tragi-comical that the audience were at a loss whether to laugh or cry; they were, however, well pleased with the catastrophe, and joined heartily in the following chorus, which was sung by the excellent actor who played the part of the PRESIDENT. The celebrated Voltaire somewhere relates, that a song was the cause of the REFORMATION in France.

SONG.

Our farce is now finish'd, your sport's at an end,
But ere you depart, let the voice of a friend,
By way of a chorus the evening crown,
With a song to the tune of a hey derry down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Old Shakspeare, a poet who should not be spit on,
Altho' he was born in the island called Briton,
Hath said that mankind are all players at best,
A truth we'll admit of, for the sake of the jest.
Derry down, &c.

On this puny stage we have strutted our hour,
And have acted our parts to the best of our power.
That the farce has concluded not perfectly well
Was surely the fault of the Devil in Hell.
Derry down, &c.

This Devil, you know, out of spleen to the church,
Will often times leave his best friends in the lurch,
And turn them adrift in the midst of their joy;
'Tis a difficult matter to cheat the old boy.
Derry down, &c.

* General Washington ordered a number of fires to be made, and kept burning till towards day. In the middle of the night he made a forced march to Princeton, where he attacked and took two regiments stationed there. In the morning Howe was preparing to attack Washington, and much elated with expectations of crushing him, sent out his spies to make discoveries; but to his great surprise was soon informed where Washington was, by hearing the heavy cannonade at Princeton.

Since this is the case, we must e'en make the best
Of a game that is lost; let us turn it to jest,
We'll smile, nay, we'll laugh, we'll carouse and we'll sing,
And cheerfully drink life and health to the King.
Derry down, &c.

Let Washington now from his mountains descend,
Who knows but in George he may still find a friend.
A Briton, although he loves bottle and wench,
Is an honester fellow than *parlez vous* French.
Derry down, &c.

Our great *Independence* we give to the wind,
And pray that Great Britain may once more be kind,
In this jovial song all hostility ends,
And Britons and we will for ever be friends.
Derry down, &c.

Boy, fill me a bumper, now join in the chorus,
There's happiness still in the prospect before us;
In this sparkling glass all hostility ends,
And Britons and we will for ever be friends.
Derry down, &c.

Good night, my good people, retire to your houses,
Fair ladies, I beg you convince your fair spouses,
That Britons and we are united in bliss,
And ratify all with a conjugal kiss.
Derry down, &c.

Once more, here's a health to the King and the Queen,
Confusion to him who in rancor and spleen,
Refuses to drink with an English friend,
Immutable amity to the world's end.
Derry down, &c.

Rivington's Royal Gazette, Saturday, October 24, 1778.

Our next extract is from a production of some hundred and fifty lines, which appeared Nov. 6, entitled,

THE CONGRATULATION.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The great cajolers are themselves cajol'd:
What, now, is left of continental brags,
Taxes unpaid, though payable in rags.
What now remains of continental force?
Battalions mouldering, waste without resource.
What rests there yet of continental sway?
A ruin'd people ripe to disobey;
Hate now of men, and soon to be the jest,
Such is your state, ye monsters of the west,
Yet must on every face a smile be worn,
Whilst every breast with agony is torn,
Hopeless yourselves, yet hope you must impart,
And comfort others with an aching heart.
Ill fated they, who, lost at home, must boast
Of help expected from a foreign coast,
How wretched is their lot to France and Spain,
Who look for succour, but who look in vain.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd.
Courage, my boys, dismiss your chilling fears,
Attend to me, I'll put you in your gears,
Come, I'll instruct you how to advertise
Your missing friends, your hide-and-seek allies.
O YES! if any man alive will bring
News of the squadron of the Christian King,
If any man will find out Count d'Estaing,
With whose scrub actions both the Indies rang;
If any man will ascertain on oath,
What is become of Monsieur de la Mothe;
Whoever these important points explains,
Congress will nobly pay him for his pains,
Of pewter dollars what both hands can hold,
A thimblefull of plate, a mite of gold;
The lands of some big Tory, he shall get,
And strut a famous Col'nel *en* brevet,
And last, to honour him (we scorn to bribe),
We'll make him chief of the Oneida tribe.

This was followed on the 27th of the same month by

THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

Come let us rejoice,
With heart and with voice
Her triumphs let loyalty show, sir,
While bumpers go round
Re-echo the sound,
Huzza, for the King and Prevost, sir.

With warlike parade,
And his Irish brigade,
His ships and his spruce Gallic host, sir,
As proud as an elf,
D'Estaing came himself,
And landed on Georgia's coast, sir.

There joining a band,
Under Lincoln's command,
Of rebels and traitors and Whigs, sir,
'Gainst the town of Savannah,
He planted his banner,
And then he felt wonderous big, sir.

With thund'ring of guns,
And bursting of bombs,
He thought to have frighted our Boys, sir,
But amidst all their din,
Brave Maitland push'd in,
And Moncrieff cry'd, "a fig for your noise, sir."

Chagrin'd at delay
(As he meant not to stay),
The bold Count form'd his troops in the morn, sir,
Van, centre, and rear
March'd up without fear,
Cock sure of success—by a storm, sir.

Though rude was the shock,
Unmov'd as a rock,
Stood our firm British bands to their works, sir.
While the brave German corps,
And Americans bore,
Their parts as intrepid as Turks, sir.

Then muskets did rattle,
Fierce raged the battle,
Grape shot it flew thicker than hail, sir.
The ditch fill'd with slain,
Blood dyed all the plain,
When the rebels and French turned tail, sir.

See, see, how they run!
Lord! what glorious fun!
How they tumble by cannon mow'd down, sir!
Brains fly all around,
Dying screeches resound,
And mangled limbs cover the ground, sir.

There Polasky fell
That Imp of old *Bell*,
Who attempted to murder his King, sir,
But now he is gone
Whence he'll never return,
But will make H— with treason to ring, sir.

To Charlestown with fear,
The rebels repair,
D'Estaing scampers back to his boats, sir,
Each blaming the other,
Each cursing his brother,
And may they cut each other's throats, sir.

Scarce three thousand men,
The town did maintain,
'Gainst three times their number of foes, sir,
Who left on the plain,
Of wounded and slain,
Three thousand to fatten the crows, sir.

Three thousand? No less!
For the rebels confess
Some loss, as you very well know, sir,
Then let bumpers go round,
And re-echo the sound,
Huzza for the King and Prevost, sir.

Rivington's Gazette, Nov. 27, 1779.

A poem on Washington, dated in 1779, merits insertion here.

Let venal poets praise a King
For virtues unpossess'd,
A volunteer, unbrib'd I sing
The Hero of the West.

When Gaul came on with rapid stride,
And vict'ry was the word,
First shone his country's future pride,
And flesh'd his maiden sword.

With conquest crown'd, from war's alarms,
To study bent his mind;—
"Equal to both, to arts or arms
Indiff'rently inclin'd."

Elate with fancied pow'r and pride,
Impell'd by angry Jove;
Nor fates nor justice on their side,
The British legions move.

With them a tribe of foreign slaves
A mercenary band,
For plunder bold, inur'd to blood,
Invade his native land.

His country calls, to arms he flies,
Nor fears a tyrant's frown;
Leads heroes, favour'd by the skies,
To glory and renown.

In vain the British tyrant storms,
His thunders fright no more,—
His hardy vet'rans, vainly brave,
Shall fly the happy shore.

The willing Chiefs around him throng,
Impatient of delay;
Their noble ardour he restrains,
And points the surer way.

Pursue, Great Chief, the glorious race—
Thy country's sword and shield;—
Thrice happy! born alike to grace
The senate and the field.

New Hampshire Gazette, Oct. 12, 1779.

We now come to one of the most famous pieces of verse composed during the war. It owes its reputation, however, more to the untimely death of its author than to its own merits. Having already given, in our extract from Hamilton, the best account of the most memorable portion of André's life, we present without further preface

THE COW-CHASE.

CANTO I.

To drive the kine one summer's morn,
The Tanner* took his way,
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending steers shall know
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in ev'ry low
The tanning of *his* hide.

Yet Bergen cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And loose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave
From New-Bridge and Tapaan,*
And those that drink Passaick's wave,
And those that eat Soupaun.

And sons of distant Delaware
And still remoter Shannon,
And Major Lee with horses rare
And Proctor with his cannon.

All wondrous proud in arms they came,
What hero could refuse,
To tread the rugged path to fame,
Who had a pair of shoes?

At six the Host with sweating buff,
Arrived at Freedom's pole,
When Wayne who thought he'd time enough,
Thus speechified the whole.

O ye whom glory doth unite
Who Freedom's cause espouse,
Whether the wing that's doomed to fight
Or that to drive the cows.

Ere yet you tempt your further way
Or into action come,
Hear, soldiers, what I have to say,
And take a pint of rum.

Intemp'rate valor then will string,
Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land shall IO sing
And read the gen'ral's letter.

Know that some paltry Refugees,
Whom I've a mind to fright,
Are playing h—l amongst the trees
That grow on yonder height.

Their Fort and block-houses we'll level,
And deal a horrid slaughter,
We'll drive the scoundrels to the devil,
And ravish wife and daughter.

I under cover of th' attack,
Whilst you are all at blows,
From English Neighb'rhood and Tinack*
Will drive away the cows.

For well you know the latter is
The serious operation,
And fighting with the Refugees
Is only recreation.

His daring words from all the crowd,
Such great applause did gain,
That every man declared aloud
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of rum once more
They took a heady gill,
When one and all they loudly swore,
They'd fight upon the hill.

But here—the Muse has not a strain
Befitting such great deeds,
Huzza, they cried, huzza for Wayne,
And shouting—did their needs.

* General Wayne's *legal* occupation.

* Villages in New Jersey.

CANTO II.

Near his meridian pomp, the sun
Had journey'd from the hor'zon,
When fierce the dusky tribe mov'd on,
Of heroes drunk as poison.

The sounds confused of boasting oaths,
Re-echoed thro' the wood,
Some vow'd to sleep in dead men's clothes
And some to swim in blood.

At Irving's nod 'twas fine to see,
The left prepare to fight,
The while the drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the right.

Which Irving 'twas fame don't relate,
Nor can the Muse assist her,
Whether 'twas he that cocks a hat
Or he that gives a glister.

For greatly one was signalized,
That fought at Chesnut-Hill,
And Canada immortalized,
The vender of the pill.

Yet their attendance upon Proctor,
They both might have to boast of;
For there was business for the doctor,
And hats to be disposed of.

Let none uncandidly infer,
That Stirling wanted spunk,
The self-made peer had sure been there,
But that the peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's banks,
Where stood the modest train,
With purpose firm tho' slender ranks,
Nor car'd a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of rebel fury drove
And tore from ev'ry genial band,
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,
By mock tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom,
Impending o'er their head.

Here one bewails a brother's fate
There one a sire demands,
Cut off, alas! before their date,
By ignominious hands.

And silver'd grandsires here appear'd
In deep distress serene,
Of reverend manners that declared,
The better days they'd seen.

Oh cursed rebellion these are thine,
Thine all these tales of wo,
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine
Blood never cease to flow?

And now the foe began to lead
His forces to th' attack:
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,
And make the block-house crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take
The Gen'ral's word for true;
But 'tis a d——ble mistake,
For ev'ry shot went thro'.

The firmer as the rebels pressed,
The loyal heroes stand;
Virtue had nerv'd each honest breast,
And industry each hand.

In* valour's phrensy, Hamilton
Rode like a soldier big,
And Secretary Harrison,
With pen stuck in his wig.

But lest their Chieftain Washington,
Should mourn them in the mumps,*
The fate of Withrington to shun,
They fought behind the stumps.

But ah, Thaddæus Posset, why
Should thy poor soul elope?
And why should Titus Hooper die,
Ah die—without a rope?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel;
In death shalt hear her mourn thy doom,
Ouch wou'd ye die my Jewel?

Thee Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
Of melancholy fate,
The gray goose stolen as he went,
In his heart's blood was wet.

Now as the fight was further fought,
And balls began to thicken,
The fray assum'd, the Gen'rals thought,
The colour of a licking.

Yet undismay'd the chiefs command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, SOLDIERS CHARGE! they hear, they stand,
They turn and run away.

CANTO III.

Not all delights the bloody spear,
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm sure, who'd like to hear,
A word about the cattle.

The chief whom we beheld of late,
Near Schralenberg haranguing,
At Yan Van Poop's,† unconscious sat
Of Irving's hearty banging.

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
Most bravely did oppose
The tears of woman and of child,
Who begg'd he'd leave the cows.

But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,
Required a relief,
Not all the blessings could impart
Of battle or of beef.

For now a prey to female charms,
His soul took more delight in
A lovely hamadryad's‡ arms,
Than driving cows or fighting:

A nymph, the Refugees had drove
Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye
The hero saw portray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
—— The bridle of his jade.§

Hear, said the nymph, O great commander!
No human lamentations;
The trees you see them cutting yonder,
Are all my near relations.

And I, forlorn! implore thine aid,
To free the sacred grove:
So shall thy prowess be repaid
With an immortal's love.

* Vide Lee's Trial.

* A disorder prevalent in the Rebel lines. The merit of these lines, which is doubtless very great, can only be felt by true Connoisseurs, conversant in ancient song.

† Who kept a dram shop.

‡ A Deity of the woods.

§ A New England name for a horse, mare or gelding.

Now some, to prove she was a goddess!
Said this enchanting fair
Had late retired from the *Bodies*,*
In all the pomp of war.

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
To honour her retreat,
And Cunningham† himself convey'd
The lady thro' the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,
To no inquiry stoops,
But takes the fair afflicted maid
Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,
Disgraced th' imperial banner,
And for a gipsy lost a day,
Like Anthony the tanner.

The hamadryad had but half
Received redress from Wayne,
When drums and colours, cow and calf,
Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen
The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
The yearling and the shoat

And pack-horses with fowls came by,
Befeathered on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terrour-smitten cows,
Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above
Pour down another corps,
All helter skelter in a drove,
Like that I sung before.

Irving and terrour in the van,
Came flying all abroad,
And cannon, colours, horse, and man,
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas Irving's cry,
And his example too,
"Run on, my merry men all—for why?"
‡ The shot will not go thro'.

As when two kennels in the street,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
And seek the neighbouring drain.

So met these dung-born tribes in one,
As swift in their career,
And so to Newbridge they ran on—
But all the cows got clear.

Poor Parson Caldwell, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder,
For them to steal again.

For 'twas his right to seize the spoil, and
To share with each commander,
As he had done at Staten Island
With frost-bit Alexander.§

In his dismay the frantic priest*
Began to grow prophetic,
You'd swore, to see his lab'ring breast,
He'd taken an emetic.

I view a future day, said he,
Brighter than this day dark is,
And you shall see what you shall see
Ha! ha! one pretty Marquis;†

And he shall come to Paulus-Hook,
And great achievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like Satan over Lincoln.

And all the land around shall glory
To see the Frenchmen caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story
In the next Chatham paper.

This solemn prophecy, of course,
Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
Upon the great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,
His military speeches,
His corn-stalk whiskey for his grog,
Blue stockings and brown breeches.

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

The gallant act of André's captors could not fail of calling forth a ballad:—

BRAVE PAULDING AND THE SPY.

Come, all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear,
And I'll sing you a ditty that will make your hearts cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two;
He fought for North America; his heart was just and true.

They took him from his dwelling-place, and they did him confine,
They cast him into prison, and kept him for a time:
But he with resolution resolved not long to stay;
He set himself at liberty, and soon he ran away.

He with a scouting-party ran down to Tarrytown,
Where he met a British officer, a man of high renown:
He says to those young gentlemen, "You're of the British cheer,
I trust that you can tell me now if there's any danger here."

Then up stepp'd this young gentleman, John Paulding was his name;
"Come, tell me where you're going to, also from whence you came."
"I bear the British flag, sir; I've a pass to go this way;
I'm on an expedition, and have no time to stay."

Then up stepp'd those young gentlemen, and bid him to dismount;
"Come tell us where you're going to, give us a strict account;
For we are now resolved that you shall ne'er pass by."
On strict examination, they found out he was a spy.

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* A cant appellation given among the soldiery to the corps that have the honour to guard his majesty's person.
† Provost-Marshal of New York, who attended the drumming of her out of the regiment and city.
‡ Five Refugees ('tis true) were found
Stiff on the block-house floor,
But then 'tis thought the shot went round,
And in at the back-door.
§ Earl of Stirling.

* Caldwell, a minister at Elizabethtown, appointed Quarter-Master-General to the rebel army.
† Lafayette, a French coxcomb in the rebel service.—Note, London ed., 1781.

He begged for his liberty, he plead for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them, if they'd set him at large,
"Here's all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,
But when I get down to New York I'll give you ten times more."

"I scorn your gold and silver, I've enough laid up in store,
And when that is all spent and gone, I'll freely fight for more;
So you may take your sword in hand and gain your liberty,
And if that you do conquer me, O, then you shall go free."

"The time it is improper our valour for to try,
For if we take our swords in hand, then one of us must die;
I am a man of honour, with courage brave and bold,
I fear not the face of clay, although it's clothed in gold."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to light;
He begg'd for pen and paper, and asked leave to write
A line to General Arnold, to let him know his fate,
And begg'd for his assistance; but alas, it was too late.

When the news it came to Arnold, it put him in a fret;
He walk'd the room in trouble, till tears his cheeks did wet;
The news it went throughout the camp, likewise throughout the fort;
He called for the Vulture, and sailed for New York.

Now Arnold to New York has gone, a fighting for his king,
And left poor Major André, on the gallows for to swing;
When he was executed, he look'd both meek and mild,
He look'd on his spectators, and pleasantly did smile.

It moved each eye with pity, caused every heart to bleed;
And every one wish'd him released, and had Arnold in his stead.
He was a man of honour, in Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.

Here's health unto John Paulding! so let your voices sound,
Fill up your flowing glasses, and drink his health around;
Also to those young gentlemen who bore him company;
Success to North America, ye sons of liberty!

The territory of the present state of Vermont was for some time a contested possession between New York and New Hampshire, the former colony claiming sixty townships, grants of which had been given by the latter. The occupants of the soil were inclined to set up for themselves, and, in 1777, declared their independence. New York would not give up her claim, New Hampshire insisted on her demands, while the third neighbor, Massachusetts, asserted a right to two thirds of the territory in dispute. The spirit of the contest has been happily embodied in a ballad of a later date, published anonymously, but attributed to the poet Whittier.

THE SONG OF THE VERMONTERS, 1779.

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,
With your breeches of deer-skin, and jackets of brown;
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come,
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles!—let grey wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall;
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our South come the Dutchmen, enveloped in grease;
And, arming for battle, while canting of peace;
On our East, crafty Meshech* has gathered his band
To hang up our leaders, and eat out our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! For Satan shall work
No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York!
They claim our possessions,—the pitiful knaves,—
The tribute *we* pay, shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broek,† with bribes in their hands,
Still seek to divide us, and parcel our lands;—
We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are;
The warp is of *feathers*—the filling of *tar!*

Does the "old bay State" threaten? Does Congress complain?
Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake?
Let 'em come;—what they *can*, they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth
Is comfort, contentment, and labour and health,
And lands which, as Freemen, we only have trod,
Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters are fair,
With their blue eyes of smiles, and their light flowing hair;
All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking, and ball!

We've sheep on the hill sides; we've cows on the plain;
And gay-tasseled corn-fields, and rank-growing grain;
There are deer on the mountains; and wood-pigeons fly
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers, which take
Their course from the hills to our broad-bosomed lake;
Through rock-arched Winooski the salmon leaps free,
And the portly shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sun-beam the pickerel glides through his pool;
And the spotted trout sleeps where the water is cool;

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* Hon. Meshech Weare, Governor of New Hampshire.
† Governor Clinton of New York, and Hon. A. Ten Broek, President of the New York Convention.

Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root
At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully rise
'Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies;
And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn,
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours,
And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers,
Far dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr, which breathes over slaves.

Hurra for VERMONT! for the land which we till
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill;
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Michiscoui's wild valley, to where
Poosoomsuck steals down from his wood-circled lair,
From Shocticook river to Lutterlock town,—
Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down.

Come York or come Hampshire,—come traitors and knaves
If ye rule o'er our *land*, ye shall rule o'er our *graves;*
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled;
In the name of Vermont we defy *all the world!*

In Rivington's Royal Gazette of March 24, 1781, we find the following advertisement:—

This day are published, price six shillings, neatly printed, COW CHACE. Complete in three cantos. Published on occasion of the Rebel General Wayne's attack on the Refugees' Block House, on Friday, July 21, 1780. With the AMERICAN TIMES. In which are delineated the Characters of the Leaders of the American Rebellion. Amongst the principal are, Franklin, Laurens, Adams, Hancock, Jay, Duer, Duane, Wilson, Pulaski, Witherspoon, Reed, McKean, Washington, Roberdeau, Chace, &c. &c. &c. Also, Yankee Doodle's Expedition to Rhode Island; and a Lampoon, or the Bloodless Encounter between the Generals Howe and James Gadsden.

We are enabled to furnish our readers with a specimen of the leading poem in this collection, from the copy in the valuable American Library of Col. Peter Force of Washington. It appears, from the following earlier and fuller announcement of the title, to have been published in England,* and may have been written in that country.

"On Saturday morning next will be published, price 2s., The American Times, a Satire in three parts. In which are delineated the characters of the leaders of the American Rebellion. Amongst the principal are, Franklin, &c. (as already given). By Camillo Querno, Poet Laureate to the Congress. Facit indignatio versum—JUVENAL. Printed for the author, and sold by William Richardson, opposite Salisbury street, in the Strand, 1780."

We extract the "characters" of Robert and Gouverneur Morris.

What spectre's that with eyes on earth intent,
Whose God is gold, whose glory's cent. per cent.,
Whose soul, devoted to the love of gain,
Revolts from feelings noble and humane?
Let friends, let family, let country groan,
Despairing widows shriek, or orphans moan;
Turned to the centre where his riches grow,
His eye regards not spectacles of woe.
Morris, look up, for so thy name we spell—
On earth Bob Morris, Mammon 'tis in hell,
Wretch, thou hast meanly sold thy native land;
Tremble, thou wretch, for vengeance is at hand.
Soon shall thy treasure fly on eagle's wings,
And conscience goad thee with her thousand stings.
Of head erect and self-sufficient mien,
Another Morris presses to be seen.
Demons of vanity, you know him sure,
This is your pupil—this is Gouverneur!
Some little knowledge, with some little sense,
More affectation far, and more pretence;—
Such is the man; his tongue he never baulks;
On all things talkable he boldly talks;
A specious orator, of law he prates,
A pompous nothing, mingles in debates;
Consummate impudence, sheer brass of soul,
Crowns every sentence, and completes the whole.
In other times unnoticed he might drop,
These times can make a statesman of a fop.

The spirited *resumé* of many of the events of the war, entitled *American Taxation*, was written by Samuel St. John, who was born and died in New Canaan, Conn. He was on one occasion, in 1781, carried off with others from Middlesex (now Darien) across the Sound to Oyster Bay, and thence to the Provost, New York. They were imprisoned eighteen days and then exchanged. St. John wrote an account of the affair in verse, from which we extract a passage.

In boats the ferry soon we passed,
And at New York arrived at last.
As through the streets we passed along,
Ten thousand curses round us rung;
But some would laugh, and some would sneer,
And some would grin, and some would leer;
A mixed mob, a medley crew,
I guess, as e'er the devil knew.
To the Provost we then were hauled,
Though we, of war, were prisoners called;
Our irons now were ordered off,
The standers-by would swear and scoff.
But O! what company we found;
With great surprise we looked around!
I must conclude that in this place,
We found the worst of Adam's race:
Thieves, murderers, and pickpockets too.
And everything that's bad they'd do,
One of our men found to his cost,
Three pounds, York money, he had lost.
His pocket picked, I guess, before
We had been there one single hour.

AMERICAN TAXATION.

While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory, you presently shall hear,
I'll give you a true relation, attend to what I say,
Concerning the taxation of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have lit on they joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after, our rights to take away,
And rob us of our charter in North America.

* The advertisement forms part of the Upcott Cuttings. No indication is given of the title of the paper from which it is taken.

There are two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,
Who always have been seeking some mischief to invent,
'Twas North, and Bute, his father, this horrid plan did lay,
A mighty tax to gather in North America.

He search'd the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,
To find among those legions one who excell'd in wit,
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance this North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor, resolved a voyage to take,
Who rules sole navigator on the burning lake;
For the Britannic ocean he launches far away,
To land he had no notion in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the Parliament,
His comrades were pursuing a diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin of North America.

He tried the art of magic to bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out;
The plan was long indulged in a clandestine way,
But lately was divulged in North America.

These subtle arch-combiners address'd the British court,
All three were undersigners of this obscene report—
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away,
Beyond the wide Atlantic in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land;
Their churches all with steeples, most delicately stand;
Their houses, like the gilly, are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,
The want of food or money they seldom ever know:
They heap up golden treasure, they have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure in North America.

On turkeys, fowls, and fishes most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes, their tables always shine,
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat and rise to play,
In silks their ladies flutter in North America.

With gold and silver laces, they do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend each happy day
In merriment and dances, in North America.

Let not our suit affront you, when we address your throne,
O king, this wealthy country and subjects are your own,
And you their rightful sovereign, they truly must obey,
You have a right to govern this North America.

O king, you've heard the sequel of what we now subscribe,
Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked, his majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxed in North America.

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow,
If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion to North America.

I'll rally all my forces by water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses shall go at my command,
I'll burn both town and city, with smoke becloud the day,
I'll show no human pity for North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers, you need not fear of ill—
There's Hutchinson and Rogers, their functions will fulfil—
They tell such ample stories, believe them sure we may,
That one half of them are tories in North America.

My gallant ships are ready to hoist you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady, which is supremely good;
Go ravage, steal, and plunder, and you shall have the prey;
They quickly will knock under in North America.

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected, my fury to provoke,
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule with mighty sway;
I'll take away the charter from North America.

O George! you are distracted, by sad experience find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression in North America.

Our fathers were distressed, while in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressed, as I do understand;
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray,
And try the desert regions of North America.

Heaven was their protector while on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director, and providence their guide;
If I am not mistaken, about the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken for North America.

To sail they were commanded, about the hour of noon,
At Plymouth shore they landed, the twenty-first of June;
The savages were nettled, with fear they fled away,
And peaceably they settled in North America.

We are their bold descendants, for liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence we challenge as our right,
'Tis what kind heaven gave us, who can take away?
Kind heaven, too, will save us in North America.

We never will knock under, O George, we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear:
Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you can't scare us in North America.

To what you have commanded, we never will consent;
Although your troops are landed upon the continent;

We'll take our swords and muskets, and march in bright array,
And drive the British rustics from North America.

We have a bold commander who fears not sword nor gun,
The second Alexander, his name is Washington,
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Green, Gates, and Putnam, to manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horses train'd in a martial way,
For to augment our forces in North America.

Proud George, you are engaged all in a dirty cause,
A cruel war hath raged repugnant to all laws,
Go tell the savage nations you're crueller than they,
To fight your own relations in North America.

Ten millions you've expended, and twice ten millions more,
Our riches you intended should pay the mighty score,
Who now will stand your sponsor, your charges to defray,
For sure you cannot conquer this North America?

I'll tell you, George, in metre, if you attend awhile,
We forced your Sir Peter from Sullivan's fair isle;
At Monmouth too we gained the honours of the day—
The victory we obtained for North America.

Surely we were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;
We laid him fast in fetters, whose name was John Burgoyne,
We made your Howe to tremble with terror and dismay,
True heroes we resemble in North America.

Confusion to the tories, that black infernal name,
In which Great Britain glories, for ever to her shame;
We'll send each foul revolter to smutty Africa,
Or noose him in a halter in North America.

A health to our brave footmen, who handle sword and gun,
To Greene, Gates, and Putnam, and conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters which never shall decay
While sun and moon doth glitter in North America.

Success unto our allies in Holland, France, and Spain,
Who man their ships and gallies, our freedom to maintain,
May they subdue the rangers of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchor in North America.

Success unto the Congress of these United States,
Who glory in the conquest of Washington and Gates;
To all, both land and seamen, who glory in the day,
When we shall all be freemen in North America.

Success to the legislation that rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation, by water and by land;
May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion of North America.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The tune of Yankee Doodle is said to have been composed by a Dr. Shackburg, attached to the British Army, in 1755, when the troops of the northern colonies marched into Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac. The habiliments of these recruits presented a strange contrast to the orderly appointments of the English soldiery, and the music to which they marched was as antiquated and outré as their uniforms. Shackburg, who possessed some musical knowledge, composed a tune for the new-comers, which he told them was one of the most celebrated of those in use by the army. To the great amusement of the British, the provincials accepted the gift, and "Yankee Doodle" became very popular among them.

The tune was not original with Shackburg, as it has been traced back to the time of Charles I., in England. In the reign of his son we find it an accompaniment to a little song on a famous lady of easy virtue of that date, which has been perpetuated as a nursery rhyme—

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

A little later we have the first appearance of that redoubtable personage Yankee Doodle. He seems even at that early stage of his career to have shown his characteristic trait of making the most of himself—

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

It is not impossible, however, that Yankee Doodle may be from Holland. A song in use among the laborers, who in the time of harvest migrate from Germany to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much buttermilk as they can drink and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, has this burden—

Yanker didel, doodel down
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und Tanther.

That is, buttermilk and a tenth.

This song our informant has heard repeated by a native of that country, who had often listened to it at harvest time in his youth.

The precise date when

Father and I went down to camp—

cannot, we fear, be fixed with accuracy; but from internal evidence may be assumed to have been in 1775.

Our copy of the words is from a broadside in a collection of "Songs, Ballads, &c., purchased from a ballad printer and seller in Boston in 1813," made by Isaiah Thomas. The variations and additional stanzas in the notes are from a version given in Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections of New Hampshire, iii. 157.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,*
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so taring fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about, 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

* There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fina,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scar'd me almost half to death,
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam come there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses-cakes, to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scamper'd home to mother.

WILLIAM CHARLES WELLS.

The pleasant and confiding autobiography prefixed to the volume of Miscellanies by Dr. Wells, informs us that he was born at Charleston, S. C., in May, 1757. His father and mother were both of Scottish birth, and emigrated to the colony in 1753. By way of preventive to the "disloyal principles which began, immediately after the peace of 1763, to prevail throughout America," his father arrayed the boy in "a tartan coat, and a blue Scotch bonnet; hoping by these means to make him consider himself a Scotchman." A more efficacious course to the desired result, was the removal of the son to Scotland, where he was placed at Dumfries school, in his tenth year. In 1779 he was removed to Edinburgh, and attended several of the lower classes in the University. The next year he returned to Carolina, and remained quietly studying medicine as an apprentice to Dr. Alexander Garden, until "the American rebellion first broke out in New England." Upon this his father, the printer of a newspaper, and an unflinching Royalist, left for England, and was followed three months after by the son.

From 1775 to 1778 he was employed in the study of his profession at Edinburgh. At the end of that time he obtained the position of a surgeon in a Scotch regiment in the service of Holland. He had not been long in that country before feeling himself aggrieved by the acts of his commanding officer, who twice imprisoned him, he resigned his commission, and the same day challenged his late superior. The opponent immediately arrested him, and transmitted a complaint of insubordination to the higher powers. The circumstances of the resignation of his commission being made known, he was at once set at liberty.

In 1780, "Carolina having been conquered by the king's troops," he returned to Charleston to settle his father's business, which had been greatly injured by the war. While thus occupied he wrote an article directed against Americans, who, on being released on parole by the British, took up arms against the mother country. The article was ordered to be frequently printed in the newspapers by the British commander, and its author "thinks it highly probable, that it was owing to this warning, that General Balfour and Lord Moira thought themselves justified in putting to death a Colonel Hayne," one of the most memorable acts of the southern campaigns.

On the evacuation of Charleston in 1782, Wells removed to East Florida. Here he remained until the preliminaries of peace having been signed, he returned, at his father's request, to

Charleston, under the protection of a flag of truce. On his arrival he was arrested "upon a private suit, growing out of a transaction of his brother's." He refused to give bail, on the ground that doing so would be an admission of the invalidity of the flag as a means of protection against arrest, and was imprisoned. He applied to the English commander in Florida for relief, who after a delay of two months demanded his release. The affair was finally settled by the payment of the claim on which he was arrested, and he immediately after returned to Florida. He was shipwrecked off St. Augustine, but none of the ship's company were lost or injured. In May, 1784, he returned to England, and about midsummer, 1785, "had the name of Dr. Wells affixed to the door" of his lodging. He "passed several years almost without taking a single fee," but at last received some aid in the shape of an appointment as one of the physicians to the Finsbury Dispensary, with a salary of £50 a year. It was ten years before his income from every source amounted to £250.

During this period he published in 1792, *An Essay on Vision;* in 1795, a paper in the Philosophical Transactions, on the *Influence which incites the muscles of animals to contract, in Mr. Galvani's experiments;* in 1797, *Experiments on the Colour of the Blood;* and in 1811, *Experiments and Observations on Vision.*

In 1800 he was attacked with a slight fit of apoplexy, the recurrence of which he warded off, as he supposes, by the adoption of vegetable diet.

In 1812 he commenced some researches on the subject of Dew. Night exposure, and labor in autumn in this matter, brought on an attack of illness, which his medical friends anticipated would cause his death in a few months. Upon receiving this intelligence, he immediately set about preparing his paper on Dew for publication, as his scattered memoranda would have been of no service to the world after his death. His philanthropic endeavors secured his fame and perhaps his life, for he recovered from his dangerous disease.

His Essay was published in August, 1814. It at once established the author in the high position as a scientific writer which he has since maintained, the work having been recently cited by Lyell, in his lectures in this country, as the best authority on its subject. Its style, like that of his other philosophical writings, is marked by its ease and simplicity.

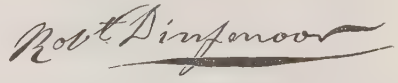
The restoration to health was but a temporary respite from the attacks of disease to which the closing years of his life were subjected. "His autobiography was dictated by him at intervals," says the editor of his works, "during his illness, after he had lost all hope of recovery, and while he was uncertain whether he should live to finish it, and when he was too feeble to speak long, or to write much." It must be considered a proof of extraordinary composure and vigor of mind in such circumstances. The closing sentence is dated August 28, 1817, and a brief note informs us that their author died on the evening of the 18th of September following.

Dr. Wells's writings, with the exception of a few brief biographical sketches, were all on medical and scientific topics. A volume of his works, *Containing Essays on Vision and Dew*, was published in London in 1816.

ROBERT DINSMOOR.

In 1828 was published at Haverhill, Mass., a volume entitled, *Incidental Poems, accompanied with Letters, and a few select Pieces, mostly original, for their illustration, together with a Preface and Sketch of the Author's Life*, by Robert Dinsmoor, the "Rustic Bard." This was a writer of originality, who penned verses in the Scottish dialect and good Saxon English on occasional topics, arising from personal incidents, the correspondence of his friends, or his own emotions. What he found worth living for he considered good enough to write about, and set it down with skill and simplicity. He belonged to a family of Scotch Presbyterians, who had settled in the north of Ireland, and had emigrated to America at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was born at Windham in New Hampshire, October 7, 1757. His father (something of a rhymer too in his day) was a soldier in the old French war. The son followed the example, and at twenty was at the battle of Saratoga. Returning he became a farmer at Windham, and a zealous Presbyterian, passing his long life among the staunch old settlers of Londonderry.* The bard's early education was of the scantiest, picked up at the village school from Master Sauce, an old British soldier, and a Master McKeen, "a man of profound erudition, but very dilatory in attending, who if he took in hand to catch a squirrel by the way, would do it if it took him half the forenoon,"† from whom he learned reading and writing. His poetry seems to have come by nature and the reading of Robert Burns. It had its sentiment and its Doric humor, which did not disdain very homely realities, as in the account of his illness, of which the reader will be satisfied on the production of a single stanza:—

> With senna, salts, and castor oil,
> They drench'd me every little while;
> The strong disease such power could foil,
> To yield full loth,
> At length we found the foe recoil,
> At the hot-bath.



Whittier has described his old age in a genial picture of the man and his writings:—"The last time I saw him he was chaffering in the market-place of my native village (Haverhill), swapping potatoes, and onions, and pumpkins, for tea, coffee, molasses, and, if the truth be told, New England rum. Three-score years and ten, to use his own words—

> Hung o'er his back,
> And bent him like a muckle pack.

Yet he still stood stoutly and sturdily in his thick shoes of cowhide, like one accustomed to tread

* For some interesting memorials of this settlement, The History of Londonderry, by the Rev. Edward L. Parker, published in Boston in 1851, may be consulted.

† Life of the Author, written by himself, in a letter to Silas Betton, Esq., of Salem, N. H.

independently the soil of his own acres—his broad, honest face, seamed by care, and darkened by exposure to 'all the airts that blow,' and his white hair flowing in patriarchal glory beneath his felt hat. A genial, jovial, large-hearted old man, simple as a child, and betraying, neither in look nor manner, that he was accustomed to

> Feed on thoughts which voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers

"Peace to him. In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his 'beloved Molly,' and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer-poet sleeps with his fathers."*

SKIP'S LAST ADVICE.

Written in the seventeenth year of the author's age on his father's favorite old dog, who had survived his 15th year. It was sent with the following note to William Dinsmoor, the bard's uncle, who had requested a copy of it.

At your request, kind sir, I send it,
Skip's last advice—I long since penn'd it.
In honor to his name.
He was a dog of noble spirit,
Possessing talents, worth, and merit,
And died in honest fame.
The rational creation may
Learn wisdom from the brute—
Profound instruction they convey,
Sometimes in language mute.
Take heed thou, and read thou
This moral from my page,
And see now, with me now,
A base degenerate age.

Introduction.

This poor auld dog liv'd mony a year,
But now he did begin to fear
That death about the doors was creepin',
To whip him off when he was sleepin';
For now he was baith deaf an' dumb,
An' cou'dna hear when death wad come.
When he was young, baith spry an' nimble,
The fear o' beasts ne'er made him tremble;
He try'd to keep the corn frae bears,
An' help'd us aye to sing our prayers;
But now his teeth were a' worn out,
An' him grown weak instead of stout,
He cou'dna sing he was sae weak,
An' I took pity for his sake.
He turn'd his een to me inviting,
An' sign'd to me to do his writing;
I took the hint, an' gat my pen,
But what to write I knew not then.
I by acquaintance knew him well,
An' by his looks his thoughts could tell,
What he advis'd, I to befriend 'im,
In Scottish rhyme have rightly penn'd 'em—
From those who want to hear these lines,
I crave th' attention o' their minds:—

Tent weel! for 'tis SKIP's last advice!
He warns ye a' now to be wise;
Take heed, for he'll no tell you't twice,
For now he's gawin'
To lea' the filthy fleas an' lice,
That us'd to gnaw 'im.

After breakfast he lay down;
Quoth he, "I fear I shall die soon,
Because I canna sing my tune,
I us'd to sing,
Till a' the hills an' vallies round
Like bells wad ring.

Hear me a' sizes o' my kind,
Baith young an' auld, keep this in mind,
An' hearken to what I've design'd
Now to advise ye:
Be guid, an' they'll be hard to find,
That will despise ye.

Do a' you're able for your bluid,
And forward a' your masters' guid—
You ought to do 't since you're allow'd
To serve mankind;
The best that e'er on four feet stood,
This law shall find.

Let generations yet to breed,
Keep mind 'o this, when we are dead!
I'm gaun the gate alack wi' speed,
O' a' the earth!
Wow! but they're simpletons indeed
Wha live in mirth.

Don't you like those your guid time spend,
But aye think on your latter end;
If you've done ill, try to amend,
An' gi'e aye praise,
An' thank the Ane wha did you send
Sae mony days.

Though like a lord man o'er
An' bang ye round wi' chairs an stools
An' bruise ye wi' the auld pot buils,
Mind not their powers—
Their bodies maun gang to the mools,
As weel as ours.

Now ere I quat, I'll ask ye a',
If deacons this a fau't can ca',
An' for the same hoist me awa'
Unto the Session,
An' gar me satisfy their law
For my transgression?

Gif ye say na then, I'll believ' it,
An' never let mysel' be griev't,
Nor o' my rest at night be reav't,
Nor be concern'd;
But say it is a lesson priev't,
Aye to be learn'd

I maun hae done, farewell, adieu!
Farewell to master Billy too,
I hae na breath to name enou;
Death's come to plunder—
He's taken me for ane I trow,
Sae I knock under."

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSES.

I.

Forbear, my friend, withdraw your plea,
Ask not a song from one like me,
O'ercast with clouds of sorrow!
My spring of life, and summer's fled,
I mourn those darling comforts dead,
Regardless of to-morrow!
My harp is on the willow hung,
Nor dissipates the gloom!
My sweetest minstrel's all unstrung,
And silent as the tomb!
My lute too, is mute too,
While drops the trickling tear!
My organ makes jargon,
And grates my wounded ear.

* Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, p. 303.

III.

Farewell, yon mould'ring mansion, there,
Where first I drew the natal air,
And learn'd to prate and play.
There rose a little filial band,
Beneath kind parents' fostering hand—
Their names let live for aye!
They taught their offspring there to read
And hymn their Maker's praise,
To say their catechism and creed,
And shun all vicious ways.
They careful and prayerful,
Their pious precepts press'd,
With ample example
Their children still were bless'd.

III.

Kind man! my guardian and my sire,
Friend of the muse and poet's lyre,
With genuine wit and glee,
How sweetly did his numbers glide,
When all delighted by his side,
He read his verse to me!
The parallel was drawn between
The freedom we possess'd,
And where our fathers long had been
By lords and bishops press'd.
His rhyme then did chime then,
Like music through my heart;
Desiring, aspiring,
I strove to gain his art.

IV.

No more I'll tune the poet's lyre,
No more I'll ask the muses' fire,
To warm my chilling breast;
No more I'll feel the genial flame,
Nor seek a poet's deathless fame,
But silent sink to rest.
Farewell, the mount, call'd Jenny's Hill—
Ye stately oaks and pines!
Farewell, yon pretty purling rill,
Which from its brow declines,
Meandering and wandering
The woodbines sweet among,
Where pleasure could measure
The bobylinkorn's song!

V.

On summer evenings, calm and bright,
O'er yonder summit's towering height,
With pleasure did I roam;
Perhaps to seek the robin's young,
Or the mavis' warbling tongue,
And bring the heifers home—
See from my foot, the night-hawk rise,
And leave her unfledged pair,
Then quick descending from the skies,
Like lightning cut the air.
The hares there, she scares there,
And through the pines they trip,
They're sought then, and caught then,
By my companion, Skip.

VI.

Andover's steeples there were seen,
While o'er the vast expanse between,
I did with wonder gaze;
There, as it were beneath my feet,
I view'd my father's pleasant seat—
My joy in younger days.
There Windham Range, in flowery vest,
Was seen in robes of green,
While Cobbet's Pond, from east to west,
Spread her bright waves between.
Cows lowing, cocks crowing,
While frogs on Cobbet's shore,
Lay croaking and mocking
The bull's tremendous roar.

VII.

The fields no more their glories wear,
The forests now stand bleak and bare,
All of their foliage stript;
The rosy lawn, the flowery mead,
Where lambkins used to play and feed,
By icy fingers nipt.
No more I'll hear with ravish'd ears,
The music of the wood,
Sweet scenes of youth, now gone with years
Long pass'd beyond the flood.
Bereaved and grieved,
I solitary wail,
With sighing and crying,
My drooping spirits fail.

VIII.

No more will I the Spring Brook trace,
No more with sorrow view the place
Where Mary's wash-tub stood,
No more I'll wander there alone,
And lean upon the mossy stone,
Where once she pil'd her wood.
'Twas there she bleached her linen cloth,
By yonder bass-wood tree;
From that sweet stream she made her broth,
Her pudding and her tea,
Whose rumbling and tumbling
O'er rocks with quick despatch,
Made ringing and singing,
None but her voice could match.

IX.

Farewell, sweet scenes of rural life,
My faithful friends and loving wife,
But transient blessings all.
Bereft of those, I sit and mourn;
The spring of life will ne'er return,
Chill death grasps great and small;
I fall before thee, God of truth!
O, hear my prayer and cry;
Let me enjoy immortal youth,
With saints above the sky.
Thy praise there, I'll raise there,
With all my heart and soul,
Where pleasure and treasure,
In boundless oceans roll.

THE SPARROW.*

Poor innocent and hapless Sparrow!
Why should my moul-board gie thee sorrow
This day thou'll chirp, an' mourn the morrow,
Wi' anxious breast—
The plough has turn'd the mould'ring furrow
Deep o'er thy nest.

Just in the middle o' the hill,
Thy nest was plac'd wi' curious skill;
There I espy'd thy little bill
Beneath the shade—
In that sweet bower secure frae ill,
Thine eggs thou laid.

---

* *Robert Dinsmoor to Silas Betton.*

My Dear Sir—I take the liberty to address the following poem to you, and wish you to correct it and send me your candid remarks upon it. I will not say criticism, lest it should prevent my ever writing any more. It was occasioned by my crushing a nest of Sparrow's eggs, when ploughing among the corn, July 20, 1812. And about that time, I saw a well-done piece in the Haverhill Intelligencer, in imitation of Burns's delightful Nanny, which induced me to adopt the Scottish dialect, that it might the better resemble his beautiful mountain daisy.—I call it *The Sparrow.*

Five corns o' maize had there been drappit,
An' through the stalks thine head, thou pappit;
The drawing nowt couldna' be stappit,
I quickly foun'—
Syne frae thy cozie nest thou happit,
An' flutt'ring ran.

The sklentin stane beguil'd the sheer,
In vain I try'd the plough to steer;
A wee bit stumpie i' the rear,
Cam' 'tween my legs—
An' to the jee side gart me veer,
An' crush thine eggs.

Alas! alas! my bonnie birdie!
Thy faithfu' mate flits roun' to guard ye.
Connubial love! a pattern wordy
The pious priest!
What savage heart could be sae hardy,
As wound thy breast?

Thy ruin was nae fau't o' mine,
(It gars me greet to see thee pine;)
It may be serves his great design,
Who governs all;
Omniscience tents wi' eyes divine,
The Sparrow's fall.

A pair more friendly ne'er were married,
Their joys an' pains were equal carried;
But now, ah me! to grief they're hurried,
Without remead;
When all their hope an' treasure's buried
'Tis sad indeed.

How much like theirs are human dools!
Their sweet wee bairns laid i' the mools,
That sovereign Pow'r who nature rules,
Has said so be it;
But poor blin' mortals are sic' fools,
They canna' see it.

Nae doubt, that He wha first did mate us,
Has fixt our lot as sure as fate is,
And when he wounds, he disna' hate us,
But only this—
He'll gar the ills that here await us,
Yield lasting bliss.

A SCRAP.

*Robert Dinsmoor to Dea. Isaac Cochran, of Antrim, N. H., his mother's brother, who was a lieutenant at the taking of General Burgoyne, October 17, 1777. A short Review of that Expedition.**

My faithful friend, and uncle, kind,
I would bring some things to your mind,
Which still impress'd on mine I find,
By recollection;
That seems my heart with yours to bind,
In strong affection.

From my first dawn of life you've known me;
When nature on the world had thrown me,
You did a first-born nephew own me,
Or younger brother;
And friendship ever since have shown me,
Kind like my mother.

Childhood and youth, manhood and age,
You've been my friend in every stage;
Sometimes in sport, we would engage
Our nerves to try;
Sometimes, t' explore the music page,
The genius ply.

When British laws would us enthral,
Our country for defence did call;
Then martial fire inspir'd us all,
To arms we flew;
And as a soldier, stand or fall,
I went with you!

O'er western hills we travell'd far,
Pass'd Saratoga the site of war,
Where Burgoyne roll'd his feudal car,
Down Hudson's strand;
And Gates, our glorious western star,
Held high command.

From the green ridge, we glanc'd our eyes,
Where village flames illum'd the skies,
Destruction there was no surprise,
On Hudson's shore!
Though smoke in burning pillars rise,
And cannons roar!

But to Fort Edward* we were sent,
Through icy Bartenskiln we went,
And on that plain we pitch'd our tent,
'Gainst rain and snow;
Our orders there, was to prevent
The flying foe.

By counter orders, back we came,
And cross'd the Hudson's rapid stream,
At Schuyler's Mills,† of no small fame,
Thence took our post,
Near Burgoyne's line, with fixed aim,
To take his host!

With courage bold, we took the field,
Our foes no more their swords could wield,
God was our strength, and He our shield,
A present aid!
Proud Burgoyne's army there did yield,
All captive made!

Great Britain's honor there was stain'd,
We sang a glorious victory gain'd!
From hence our States a rank obtain'd,
'Mongst nations great;
Our future glory was ordain'd,
As sure as fate!

To Windham, back with joy we turn'd,
Where parents dear our absence mourn'd;
And our fair friends in rapture burn'd,
To see our faces!
Sweet pearly drops their cheeks adorn'd,
In our embraces!

When all our vanquish'd foes were fled,
Love, peace, and harmony were shed,
Like oil descending on the head,
Or milk or wine;
Williams,‡ the man of God us fed,
With food divine.

O! let not you and I forget,
How often we've together met,
Like Heman and Jeduthon,§ set
In God's own house;
And solemnly his table at,
Renew'd our vows!

And when the sacred scene was past,
We sang Doxology at last,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
United Three!
One God, our souls redeemed hast,
So let it be!

* This was not the first campaign they had been in the war together.

* Fort Edward lies on the east side of the river, twelve miles above Saratoga.

† Then called Fort Miller—the remains of the old fort were then to be seen.

‡ Rev. Simon Williams.

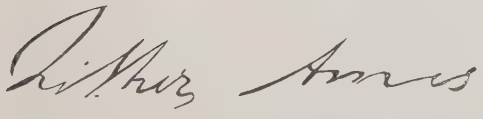
§ The two principal leaders of the singing in the Congregation.

While reason in her seat remains,
And blood runs streaming through my veins,
Or memory her power retains,
I shall review,
And think upon the various scenes,
I've pass'd with you.

FISHER AMES.

The traditional reputation of Ames for eloquence, handed down by his friends and fellow politicians, has not expired in his published writings. One of these anecdotes which we heard related, exhibits the man; sensitive, oratorical, and poetical in his ordinary conversation. The news of the death of Hamilton, which gave occasion to one of the most pathetic and brilliant of his oratorical essays, was communicated to him at Dedham by two of his friends, who went thither for the purpose. They found him on his grounds, walking with his stick in his hand, superintending some carpenters at work for him. He was told of the death of Hamilton, and its manner. Absorbed in the intelligence, he expressed himself in an eloquent soliloquy: "A great man has fallen" —and continued enumerating the virtues of Hamilton, and his relations to his times, when, as he looked down, he struck a thistle with his cane. It supplied him with his favorite imagery: "Salient and pungent, in the acuteness of his mind," he proceeded, "as the thorn on that thistle; soft and gentle in the affections of his heart, as its down."

The part borne by Ames in politics identifies him with the history of Federalism. His statue should always preserve its niche among the statesmen of his country.



Fisher Ames was born at Dedham, near Boston, April 9, 1758. Of his early career we have but scant mention in the "Life" prefixed to his writings by President Kirkland, a composition which is rather a eulogy than a biography.* His family ran back to the Rev. William Ames, the author, in England, of the Medulla Theologiæ. His grandfather and father were physicians, the latter, Dr. Nathaniel Ames, having acquired a household reputation throughout New England by his calculations as an astronomer, in his almanacs or *Astronomical Diaries*, which were published successively from the year 1726 to the year 1775.† He kept a tavern at Dedham, which in those days added to his celebrity and influence.

Fisher Ames gave early attention to classical literature, for which he maintained a fondness through life. He was a student of Harvard, receiving his degree in 1774. He then passed a short time as a teacher, studied law in the office of William Tudor, wrote some essays on the politics of his state in the newspapers, signed Lucius Junius Brutus and Camillus, in 1786; was chosen representative to the state legislature in 1788; was the first representative from Suffolk district to the first Congress under the Constitution, where he remained during the whole term of Washington's administration, ardently advocating the federal policy, and delivering his great speech, in the House of Representatives, on sustaining the provisions of the British Treaty, April 28, 1796. It was extorted from his feeble health by the pressure of the times, and remains a masterpiece of argument supported by good sense and a high honor. The skill displayed in his oratorical policy is admirable. It courteously winds round the opposition, with its generous allowances, and strangles them in its embraces.

After he left Congress, he passed his time mostly in retirement on his farm at Dedham, exercising his pen in a large correspondence on public affairs, and watching the position of his country towards France with unabated interest. In February, 1800, he delivered a eulogy on Washington, at the request of the Legislature of Massachusetts, a statesmanlike and eloquent view of the character and position of his hero.

His health, broken from the time of his congressional life, rapidly declined till he expired on the anniversary of the National Independence, July 4, 1808, having just completed his fiftieth year.

The qualities of his mind were delicate sensibility, an instinctive sagacity for the higher moralities of politics, a fine poetical vein in an active fancy, which combined with his physical accomplishments of a manly, winning attitude and well-toned voice, to render him a most efficient orator.

The quick and forgetive fancy of Ames led to that condensation of expression which is the peculiarity of his writings. He thought in figures. What labored deduction could so well express the twin qualities of Hamilton's private and public life as this brilliant poetical sentence: "It is not as Apollo, enchanting the shepherds with his lyre, that we deplore him; it is as Hercules, treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labors, leaving the world overrun with monsters." Or what finer transition could there be from the

* This life was originally prefixed to the collection of Ames's speeches and writings in 1809.

† They were published by father and son; to the year 1765 by N. Ames, and after that by N. Ames, Jr.

softness of grief to its energy, than in this passage of lament, steeped in the very life-blood of the heart: "The tears that flow on this fond recital will never dry up. My heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep, too, for my country, which, mournful as it is, does not know the half of its loss. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back and sees what Hamilton was; but my soul stiffens with despair when I think what Hamilton would have been." How finely he compares the course of Washington to that of the river on which he dwelt: "The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or, like his own Potomac, widening and deepening his channel, as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course." In his fears of the progress of democracy, he looks in vain for any power to check its excesses: "Surely," says he, "not the Judiciary, for we cannot expect the office of the priesthood from the victim at the altar." Again he writes: "We have no Juvenal; and if we had, he would scorn to dissect the vice that wants firmness for the knife, to elevate that he might hit his object, and to dignify low profligacy to be the vehicle of a loathsome immortality." Of the supporters of the French Revolution, he wrote: "The 'enlightened' philosophists surveyed the agitations of the world as if they did not live in it; as if they occupied, as mere spectators, a safe position in some star, and beheld revolutions sometimes brightening the disk of this planet with their fires, and at others dimming it with their vapors. They could contemplate, unmoved, the whirlwind, lifting the hills from their base and mixing their ruins with the clouds. They could see the foundations of society gaping in fissures, as when an earthquake struggles from the centre. A true philosopher is superior to humanity; he could walk at ease over this earth if it were unpeopled; he could tread, with all the pleasure of curiosity, on its cinders the day after the final conflagration." In his *Lessons from History*, comparing the policy of Jefferson towards France with that of England in the old French war, he has this bold illustration: "Great Britain looked at these aggressions, and she saw in the whole aspect of affairs, as in a looking-glass, blotches of dishonor, like leprosy, in her face, if she should bear these wrongs with a tameness that she foresaw would multiply them."

The conclusion of his speech on the British Treaty, when he alludes to his feeble health, could hardly be surpassed for delicacy or force:* "I have been led by my feelings to speak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have perhaps as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member, who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should rise, as it will, with the public disorders, to make 'confusion worse confounded,' even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and constitution of my country."

The correspondence of Ames, recently published* by his son, Seth Ames, shows the politician in his most confidential moods, writing to his political friends on the politics in which he bore a personal part, from his introduction to the first Congress under the Constitution, in New York, in 1789, to his last Dedham letters to Timothy Pickering and Josiah Quincy, at the close of the year preceding his death. The party spirit of Federalism lives again in these pages. Well grounded in the principles of conservatism, and with a deeply founded respect for the Constitution, Ames mingled with his convictions the restless anticipations of a mind given to despondency. For a new state, he was something of a croaker; a man constitutionally timid. There were "the fears of the brave" in his composition; but, if he doubted of affairs, it was with a patriotic motive and acute philosophic argument to support him. "Government," he writes from Philadelphia, to his constant correspondent, George Richards Minot, "here is in the cradle, and good men must watch their own child, or it will die and be made away with." No one watched more vigilantly than Ames, or cried "Wolf! wolf!" to the child oftener.

The letters of Ames are sharply written, with point and occasional felicities of expression, but they are not elaborate or highly finished compositions, rarely partaking of the essay character of some of Webster's epistles.

In his religious views, Ames was, by choice and principle, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

MONSTROUS RELATIONS IN NEWSPAPERS.†

(Addressed to Printers.)

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers, engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to any thing that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste? or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the History of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunt-

* Dr. Charles Caldwell, who attended the debates, in his Autobiography thus speaks of Ames's eloquence: "He was decidedly one of the most splendid rhetoricians of the age. Two of his speeches, in a special manner—that on Jay's treaty, and that usually called his 'Tomahawk Speech,' (because it included some resplendent passages on Indian massacres)—were the most brilliant and fascinating specimens of eloquence I have ever heard; yet have I listened to some of the most celebrated speakers in the British parliament—among others, to Wilberforce and Mackintosh, Plunket, Brougham and Canning; and Dr. Priestley, who was familiar with the oratory of Pitt the father and Pitt the son, and also with that of Burke and Fox, made to myself the acknowledgment, that, in his own words, the speech of Ames, on the British Treaty, was 'the most bewitching piece of parliamentary oratory he had ever listened to.'"—*Caldwell's Autobiography*, 114.

* Works of Fisher Ames, with a selection from his Speeches and Correspondence. Edited by his son, Seth Ames. Two vols. 8vo. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 1854.

† First published in the Palladium, October, 1801.

ed? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse *information*, and we, the poor ignorant people, can get it in no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder storms, that, strange to tell! kill oxen, or burn barns; and cats, that bring two-headed kittens; and sows, that eat their own pigs? The crowing of a hen is supposed to forebode cuckledom; and the ticking of a little bug in the wall threatens yellow fever. It seems really as if our newspapers were busy to spread superstition. Omens, and dreams, and prodigies, are recorded, as if they were worth minding. One would think our gazettes were intended for Roman readers, who were silly enough to make account of such things. We ridicule the papists for their credulity; yet, if all the trumpery of our papers is believed, we have little right to laugh at any set of people on earth; and if it is not believed, why is it printed?

Surely extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen every seven years? There will be thunder showers, that will split tough white oak trees: and hail storms, that will cost some farmers the full amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging and drinking, and love and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, *knows* that they have happened?

This state has almost one hundred thousand dwelling houses; it would be strange if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney corner, and put a fender before the back-log, before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires; how a maid dropped asleep reading a romance, and the bed clothes took fire; how a boy, searching in a garret for a hoard of nuts, kindled some flax; and how a mouse, warming his tail, caught it on fire, and carried it into his hole in the floor.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some terror; and some horror and disgust. Now what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious; and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North church fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

It was once a fashion to stab heretics; and Ravaillac, who stabbed Henry the Fourth of France, the assassin of the Duke of Guise, and of the Duke of Buckingham, with many others, only followed the fashion. Is it not in the power of newspapers to spread fashions; and by dinning burnings and murders in everybody's ears, to detain all rash and mischievous tempers on such subjects, long enough to wear out the first impression of horror, and to prepare them to act what they so familiarly contemplate? Yet there seems to be a sort of rivalship among printers, who shall have the most wonders, and the strangest and most horrible crimes. This taste will multiply prodigies. The superstitious Romans used to forbid reports of new prodigies, while they were performing sacrifices on such accounts.

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain, that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. The wonder is as easy as to stare; and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection; it is a sort of food for idle curiosity that is readily chewed and digested.

On the whole, we may insist that the increasing fashion for printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents is worse than ridiculous, as it corrupts both the public taste and morals. It multiplies fables, prodigious monsters, and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar; while it withdraws all popular attention from familiar truth, because it is not shocking.

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honourable craft to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births and prodigies from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them; and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners; to consider common events with some common sense; and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways where she really is, or is represented to be, inexplicable.

Strange events are facts, and as such should be mentioned, but with brevity and in a cursory manner. They afford no ground for popular reasoning or instruction; and, therefore, the horrid details that make each particular hair stiffen and stand upright in the reader's head ought not to be given. In short, they must be mentioned; but sensible printers and sensible readers will think that way of mentioning them the best that impresses them least on the public attention, and that hurries them on the most swiftly to be forgotten.

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The following sketch, written immediately after the death of the ever to be lamented Hamilton, was read to a select company of friends, and at their desire it first appeared in the Repertory, July, 1804.

It is with really great men as with great literary works, the excellence of both is best tested by the extent and durableness of their impression. The public has not suddenly, but after an experience of five-and-twenty years, taken that impression of the just celebrity of Alexander Hamilton, that nothing but his extraordinary intrinsic merit could have made, and still less could have made so deep and maintained so long. In this case, it is safe and correct to judge by effects; we sometimes calculate the height of a mountain, by measuring the length of its shadow.

It is not a party, for party distinctions, to the honor of our citizens be it said, are confounded by the event; it is a nation that weeps for its bereave-

ment. We weep, as the Romans did over the ashes of Germanicus. It is a thoughtful, foreboding sorrow, that takes possession of the heart, and sinks it with no counterfeited heaviness.

It is here proper and not invidious to remark, that as the emulation excited by conducting great affairs commonly trains and exhibits great talents, it is seldom the case that the fairest and soundest judgment of a great man's merit is to be gained, exclusively, from his associates in counsel or in action. Persons of conspicuous merit themselves are, not unfrequently, bad judges, and still worse witnesses on this point; often rivals, sometimes enemies; almost always unjust, and still oftener envious or cold. The opinions they give to the public, as well as those they privately formed for themselves, are of course discolored with the hue of their prejudices and resentments.

But the body of the people, who cannot feel a spirit of rivalship towards those whom they see elevated by nature and education so far above their heads, are more equitable, and, supposing a competent time and opportunity for information on the subject, more intelligent judges. Even party rancor, eager to maim the living, scorns to strip the slain. The most hostile passions are soothed or baffled by the fall of their antagonist. Then, if not sooner, the very multitude will fairly decide on character, according to their experience of its impression; and as long as virtue, not unfrequently for a time obscured, is ever respectable when distinctly seen, they cannot withhold, and they will not stint their admiration.

If, then, the popular estimation is ever to be taken for the true one, the uncommonly profound public sorrow for the death of Alexander Hamilton sufficiently explains and vindicates itself. He had not made himself dear to the passions of the multitude by condescending, in defiance of his honor and conscience, to become their instrument; he is not lamented, because a skilful flatterer is now mute for ever. It was by the practice of no art, by wearing no disguise; it was not by accident, or by the levity or profligacy of party, but in despite of its malignant misrepresentation; it was by bold and inflexible adherence to truth, by loving his country better than himself, preferring its interests to its favor, and serving it when it was unwilling and unthankful, in a manner that no other person could, that he rose; and the true popularity, the homage that is paid to virtue, followed him. It was not in the power of party or envy to pull him down; but he rose with the refulgence of a star, till the very prejudice that could not reach, was at length almost ready to adore him.

It is indeed no imagined wound that inflicts so keen an anguish. Since the news of his death, the novel and strange events of Europe have succeeded each other unregarded; the nation has been enchained to its subject, and broods over its grief, which is more deep than eloquent, which though dumb, can make itself felt without utterance, and which does not merely pass, but like an electrical shock, at the same instant smites and astonishes, as it passes from Georgia to New Hampshire.

There is a kind of force put upon our thoughts by this disaster, which detains and rivets them to a closer contemplation of those resplendent virtues, that are now lost, except to memory, and there they will dwell for ever.

That writer would deserve the fame of a public benefactor who could exhibit the character of Hamilton, with the truth and force that all who intimately knew him conceived it; his example would then take the same ascendant as his talents. The portrait alone, however exquisitely finished, could not inspire genius where it is not; but if the world should again have possession of so rare a gift, it might awaken it where it sleeps, as by a spark from heaven's own altar; for surely if there is any thing like divinity in man, it is in his admiration of virtue.

But who alive can exhibit this portrait? If our age, on that supposition more fruitful than any other, had produced two Hamiltons, one of them might then have depicted the other. To delineate genius one must feel its power; Hamilton, and he alone, with all its inspirations, could have transfused its whole fervid soul into the picture, and swelled its lineaments into life. The writer's mind, expanding with his own peculiar enthusiasm, and glowing with kindred fires, would then have stretched to the dimensions of his subject.

Such is the infirmity of human nature, it is very difficult for a man who is greatly the superior of his associates, to preserve their friendship without abatement; yet, though he could not possibly conceal his superiority, he was so little inclined to display it, he was so much at ease in its possession, that no jealousy or envy chilled his bosom, when his friends obtained praise. He was indeed so entirely the friend of his friends, so magnanimous, so superior, or more properly so insensible to all exclusive selfishness of spirit, so frank, so ardent, yet so little overbearing, so much trusted, admired, beloved, almost adored, that his power over their affections was entire, and lasted through his life. We do not believe that he left any worthy man his foe who had ever been his friend.

Men of the most elevated minds have not always the readiest discernment of character. Perhaps he was sometimes too sudden and too lavish in bestowing his confidence; his manly spirit, disdaining artifice, suspected none. But while the power of his friends over him seemed to have no limits, and really had none, in respect to those things which were of a nature to be yielded, no man, not the Roman Cato himself, was more inflexible on every point that touched, or only seemed to touch, integrity and honor. With him, it was not enough to be unsuspected; his bosom would have glowed, like a furnace, at its own whispers of reproach. Mere purity would have seemed to him below praise; and such were his habits, and such his nature, that the pecuniary temptations, which many others can only with great exertion and self-denial resist, had no attractions for him. He was very far from obstinate; yet, as his friends assailed his opinions with less profound thought than he had devoted to them, they were seldom shaken by discussion. He defended them, however, with as much mildness as force, and evinced, that if he did not yield, it was not for want of gentleness or modesty.

The tears that flow on this fond recital will never dry up. My heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep too for my country, which, mournful as it is, does not know the half of its loss. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back, and sees what Hamilton was; but my soul stiffens with despair when I think what Hamilton would have been.

His social affections and his private virtues are not, however, so properly the object of public attention, as the conspicuous and commanding qualities that gave him his fame and influence in the world. It is not as Apollo, enchanting the shepherds with his lyre, that we deplore him; it is as Hercules, treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labors, leaving the world overrun with monsters.

His early life we pass over; though his heroic spirit in the army has furnished a theme that is dear to patriotism and will be sacred to glory.

In all the different stations in which a life of active usefulness has placed him, we find him not more remarkably distinguished by the extent, than by the variety and versatility of his talents. In every place he made it apparent, that no other man could have filled it so well; and in times of critical importance, in which alone he desired employment, his services were justly deemed absolutely indispensable. As secretary of the treasury, his was the powerful spirit that presided over the chaos:

> Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
> Stood ruled. . . . .

Indeed, in organizing the federal government in 1789, every man of either sense or candor will allow, the difficulty seemed greater than the first-rate abilities could surmount. The event has shown that his abilities were greater than those difficulties. He surmounted them—and Washington's administration was the most wise and beneficent, the most prosperous, and ought to be the most popular, that ever was intrusted with the affairs of a nation. Great as was Washington's merit, much of it in plan, much in execution, will of course devolve upon his minister.

As a lawyer, his comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession; he compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps even more familiarly and easily, than the ordinary rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade; with him it was a science.

As a statesman, he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views, than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over right and the liberty of the subject. In none of the many revenue bills which he framed, though committees reported them, is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man, who owes so much to nature, descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry, as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers, a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary, learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it; it was not merely made visible, it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero full of resource, he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for more, nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them: he confounded and subdued as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject, so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist from becoming his convert; for the truth, which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others, was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive by the love and reverence which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms.

Such, also, is the character of his writings. Judiciously collected, they will be a public treasure.

No man ever more disdained duplicity, or carried frankness further than he. This gave to his political opponents some temporary advantages, and currency to some popular prejudices, which he would have lived down if his death had not prematurely dispelled them. He knew that factions have ever in the end prevailed in free states; and, as he saw no security (and who living can see any adequate?) against the destruction of that liberty which he loved, and for which he was ever ready to devote his life, he spoke at all times according to his anxious forebodings; and his enemies interpreted all that he said according to the supposed interest of their party.

But he ever extorted confidence, even when he most provoked opposition. It was impossible to deny that he was a patriot, and such a patriot as, seeking neither popularity nor office, without artifice, without meanness, the best Romans in their best days would have admitted to citizenship and to the consulate. Virtue so rare, so pure, so bold, by its very purity and excellence inspired suspicion as a prodigy. His enemies judged of him by themselves; so splendid and arduous were his services, they could not find it in their hearts to believe that they were disinterested.

Unparalleled as they were, they were nevertheless no otherwise requited than by the applause of all good men, and by his own enjoyment of the spectacle of that national prosperity and honor which was the effect of them. After facing calumny, and triumphantly surmounting an unrelenting persecution, he retired from office with clean, though empty hands, as rich as reputation and an unblemished integrity could make him.

Some have plausibly, though erroneously inferred, from the great extent of his abilities, that his ambition was inordinate. This is a mistake. Such men as have a painful consciousness that their stations happen to be far more exalted than their talents, are generally the most ambitious. Hamilton, on the contrary, though he had many competitors, had no rivals; for he did not thirst for power, nor would he, as it was well known, descend to office. Of course he suffered no pain from envy when bad men rose, though he felt anxiety for the public. He was perfectly content and at ease in private life. Of what was he ambitious? Not of wealth; no man held it cheaper. Was it of popularity? That weed of the dunghill he knew, when rankest, was nearest to withering. There is no doubt that he desired glory, which to most men is too inaccessible to be an object of desire; but feeling his own force, and that he was tall enough to reach to the top of Pindus or of Helicon, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality. A vulgar ambition could as little comprehend as satisfy his views; he thirsted only for that fame, which virtue would not blush to confer, nor time to convey to the end of his course.

The only ordinary distinction, to which we confess he did aspire, was military; and for that, in the

event of a foreign war, he would have been solicitous. He undoubtedly discovered the predominance of a soldier's feelings; and all that is honor in the character of a soldier was at home in his heart. His early education was in the camp; there the first fervors of his genius were poured forth, and his earliest and most cordial friendships were formed; there he became enamored of glory, and was admitted to her embrace.

Those who knew him best, and especially in the army, will believe, that if occasions had called him forth, he was qualified beyond any man of the age, to display the talents of a great general.

It may be very long before our country will want such military talents; it will probably be much longer before it will again possess them.

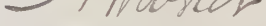
Alas! the great man who was at all times so much the ornament of our country, and so exclusively fitted it in its extremity to be its champion, is withdrawn to a purer and more tranquil region. We are left to endless labors and unavailing regrets.

> Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Power may be seized by a nation that is yet barbarous: and wealth may be enjoyed by one that it finds or renders sordid; the one is the gift and the sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins that offend taste, and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as learning itself, which is its monument; it strikes an everlasting root, and bears perennial blossoms on its grave. The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides. May heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant that our country may be fruitful of Hamiltons, and faithful to their glory!

NOAH WEBSTER.

Noah Webster was born in West Hartford, Ct., October 16, 1758. He was of a good New England family, his father being a farmer and justice of the peace, and descendant of John Webster, an old governor of Connecticut, while his mother was similarly connected with William Bradford the second governor of Plymouth colony. Webster was prepared by the clergyman of the town, the Rev. Nathan Perkins, for Yale, which he entered in 1774, and in his junior year found himself in the midst of the interruptions of the Revolution. His father was serving in the militia raised to meet Burgoyne, and his son joined him. He was graduated, however, at the end of his four years, in the same class with Joel Barlow and Oliver Wolcott; when his father, on his return from Commencement, presented him with an eight-dollar bill of the Continental currency, which was worth about four dollars in specie, with the information that he must for the future take care of himself. It was the fortune of many a noble-minded youth of the days of the Revolution. School-keeping was, as usual, the first resource. Law was the second. Pursuing his studies by himself in the intervals of his school, he was admitted to the bar in 1781. There was little opportunity for the practice of the profession at the time, and the next year found Webster teaching a classical school at Goshen, in Orange County, New York. Here he first entered upon the preparation of the school-books by which he subsequently became so well known to the country. He was encouraged in his plan on a visit to Philadelphia, by Mr. Madison and Professor Samuel Stanhope Smith. He revised his work the next winter, and returning to Hartford in 1783, published there his *First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language.* The second and third parts followed; the whole comprising the famous spelling-book, an English grammar, and a reader.* The spelling-book, revised at different times by its author, reached a sale during his lifetime of millions, and supported his family for twenty years, while he was engaged in preparing his American Dictionary, by its copyright income of less than one cent per copy. It was the first work of its kind in the country, and long remained the only one in general use. With tape-tied back, and in thin wooden covers, it circulated among the trade in orders by the box.



* These were the early titles:—A Grammatical Institute of the English Language, comprising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of Education, designed for the Use of English Schools in America. In three parts. Part I. Containing a new and accurate standard of Pronunciation. By Noah Webster, A.M. Usus est norma loquendi. Cicero. (*sic.*) Hartford: Printed by Hudson and Goodwin for the Author. [This copy, in the Library at Harvard, is without a date, but as the book was given Dec. 6, 1783, it is doubtless the first edition.]

A Grammatical Institute of the English Language. Comprising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of Education, designed for the use of English Schools in America. In three parts. Part II. Containing a plain and comprehensive grammar, founded on the true principles and idioms of the language. By Noah Webster, jun., Esq. The third Edition, revised and amended. Phila. Young and M'Culloch. 1787.

An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking, calculated to improve the minds and refine the taste of youth, and also to instruct them in the Geography, History, and Politics of the United States, to which is (*sic*) prefixed, Rules in Elocution, and Directions for expressing the principal passions of the mind, being the third part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language. By Noah Webster, jun., Esq. The third edition, greatly enlarged. *Begin with the infant in his cradle; let the first word he lisps be Washington.* Mirabeau. Phila. Young and M'Culloch. 1787.

Noah Webster had tact in discerning the wants of the country in his day, and providing for them in this spelling-book. The two small volumes of the three parts of his Institutes were quite a complete manual of juvenile education for the times. He simplified knowledge, and made it easy of acquisition, arranging the words of his spelling-book in ready forms to catch the eye and linger in the memory, while he added brief lessons in definitions, and geographical and other terms, intermingling those homely and hearty lessons of fables and proverbs, which were not at all blunted in their way to the conscience by wood-cuts, such as the infantile state of the art in the country then afforded, of the most execrable character. There have been few moral lessons productive of the same effect in the country, as the famous old fable *of the Boy that Stole Apples*, and who sits in the old wood-cut alarmingly exposed, astride of the branch of a tree almost naked of foliage, while the farmer in small-clothes, one arm akimbo, the other in a most striking attitude, takes aim at the "sauce-box." Many an honest fellow through the world has had his sense of duty painfully strengthened by the moral of that fable. Then there is that forlorn *Country Maid and her Milk Pail*, teaching the double lesson of the vanity of human expectations, and the folly of unnecessary grief,—that chickens are not to be counted before they are hatched, or milk to be wept over after it is spilt. That story, too, of *the Boy that went to the wood to look for birds' nests when he should have gone to school*, and the *Descriptions of a Good Boy and of a Bad Boy*, not forgetting the wonderful table of *Proverbs, Councils, and Maxims*, all in words of one syllable, taxing the wisdom of nations, and the strong old Saxon powers of the English language; all sound lessons, calculated to make honest men, and ingenious Benjamin Franklins.* The third part of the Institutes, the American selection, was well made up with lessons in reading, lessons in speaking, dialogues, and poetry. There was the affecting story of La Roche, rules of behavior from Chesterfield and of making money from Franklin, dialogue from Otway and Shakespeare, the story of Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, from the *Tale of a Tub*, and American history and patriotism in abundance, from the narratives of Greene and Ramsay, the orations of Warren and Hancock, and the poetry of Dwight, Freneau, and Barlow. A later edition of this last division in the *American Selection*,† added Franklin's memorable story of The Whistle, Jefferson's Logan, General Burgoyne's relation of the Funeral of General Frazer, and Humphreys's Adventures of General Putnam. These were the "household words" in school-houses, over hill and valley, and in the homes of our forefathers in the youth of the nation.

Webster next appeared as a writer on public affairs, publishing letters with the signature of Honorius in the *Connecticut Courant*, in defence of the measures of Congress in the pay of the army. In the winter of 1784 he published a pamphlet, *Sketches of American Policy*, in which he urged the advantages of a general government. This, his biographer, Mr. Goodrich, remarks was "the first distinct proposal, made through the medium of the press, for a new constitution of the United States." The next year he made a journey to the South to petition the state legislatures for a copyright law; and long afterwards, when the act of Congress had made provision for the matter, used his influence at Washington in 1830, in securing the extension of the term. In 1785 Webster was at Baltimore preparing a course of lectures on the English language, which he delivered in the chief cities the following year, and afterwards published in his octavo, entitled *Dissertations on the English Language*. In 1787 he was principal of an Episcopal academy at Philadelphia, and when the Constitution of the United States was formed by the Convention in that year, gave it his assistance in a pamphlet, an *Examination of the Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution*. In 1787 Webster published the *American Magazine** for a year at New York, a creditable though unsuccessful pioneer attempt in this department of literature. It was neat in arrangement, and though "miscellaneous" in its contents, started some interesting antiquarian and scientific matters in the editor's letters to President Stiles on Western Fortifications and other topics. Its Americanism was well sustained by poetical extracts from Dwight, Barlow, and Trumbull.

In 1789, he published *Dissertations on the English Language;* with notes, historical and critical, with an Essay on a reformed mode of spelling.† This work was dedicated to Franklin. The essay on Orthography shows the bold starting-point of Webster in his efforts to create "an American tongue." These views, though he was compelled ultimately to recede from them almost entirely, entered largely into several of his most important works. They were thus announced in 1789:—

> The principal alterations, necessary to render our orthography sufficiently regular and easy, are these:
>
> 1. The omission of all superfluous or silent letters, as *a* in *bread*. Thus *bread, head, give, breast, built, meant, realm, friend*, would be spelt, *bred, hed, giv, brest, bilt, ment, relm, frend*. Would this alteration produce any inconvenience, any embarrassment or expense? By no means. On the other hand it

* One of the curiosities of the early editions of the spelling-book is the frequent introduction, at the foot of the page, of warnings against mispronunciations, which may be supposed to have been usual at the time. Thus "ask" is declared to be "not ax';" "card," "not caird;" "herb," "not yerb;" "wainscot," "not winchcott;" "resin," "not rozum;" "carry," "not kerry;" "chimney," "not chimbly;" "kernel," "not karnal;" "confiscate," "not confisticate." If Webster saved the country from these and similar barbarities in a rude state of speech and writing, and with a likelihood of errors of the kind being perpetuated among a thin and scattered population—and he doubtless did a great deal in the matter—he deserves well of the nation.

† An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking: calculated to improve the minds and refine the taste of youth, to which are prefixed, Rules in Elocution, and Directions for expressing the principal passions of the mind. By Noah Webster. Hogan's fifth improved edition. Phila. 1810.

* The American Magazine, containing a miscellaneous collection of original and other valuable Essays, in prose and verse: and calculated both for instruction and amusement. "Science the guide and Truth the eternal goal." Barlow. New York; Samuel Loudon. Dec. 1787—Nov. 1788. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 882.

† Dissertations on the English Language: with notes, historical and critical, to which is added, by way of Appendix, an Essay on a reformed mode of spelling, with Dr. Franklin's arguments on that subject. Printed at Boston, for the author. By Isaiah Thomas & Co. 8vo. 1789.

would lessen the trouble of writing, and much more, of learning the language; it would reduce the true pronunciation to a certainty; and while it would assist foreigners and our own children in acquiring the language, it would render the pronunciation uniform, in different parts of the country, and almost prevent the possibility of changes.

2. A SUBSTITUTION of a character that has a certain definite sound, for one that is more vague and indeterminate. Thus by putting *ee* instead of *ea* or *ie*, the words *mean, near, speak, grieve, zeal*, would become *meen, neer, speek, greev, zeel*. This alteration could not occasion a moment's trouble; at the same time it would prevent a doubt respecting the pronunciation; whereas the *ea* and *ie* having different sounds, may give a learner much difficulty. Thus *greef* should be substituted for *grief; kee* for *key; beleev* for *believe; laf* for *laugh; dawter* for *daughter; plow* for *plough; tuf* for *tough; proov* for *prove; blud* for *blood;* and *draft* for *draught*. In this manner *ch* in Greek derivatives, should be changed into *k;* for the English *ch* has a soft sound, as in *cherish;* but *k* always a hard sound. Therefore *character, chorus, cholic, architecture*, should be written *karacter, korus, kolic, arkitecture;* and were they thus written, no person could mistake their true pronunciation.

Thus *ch* in French derivatives should be changed into *sh; machine, chaise, chevalier*, should be written *masheen, shaze, shevaleer;* and *pique, tour, oblique*, should be written *peek, toor, obleek*.

3. A TRIFLING alteration in a character, or the addition of a point, would distinguish different sounds, without the substitution of a new character. Thus a very small stroke across *th* would distinguish its two sounds. A point over a vowel in this manner, *ȧ*, or *ȯ*, or *i̇*, might answer all the purposes of different letters. And for the dipthong *ow*, let the two letters be united by a small stroke, or both engraven on the same piece of metal, with the left hand line of the *w* united to the *o*.

These, with a few other inconsiderable alterations, would answer every purpose, and render the orthography sufficiently correct and regular.

Some of the motives urged for this reform are curious. The simplicity of the language would not only be secured and spelling be made easy for children, and the pronunciation facilitated to foreigners; but such a reform would diminish the number of letters about one sixteenth or eighteenth. This would save a page in eighteen; and a saving of an eighteenth in the expense of books, is an advantage that should not be overlooked. The following suggestion is still more remarkable:—

But a capital advantage of this reform in these states would be, that it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American. This will startle those who have not attended to the subject; but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast political consequence. For,

The alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it, in some measure, necessary that all books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use; and consequently the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography.

If this suggestion could have been carried out, it would have been necessary to have employed a large body of translators in the work of turning Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, into Americanese.

In 1789, he married the daughter of William Greenleaf of Boston, and took up the pursuit of the law at Stratford, which he followed with success for several years, till he was induced, on the breaking out of the French excitement and the difficulties with Genet, to undertake a daily newspaper in New York in support of Washington's administration. He removed to New York at the close of 1793, and commenced the *Minerva*, from the standing matter of which he published a semi-weekly, the *Herald*, the first time this enterprise and economy had been practised. Out of these papers grew the present *Commercial Advertiser* and *Spectator*. In further defence of the government, he published a pamphlet in 1794 on the *Revolution in France;* and the following year sustained Jay's British Treaty in a series of papers, signed Curtius, two of which were from the pen of James Kent, afterwards the Chancellor.

It was about this time that Webster published his *Prompter*, a collection of common sayings, maxims, &c., after the manner of Dr. Franklin, in his little essays and Poor Richard aphorisms. The title was borrowed from the theatre, and its object was to remind the world of familiar but easily neglected truths of a practical character. Its twenty-nine brief chapters, comments upon proverbs and fallacies, have point and good sense.

As evidence of his activity of mind, when the questions connected with the then prevalent yellow fever agitated the country, he made researches on the great subject, and published the result of his investigations in two volumes, in 1799, entitled a *History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases*.* When the question of the rights of neutral nations arose, with the war of the French Revolution, he published in 1802 a treatise on the subject, and the same year, *Historical Notices of the Origin and State of Banking Institutions and Insurance Offices*.

In 1798, Webster took up his residence in New Haven, and soon retired altogether from the management of his New York journals. In 1802, he published an essay on the Rights of Neutral Nations, in reference to the outrages on American commerce by the European powers during the French Revolution. In 1806, he published a Dictionary of the English Language in octavo, and the next year entered upon the preparation of his most important work, *An American Dictionary of the English Language*. For this work he entered upon a comprehensive study of the changes of language since the date of the last great work of Dr. Johnson, applied himself to the careful study of definitions, and entered largely upon the investigation of the origin and growth of languages, in comparison of the vocabularies of different nations. He prepared a work, still in manuscript, *A Synopsis of Words in Twenty Languages*.

From 1812 to 1822 Webster resided at Amherst, Mass., when he returned to New Haven.

* A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal phenomena of the physical world, which precede and accompany them, and observations deduced from the facts stated. 2 vols. 8vo. Hartford: Hudson and Goodwin, 1799.

He further, in 1824, made a tour to France and England, where he continued his researches at the libraries of Paris and Cambridge. In 1828, when he was at the age of seventy, his Dictionary finally appeared, at New York, in two volumes quarto. Twenty-five hundred were printed in America and three thousand in England, where the publication was superintended by E. H. Barker, the editor of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus.

Some fears had been entertained of Webster's well known disposition to tamper with the established orthography. An expression of them is recorded in the Jay correspondence. A letter which Webster wrote in 1813 to John Jay, who had probably read the Essay on the American Tongue, drew from that prudent statesman a hint on the character of his labors: "It is not improbable that doubts prevail respecting the design and tendency of the work you have in hand. The literary productions of Britain and America being interesting to each other, many are of opinion, and I concur in it, that the English language and its orthography should be the same in both countries. Apprehensions have been entertained that your dictionary would tend to impair that sameness; and those apprehensions may, to a certain extent, have had an unfavorable influence."* To which Webster responded: "It is not improbable that some ill-founded apprehensions that I might attempt changes of orthography have had their effect in preventing subscriptions; but there are several other causes. On the subject of orthography gentlemen might have been easy, as any considerable changes must prevent the sale and use of a work of the sort, and they might rationally conclude that I would not put myself to an immense trouble and expense to write a book which would not find purchasers. My plan is different from anything before attempted. I have examined and collated the radical words in twenty languages, including the seven Asiatic languages, or rather dialects, of the Assyrian stock. This will enable me to present many things in the English language which have hitherto been obscure. Indeed, this research has opened a field entirely new, and it is probable will lead to many important discoveries, not only in the origin and affinity of languages, but in history sacred and profane."

In 1821, he writes again to Jay of his "synopsis of radical words in more than twenty languages," which has occupied him ten years, and regrets that "I did not begin my studies early enough. I am now sixty-three years of age, and after this age a small portion only of active life remains. I have thought, that after submitting my MSS. to able judges, if they should think the work to have merit enough to command a sale in England, I may visit that country, and attempt to sell the copy there first; and, indeed, revise the work at Oxford." †

The work was well received on its appearance, and merited the attention by the new words added which had come into use, by the increased number of definitions marking new uses of the language, and by its labors in the wide field of etymology. Something, it was felt, was due to the single-handed perseverance of the Yankee schoolmaster, now recognised as a successful worker in the field where Dr. Johnson had gained his most imposing laurels. Had Webster, with his perseverance and energy, possessed a like degree of sound judgment, his reputation would have been unassailed. As it was, he was regarded with suspicion, and frequently openly opposed: for his well known views as a reformer of the language laid him particularly open to attack; since speech being common property, every one was bound more or less to question his proceedings. Though the dictionary bearing Webster's name is now in very general use, it has secured this result by the number of its words, and particularly the extent of its scientific terms and the accuracy of their definitions, in spite of the peculiar Websterisms of orthography. His mistake, as the compiler of a dictionary, at the outset was, in seeking to amend the language, while his duty was simply to record the use of words by the best authors. In the attempt to impose new conditions, and with his American innovations, he placed himself beyond the recognition of the highest authorities of the language in the universities of England and the colleges of America.

His first dictionary, published in 1806, was virtually ignored by himself, and his principles of orthography must be gathered from his later publications. In view of the disturbance created in the literary world by his innovations since 1828, it would be natural to suppose that these innovations were very numerous; but such is not the fact. The changes were few in number; but, being applied to words in common use, they gained a factitious importance by frequent repetition. His present system—carried out so inconsistently as scarcely to deserve the name, however—may be thus briefly stated: I. Finding that many words of French origin terminating in *re* had been in adoption transposed to *er*, as *cider*, *chamber*, etc., he decided that *all* words so adopted should be so transposed; and, accordingly, changed *spectre*, *theatre*, etc., into *specter* and *theater*, not reflecting that the changes previously made had been confined to words which did not require *re*-transposition in their derivatives; and Webster's inconsistency here was, that while he wrote theat*er* he also wrote theat*r*ical. II. He expunged the second *l* from *traveller*, *libeller*, etc., because he deemed it superfluous; and he added a second *l* to *foretel*, *distil*, etc., because the second *l* was wanted in the derivatives, *foretelling*, etc. In this latter change he laid down the principle, that the spelling of the derivative must govern the spelling of the primitive; and yet, although in conformity to this rule, he also changed *defence*, *pretence*, and *offence*, into *defense* *pretense*, and *offense*, he omitted to change such words as *consequence*, *inference*, *sentence*, etc., while he retained the correct spelling of their derivatives, *consequential*, *sententious*, etc. III. He changed *ton* to *tun*, and did not change *won* to *wun;* he changed *mould* and *moult* to *mold* and *molt*, and did not change *court* to *cort;* and he changed *practise*, the verb, to *practice*. This, substantially, is Webster's orthographical reform.*

* Letter, Bedford, May 31, 1813. Life and Writings, ii. 357.
† Letter, Amherst, Mass., November, 1821. Jay's Life, &c., ii. 421.

* Radicalism in Orthography, a series of articles from the

In 1833, Noah Webster published his revised edition of the Bible, with what he considered improvements of the language.* It was a rash and unnecessary attempt, and was not successful. His design is thus expressed by himself in the preface: "In my own view of this subject, a version of the Scriptures for popular use should consist of words expressing the sense which is most common in popular usage, so that the *first idea* suggested to the reader should be the true meaning of such words, according to the original languages. That many words in the present version fail to do this is certain. My principal aim is to remedy this evil." This principle is enlarged upon: "I have been careful to avoid unnecessary innovations, and to retain the general character of the style. The principal alterations are comprised in three classes:—

"I. The substitution of words and phrases now in good use for such as are wholly obsolete, or deemed below the dignity and solemnity of the subject.

"II. The correction of errors in grammar.

"III. The insertion of euphumisms [*sic*], words and phrases which are not very offensive to delicacy, in the place of such as cannot with propriety be uttered before a promiscuous audience.

"A few errors in the translation which are admitted on all hands to be obvious have been corrected. * * *

"To avoid giving offence to any denomination of Christians, I have not knowingly made any alteration in the passages of the present version on which the different denominations rely for the support of their tenets."

An enumeration of the "principal alterations" is made in an Introduction. From this it appears that *who* is substituted for *which* when it refers to persons; *its* is substituted for *his* when it refers to plants and things without life; *why* is substituted for *wherefore* when inquiry is made; *my* and *thy* are generally substituted for *mine* and *thine* when used as adjectives; *assemble*, *collect*, or *convene* for what Webster is pleased to call "the tautological words" *gather together; know* or *knew* for *wist*, *wit*, and *wot; sixty* for *three score*, and *eighty* for *four score*. It would be a melancholy task to continue the list. As such attempts, however, may be made again, though it is to be trusted with like ill-success, it is a matter of duty to point out the radical defect of mind which led to these rash suggestions. They argue an essentially common, prosaic intellect, deficient in taste, feeling, imagination; wanting in a knowledge of the subtle philosophical links of association which have long attached the English-speaking world by a power which equally holds heart and mind to the standard version of the Holy Scriptures. When Webster substitutes *sixty* for *three score* he says, "it appears to him most eligible to retain but one mode of specifying numbers," and adds his favorite maxim, that "uniformity is preferable to diversity"—a most absurd statement in a world beneficently provided with diversity on all sides. When he substitutes *O that* for *would God*, he is at the pains to destroy the force of expression, as in the undying sound of the lament of David, "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!" which he profanely alters to "O that I had died for thee," stating, as a reason for the change, that "the insertion of the phrases in the version has given countenance to the practice of introducing them into discourses and public speeches with a levity that is incompatible with a due veneration for the name of God." For the same reason there would be no religion at all, since infidels have caricatured all that is sacred. The same remarks apply to the unhappy substitution of *By no means*, for *God forbid*. In the Sermon on the Mount, Noah Webster alters "Therefore *take no thought*, saying, what shall we eat," into "Therefore *be not anxious*," seeking to justify his meddlesome change by the plea that he is giving more force to the expression. Such a remark as this might be expected to proceed from a schoolboy or a foreigner who had yet his acquaintance to make with the language, rather than from a man who had professedly passed his life in its study. Other alterations of archaisms, such as putting *male child* for *man child; falsehood* for *leasing; boiled* for *sodden; creeping animal* for *creeping thing* (a creeping thing, he tells us, being "more properly a creeping-plant than a reptile"); *advanced* for *stricken* in age, and the like, on the ground of accommodating the language to the use of the day, show a similar unconsciousness of the moral relations of the subject, and the advantage of the Bible in providing a store-house of words and securing the permanency of the language. In the few cases in which the words of the translation have grown obsolete, it is rather an advantage than a disadvantage that there are special terms set apart from common uses as especially biblical. The imagination is affected by them; the sense of sanctity and awe is enhanced by them. The poverty of mind which begets such attempts leads so soon to indecorum and what must be fain considered irreverence, that it would be perhaps unwise here to pursue the subject further. A great literary and moral interest is involved in it.

In 1840, a new edition of the *Dictionary* appeared, with several thousand new words added and improvements in the scientific definitions, and the introduction of phrases from foreign languages.

Early in 1843, the last year of his life, he gave his attention to a revision of the appendix of his Dictionary, adding several hundred words. He had given thirty-six years to the work.

In 1843 he published, at New York, *A Collection of Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects*. Its chief contents are a republication of his tracts on the French Revolution, the Right of Search, the British Treaty, the Copyright Question, and a number of papers on topics of politics and education.

This was at the close of a long life spent with unwearied activity in the pursuit of knowledge. With his faculties unimpaired, in the cheerful retrospect of a life of happy employment, and

pen of Edward S. Gould, Literary World, iv. 200, 270, 355, 457. Senator Beekman's Minority Report in N. Y. Legislature, July 7, 1851, ib. ix. 67.

* The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments in the Common Version. With amendments of the language by Noah Webster, LL.D. New Haven: published by Durrie & Peck. Sold by Hezekiah Howe & Co. and A. H. Maltby, New Haven, and by N. & J. White, New York, 1833.

with the consolations of religion, he expired, after a brief illness, at New Haven, May 28, 1843, in his eighty-fifth year.*

Of Webster's plain habits of living, and of his time given to study, there is a quaint account in a letter from his pen, dated November 21, 1836, addressed to Dr. Thomas Miner, in answer to an inquiry as to his mode of life, in which he says:—

I have never been a hard student, unless a few years may be excepted; but I have been a steady, persevering student. I have rarely used lamp or candle light, except once, when reading law, and then I paid dear for my imprudence, for I injured my eyes. My practice has usually been to rise about half an hour before the sun, and make use of all the light of that luminary. But I have never or rarely been in a hurry. When I first undertook the business of supporting General Washington's administration, I labored too hard in writing or translating from the French papers for my paper, or in composing pamphlets. In two instances I was so exhausted that I expected to die, for I could not perceive any pulsation in the radial artery; but I recovered. While engaged in composing my Dictionary, I was often so much excited by the discoveries I made, that my pulse, whose ordinary action is scarcely 60 beats to the minute, was accelerated to 80 or 85.

My exercise has not been violent nor regular. While I was in Amherst I cultivated a little land, and used to work at making hay, and formerly I worked in my garden, which I cannot now do. Until within a few years, I used to make my fires in the morning, but I never or rarely walked before breakfast. My exercise is now limited to walking about the city to purchase supplies for my family. For a part of my life, the last forty years, I have had a horse of my own, but I never rode merely for health; and a part of the time, more than half, I have not been able to keep a horse. My eyes have, from a child, been subject to a slight inflammation, but the sight has been good. I began to use spectacles when fifty years of age, or a little more, and that was the time when I began to study and prepare materials for my Dictionary. I had had the subject in contemplation some years before, and had made memorandums on the margin of Johnson's Dictionary, but I did not set myself to the work till I wore spectacles.

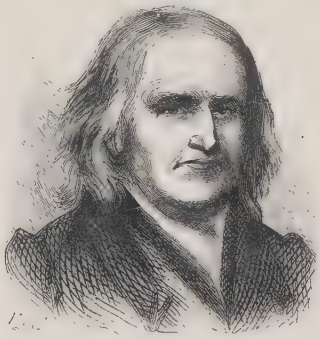
When I finished my copy I was sitting at my table in Cambridge, England, January, 1825. When I arrived at the last word, I was seized with a tremor that made it difficult to proceed. I, however, summoned up strength to finish the work, and then walking about the room I soon recovered.†

NOAH WORCESTER

Was born at Hollis, N. H., November 25, 1758. He was of an old ecclesiastical family in New England. His father, of the same name, was an influential magistrate of New Hampshire. His brother Leonard was bred a printer, and for a time edited the *Massachusetts Spy* at Worcester.

Noah, who in later life was called "The Apostle of Peace," was in youth a fifer at Bunker Hill, and was also in the battle of Bennington. At eighteen he was teaching in the village school of Plymouth, N. H., and pursued that calling for nine successive winters. To accomplish himself in penmanship, in the scarcity of paper during the war, he wrote over a quantity of white birch bark. In 1778, according to the primitive usage of an agricultural and thinly peopled region, and the old Puritan religious ideas of the family, he purchased of his father the remainder of his minority,* and left for Plymouth. In 1782 he removed to Thornton, where he was a preacher from 1786 to 1810. He had commenced his career as a writer with a controversial letter to the Rev. John Murray, on his sermon on the "Origin of Evil." In 1810 he published his Unitarian essay, which he entitled *Bible News of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit*, in a series of letters, in four parts. This work brought upon him much opposition, to mitigate which he wrote his letters to Trinitarians in favor of tolerance and personal kindness among those who differed in religious opinions. He wrote at this time for the journals: for the *Theological Magazine*, in New York, a series of papers, *The Variety;* in a periodical at Concord, and in the newspapers.

In 1813 he removed to Brighton, near Boston; his friends, Dr Channing, Dr. Lowell, Dr. Tuckerman, and the Rev. S. C. Thacher, having made provision for him as editor of the *Christian Disciple*, which grew afterwards into the present *Christian Examiner*. It was a monthly periodical, "for the promotion of spiritual and moral improvement." It was conducted by him to the close of 1818. He here uttered his ideas on the Peace Question, which he had publicly stated in the war of 1812, in a sermon on the pacific conduct of Abraham and Lot, in avoiding hostilities between their herdsmen, delivered on the day appointed by Madison for a national fast. In 1814 he published his tract, *A Solemn Review of the Custom of War*. The Massachusetts Peace Society was founded in the following year. In pursuance of his views he began the publication of *The Friend of Peace* in 1819, and continued it, in quarterly numbers, for ten years. It was mostly written by himself. In 1829 he resumed his theological publications with a small volume,



Noah Worcester

The Atoning Sacrifice, a display of Love not of Wrath; and, in 1831, a small book on *The Causes and Evils of Contentions among Christians.* In 1833 he published a volume, *Last Thoughts on*

* National Portrait Gallery, ii. Ed. 1854.
† New Englander, i. 563.

* Memoirs by the Rev. Henry Ware, p. 9.

Important Subjects; in three parts. 1. *Man's Liability to Sin;* 2. *Supplemental Illustrations;* 3. *Man's Capacity to Obey.* He was now at the extreme period of life, in the enjoyment of a happy, tranquil old age. Channing, who has celebrated his career in his noble eulogy entitled the Philanthropist, speaks of the serenity of his life, in the midst of his reformatory opinions and controversial writings, and of the "sufficiency of his mind to its own happiness."* His personal appearance was remarkable, of a large frame and benign expression. He died at Brighton, Massachusetts, October 31, 1837, aged 79.

His chief reputation rests on his Peace Efforts, and his position in the transition stage of Puritanism to Unitarianism.

JOHN ARMSTRONG,

The author of the "Newburgh Letters" and the historian of the second war with England, was a native of Pennsylvania, born at Carlisle, Nov. 25, 1758. His father was an officer of distinction in the war with France in 1755. On the breaking out of the Revolution young Armstrong, then a student at the college of New Jersey, joined the camp as a volunteer at the age of eighteen. He was appointed aide-de-camp to General Mercer, who was borne in his arms, fatally wounded, from the field at the battle of Princeton. He was next invited to become aide to General Gates, and served with him through the campaign which closed at Saratoga. In 1780, he was appointed Adjutant General of the Southern army, but retired from this service in consequence of illness before the battle of Camden, resuming his position with General Gates, as aide, with the rank of Major.

When the war was ended he had an opportunity to give proof of his ability with the pen in his authorship of the celebrated *Newburgh Letters*, dated from the camp at that place. The design of these addresses was to arouse the army to a vigorous assertion of their claims, which in the imperfect organization of the general government it was necessary should be loudly urged to obtain a hearing. There were two of these "addresses," one dated in the camp at Newburgh, the 10th March, 1783, inviting a meeting of officers for the consideration of measures to redress the army grievances, in the neglect of pay by Congress, which employed this bold language:—

"If this then be your treatment, while the swords you wear are necessary for the defence of America, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink, and your strength dissipate by division; when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by this revolution, and retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has been hitherto spent in honor? If you can, go, and carry with you the jest of Tories and the scorn of Whigs; the ridicule, and what is worse, the pity of the world. Go starve and be forgotten. But if your spirits should revolt at this; if you have sense enough to discover and spirit sufficient to oppose tyranny, under whatever garb it may assume, whether it be the plain coat of republicanism or the splendid robe of royalty; if you have yet learned to discriminate between a people and a cause, between men and principles; awake, attend to your situation, and redress yourselves! If the present moment be lost, every future effort is in vain; and your threats will then be as empty as your entreaties now.

I would advise you, therefore, to come to some final opinion upon what you can bear, and what you will suffer. If your determination be in any proportion to your wrongs, carry your appeal from the justice to the fears of government. Change the milk-and-water style of your last memorial. Assume a bolder tone, decent, but lively, spirited, and determined; and suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance. Let two or three men, who can feel as well as write, be appointed to draw up your *last remonstrance*, for I would no longer give it the suing, soft, unsuccessful epithet of *memorial*. Let it represent in language that will neither dishonor you by its rudeness, nor betray you by its fears, what has been promised by Congress, and what has been performed; how long and how patiently you have suffered; how little you have asked, and how much of that little has been denied. Tell them, that though you were the first, and would wish to be last, to encounter danger, though despair itself can never drive you into dishonor, it may drive you from the field; that the wound, often irritated and never healed, may at length become incurable; and that the slightest mark of indignity from Congress now must operate like the grave, and part you for ever; that, in any political event, the army has its alternative. If peace, that nothing shall separate you from your arms but death; if war, that courting the auspices, and inviting the direction of your illustrious leader, you will retire to some unsettled country, smile in your turn, "and mock when their fear cometh on." But let it represent, also, that should they comply with the request of your late memorial, it would make you more happy and them more respectable; that, while war should continue, you would follow their standard into the field; and when it came to an end, you would withdraw into the shade of private life, and give the world another subject of wonder and applause; an army victorious over its enemies, victorious over itself.

Washington, who was in camp, met this inflammatory proceeding by his general orders forbidding the meeting, and calling an assembly of officers to hear the report of the committee sent to Congress, when a second address appeared turning to account this apparent sanction of the gathering. Washington overruled the threatened embarrassment by himself attending the meeting, securing the quiet of Gates by placing him in the chair, and rallying his faithful brother officers to his support.*

Washington read an address to the officers at the meeting, in which the whole matter was treated with dignity and feeling, and in the

* Channing's Works, iv. 387.

* Hildreth's U. S., First Series, iii. 431. Curtis's History of the Constitution, i. 168, where the style of the Newburgh Addresses is highly spoken of:—"They are written with great point and vigor of expression, and great purity of English. For the purpose for which they were designed,—a direct appeal to feeling,—they show the hand of a master."

course of which, while the arguments and proposals of "the anonymous addresser" were answered with respect, it was intimated that he was "an insidious foe—some emissary, perhaps, from New York, sowing the seeds of discord and separation between the civil and military powers of the continent."

At the time of making this address, Washington was not acquainted with the anonymous author. He afterwards, in writing to General Armstrong, Feb. 23, 1797, expressed his confidence in the good motives which had dictated the letters, as "just, honorable, and friendly to the country, though the means suggested were certainly liable to much misunderstanding and abuse."*

After the war Armstrong held the post of Secretary of Pennsylvania, under Dickenson and Franklin. In 1787, he was elected member of Congress. In 1789, upon his marriage with a sister of Chancellor Livingston, he took up his residence in Dutchess County in the State of New York, where he occupied himself with farming. In 1800, he was elected senator of the United States, and in 1804, was appointed by Jefferson minister to France, an arduous position, which he filled till 1810, during which time he discharged the duties of a separate mission to Spain.

When the war of 1812 was declared, he was appointed brigadier-general in the United States army, and commanded the district including the city and harbor of New York. In 1813, he was called by Madison to the Secretaryship of War. The difficulties which he encountered in the management of attempts against Canada, and the destruction of Washington, led to his resignation in 1814. He suffered at the time the odium resulting from these disasters, which threw into the shade his undoubtedly honorable and faithful services.

In his retirement at Red Hook, where he passed the subsequent years of his life, he wrote treatises on Gardening and Agriculture, a review of Wilkinson's Memoirs, several biographical notices, and *Notices of the War of* 1812, the first volume of which was published in 1836, and the second in 1840. In this work he reviews the conduct of the war with a forcible and discriminating pen, sharpened by the official experiences of his own career as secretary. It possesses the interest of an original critical disquisition on a most important period of our history, and its points will continue to furnish the text for prolonged comment.

Gen. Armstrong died at his country residence on the Hudson, April 1, 1843, in his eighty-fifth year.†

GEORGE R. MINOT.

George Richards, the son of Stephen Minot, a merchant of Boston, was born in that city December 22, 1758. His father's means having been impaired by unsuccessful business speculation, it was with difficulty that he secured a liberal education. He was prepared for college by the celebrated Master Lovell; completed his course with the highest honors at Harvard, in 1778: and on taking the degree of Master of Arts, delivered the valedictory oration in Latin, which was much admired for its eloquence and purity of language.

He studied law with Fisher Ames in the office of William Tudor. Soon after commencing practice he was made, in 1781, Clerk of the House of Representatives, under the recently formed constitution; in 1782 he was appointed judge of probate for the county of Suffolk; and in 1800, of the Municipal Court in Boston. In 1783, he married Mary Speakman, of Marlboro'. In 1788, he published the History of the *Rebellion in Massachusetts in* 1786; a work which attracted great attention from its interest, its dispassionate tone, and the elegance and purity of its style; and in 1798, the first volume of *a History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay*, from 1748 to 1765, in continuation of that of Hutchinson. The second volume was printed from his manuscripts shortly after his death, which occurred after a short illness on the second of January, 1802. He was also the author of an oration on the Boston Massacre; of a highly finished and impassioned discourse on the death of Washington; and an address before the Massachusetts Charitable Society. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and edited three of the early volumes of their collections. His history is a well written, laborious, and impartial work. Its author was noted, in addition to his writings, for his fine taste, elegant personal appearance, the amiability and uprightness of his character, and the hospitality of his mansion.*

TREATMENT OF THE ACADIANS, 1755.

The French force in Nova-Scotia being thus subdued, it only remained to determine the measures which ought to be taken with respect to the inhabitants, who were about seven thousand in number, and whose character and situation were so peculiar, as to distinguish them from almost every other community, that has suffered under the scourge of war.

The allegations against them as a people, and which were undoubtedly just against many of them as individuals, were these: That being permitted to hold their lands, after the treaty of Utrecht, by which the Province was ceded to Great-Britain, upon condition of their taking the oath of allegiance, they refused to comply, excepting with this qualification, that they should not be called upon to bear arms in the defence of the Province; which qualification, though acceded to by Gen. Phillips, the British commander, was disapproved of by the king: That from this circumstance they affected the character of neutrals, yet furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, provisions and assistance in annoying the government of the Province, and three hundred of them were actually found in arms at the taking of fort Beau-sejour: That notwithstanding an offer was made, to such of them as had not been openly in arms, to be allowed to continue in possession of their land, if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification, they unanimously refused it.

The character of this people was mild, frugal, in-

* Sparks's Washington, viii. 566.

† Encyclopædia Americana, vol. xiv. Lossing's Field Book, ii. 106.

* Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, p. 146.

dustrious and pious; and a scrupulous sense of the indissoluble nature of their ancient obligation to their king, was a great cause of their misfortunes. To this we may add an unalterable attachment to their religion, a distrust of the right of the English to the territory which they inhabited, and the indemnity promised them at the surrender of fort Beau-sejour. Notwithstanding which, there could be no apology for such of them as, after they had obtained the advantages of neutrality, violated the conditions on which they were granted, and without which, from the nature of the case, there was no just foundation to expect they would be continued.

Such being the circumstances of the French Neutrals, as they were called, the Lieutenant Governor of Nova-Scotia and his Council, aided by the admirals Boscawen and Mostyn, assembled to consider of the necessary measures to be adopted towards them. If the whole were to suffer for the conduct of a part, the natural punishment would have been to have forced them from their country, and left them to go wherever they pleased; but from the situation of the Province of Canada, it was obvious to see that this would have been to recruit it with soldiers, who would immediately have returned in arms upon the British frontiers. It was therefore determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British Colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which, from the humanity and firmness of his character, was the best qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper; and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty, which required an ungenerous cunning, and subtle kind of severity, calculated to render the Acadians subservient to the English interests to the latest hour. They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny until the moment of their captivity, and were overawed or allured to labour at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors. The orders from Lieutenant Governor Lawrence to Capt. Murray, who was first on the station, with a plagiarism of the language without the spirit of scripture, directed that if these people behaved amiss, they should be punished at his discretion; and if any attempts were made to destroy or molest the troops, he should take an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and in short, life for life, from the nearest neighbour where the mischief should be performed.

The convenient moment having arrived, the inhabitants were called into the different ports to hear the king's orders, as they were termed. At Grand Pre, where Col. Winslow had the immediate command, four hundred and eighteen of their best men assembled. These being shut into the church, (for that too had become an arsenal) he placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus:—

Gentlemen,

I have received from his Excellency Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova-Scotia; who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them, than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions. What use you have made of it, you yourselves best know.

The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species.

But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely,

"That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province."

Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do every thing in my power, that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off: also that whole families shall go in the same vessel; and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit, and hope, that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people.

I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command.

And he then declared them the King's prisoners.

The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pre, finally amounted to 483 men and 337 women, heads of families, and their sons and daughters to 527 of the former, and 576 of the latter, making in the whole 1923 souls. Their stock was upwards of 5,000 horned cattle, 493 horses, and 12,887 sheep and swine.

As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas alone, there were destroyed 255 houses, 276 barns, 155 out-houses, 11 mills and 1 church; and the friends of those who refused to come in, were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy. In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men who deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels; and one of their friends who was supposed to have been accessary to their escape, having been carried on shore, to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence, as a punishment for his temerity, and perfidious aid to his comrades. Being embarked by force of the musquetry, they were dispersed, according to the original plan, among the several British Colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay and became a public expense, owing in a great degree to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation, which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children.

The campaign ended with no small disgust on the part of the New England commander and his troops, on account of distinctions in service made between the regulars and them, to their prejudice; and enlistments being made out of his corps to fill up the standing regiments, which prevented his fulfilling his promise to bring his men back to their towns at the expiration of a year, a promise much relied upon and necessary to be performed for future exertions.

SARAH WENTWORTH MORTON.

Sarah Wentworth Apthorpe married, in 1778, Perez Morton.* She was a constant contributor of short poems to the Massachusetts Magazine, and obtained a vaunted reputation in those days under the signature of *Philenia*, part of which was no doubt due to the vigorous laudatory exertions of her friend and poetical correspondent, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., by whom she was styled the American Sappho. She was also the author of *Ouabi, or the Virtues of Nature*, an Indian Tale in four cantos, published in 1790, and of an octavo volume which appeared in 1823, entitled *My Mind and its Thoughts*, made up of proverb-like reflections in prose, arranged with great formality, and a number of poems. Her chief production, Ouabi, is a pastoral, the characters of which are Ouabi, the chief of an Indian tribe, Azalia an Indian maiden, and Celario a young Englishman. Celario, who has joined the red men, is perplexed by a divided duty between his affections for Azalia and his respect for the noble Ouabi, to whom she is betrothed. Fidelity prevails over passion, when Ouabi, having been taken prisoner by a hostile band, is rescued while singing his death-song by Celario, resigns his mistress to his deliverer, and is soon after slain in battle. The pamphlet of fifty-two pages closes with a few "Lines addressed to the inimitable author of the Poems under the signature of Della Crusca" productions of which Mrs. Morton was an admirer and imitator.

SONG FOR THE PUBLIC CELEBRATION OF THE NATIONAL PEACE.

Not for the blood-polluted car
  Wake the triumphant song of fame,
But for the Chief who spares the war,
  Touch'd by a suffering people's claim.
Hail Columbia! Columbia blest and free,
The Star of Empire *leads* to thee.†

Let the rich laurel's baneful green
  Bright on the warrior's front appear,
But olive in his path be seen,
  Whose genius gives the prosperous year.
Hail Columbia! Columbia blest and free,
The Star of Empire *breaks* on thee.

Diffused around the sacred skies,
  The electric ray of hope extends,
On every wing of commerce flies,
  And to the earth's green lap descends.
Hail Columbia! Columbia blest and free,
The Star of Empire *beams* on thee.

Empire, that travels wide and far,
  Sheds her last glories on the west—
Born 'mid the morning realms of war,
  She loves the peaceful evening best.

Hail Columbia! Columbia blest and free,
The Star of Empire *rests* on thee!

Then let the pledge of Freedom pass,
  While every patriot bosom glows,
And o'er the elevated glass
  The amber of the vintage flows.
Hail Columbia! Columbia blest and free,
The Star of Empire *falls* with thee.

WILLIAM DUANE.

William Duane was born in 1760, near Lake Champlain, New York, where his parents, natives of Ireland, had shortly before settled. When he was eleven years old his mother returned to her native country, taking William, her only child, with her. The father had died several years before. Possessed of property, she brought up her son as a person of leisure. At the age of nineteen, by a marriage with a Presbyterian he offended his parent, a Roman Catholic, and was at once dismissed from her home, nor was any reconciliation ever after effected. Forced to provide for the maintenance of his family, he learnt the art of printing, and was engaged in that trade until the year 1784, when he went to India to seek his fortune. He was successful, and in a few years established a newspaper entitled *The World*. In a dispute which arose between the government and some troops in their employ, the paper sided with the latter. Soon after this the editor was invited by Sir John Shaw, the governor, to breakfast. On his way to accept the invitation, he was seized by sepoys, placed on board a vessel, and carried to England. His valuable property was confiscated. He endeavored to obtain redress from Parliament and the East India Company, but without success. Again forced to provide for a livelihood, he became a parliamentary reporter, and afterwards editor of the General Advertiser, a newspaper which subsequently became the London Times. He sided in politics with the party of Horne Tooke and others. In 1795 he came with his family to Philadelphia, where he had passed a few years when a boy. Here he prepared a portion of a work on the French Revolution, and became connected with the Aurora newspaper, recently established by Benjamin Franklin Bache, and after Bache's death of yellow fever in 1798, became editor. Under his vigorous management the journal was known throughout the country as the leading organ of the democratic party. Jefferson attributed his election to the presidency to its exertions. In 1799 the editor was tried with others for seditious riot. They were charged with placing at the doors of a Roman Catholic church printed notices requesting the congregation to meet in the church-yard and sign a petition against the Alien Law. The notices were torn down, replaced and defended, and a disturbance thus created, during which Reynolds, one of the parties accused, drew a pistol against one of the congregation, which was forced from his hand. The parties were acquitted.

On the removal of the seat of government to Washington, the Aurora became a less influential journal, and was gradually superseded by rival publications at the new city. Duane continued in the editorship until 1822, when he sold out and went to South America, as the representative

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* Perez Morton was born at Plymouth, November 13, 1751. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1771, was a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775, and an active public man during the war. On the eighth of April, 1776, he delivered a funeral oration over the remains of General Warren, which were identified as the British were engaged in burying the dead after the battle, by the barber who had been accustomed to dress his hair, and on their exhumation, on the evacuation of the British troops ten months after, by a false tooth. The oration was an animated, although somewhat too ornate production. At its close, he commenced the practice of the law. He was Speaker of the State House of Representatives from 1806 to 1811, and Attorney-General from 1810 to 1832. He died at Dorchester, October 14, 1837.

† It will probably be perceived, that the chorus of the above song is in allusion to Bishop Berkeley's prophecy:—"Westward the course of empire," &c.—*Author's Note.*

of the creditors of the republics of that continent. He had sided with the struggles for independence of these communities, and received a vote of thanks from the Congress of Columbia for his exertions, and it was on this account supposed that he would be able to obtain a settlement of the claims in question. He was unable to collect any funds, but made good use of the experiences of his journey, by publishing a pleasant volume of travels, *A Visit to Columbia in* 1822–23: Phila. 1826. After his return he was appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the eastern district, and retained the office until his death in 1835.

In addition to his newspaper writings and his book of travels, he was the author of *A Military Dictionary*, 1810, and *A Hand-book for Riflemen*, 1813. These works on tactics were for some time recognised as the chief authorities on the subject, one in which their author was practically as well as theoretically conversant, having commanded for some time the Philadelphia Legion, a volunteer corps distinguished for superior discipline, and during the war in 1812–14 filled the office of Adjutant-General of the army for the district in which he was resident.*

JACOB CAMPBELL

Was a lawyer of Rhode Island, who cultivated poetry and literature in the intervals of his business pursuits. He belonged to a family who, with others from Scotland, settled at Voluntown, in Connecticut, early in the eighteenth century. His father, Archibald, came to East Greenwich, Rhode Island, where Jacob was born in 1760. He was a graduate of the Rhode Island College of 1783, for a time was preceptor of a classical school, and next studied law with General James M. Varnum. On the establishment of peace in 1783, Campbell delivered a public address at East Greenwich, at the announcement of that event. He celebrated the same theme in some verses, which are published in a volume from his pen of *Poetical Essays*.

Updike, in his Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar, speaks of Campbell as "proud-spirited and occasionally dejected;—of a mind sensitive and nervous, he was borne down with fancied suspicions of intended injury and neglect."† He died in his twenty-eighth year, March 5, 1788.

LIBERTY.

Sweet Liberty! descend thou Heaven-born fair,
And make Columbia thy distinguish'd care;
On her brave sons thy genial influence shed,
Who fired by thee have nobly fought and bled—
Have traversed wilds to distant climes afar,
And felt the horrors of oppressive war.
Who first have taught Britannia's troops to yield,
And snatched their standards from the crimsoned field.
Bright Goddess leave thy native skies once more,
And fix thy dwelling on this western shore;
A calm asylum here's prepared for thee,
Secured from tyrants, undisturbed and free;—
By thine assistance we've expell'd thy foes,
Whose grasping power annoyed thy sweet repose.

Lo, see her quit the blissful realms above,
Mark on her face the cheering smile of love;
See as she bends her winged course this way
A beauteous sight her snowy robes display;
In her right hand a sceptred wand she rears,
And in her left a cone-like mitre bears.
Now let us shout through this exulting band,
And hail her welcome to our joyful land.
Let the glad tidings through our coasts resound,
From rocks and mountains let the echo bound,
Let hills and vallies loud responses raise,
Let woods and forests ring in loftier praise,—
Fair Freedom we with joy confess thy sway,
Thy milder laws with pleasure we obey.

To this she listened with attentive ear,
Then spake in accents soft as vernal air:—
"I've discord seen thy country long embroil,
Thy virtuous struggles and laborious toil;
Thy valor now I amply will repay
With brighter sunshine and serener day—
The richest blessings which you here can know,
I now on thee and thine unborn bestow.
In future days thy sons shall read thy fame,
Applaud thy conduct and extol thy name,
Throughout the world, in every foreign clime,
Thy deeds shall live down to remotest time—
'Till stars dissolve, and sun and moon expire,
'Till systems burst and nature sink in fire,
My empire here 'till then shall fix'd remain,
'Till then America shall own my reign."

Commerce again now rules the swelling deep,
Her num'rous fleets the surging billows sweep;
Those stately oaks which lately graced the plain,
In lofty ships now skim the liquid main.
On ev'ry sea, near every kingdom coast,
And bring from thence what they peculiar boast.
Along the strand where flowing tides arise,
See towering cities fix the astonished eyes.
Religion here in milder forms array'd,
There Victress Science haunts the laurel shade—
Here culture o'er the fertile earth prevails,
There joy unrivall'd every heart regales.
While this blest region free from dire alarms,
Invites the stranger to her peaceful arms.
With willing hand, she opes her plenteous store,
Relieves his wants, and lets him want no more,—
Grants him a refuge from the despot's chain,
Affords him life, and bids him live again.

MASON L. WEEMS.

Weems, the biographer of many heroes, in whose hands the trumpet of fame never sounded an uncertain blast, remains (such, alas! are the distributions of the world) without a biographer. His memory rests in a mythic report of the survivors who sometimes met him on his various journeys, and who have generally some stories to relate of his amiable vagaries. Fame thus has her system of compensations in keeping alive the history of her subjects; and where there is no printed record tradition more than supplies its place. Of Weems, but for the impression of himself stamped on every page of his manifold productions, and these somewhat vague and uncertain reports, we should know but little.

How lov'd, how valu'd once avails him not,
To whom related or by whom begot.

We learn that he was Rector of Mount Vernon parish, before the Revolution, when the old

* State Trials of the United States during the Administrations of Washington and Adams, with references, historical and professional, and preliminary notes on the politics of the times. By Francis Wharton. Phila. 1849.

† Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar, by Wilkins Updike, p. 134.

Mason L Weems

church at Pohick had for its attendant George Washington. Mr. Lossing tells us* "that a large and increasing family compelled him to abandon preaching for a livelihood, and he became a book agent for Mathew Carey." Duly replenished with a stock of Bibles, or Marshall's Life of Washington, or his own popular productions, he travelled through the South, with a few sermons in his knapsack, equally ready for a stump, a fair, or a pulpit.

It would be difficult at this day to procure an exact chronological catalogue of the books which he himself wrote: though the more important ones are still in vogue. Of these his Life of Washington was published immediately after the death of its illustrious subject.† The dedication to Mrs. Martha Washington, like the tribute of Humphreys and others, was a birth-day commemoration, being dated February 22, 1800. In the second edition before us, it appears in an octavo pamphlet form of eighty-two pages. This is quite a different production from the book as it was afterwards rewritten, and as it is in circulation at the present day. The topic was one which constantly grew in love and wonder with Weems, and what was at first a somewhat hurried sketch of Washington's public career, with a lively pulpit eulogy of his virtues, became but the nucleus for the marvellous congregation of anecdotes which the encouragement of the public led the author to accumulate, as he ransacked memory, traversed the ground of his hero's exploits, and talked with those who had been familiar with his life; while in this good cause, if recollection and testimony failed, a draft would certainly be honored by the public, if drawn in such a name on invention. We believe that Weems would have accounted it a venial pious fraud to tell any good story to the credit of Washington, which came into his head from any quarter or originated there in any way.

Weems went to work in stout heart and faith, a Livy of the common people. He first gave the fact and then the moral, and neither of them was dull. His piety was zealous as his patriotism. The wind of his enthusiasm may have been greater than the ballast of his argument, but the ship was somehow gallantly driven along without foundering. It is not literature, it may be granted, and no one will pretend that it is history; but there is a great deal of Weems in it, and unlimited eulogy of George Washington. No voice could be too loud, no powers of expression too vigorous, to sing the praises of the man whose virtues, in one of his quieter passages, he thus sums up:—

> It is hardly exaggeration to say that Washington was pious as Numa; just as Aristides; temperate as Epictetus; patriotic as Regulus; in giving public trusts, impartial as Severus; in victory, modest as Scipio; prudent as Fabius; rapid as Marcellus; undaunted as Hannibal; as Cincinnatus disinterested; to liberty firm as Cato; and respectful of the laws as Socrates. Or, to speak in plainer terms—he was religious without superstition; just without rigour; charitable without profusion; hospitable without making others pay for it; generous but with his own money; rich without covetousness; frugal without meanness; humane without weakness; brave without rashness; successful without vanity; victorious without pride; a lover of his country, but no hater of French or English; a staunch friend of government, but respectful of those who pointed out its defects with decency; true to his word without evasion or perfidy; firm in adversity; moderate in prosperity; glorious and honoured in life; peaceful and happy in death.

This early life of Washington, which is dedicated to his widow, is thus curiously summed up with her epitaph, on the principle of the Vicar of Wakefield, who hung a similar mortuary inscription over his mantelpiece, productive of melancholy in the breast of Mrs. Primrose.

> Here lie interred, all that *could die*
> of
> GEORGE WASHINGTON
> and
> MARTHA, his wife.
> They were lovely in Life, and in Death
> They were not divided,
> Heirs of Immortality! Rejoice—For their Virtues,
> Their Honours, may be yours.
> "Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

After Mrs. Washington's death, when the sermon could no longer profit her, this epitaph was omitted by Weems in his later editions. One of these, the eleventh, in 1811, is the full developed production, which made the reputation of Weems, and added to the fortunes of the publisher, Mathew Carey. It is entitled, *The Life of George Washington; with curious anecdotes, equally honourable to himself, and exemplary to his young countrymen.* The title-page treats us further to a bit of verse in honor of Washington,

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* Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, ii. 420.

† A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, faithfully taken from authentic documents, and, now in a second edition improved, respectfully offered to the perusal of his countrymen; as also, all others who wish to see human nature in its most finished form. Price, 25 cents.

> A life, how glorious, to his country led!
> Belov'd while living, as rever'd now dead.
> May his example, virtuous deeds inspire!
> Let future ages read it, and admire!

By the Rev. M. L. Weems, of lodge No. 50.—Dumfries, Philadelphia: reprinted by John Bioren, No. 83 Chestnut street, for the author. (*Entered according to law.*)

and a bit of prose in honor of Weems, the latter signed, H. Lee, Major-General, Army U. S.

A life how useful to his country led!
How loved! while living!—how revered, now dead!
Lisp! lisp! his name, ye children yet unborn!
And with like deeds your own great names adorn.

Lee announces that "the author has treated this great subject with admirable success in a new way. He turns all the actions of Washington to the encouragement of virtue, by a careful application of numerous exemplifications drawn from the conduct of the founder of our republic from his earliest life."

Judge Brackenridge also gave an appreciative certificate of the merits of the Washington. "With regard to biographical merit, the delineation is such as to give a view of character not on a parade day; but as independent of command or station. This is a painting which interests; it is that which makes a likeness; for a mere outline wanting the expression, gives no physiognomy. I shall be glad to see more, in this way, of some of the other heroes of the Revolutionary period. General Greene particularly, whom I have always placed next to Washington in the council and the field."

Benjamin Franklin was almost as good a subject as Washington, since Weems had a great deal of Poor Richard always on his tongue, in support of simplicity and frugality, though he never made his fortune by his parsimony. There were, moreover, anecdotes in abundance, and moralities at every turn; consequently, the life of Franklin came from his hands glowing with unction, and sparkling all over with eccentric passages. It still holds its ground as a most entertaining popular volume.*

An account of Penn is in the same vein. *The Life of William Penn, the settler of Pennsylvania, the founder of Philadelphia, and one of the first lawgivers in the Colonies, now United States, in* 1682, *containing also his celebrated Treaty with the Indians, his purchase of their country; valuable anecdotes of Admiral Penn, also of King Charles II., James II., King William and Queen Anne, in whose reigns William Penn lived; curious circumstances that led him to become a Quaker, with a view of the admirable traits in the character of the people called Friends or Quakers, who have done so much to meliorate the condition of suffering humanity.* Like a skilful shopkeeper, Weems put a good portion of his wares in the street window.

A fourth completes the series:—*The Life of General Francis Marion, a celebrated partisan officer in the Revolutionary War, against the British and Tories in South Carolina and Georgia,* by Brig.-Gen. P. Horry, of Marion's Brigade: and M. L. Weems. The travesty of Pope in the motto seems a little faithless to the transcendent merits of Washington.

On Vernon's chief, why lavish all our lays,
Come, honest Muse, and sing great Marion's praise.

Though bearing Horry's name on the title-page, this was throughout the production of Weems, to whom Horry, a companion partisan officer with Marion, had furnished the materials. Horry, a straightforward man of sober judgment, was dismayed at the antics his facts assumed in the theatrical style of Weems. He expostulated with him in a correspondence which has been recently published.* The lively parson expresses himself astonished at the possibility of offence, after he had stretched every point for the honor of Marion and his lieutenant. "Though I have heard," says he, "I can hardly believe it. What! is it possible that you can be displeased with a book which places both yourself and your beloved Marion in so conspicuous and exalted a light? A book that contains every fact that you yourself gave me—a book that everywhere meets with unbounded applause—of which I have orders for ninety copies in one single county in Georgia—which has, in fact, changed the county of Wilkinson into that of Marion. A book which, in short, sells better even than the life of Washington. Now, that you should be displeased with such a book, is to me very astonishing." Weems understood very well his system of writing. He did not attempt history, and blunder into poetry and romance. He expressly avows his intentions to Horry—"I told you I must write it in my own way, and knowing the passion of the times for novels, I have endeavoured to throw your ideas and facts about General Marion into the garb and dress of a military romance." Yet withal the romance, though negligent in some points, is truer to history than many a dull unappreciative record.

Besides these biographies at length, Weems's original stock in trade was well supplied with the light wares of tract and pamphlet. Patriotism, love, and morality were the burden of these effusions. One of them was honored with a letter from George Washington himself, which Weems procured to be engraved and published with the pamphlet. It was entitled *The Philanthropist: or, Political Peace Maker between all honest men of both parties, with the recommendation prefixed by George Washington in his own handwriting.* Washington's letter was written in the summer before his death, August, 1799.† He considers it an amiable attempt, but has some doubt of its success in arresting the violence of party. One of these moral writings of an early date is an octavo pamphlet of fifty-six pages, dedicated "to his excellency, Joseph Bloomfield, Esq., Governor of the State of New Jersey," by his "affectionate countryman and masonic brother." It appears to have been, in part at least, delivered as an oration

* The Life of Benjamin Franklin; with many choice anecdotes and admirable sayings of this great man, never before published by any of his biographers. By M. L. Weems, author of the Life of Washington.

Sage Franklin next arose in cheerful mien,
And smil'd, unruffled, o'er the solemn scene;
High on his locks of age, a wreath was brac'd,
Palm of all arts that e'er a mortal grac'd;
Beneath him lay the sceptre kings had borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.

Phila.: Uriah Hunt. 1835.

* By Mr. Simms, from "the collection of a private gentleman" in a thoroughly genial presentation of "Weems the biographer and historian," included in his "Views and Reviews of American Literature, History, and Fiction."

† This title is from the tenth edition published in Philadelphia in 1809. We presume the following, which we find in a catalogue, to be the title of an earlier edition of the same tract: *Weems' Philanthropist; or, a good twenty-five cents worth of political love powder, for honest Adamsites and Jeffersonians.*

before a masonic brotherhood, of which fraternity Weems was a devoted member, the designation "of Lodge No. 50—Dumfries," being a frequent appendage to his name on his title-pages. This pamphlet contains an affectionate, simple address from the text, "little children love one another," followed by eight chapters on the several Excellencies of a Republic, for reason, safety, wealth, for fair play (in equal laws and taxes), for peace, morals, patriotism, and population. The style of this production is quiet for Weems, who gained confidence with his increasing audience. Its last chapter is a fearful arraignment of the murders of tyrants in their various systems of wars and depredation.

Another tract, *Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant; or, the new Matrimonial Tat-too for Old Bachelors*, is still circulated in popular form. There was also a series of vigorous narratives and denunciations, levelled at the wild crimes of the unsettled regions of the South. He took the titles of these from Reynolds's similar improvements of the iniquities of the old world: *God's Revenge against Murder; or, the Drown'd Wife, a tragedy. God's Revenge against Adultery; or, the Life of Rebecca Cotton.* One of these tales of terror, *An Account of the Murder of Polly Findley, by her husband Edward Findley*, contained an inscription, "Another Murder in old Edgefield," which that "dark corner" of South Carolina was disposed to resent. Mr. Simms tells the story of the peril to which Weems exposed himself, and of his happy delivery from it. "He had occasion once to traverse the tabooed region, which he did with considerable haste. The roads were wretched, and his wagon, carrying an ample collection of his pamphlets and histories, was heavily laden. It sank into a quagmire, from which his own unassisted strength utterly failed to extricate it. He was many miles from human habitation, the road was an obscure one, and the day was failing. Even a philosopher might have felt dubious of the situation. But Weems was a philosopher of a peculiar order. He had his remedy. Unhitching his horse he suffered him to feed at leisure in the wood, while he himself, taking his violin from the case, took his seat on a log by the road-side, and coolly proceeded to extort from wood and catgut such strains as, in that day and region, would have mocked the best fantasias of Ole Bull. They were not less powerful in their effect. They drew to him an audience. Two wandering backwoodsmen suddenly emerged from the covert, thoroughly charmed to the spot by the old man's music. They lifted his wheels out of the mire, and he rewarded them in music. They asked him many questions, all of which he answered with his bow. They were satisfied with his respon-es, and he was thus enabled to escape in safety from the dangerous precincts. "I took precious care," said he, "to say nothing of my name. When they pressed the question, my fiddle drowned their words and my own too."

There is another good dramatic anecdote of Weems's fiddle. He was once requested to assist with the instrument at a negro merry-making on one of his southern tours. A difficulty, as the story goes, presented itself in his clerical character, and the impropriety of a clergyman playing the fiddle under such circumstances. He consented, however, willingly enough, if he could fiddle without being seen. He was accordingly placed behind a screen, which, as the jollity of the evening went on, was thrown over, and the parson discovered to the company.

Of Weems's earlier parish life we have a pleasing notice in the travels of John Davis, who was in the United States from 1798 to 1802, and in the latter portion of this time frequented Weems's church at Pohick while he was living in the vicinity. "Hither," he says, "I rode on Sundays

Pohick Church.

and joined the congregation of Parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal persuasion, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion." We have also this picture of the place and the man: "A Virginian church-yard on a Sunday resembles rather a race-ground than a sepulchral-ground; the ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the Virginian churches were designed, not for utility but ornament; for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is also observable, that the gate to the church-yard is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last; so that had Hervey and Gray been born in *America*, the preacher of peace could not have indulged in his Meditations among the Tombs; nor the poet produced the elegy that has secured him immortality. Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was confounded on first entering the church-yard at Pohick to hear steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh. Nor was I less stunned with the rattling of carriage wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Parson Weems calmed every perturbation for he preached the great doctrines of salvation, as one who had experienced their power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed so uniform was his piety, that he might have applied to himself the words of the prophet, 'My mouth shall be telling of the righteousness and salvation of Christ all the day long; for I know no end thereof.'" Davis tells us that in his youth, Weems

"accompanied some young Americans to London, where he prepared himself by diligent study for the profession of the church."

We have not met with a record of Weems's birth or of his birth-place. His death took place at Beaufort, South Carolina, May 23, 1825.

EARLY ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

To assist his son to overcome that selfish spirit, which too often leads children to fret and fight about trifles, was a notable care of Mr. Washington. For this purpose, of all the presents, such as cakes, fruit, &c., he received, he was always desired to give a liberal part to his playmates. To enable him to do this with more alacrity, his father would remind him of the love which he would hereby gain, and the frequent presents which would in return be made *to him;* and also would tell of that great and good God, who delights above all things to see children love one another, and will assuredly reward them for acting so amiable a part.

Some idea of Mr. Washington's plan of education in this respect may be collected from the following anecdote, related to me twenty years ago by an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and when a girl spent much of her time in the family:

"On a fine morning," said she, "in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington, having little George by the hand, came to the door and asked my cousin Washington and myself to walk with him to the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewed with fruit: and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters like grapes, and vainly strove to hide their blushing cheeks behind the green leaves. Now, George, said his father, Look here, my son! Don't you remember when this good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide it with your brothers and sisters; though I promised you that if you would but do it, God Almighty would give you plenty of apples this fall. Poor George could not say a word; but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground. Now look up, my son, continued his father: Look up, George! and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes, you see the trees loaded with fine fruit; many of them indeed breaking down, while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could ever eat, my son, in all your lifetime.

"George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit; he marked the busy humming-bees, and heard the gay notes of birds, then lifting his eyes, filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said, '*Well, Pa, only forgive me this time; and see if I ever be so stingy any more.*'"

Some, when they look up to the oak, whose giant arms throw a darkening shade over distant acres, or whose single trunk lays the keel of a man of war, cannot bear to hear of the time when this mighty plant was but an acorn, which a pig could have demolished: but others, who know their value, like to learn the soil and situation which best produces such noble trees. Thus, parents that are *wise* will listen well pleased, while I relate how moved the steps of the youthful Washington, whose single worth far outweighs all the oaks of Bashan, and the red spicy cedars of Lebanon. Yes, they will listen delighted while I tell of their Washington in the days of his youth, when his little feet were swift towards the nests of birds; or when, wearied in the chase of the butterfly, he laid him down on his grassy couch and slept, while ministering spirits with their roseate wings, fanned his glowing cheeks, and kissed his lips of innocence with that fervent love which makes *the Heaven!*

Never did the wise Ulysses take more pains with his beloved Telemachus, than did Mr. Washington with George, to inspire him with an *early love of truth.* "Truth, George," (said he) "is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart is so *honest*, and his lips so *pure*, that we may depend on every word he says. O how lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of everybody! His parents doat on him; his relations glory in him; they are constantly praising him to their children, whom they beg to imitate him. They are often sending for him, to visit them; and receive him, when he comes, with as much joy as if he were a little angel, come to set pretty examples to their children.

"But, Oh! how different, George, is the case with the boy who is so given to lying that nobody can believe a word he says! He is looked at with aversion wherever he goes, and parents dread to see him come among their children. Oh, George, my son! rather than see you come to this pass, dear as you are to my heart, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave. Hard, indeed, would it be to me to give up my son, whose little feet are always so ready to run about with me, and whose fondly looking eyes and sweet prattle make so large a part of my happiness; but still I would give him up, rather than see him a common liar.

"Pa," (said George, very seriously) "do I ever tell lies?"

"No, George, I *thank God* you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. At least, you shall never, from me, have cause to be guilty of so shameful a thing. Many parents, indeed, even compel their children to this vile practice, by barbarously beating them for every little fault; hence, on the next offence, the little terrified creature slips out a *lie!* just to escape the rod. But as to yourself, George, you know I have *always* told you, and now tell you again, that, whenever by accident you do anything wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a poor little boy yet, without *experience* or *knowledge*, never tell a falsehood to conceal it; but come *bravely* up, my son, like a *little man*, and tell me of it: and instead of beating you, George, I will but the more honor and love you for it, my dear."

This, you'll say, was sowing good seed! Yes, it was: and the crop, thank God, was, as I believe it ever will be, where a man acts the true parent, that is, the *Guardian Angel*, by his child.

The following anecdote is a *case in point.* It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a *hatchet!* of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth

asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. *George*, said his father, *do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?* This was a *tough question;* and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, '*I can't tell a lie. Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.*' *Run to my arms, you dearest boy,* cried his father in transports, *run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.*"

It was in this way, by interesting at once both his *heart* and *head*, that Mr. Washington conducted George with great ease and pleasure along the happy paths of virtue. But well knowing that his beloved charge, soon to be a man, would be left exposed to numberless temptations, both from himself and from others, his heart throbbed with the tenderest anxiety to make him acquainted with that GREAT BEING, whom to know and love is to possess the surest defence against vice, and the best of all motives to virtue and happiness. To startle George into a lively sense of his Maker, he fell upon the following very curious but impressive expedient:

One day he went into the garden, and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name at full, in large letters. Then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up, and smoothed all down nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside of a gooseberry walk, which happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings had passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to burst with *great news.*

"O, Pa! come here! come here!"

"What's the matter, my son, what's the matter?"

"O come here, I tell you, Pa, come here! and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime."

The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"There, Pa!" said George, quite in an ecstacy of astonishment, "did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?"

"Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George!"

"But, Pa, who did make it there? who did make it there?"

"It grew there by *chance*, I suppose, my son."

"By *chance*, Pa! O no! no! it never did grow there by *chance*, Pa; indeed that it never did!"

"High! why not, my son?"

"Why, Pa, did you ever see anybody's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well, but George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa, but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make *one single* letter of my name before. Now how could they grow up so as to make *all* the letters of my name? And then standing one after another, to spell *my name so exactly!* And all so neat and even, too, at top and bottom! O Pa, you must not say *chance* did all this. Indeed *somebody* did it; and I dare say now, Pa, *you* did it just to scare *me*, because I am your little boy."

His father smiled, and said, "Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed *did* it; but not to *scare* you, my son; but to learn you a great thing which I wish you to understand. I want, my son, to introduce you to your *true* Father."

"High, Pa, an't you my *true* father, that has loved me, and been so good to me always?"

"Yes, George, I am your father, as the world calls it; and I love you very dearly too. But yet with all my love for you, George, I am but a poor good-for-nothing sort of a father in comparison of one you have."

"Aye! I know, well enough, whom you mean, Pa. You mean God Almighty, don't you?"

"Yes, my son, I mean him indeed. *He is* your *true* Father, George."

"But, Pa, where is God Almighty? I did never *see* him yet."

"True, my son; but though you never *saw* him, yet he is always with you. You did not see me when ten days ago I made this little plant bed, where you see your name in such beautiful green letters; but though you did not *see* me here, yet you know I was here!"

"Yes, Pa, that I do. I know you were here."

"Well, then, and as my son could not believe that *chance* had made and put together so exactly the *letters* of his name, (though only sixteen) then how can he believe that *chance* could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good! That my son may look at everything around him, see! what fine eyes he has got! and a little pug nose to smell the sweet flowers! and pretty ears to hear sweet sounds! and a lovely mouth for his bread and butter! and O, the little ivory teeth to cut it for him! and the dear little tongue to prattle with his father! and precious little hands and fingers to hold his playthings! and beautiful little feet for him to run about upon! and when my little rogue of a son is tired with running about, then the still night comes for him to lie down, and his mother sings, and the little crickets chirp him to sleep! and as soon as he has slept enough, and jumps up fresh and strong as a little buck, there the sweet golden light is ready for him! When he looks down into the water, there he sees the beautiful silver fishes for him! and up in the *trees* there are the apples, and peaches, and *thousands* of sweet fruits for him! and *all, all around* him, wherever my dear boy looks, he sees everything just to his *wants and wishes;* the bubbling springs with cool sweet water for him to drink! and the wood to make him sparkling fires when he is cold! and beautiful horses for him to ride! and strong oxen to work for him! and the *good* cows to give him milk! and bees to make sweet honey for his sweeter mouth! and the little lambs, with snowy wool, for beautiful clothes for him! Now, these and all the *ten thousand other good things* more than my son can ever think of, and all so exactly fitted to his *use* and *delight*—Now how could chance ever have done all this for my little son? Oh, George!—"

He would have gone on, but George, who had hung upon his father's words with looks and eyes of all-devouring attention, here broke out—

"Oh, Pa, that's enough! that's enough! It can't be chance, indeed, it can't be chance, that made and gave me all these things."

"What was it then, do you think, my son?"

"Indeed, Pa, I don't know unless it was *God Almighty!*"

"Yes, George, he it was, my son, and nobody else."

"Well, but Pa," continued George, "does God Almighty give me *everything?* Don't you give me *some things*, Pa?"

"I give *you* something indeed! Oh, how can I give you anything, George? I who have nothing on earth that I can call my own, no, not even the breath I draw!"

"High, Pa! Isn't that great big house your house, and this garden, and the horses yonder, and oxen, and sheep, and trees, and everything, isn't all yours, Pa?"

"Oh no, my son! No! Why you make me shrink into nothing, George, when you talk of all these belonging to *me*, who can't even make *a grain of sand!* Oh, how could I, my son, have given life to those great oxen and horses, when I can't give life even to a fly? No, for if the poorest fly were killed, it is not your father, George, nor all the men in the world that could ever make him alive again!"

At this George fell into a profound silence, while his pensive looks showed that his youthful soul was laboring with some idea never felt before. Perhaps it was at this moment that the good Spirit of God ingrafted on his heart that germ of *piety*, which filled his after life with so many of the precious fruits of *morality*.

KEIMER'S ATTEMPT AT A NEW RELIGION—FROM THE LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

Ben was naturally comic in a high degree, and this pleasant vein, greatly improved by his present golden prospects, betrayed him into many a frolic with Keimer, to whom he had prudently attached himself as a journeyman, until the Annis should sail. The reader will excuse Ben for these frolics when he comes to learn what were their aims; as also what an insufferable old creature this Keimer was. Silly as a BOOBY, yet vain as a JAY, and garrulous as a PIE, he could never rest but when in a stiff argument, and acting the orator, at which he looked on Cicero himself as but a boy to him. Here was a fine target for Ben's SOCRATIC ARTILLERY, which he frequently played off on the old Pomposo with great effect. By questions artfully put, he would obtain of him certain points, which Keimer readily granted, as seeing in them no sort of connexion with the matter in debate. But yet these points, when granted, like distant nets slyly hauling round a porpoise or sturgeon, would, by degrees, so completely circumvent the silly fish, that with all his flouncing and fury he could never extricate himself, but rather got more deeply entangled. Often caught in this way, he became at last so afraid of Ben's *questions*, that he would turn as mad when one of them was "*poked at him*," as a bull at sight of a scarlet cloak; and would not answer the simplest question without first asking, "*well, and what would you make of that?*" He came at length to form so exalted an opinion of Ben's talents for refutation, that he seriously proposed to him one day that they should turn out together and preach up a NEW RELIGION! Keimer was to preach and make the converts, and Ben to answer and put to silence the gainsayers. He said a *world of money* might be made by it.

On hearing the outlines of this new religion, Ben found great fault with it. This he did only that he might have another frolic with Keimer; but his frolics were praiseworthy, for they all "leaned to virtue's side." The truth is, he saw that Keimer was prodigiously a hypocrite. At every whipstitch he could play the knave, and then for a pretence would read his Bible. But it was not the *moral part* of the Bible, the sweet precepts and parables of the Gospel that he read. No, verily. Food so angelic was not at all to the tooth of his childish fancy, which delighted in nothing but the *novel* and *curious*. Like too many of the saints now-a-days, he would rather read about the WITCH OF ENDOR, than the GOOD SAMARITAN, and hear a sermon on the *brazen candlesticks* than on the LOVE OF GOD. And then, O dear! who was Melchizedeck? Or where was the land of Nod? Or, was it in the shape of a *serpent or a monkey* that the devil tempted Eve? As he was one day poring over the pentateuch as busy after some nice game of this sort as a terrier on the track of a weazel, he came to that famous text where Moses says, "*thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.*" Aye! this was the divinity for Keimer. It struck him like a new light from the clouds: then rolling his eyes as from an apparition, he exclaimed, "miserable man that I am! and was I indeed forbidden to mar even the corners of my beard, and have I been all this time shaving myself as smooth as an eunuch! Fire and brimstone, how have you been boiling up for me, and I knew it not! Hell, deepest hell is my portion, that's a clear case, unless I reform. And reform I will if I live. Yes, my poor naked chin, if ever I but get another crop upon thee and I suffer it to be touched by the ungodly steel, then let my right hand forget her cunning."

From that day he became as shy of a razor as ever Samson was. His long black whiskers "*whistled in the wind.*" And then to see how he would stand up before his glass and stroke them down, it would have reminded you of some ancient Druid, adjusting the *sacred Mistletoe*.

Ben could not bear that sight. Such shameless neglect of angel morality, and yet such fidgetting about a goatish beard! "Heavens, sir," said he to Keimer, one day in the midst of a hot argument,

> "Who can think, with common sense,
> A smooth shaved face gives God offence?
> Or that a whisker hath a charm,
> Eternal justice to disarm?"

He even proposed to him to get *shaved*. Keimer swore outright that he would never lose his beard. A stiff altercation ensued. But Keimer getting angry, Ben agreed at last to give up the beard. He said that, "as the beard at best was but an external, a mere excrescence, he would not insist on that as so very essential. But certainly, sir," continued he, "there is one thing that is."

Keimer wanted to know what that was.

"Why, sir," added Ben, "this turning out and preaching up a NEW RELIGION, is, without doubt, a very serious affair, and ought not to be undertaken too hastily. Much time, sir, in my opinion at least, should be spent in making preparation, in which fasting should certainly have a large share."

Keimer, who was a great glutton, said he could *never fast*.

Ben then insisted that if they were not to fast altogether, they ought, at any rate, to abstain from animal food, and live as the saints of old did, on *vegetables* and *water*.

Keimer shook his head, and said that if he were to live on vegetables and water, he should soon die.

Ben assured him that it was entirely a mistake. He had tried it often, he said, and could testify from his own experience that he was never more healthy and cheerful than when he lived on vegetables alone. "Die from feeding on vegetables, indeed! Why, sir, it contradicts reason; and contradicts all history, ancient and profane. There was Daniel, and his three young friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-

nego, who fed on a vegetable diet, of choice; did they languish and die of it? Or rather did they not display a rouge of health and fire of genius, far beyond those silly youths who crammed on all the luxuries of the royal table? And that amiable Italian nobleman, Lewis Cornaro, who says of bread, that it was such a dainty to his palate, that he was almost afraid, at times, it was too good for him to eat; did he languish and die of this simple fare? On the contrary, did he not outlive three generations of gratified epicures, and after all, go off in his second century, like a bird of Paradise, singing the praises of Temperance and Virtue? And pray, sir," continued Ben, "where's the wonder of all this? Must not the blood that is formed of vegetables be the purest in nature? And then, as the spirits depend on the blood, must not the spirits secreted from such blood be the purest too? And when this is the case with the blood and spirits, which are the very life of the man, must not that man enjoy the best chance for such healthy secretions and circulations as are most conducive to long and happy life?"

While Ben argued at this rate, Keimer regarded him with a look which seemed to say, "Very true, sir; all this is very true, but still I cannot *go it.*"

Ben, still unwilling to give up his point, thought he would make one more push at him. "What a pity it is," said he with a sigh, "that the blessings of so sublime a religion should be all lost to the world, merely for lack of a little fortitude on the part of its propagators."

This was touching him on the right string; for Keimer was a man of such vanity, that a little flattery would put him up to anything. So after a few *hems* and *ha's*, he said, he believed he would, at any rate, make a trial of this new regimen.

Having thus carried his point, Ben immediately engaged a poor old woman of the neighborhood to become their cook; and gave her off-hand, written receipts for three and forty dishes; not one of which contained a single atom of fish, flesh, or fowl. For their first day's breakfast on the *new regimen*, the old woman treated them with a tureen of oatmeal gruel. Keimer was particularly fond of his breakfast, at which a nice beef-steak with onion sauce was a standing dish. It was as good as a farce to Ben, to see with what an eye Keimer regarded the tureen, when, entering the room, in place of his steak, hot, smoking, and savory, he beheld this pale, meagre-looking slop.

"What have you got there?" said he, with a visage grum, and scowling eye.

"A dish of hasty pudding," replied Ben, with the smile of an innocent youth who had a keen appetite, with something good to satisfy it; "a dish of nice hasty pudding, sir, made of oats."

"Of OATS?" retorted Keimer, with a voice raised to a scream.

"Yes, sir, *oats*," rejoined Ben; "*oats*, that precious grain which gives such elegance and fire to our noblest of quadrupeds, the horse."

Keimer growled out, that he was no horse to eat oats.

"No matter for that," replied Ben, "'tis equally good for men."

Keimer denied that any human being ever eat oats.

"Aye!" said Ben, "and pray what's become of the Scotch? Don't they live on oats? And yet, where will you find a people so 'bonny, blythe, and gay?' a nation of such wits and warriors?"

As there was no answering this, Keimer sat down to the tureen, and swallowed a few spoonfuls, but not without making as many wry faces as if it had been so much jalap; while Ben, all smile and chat, breakfasted most deliciously.

At dinner, by Ben's order, the old woman paraded a trencher piled up with potatoes. Keimer's grumbling fit came on him again. "He saw clear enough," he said, "that he was to be poisoned."

"Poh! cheer up, man," replied Ben; "this is your right preacher's bread."

"Bread the d—l!" replied Keimer, snarling.

"Yes, bread, sir," continued Ben, pleasantly; "the bread of *life*, sir; for where do you find such health and spirits, such bloom and beauty, as among the honest-hearted IRISH, and yet for their breakfast, dinner, and supper, the potato is their tetotum; the *first, second,* and *third* course."

In this way, Ben and his old woman went on with Keimer; daily ringing the changes on oatmeal gruel, roasted potatoes, boiled rice, and so on, through the whole family of roots and grains in all their various genders, moods, and tenses.

Sometimes, like a restive mule, Keimer would kick up and show strong symptoms of flying the way. But then Ben would prick him up again with a touch of his ruling passion, vanity. "Only think, Mr. Keimer," he would say, "only think what has been done by the founders of *new religions:* how they have enlightened the ignorant, polished the rude, civilized the savage, and made heroes of those who were little better than brutes. Think, sir, what Moses did among the stiff-necked Jews; what Mahomet did among the wild Arabs; and what you may do among these gentle drab-coated Pennsylvanians." This, like a spur in the flank of a jaded horse, gave Keimer a new start, and pushed him on afresh to his gruel breakfasts and potato dinners. Ben strove hard to keep him up to this gait. Often at table, and especially when he saw that Keimer was in good humour and fed kindly, he would give a loose to fancy, and paint the advantages of their new regimen in the most glowing colors. "Aye, sir," he would say, letting drop at the same time his spoon, as in an ecstacy of his subject, while his pudding on the platter cooled, "aye, sir, now we are beginning to live like men going a preaching indeed. Let your epicures gormandize their fowl, fish, and flesh, with draughts of intoxicating liquors. Such gross, inflammatory food may suit the brutal votaries of Mars and Venus. But our views, sir, are different altogether; we are going to teach wisdom and benevolence to mankind. This is a heavenly work, sir, and our minds ought to be heavenly. Now, as the mind depends greatly on the body, and the body on the food, we should certainly select that which is of the most pure and refining quality. And this, sir, is exactly the food to our purpose. This mild potato, or this gentle pudding, is the thing to insure the light stomach, the cool liver, the clear head, and above all, those celestial passions which become a preacher that would moralize the world. And these celestial passions, sir, let me add, though I don't pretend to be a prophet, these celestial passions, sir, were you but to stick to this diet, would soon shine out in your countenance with such apostolic majesty and grace, as would strike all beholders with reverence, and enable you to carry the world before you."

Such was the style of Ben's rhetoric with old Keimer. But it could not all do. For though these harangues would sometimes make him fancy himself as big as Zoroaster or Confucius, and talk as if he should soon have the whole country running after him, and worshipping him for the GREAT LAMA of the west; yet this divinity fit was too much against the grain to last long. Unfortunately for poor Keimer, the kitchen lay between him and his bishopric: and both nature and habit had so wedded him

to that swinish idol, that nothing could divorce him. So after having been led by Ben a "*very d—l of a life,*" as he called it, "*for three months,*" his fleshpot appetites prevailed, and he swore, "*by his whiskers, he would suffer it no longer.*" Accordingly he ordered a nice roast pig for dinner, and desired Ben to invite a young friend to dine with them. Ben did so: but neither himself nor his young friend were anything the better for the pig. For before they could arrive, the pig being done, and his appetite beyond all restraint, Keimer had fallen on it and devoured the whole. And there he sat panting and torpid as an ANACONDA who had just swallowed a young buffalo. But still his looks gave sign that the "*Ministers of Grace*" had not entirely deserted him, for at sight of Ben and his young friend, he blushed up to the eyelids, and in a glow of scarlet, which showed that he paid dear for his *whistle* (gluttony), he apologized for disappointing them of their dinner. "Indeed, the smell of the pig," he said, "was so sweet, and the nicely browned skin so inviting, especially to him who had been *long starved,* that for the soul of him he could not resist the temptation *to taste it*—and then, O! if Lucifer himself had been at the door, he must have gone on, let what would have been the consequences." He said, too, "that for his part he was glad it was a *pig* and not a *hog,* for that he verily believed he should have bursted himself." Then leaning back in his chair and pressing his swollen abdomen with his paws, he exclaimed, with an awkward laugh, "*Well,* I don't believe I was ever cut out for a bishop!" Here ended the farce: for Keimer never after this uttered another word about his NEW RELIGION.

Ben used, laughing, to say that he drew Keimer into this scrape that he might enjoy the satisfaction of *starving him out of his gluttony.* And he did it also that he might save the more *for books and candles:* their vegetable regimen costing him, in all, rather less than three cents a day! To those who can spend twenty times this sum on tobacco and whiskey alone, *three* cents per day must appear a scurvy allowance, and of course poor Ben must be sadly pitied. But such philosophers should remember that all depends on our loves, whose property it is to make bitter things sweet, and heavy things light.

For example: to lie out in the darksome swamp with no other canopy but the sky, and no bed but the cold ground, and his only music the midnight owl or screaming alligator, seems terrible to servile minds; but it was joy to Marion, whose "*whole soul,*" as General Lee well observes, "*was devoted to liberty and country.*"

So, to shut himself up in a dirty printing-office, with no dinner but a bit of bread, no supper but an apple, must appear to every epicure as it did to Keimer, "*a mere d—l of a life;*" but it was joy to Ben, whose whole soul was on his *books,* as the sacred lamps that were to guide him to usefulness and glory.

Happy he who early strikes into the path of *wisdom,* and bravely walks therein till habit sprinkles it with roses. He shall be led as a lamb among the green pastures along the water courses of pleasure, nor shall he ever experience the pang of those

> Who see the right, and approve it too;
> Condemn the wrong—and yet the wrong pursue.

JEDIDIAH MORSE.

THE author of the first geography of the United States, Jedidiah Morse, was a descendant of an old New England family, and was born at Woodstock, Conn., in 1761. He became a graduate of Yale in 1783, and was installed minister of the church at Charlestown, Mass., April 30, 1789, where he remained until 1821. The remainder of his life was passed at New Haven, where he died, June 9, 1826. He published a number of sermons, delivered on thanksgivings, fasts, and other special occasions; a work on the election of a Hollis professor of divinity, in 1805; a brief abridgment of the *History of New England;* a *General Gazetteer;* and his *Geography,* the first edition of which appeared in 1789. "Four years," he states, "were employed in this work, during which period he visited the several states of the Union, maintained an extensive correspondence with men of science, and submitted his manuscripts to the inspection of gentlemen in the states which they particularly described for their correction." The portion devoted to the United States occupies 480 out of the 530 closely printed octavo pages, and contains a full description not only of the natural features of the country, but of its history, and is especially valuable for its minute account of the chief towns and cities, and its gossiping observation upon the manners and customs of the people of the different states. He also published in 1822 a *Report of a Tour among the Indians in the Summer of* 1820, made in pursuance of a commission from government.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

ALBERT GALLATIN was born at Geneva, Switzerland, January 29, 1761. His parents died in his infancy; but by the care of a distant lady relative of his mother, he received an excellent education. After graduating in 1799 from the university of his native city, he emigrated to America, and landed at Boston, July 14, 1780. Meeting here with some friends of his family who designed settling in Maine, he accompanied them to their destination, near the fort at Machias. On arriving there, he found the commander, Captain John Allen, engaged in raising a company of volunteers to march to the defence of Passamaquoddy. He not only joined and accompanied the expedition, but loaned the commanding officer six hundred dollars, nearly all the money he had, taking an order on the government in payment. On his return to Boston, he found the treasury destitute of funds, and, unable to wait for the chances of its replenishment, was forced to sell his claim for one third of its value. In 1782 he was appointed teacher of French in Harvard College, and in the following year removed to Virginia. Here he was brought into prominent notice by the ability with which he argued the claims of some foreign capitalists who had made large advances to the state of Virginia. We next find him purchasing, with the patrimony which he had drawn from Europe, an extensive tract in the west of the state. It was probably while engaged in examining these lands, that the interview occurred with General Washington, which is related in Mr. John R. Bartlett's address before the N. Y. Historical Society* on the decease of Mr. Gallatin.

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* Lit. World, v. 510.

"Mr. Gallatin said he first met General Washington at the office of a Land Agent, near the Kenawha river, in North Western Virginia, where he (Mr. G.) had been engaged in surveying. The office consisted of a log house, 14 feet square, in which was but one room. In one corner of this was a bed for the use of the agent. General Washington, who owned large tracts of land in this region, was then visiting them in company with his nephew, and at the same time examining the country with a view of opening a road across the Alleghanies. Many of the settlers and hunters familiar with the country, had been invited to meet the General at this place, for the purpose of giving him such information as would enable him to select the most eligible pass for the contemplated road. Mr. Gallatin felt a desire to meet this great man, and determined to await his arrival.

"On his arrival, General Washington took his seat at a pine table in the log cabin, or rather land agent's office, surrounded by the men who had come to meet him. They all stood up, as there was no room for seats. Some of the more fortunate, however, secured quarters on the bed. They then underwent an examination by the General, who wrote down all the particulars stated by them. He was very inquisitive, questioning one after the other, and noting down all they said. Mr. Gallatin stood among the others in the crowd, though quite near the table, and listened attentively to the numerous queries put by the General, and very soon discovered from the various relations which was the only practicable pass through which the road could be made. He felt uneasy at the indecision of the General, when the point was so evident to him, and without reflecting on the impropriety of it, suddenly interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, it is plain enough, such a place (a spot just mentioned by one of the settlers) is the most practicable.' The good people stared at the young surveyor (for they only knew him as such) with surprise, wondering at his boldness in thrusting his opinion unasked upon the General.

"The interruption put a sudden stop to General Washington's inquiries. He laid down his pen, raised his eyes from his paper, and cast a stern look at Mr. Gallatin, evidently offended at the intrusion of his opinion, but said not a word. Resuming his former attitude, he continued his interrogations for a few minutes longer, when, suddenly stopping, he threw down his pen, turned to Mr. Gallatin, and said, 'You are right, sir.'

"'It was so on all occasions with General Washington,' remarked Mr. Gallatin to me. 'He was slow in forming an opinion, and never decided until he knew he was right."

"To continue the narrative: the General stayed here all night, occupying the bed alluded to, while his nephew, the land agent, and Mr. Gallatin rolled themselves in blankets and buffalo skins, and lay upon the bare floor. After the examination mentioned, and when the party went out, General Washington inquired who the young man was who had interrupted him, made his acquaintance, and learned all the particulars of his history. They occasionally met afterwards, and the General urged Mr. Gallatin to become his land agent; but as Mr. Gallatin was then, or intended soon to become, the owner of a large tract of land, he was compelled to decline the favorable offer made him by General Washington."

Gallatin was prevented from settling on his lands in consequence of the hostilities of the Indians, and in 1786 purchased a farm on the Monongahela, in Pennsylvania, on the borders of Virginia.

In 1789 he was elected a member of the convention assembled to amend the constitution of the state, and in the following year a member of the House of Representatives of the same commonwealth. He soon became the leading member of that body, by whom he was chosen in 1793 United States Senator.

He took his seat, but retained it only two months, it being then decided, after elaborate argument, by a strict party vote of fourteen to twelve, that he was ineligible to the office. The point in dispute related to the period from which his citizenship was to be dated.

In 1794 Mr. Gallatin married a daughter of Commodore Nicholson, and returning to his residence in Pennsylvania, was soon again engaged in public affairs in consequence of the insurrection against the excise duty then levied by Congress. He attended a public meeting of citizens of the western counties, called to take in consideration the unsettled state of the country arising from this difficulty, and by his influence succeeded in preventing the passage of resolutions of a violent and treasonable nature, and procuring the appointment of delegates to treat with those appointed for the purpose by the federal and state governments.

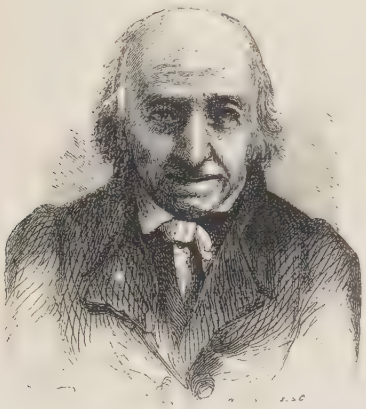
On the fourteenth of October, in the same year, he was elected member of Congress for the district adjacent to that in which he resided. He was put up, without his knowledge, as an independent candidate, in opposition to the nominees of the two regular parties, on the express ground of his recent service in the cause of order.

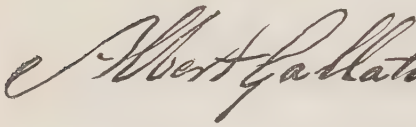
Gallatin entered Congress Dec., 1795, and was thrice re-elected by the same district, but was prevented from serving his fourth term by his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury by Mr. Jefferson. He at once became the leader of the republican party. His services to the country in its financial relations have been universally acknowledged. He opposed the increase of the national debt, and prepared the way for its gradual extinction. He was a warm advocate of internal improvements, and particularly of the National Road and of the Coast Survey. He also systematized the mode of disposal of the public lands. In 1813 he retired from the Cabinet to take part with Adams and Clay in the negotiations for peace with Great Britain.

From 1816 to 1823 he resided in Paris, as the minister of the United States. In 1826 he was appointed to similar office at the court of Great Britain. His intercourse with both governments was signalized by treaties and other measures of great benefit to the United States.

In 1827 he returned to his adopted country, and resided for the remainder of his life in the city of New York. Here he soon after his return prepared the argument in behalf of the United States, to be laid before the King of the Netherlands as umpire on the Maine boundary question. An elaborate essay on the same subject appeared from his pen in 1840. In 1831 Gallatin published *Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States*, in which he reviewed the laws of paper money and the Banking system of the United States, with its metallic

basis and the suppression of small notes, as well as the Constitutional powers of Congress, advocating the advantages of a regulated Bank of the United States. In 1838 he rendered an important service to the community by using his influence in a convention of bank presidents, in favor of a resumption of specie payments by those institutions after the financial crisis of 1836. The remainder of his life was principally occupied by researches connected with the natural features, productions, and aboriginal literature of the country. His memory was remarkable, and the stores of knowledge which his long life of close application and observation had accumulated, were freely bestowed on all to whom they could be of service.





He was elected President of the New York Historical Society in 1843, and notwithstanding his great age, continued indefatigable in its duties until his death. The year previously he was mainly instrumental in founding and became the first President of the Ethnological Society, which has published in its collections his work on the Semi-Civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America. This work, which reviews the languages, numeration, calendar and astronomy, history, and chronology of these countries, contains also the author's modestly termed Conjectures on the Origin of Semi-Civilization in America, in which he refers the physical type to Asia, and finds in the philological variations proof of a distant antiquity. The use of the calendar and of agriculture is philosophically ascribed to an indigenous cultivation. The notes on Mexico may be regarded as a sequel to the author's *Synopsis of the Indian Tribes within the United States, East of the Rocky Mountains, and in the British and Russian Possessions in North America*, published in the second volume of Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, in which a resumé is given of extensive researches in family classification and language, of which he notes "the similarity of structure and grammatical forms. The result appears to confirm the opinions already entertained on the subject by Mr. DuPonceau, Mr. Pickering, and others; and to prove that all the languages, not only of our own Indians, but of the native inhabitants of America from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, have, as far as they have been investigated, a distinct character common to all, and apparently differing from any of those of the other continent with which we are most familiar." His first essay on this subject was undertaken in 1823 at the request of Alexander Von Humboldt, and by him communicated to the geographer Balbi, who noticed it with praise in the introduction to his "Atlas Ethnographique." Gallatin pursued the topic, obtaining vocabularies in 1825 and '6 from Southern Indians visiting Washington, making inquiries in various quarters and assisted by DuPonceau. In his latter years the zest and enthusiasm, the pains-taking accuracy of detail combined with the clear philosophical deduction with which he occupied himself in these historic and antiquarian themes, will long live in the minds of those who witnessed this picture of a learned and amiable old age worthy to be estimated by the eulogium of Cicero. The infusion of a foreign accent which his speech retained, did not lessen the charm of this earnestness and simplicity as they were witnessed and always highly honored in the monthly meetings, during his Presidency, of the Historical Society.

Geography and its kindred ethnological topics seem to have always excited Gallatin's interest. On his arrival in Boston, a youth of nineteen, Mr. Bartlett relates in his personal reminiscences, one of his first acts was to ascend the roof of his domicile. Here he descried the hills of Milton, and the next day proceeded on foot with a travelling friend to their summits. The horizon was bounded by still higher eminences to the west, and to these, in the vicinity of Worcester, he journeyed still on foot, in quest of an extended view.

In 1846, when the agitation of the north-western boundary difficulties with England seemed to threaten hostilities, Gallatin published a pamphlet on *The Oregon Question*, in which he reviewed the matter with impartiality, and urged the propriety of a moderate course which would avoid "the scandalous spectacle, perhaps not unwelcome to some of the beholders, of an unnatural and an unnecessary war." The argument was further sustained by a practical appendix of War Expenses, in which the veteran financier and political economist drew from his old stores of government experience with effect. He had occasion to return to this topic two years later, when he summed up in a pamphlet the *War Expenses* of the contest with Mexico, and further enforced his pacific benevolent view in a tract in which he surveyed the main conditions of the question, which he entitled *Peace with Mexico*. This pamphlet was mostly written out, at Mr. Gallatin's dictation, by his friend J. R. Bartlett. More than one hundred and fifty thousand copies of it were distributed. It had its effect in directing public opinion and leading to an adjustment of the conflict. The funds for printing this work were raised by subscription. A few friends met at his house nightly to devise means for printing and distributing it.

Mr. Gallatin died at Astoria, in the vicinity of New York, August 12, 1849. No extended account of his life has yet appeared. In the preparation of the present sketch, we have been indebted to a biographical article in the Democratic Review for June, 1843, from the pen of William Beach Lawrence.

In person Mr. Gallatin was of medium height, and in his latter years much bent by age. His features were strongly marked, and his eye retained to the last a piercing brilliancy.

RICHARD ALSOP.

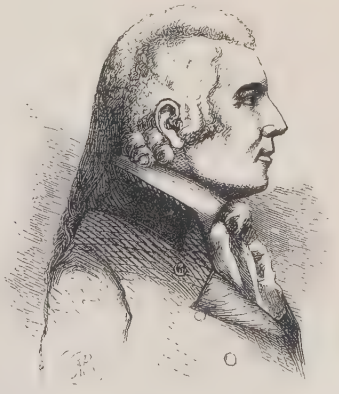
This accomplished scholar and refined poetical writer and wit was born at Middletown, Connecticut, January 23, 1761. His father, a merchant, died when the son was but five years old, leaving him the eldest of eight children. He entered Yale College, but did not graduate there; indeed his education seems to have been of that kind among the continental languages of Europe, which colleges then supplied much less than now, when these interests are still neglected. In after life he was familiarly acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, from all which he made translations. A portion of his Conquest of Scandinavia appears in the collection of "American Poems" published at Litchfield in 1793, among the few new contributions to that volume, five of which were written by him. A translation from the poem of Silius Italicus was among his earliest productions. There are among his unpublished MSS. translations from the Italian of Monti, the French of Florian, and the old Greek poem on the Trojan War of Quintus Calaber.

At Hartford, in August, 1791, among the wits of that town, Alsop, in conjunction with his friend Theodore Dwight, brother of Timothy, wrote the first number of the series of papers, "*The Echo.*" It was published in the *American Mercury*. With the exception of a few lines written by Drs. Mason F. Cogswell and Elihu H. Smith, and a part of one or two numbers by Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, the entire work was the production of Messrs. Alsop and Dwight.*

The Echo has its title from the cast of these productions, which are parodies or exaggerations of newspaper narratives, popular addresses, governors' speeches and proclamations of the time, which offered numerous specimens, with abundant provocation for the witty treatment which they received at the hands of the Hartford wits.

The Echo caught the noise, fury, and rhodomontade of orators and the press, and resounded them in louder measure. If a penny-a-liner grew more maudlin and drunken in his style than usual; if an office-holder played his "fantastic tricks," a politician vapored, or a scientific pretender bored the public with his ignorance, or a French democratic procession moved at the heels of Genet, it was sure to be heard of from the banks of the Connecticut. Metaphors, with politics, then ran high. As the Conservative party of the country, the Federalists had an advantage, at least in the assumption of authority in the matter, for the force and talent employed being equal, the entrenched party will always laugh the loudest. What began in the Echo with the mirthful travesty of a newspaper article, soon rose to the bitter sarcasm of political controversy. The democracy of the day supplied the motive. In some of the eccentricities of John Hancock there was enough ready material for amusement, while the downright western humor of Brackenridge offered more resistance to the treatment. The naiveté of the former invited ridicule, while the intentional drollery of the other already occupied the ground of satire. It is easy to ridicule a fool, unconscious of his simplicity, but a rival satirist is more difficult game. The New England echo, however, with its strongly reverberating powers, receiving voices from all parts of the country, was well worth listening to. It had, too, a guarantee for a certain decorum in the necessities of verse. If it fell into railing, the poetical Echo was at least bound to choice words and harmonious numbers—though indifferent enough at times to such refinements—while occasionally the victims were under obligation to the wits for embalming their nonsense.

In the twentieth and last number of the Echo, published in the volume, there is a travesty of Jefferson's Presidential Inaugural of 1805, which illustrates the jaundiced view of politicians for those days. There is nothing in the address which challenges satire; but as this "Echo" is one of the most polished of these effusions, the reader may be curious to see what was made of the subject, and we have placed a portion of the article among our extracts. The Jeffersonian Gossip on the Indians is an amusing caricature. The gentler pleasantry of the volume, it may be presumed from the disposition shown in his other writings, may be assigned to Alsop; the sharper sarcasm to the severer pen of Theodore Dwight. The book was helped along by a number of comic designs by Tisdale, an artist who was



R. Alsop

* An exact account of this production is given in the Rev. Charles W. Everest's Poets of Connecticut, p. 94; an always interesting work, of sound judgment and careful preparation. Trumbull, it appears, did not write any part of the Echo, as often stated.

also a clever illustrator of Trumbull's M'Fingal.*

To the Echo is appended, in the same volume, *A Poetico-Political Olio, consisting of Extracts from Democracy, an Epic Poem; Green House, and other New Year's Verses*, which were political satires of the same school.

In 1800 Alsop published *A Poem to the Memory of Washington*,† of which a few couplets will show the temper:—

Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,
Not less the example bright thy death portrays;
* * * * * * *
In that dread moment awfully serene,
No trace of suffering mark'd thy placid mien;
No groan, no murmuring plaint escaped thy tongue;
No longing shadows o'er thy brow were hung:
But calm in Christian hope, undamp'd with fear,
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near.
On that bright meed, in surest trust reposed,
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed;
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resign'd thy breath,
And smil'd, as nature's struggles closed in death.

In 1806, the *Enchanted Lake of the Fairy Morgana* appeared from his pen, in New York; a translation somewhat in the style of Mr. Way in his versions of the Fabliaux, from the second book of the Orlando Inamorato of Francesco Berni. The prose narrative in the notes, which brings up the story, is written with ease and elegance. The portion of the poem chosen for translation is well adapted for separate narration; and the evident care and pleasure with which the chivalric adventures and imaginative marvels are brought out, give piquancy to the statement, that the author left an unpublished poem, *The Charms of Fancy*, to the composition of which his studies and genius naturally incited him. This production, which is preserved among the MSS. of the family, was written by Mr. Alsop at an early age. It is in five books, in good heroic measure, supported by ample notes and illustrations from the writer's favorite stores of reading among travellers and natural historians.

Its plan is a survey of the materials for the exercise of fancy in the remote objects of history or geography, the wonders and luxuries of Egypt, China, and the East, and the newly navigated regions of Polynesia. We may detect the influence of Darwin, who was then the fashionable poet, in his lines. In the opening of one of the cantos he pays the usual compliments of the day to his brother bards in America. The list was then a short one.

E'en here, where late unknown to Culture's hand,
Thy glooms, Columbia! spread the savage land,
O'er whose wild walks, whose unfrequented shade,
The Indian sole, rude Son of Nature, stray'd;
Now cultur'd plains extend, and cities smile,
And polished manners grace the favour'd soil:
Begrim'd with blood where erst the savage fell,
Shrieked the wild war-whoop with infernal yell,
The Muses sing; lo! Trumbull wakes the lyre,
With all the fervor of poetic fire.
Superior poet! in whose classic strain,
In bright accordance wit and fancy reign;
Whose powers of genius, in their ample range,
Comprise each subject and each tuneful change,
Each charm of melody to Phœbus dear,
The grave, the gay, the tender, and severe.
Majestic Dwight, sublime in epic strain,
Paints the fierce horrors of the crimson'd plain;
And in Virgilian Barlow's tuneful lines,
With added splendor great Columbus shines.

George Washington is, of course, not forgotten—

And now, so long divergent from her way,
'Mid fairy realms and primal worlds to stray,
Allured, the Muse resumes her pristine theme,
And hangs delighted o'er Ohio's stream.
'Mid these fair scenes, array'd in summer's bloom,
Where wilds of fragrance breathe a glad perfume
And bright with every flower of richest hues,
One vast parterre each beauteous prairie shows;
Too oft in fatal strife the bloody plain
Has blushed, Columbia! with thy heroes slain,
While o'er their mangled forms the savage smil'd,
And songs of triumph shook the echoing wild.
Here, patriot chief! commenc'd thy first essay,
The morning promise of thy glorious day!
What time the foe their fatal ambush spread,
And Britain yielded while her general bled:
Here first that martial genius shone display'd,
Destin'd in future time thy country's aid,
When stern injustice bade her gloomy band
In blood and ruin whelm the hapless land,
Oppression in his car exulting sate,
And Freedom trembled for Columbia's fate.
In thee thy country owns, with grateful pride,
Her shield in war, in peace her surest guide.
Long, generous patriot! may that country share
Thy prudent counsels and thy guardian care;
Long happy in thy rule, in peace maintain
Those various blessings which she bled to gain.
While borne to distant lands, thy deeds sublime
Shall brighten as they mark the page of time,
And ages yet unborn, with glad acclaim,
Pronounce a Washington's illustrious name.

At the close of the poem he indulges in that retrospect of fallen greatness celebrated by so many poets, and which Kirke White and Macaulay have anticipated as the fate of London; but when Bostonia and Philadelphia, a half century ago, were the theme, the poet's imagination had a double task to perform in creating the grandeur to be destroyed:—

Thus, o'er these climes as bends my airy way,
Where Power, grim despot, spreads his iron sway,
Where Desolation rears his baleful crest,
'Mid scenes in vain by lavish nature blest;
'Mid luxury's riot waste, where Famine reigns
And mouldering cities gloom the lonely plains;
While o'er their glories past pale Memory sighs,
What dreary prospects in idea rise!
Is this of realms the fate, the mournful end
To which must all inevitably tend!
Must each in turn lament the same sad doom,
By heaven prescribed for nations yet to come,

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* Tisdale was a designer, engraver, and miniature painter. He was a native of New England. Dunlap knew him as a miniature painter in New York, in 1805. He removed to Hartford and engaged in business with "The Graphic Company," engraving notes for the banks. He wrote a political satire, which he illustrated, entitled "The Gerrymander."—Dunlap's Arts of Design, ii. 45.

† A Poem: sacred to the Memory of George Washington, late President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States. Adapted to the 22d Feb., 1800. By Richard Alsop.

——— "Borne to distant lands thy deeds sublime
Shall brighten, as they mark the page of time;
And ages yet unborn, with glad acclaim,
Pronounce a Washington's illustrious name."
CHARMS OF FANCY.

Hartford: Printed by Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.

And as their fame has shone, their empire spread,
Misfortune o'er them roll her deepening shade!
Ere long, perhaps, by barbarous rule opprest,
Shall Europe's realms this fatal truth attest;
Ere long, shall haply o'er her beauteous land
Stern Desolation wave his sterile wand;
Her fairest plains to desert wastes be turn'd,
Her arts neglected, her refinements spurn'd,
While moss-grown walls and heaps of ruins rude
Shall mark the place where once her cities stood:
Where gay Lutetia's splendid scenes are spread,
Shall the rank thistle wave its lonely head;
And London's domes, in wild destruction hurl'd,
Convey a future moral to the world.
Yon cities, too, in infant pride that rise,
And shine, Columbia! 'mid thy favor'd skies,
Some future day may see in dust o'erthrown,
With bramble shadow'd, and with brake o'ergrown;
Some future day, the traveller haply come
To view their ruins from his distant home,
From western shores with brilliant cities grac'd,
The seats of science, elegance, and taste,
Where now Alaska lifts her forests rude,
Or Nootka rolls its solitary flood;
While o'er the spot, contemplative, he strays
Where Philadelphia caught the admiring gaze;
'Mid ambient waves York's proud emporium shone,
Or fair Bostonia grac'd her eastern throne:
No peopled domes, no spires ascending high,
No scenes of culture please his pensive eye,
No human voice he hears—the desert plain
Knows but the whipperwill's funereal strain,
The hern's hoarse clang, or sea-gull's lonely cry,
Join'd with the moan of winds that sadly sigh
O'er many a shatter'd pile and broken stone
Of sculptur'd form in mournful unison:
Save, haply startled at the human tread,
From some gray tomb by withering fern o'erspread,
Slow rears the rattle-snake his glistening crest,
And fills with deathful sounds the dreary waste.

In 1808, Alsop published a translation of the *Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili*, by the Abbé Molina, a native Chilian, driven from his country on the expulsion of the Jesuits, who took refuge with a portion of his manuscripts in Italy, where his work appeared in 1787 and 1791. He is methodical and full of interesting detail, likely to fall in with the studies of Alsop, who executed his task with literary neatness, and was at the pains to add an abstract of Ercilla's epic, the Araucana, based on the Spanish wars and the fortunes of the natives,—made up from the notes and specimens published by Hayley and the Rev. H. Boyd.*

Alsop was not a resident of New York, though he spent much of his time there visiting his friend Riley, the bookseller. He died suddenly of an affection of the heart, August 20, 1815, at his home at Flatbush, Long Island, where a monument in the village churchyard has been erected to his memory.

Alsop was fond of field sports and of natural history. His Long Island residence gave him opportunity for the former, while his love of the science was shown in his cordial support of the ornithologist Wilson at Middletown, and his care in preparing a collection of birds, which is still preserved in the family, the neatness and durability of which prove him to have been an accomplished taxidermist. In New York he was often to be seen at the book-store of Caritat in the old City Hotel, and formed one, in those days of more marked social distinction than the present, of a society of which Kent, Dunlap, Wm. Johnson, Brockden Brown, Mitchill, and the antagonist of the Federal politics of the Echo, Philip Freneau, were members.*

The youngest brother of Richard, John Alsop, was a writer of verses, which he kept in manuscript. The specimens published in Everest's Poets of Connecticut are creditable to his taste and cultivation. He was born at Middletown, Feb. 5, 1776. He was a pupil of Dr. Dwight, and attended the law-school of Judge Reeve at Litchfield, practised law at New London, and was afterwards a bookseller at Hartford and at New York. He passed the latter part of his life in retirement at Middletown, where he died, Nov. 1, 1841. The following is from his pen:—

ELEGY.

Soft slumbers now, with downy fingers, close
Th' o'erwearied eye of labour and of care;
Now nothing wakes to break night's deep repose,
But I who vainly strive to hush despair.

Slowly I wander through the sacred grounds,
The cold and lowly mansions of the dead;
Beneath my steps the hollow earth resounds,
And moaning spectres near me, beckoning, tread.

Awful, unearthly feelings sway the soul,
As midnight throws her blackest horrors round;
I hear afar the airy death-bell toll,
And faint, low wailings rising from the ground.

Here in this spot obscure she sleeps, I cry,
She, in whom all a woman's virtues shone;
Unhonored here her mouldering relics lie,
Marked by the moss-grown, rudely-sculptured stone.

O thou! who fondly o'er my cradle hung,
My little, tottering footsteps led with care,
My infant woes to sleep so often sung,
And watched o'er all my devious life with prayer!

Though grief, too late, now prompts the bitter tear,
That my wild follies caused thee many a pang,
Yet may thy guardian spirit, from its sphere,
Still o'er my paths with holy influence hang!

What though too oft, when friends in death repose,
Their memories vanish from the inconstant mind,
As o'er the wreck the whelming billows close,
And, ceaseless shifting, leave no trace behind—

Yet e'er for me shall memory's tablets bear,
Impressions deep that time can ne'er erase;
The few slight stains of error disappear,
And all thy virtues brighter there I trace.

O'er her low grave, by all but me forgot,
Of her oblivious fate I thus complained;
Deplored her hapless death, my friendless lot,
And madly Heaven and its decrees arraigned.

With grief o'erpowered my languid frame reclined,
In the drear gloom, a parent's ashes near;

* The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili, by Abbé Don J. Ignatius Molina. Illustrated by a half-sheet map of the country, with notes from the Spanish and French versions, and an appendix, containing copious extracts from the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla. Translated from the original Italian, by an American Gentleman. 2 vols. 8vo. Middletown (Conn.): printed for J. Riley, 1808.

* We are indebted for these personal reminiscences of Alsop to Dr. Francis, who knew well the whole circle in which Alsop moved.

A spirit moves upon the rustling wind,
And these low-breathed, these soothing sounds I hear.

Enough for me, that, numbered with the dead,
At close of summer's day, when dews descend,
The simple stone that tells where I am laid,
May wake remembrance in some passing friend.

And though no more than this inglorious stone,
Of all life's anxious vanities remain,
Peace! dull oblivion hides not me alone,
But over bards and kings extends his reign.

Why sorrowest thou? For me why this despair?
Could grief recall the tenant of the tomb,
Wouldst thou my mortal burden I should bear,
And quit for earth the blest ethereal dome?

She ceased—and now, each fevered passion hushed,
No more my falling tears bedew her sod;
But with new hopes, with sacred feelings flushed,
The soul holds pure communion with its God.

Now from the world remote, its woes, its ill,
A holy tranquil sorrow sways the breast,
Bids this poor heart's wild throbbing pulse be still,
And gives the calm of heaven's eternal rest.

A NEWSPAPER THUNDER STORM.*

Boston, July 14th, 1791.

On Tuesday last, about 4 o'clock P.M., came on a smart shower of rain attended with lightning and thunder, no ways remarkable. The clouds soon dissipated, and the appearance of the azure vault left trivial hopes of further needful supplies from the *uncorked bottles of heaven*. In a few moments the horizon was again overshadowed, and an almost impenetrable gloom mantled the face of the skies. The wind frequently shifting from one point to another, wafted the clouds in various directions, until at last they united in one common centre, and shrouded the visible globe in thick darkness. The attendant lightning, with the accompanying thunder, brought forth from the treasures that embattled elements to awful conflict, were extremely vivid, and amazing loud. Those buildings that were defended by electric rods, appeared to be wrapped in sheets of livid flame, and a flood of the pure fire rolled its burning torrents down them with alarming violence. The majestic roar of disploding thunders, now bursting with a sudden crash, and now wasting the rumbling ECHO of their sounds in other lands, added indescribable grandeur to the sublime scene. The windows of the upper regions appeared as thrown wide open, and the trembling cataract poured impetuous down. More salutary showers, and more needed, have not been experienced this summer. Several previous weeks had exhibited a melancholy sight: the verdure of fields was nearly destroyed; and the patient husbandman almost experienced despair. Two beautiful rainbows, the one existing in its native glories, and the other a splendid reflection of primitive colours, closed the magnificent picture, and presented to the contemplative mind, the angel of mercy, cloathed with the brilliance of this irradiated arch, and dispensing felicity to assembled worlds.

It is not unnatural to expect that the thunder storm would be attended with some damage. We hear a barn belonging to Mr. Wythe of Cambridge, caught fire from the lightning, which entirely consumed the same, together with several tons of hay, &c.

HARTFORD, AUGUST 8, 1791.

"*Those mighty tales which great events rehearse,*
To fame we consecrate in deathless verse!"

On Tuesday last great Sol, with piercing eye,
Pursued his journey thro' the vaulted sky,
And in his car effulgent roll'd his way
Four hours beyond the burning zone of day;
When lo! a cloud, o'ershadowing all the plain,
From countless pores perspir'd a *liquid* rain,
While from its cracks the lightnings made a peep,
And chit-chat thunders rock'd our fears asleep.
But soon the vapoury fog dispers'd in air,
And left the azure blue-eyed concave bare:
Even the last drop of hope, which dripping skies
Gave for a moment to our straining eyes,
Like *Boston Rum*, from heaven's *junk bottles* broke,
Lost all the corks, and vanish'd into smoke.

But swift from worlds unknown, a fresh supply
Of vapour dimm'd the great horizon's eye;
The crazy clouds, by shifting zephyrs driven,
Wafted their courses through the high-arched heaven,
Till pil'd aloft in one stupendous heap,
The seen and unseen worlds grew dark, and nature 'gan to weep.
Attendant lightnings stream'd their tails afar,
And social thunders wak'd ethereal war,
From dark deep pockets brought their treasur'd store,
Embattled elements increas'd the roar,—
Red crinkling fires expended all their force,
And tumbling rumblings steer'd their headlong course.
Those guarded frames by thunder poles* secur'd,
Tho' wrapp'd in sheets of flame, those sheets endur'd,
O'er their b.oad roofs the fiery torrents roll'd,
And every shingle seem'd of burning gold.
Majestic thunders, with disploding roar,
And sudden crashing, bounc'd along the shore,
Till, lost in other lands, the whispering sound
Fled from our ears and fainted on the ground.
Rain's house† on high its window sashes op'd,
And out the cataract impetuous hopp'd,
While the grand scene by far more grand appear'd
With lightnings never seen and thunders never heard.
More salutary showers have not been known,
To wash dame Nature's dirty homespun gown—
For several weeks the good old Joan's been seen,
With filth bespatter'd like a lazy quean.
The husbandman fast travelling to despair,
Laid down his hoe and took his rocking chair,
While his fat wife the well and cistern dried,
Her mop grown useless hung it up and cry'd.
Two rain-bows fair that Iris brought along,
Pick'd from the choicest of her color'd throng;
The first-born deck'd in pristine hues of light,
In all its native glories glowing bright,
The next adorn'd with less refulgent rays,
But borrowing lustre from its brother's blaze;
Shone a bright reflex of those colours gay
That deck'd with light creation's primal day,
When infant Nature lisp'd her earliest notes,
And *younker Adam* crept in petticoats:
And to the people to reflection given,
"The sons of Boston, the elect of heaven."
Presented Mercy's Angel smiling fair,
Irradiate splendors frizzled in his hair,
Uncorking demi-johns,‡ and pouring down,
Heaven's liquid blessings on the gaping town.
N.B. At Cambridge town, the self-same day,
A barn was burnt well-fill'd with hay.
Some say the light'ning turned it red,
Some say the thunder struck it dead,
Some say it made the cattle stare,
And some it kill'd an aged mare;
But we expect the truth to learn,
From Mr. Wythe, who own'd the barn.§

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* The Echo. No. I.

* Vulgarly lightning rods.

† The old gentleman from whose cellar the junk bottles and demi-johns were taken.

‡ Otherwise called demi-jars; but the above is preferred as the most elegant, being a species of the prosopopeia.

§ These pretentious narratives of the newspapers were satirized in 1801 by Warren Dutton, a Yale College Poet, in his *Present State of Literature*. This description of a launch, suggested by a New York paper, has a prettily managed simile:—

In conscious pride, the daughter of the wood,
Half pleas'd, tho' fearful, near old ocean stood;
The ocean's heir her beauteous features ey'd,
And much he wished to take her for his bride.
With coy reserve, and amorous delay,
She stops and looks, then glides along her way;
At length resolv'd, she nods, with peerless grace,
And rushes, blooming, to his fond embrace.

Dennie's Portfolio, Jan. 17, 1801.

GOVERNOR HANCOCK'S MESSAGE ON STAGE PLAYS.*

From the Columbian Centinel of Nov. 10, 1792.

Concord, November 8.

"*Gentlemen of the Senate, and*
"*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,*

"I should for my own, as well as for your convenience, have been glad to have met you at the ancient seat of our Government; but as it has pleased the MOST HIGH, to visit that, as well as many other of our towns, with a troublesome and contagious disease, I have, with the advice of the Council, thought it most for your safety and comfort to convene you at this place.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am urged, by sense of duty, to communicate to you my mind upon a transaction, which I cannot but consider an an open insult upon the Laws and Government of the commonwealth.

"In the year one thousand seven huudred and fifty, the legislature of this then province of Massachusetts Bay, passed an act, entitled, 'An Act to prevent Stage Plays, and other Theatrical Entertainments.'

"The preamble of the Act is in these words, 'For preventing and avoiding many great mischiefs, which arise from public Stage Plays, Interludes, and other Theatrical Entertainments; which not only occasion great and unnecessary expenses, and discourage industry and frugality; but likewise tend generally to increase immorality, impiety, and a contempt of religion.'

"The act is now a law of the commonwealth; the principles upon which it is predicated, have been recognised by, and derived support from the consideration of several legislatures; and surely it ought to claim the respect and obedience of all persons who live or happen to be within the Commonwealth. Yet a number of aliens and foreigners have lately entered the State, and in the metropolis of the government, under advertisements insulting to the habits and education of the citizens. have been pleased to invite them to, and to exhibit before such as attended, *Stage Plays*, *Interludes*, and *Theatrical Entertainments*, under the style and appellation of 'Moral Lectures. This fact is so notorious, that it is in vain to attempt a concealment of its coming to our knowledge.

"Whether the Judicial Departments, whose business it is, have attended to this subject or not, I am unable to determine; but this I am convinced of, that no measures have been taken to punish a most open breach of the laws, and a most contemptuous insult upon the powers of the government.

"You, Gentlemen, are the guardians of the Commonwealth's dignity and honour; and our fellow-citizens rely upon your vigilance and wisdom, for the support of the sovereignty and importance of the Government. I therefore refer this matter to your determinations; and cannot but hope that your resolutions and measures will give efficacy to the laws, and be the means of bringing to condign punishment those who dare to treat them with contempt or open opposition."

Gentles, of either kind, both small and great,
Props of *our* laws, and pillars of *our* state;
Tho' words would fail, and language' self prove weak,
My joy, in seeing you once more, to speak;
While in this fleshly bottle closely pent,
So strong expression struggles for a vent,
Ere I can draw the cork, I fear, alas!
'Twill burst the frail contexture of my glass.
Yet, had this joy been even *more* complete
Could I have met you at our ancient Seat,
Near Faneuil Hall, to me for ever dear,
Where first I enter'd on *my* great career;
Whose walls, so soft, *my* presence bade rejoice,
Which oft in transport echoed to *my* voice,
When rose 'gainst Britain, its tremendous roar,
And shook her distant isle, from shore to shore;
So when stern JOVE, to vengeful anger driven,
Rolls the black tempest o'er the expanse of heaven,
Loud peals of thunder on the storm arise,
And the red lightning quivers o'er the skies;
From central depths disturb'd the Ocean raves,
And high to heaven upheaves his briny waves;
From its deep base the cloud-veil'd mountain shakes;
The firm rock trembles, and the valley quakes;
All nature, shuddering, owns the dreadful nod,
And shrinks before the terrors of the God.
There FREEDOM, then a chick, unfledg'd and bare,
I kindly brooded with a mother's care;
Taught her to creep, to hop, to run, to fly,
And gave her wings to lift herself on high,
'Till perfect grown, she came, at length, to soar
To heights unthought of, but by *me*, before.
In that loved spot, O could you but have met!
"But fate denies, and man must yield to fate;"
Since the SMALL-POX, *Death's* Vicar here on earth,
Who, stern, respects nor dignities, nor worth,
O'er that sad place, now sunk in dire dismay,
Waves his pale banners, and extends his sway,
Wide pours contagious poison from his breath,
Deforms the face, and shuts the eyes in death,
And still uncheck'd, his grisly triumph leads,
Nor votes regards, nor resolutions heeds;
Those *votes*, by which, that man of patriot soul
Who o'er Town-Meetings held unmatch'd controul,
Far-fam'd SAM ADAMS thought to fright away,
This curst disease, for ever, and for aye:
Therefore it is, by heaven's peculiar grace,
That I've thought fit to call you to this place.
But Gentlemen! a thing unmention'd yet,
Enough to throw you in a dog-day sweat;
A thing, perchance, which you, as well as *I*,
Have seen, some time, with many an aching eye;
Since, above measure bold, it scorns disguise;
And proudly stares us in the face and eyes;
A thing, most vile, most dreadful in its kind,
Hangs, like a mill-stone, heavy on my mind;
By conscience urged, in duty's cause made bold,
To you this wicked thing I shall unfold,
Since plain enough to *me* is its intent,
An open insult on *my* government.
Long since, while Britain with maternal hand,
Cheer'd the lov'd offspring of Columbia's land;
Ere proud oppression bade that offspring brave
Assert their rights, and scorn the name of slave,
Ere o'er the world had flown my mob-rais'd fame,
And George and Britain trembled at *my* name;
This State, then Province, pass'd with wise intent,
An ACT, *Stage-Plays*, and such things to prevent:
You'll find it, sirs, among the Laws sky blue,
Made near that time on brooms when Witches flew,
That blessed *time* when Law kept wide awake,
Proscribed the *faithless*, and made *Quakers quake;*
And thus, in terms sublime *I* state the fact,
Runs the *Preamble* of this precious *Act.*
Both for preventing, and avoiding, all
Those various evils which would sure befall
Our sober people, and their sober ways,
From *Interludes*, and vile *Theatric Plays;*
To wit, all fiddling, fighting, gaming, raking,
Swearing profane, high broils, and sabbath breaking;
This ACT, so full of wisdom and so good,
Has now become a Law well understood;
Since it has often been confirm'd, you see,
By many a Legislature great as we.
Yet, notwithstanding this, some chaps uncivil,
Grand emissaries of our foe the Devil,
Aliens, and *Foreigners*, and *Actors* funny,
Who less esteem our morals than our money;
Even in *our* holy Capital of late,
Have dared insult the majesty of state,
And to exhibit publicly, propose,
Stage-Plays, and *Interludes*, and *Heathen Shows;*
Which, in the garb of *Moral Lectures* drest,
Of our good, sober manners make a jest.
Yet so obnoxious to the people's notions,
So strange, so foreign to their constitutions,
That well *I* am convinced they never go,
From motives of amusement, to the Show;
But, like good, honest folks, with mere intent,
To keep these Actors under some restraint.
Judge, Gentlemen! *my* feelings, when at first,
This information on my ear-drum burst:
Not more was Israel's hapless King appall'd,
When Endor's witch the ghost of Samuel call'd,

* The Echo. No. IX.

And, slowly rising from the shades of night,
The frowning spectre met his startled sight.
Not more *bold* ELDERKIN with terror shook,
Not more dismay was pictured in his look,
When Windham's Sons, at midnight's awful hour
Heard from afar, the hoarse discordant roar,
Of Bull-Frog sorrow groaning on the wind,
Denouncing death and ruin to mankind;
While one supposed the *tawny Myriads* near,
And heard their War-whoops thunder in his ear;
Another thought *Old Nick* was sure a coming,
Since none but Belial's bands could make such drumming;
Yet each, prepar'd, his proper weapon took,
While one his bible hugg'd, and one his musket shook.*
Wild consternation on my visage hung,
Congeal'd my blood, and every nerve unstrung;
O'er my whole frame a palsying horror flew,
And *sense*, retiring, bade a long adieu.
So CAIN, the fratricide, when deep disgrace
Fix'd its black brand upon his guilty face,
Fled from the crime of brother ABEL'S blood,
And took lone lodgings in the *Land of Nod.*
Whether the magistrates all this have known
I do not know; but this I know, that none
Have taken care, whatever their intent,
These fellows' *pranks*, and *postures*, to prevent;
Ne'er have laid hold of them with law's strong hand,
And fairly brought the scoundrels to a stand,
Nor to the whipping-post the rogues have tied,
Where oft cash-pay is chang'd to pay in hide.
With joy extreme, O gentlemen! in you
The firm upholders of the laws I view,
On you devolves the *task* (I grant it great),
To keep unstain'd the chasteness of our *State:*
Since that *good lady* is beset so sore
By rakes and libertines full many a score,
That much I fear me, do whate'er you can,
She'll be debauch'd by that unrighteous clan.
But this at least I hope, that, if unable
To keep with all your might, her virtue stable,
You will not fail to show this wicked sect,
You know to punish, though you can't protect;
And whate'er punishment you shall devise,
As to your noble judgments seemeth wise;
Whether you burn, drown, knock them on the head,
Or hang them by the neck, 'till dead, dead, dead—
Or with a neighbour State, so very tender,
Loth to extend the neck of an offender,
Prefer the hanging business to commute
For *private prayers* and some *small goods*† to boot—
I hope a great example it will stand,
And *in terrorem* guard *our* pious land.

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* For a particular account of this remarkable occurrence, extracted from Peters's History of Connecticut, see *ante*, p. 192. It has been also the subject of two pleasant ballads, which will be found in M'Carty's Collection and Barber's Historical Collections of Connecticut. The former commences—

When these free states were colonies
Unto the mother nation;
And, i Connecticut, the good
Old Blue Laws were in fashion.

A circumstance which there occurr'd,
(And much the mind surprises
Upon reflection.) there gave rise
To many strange surmises.

In the second it is turned at the expense of the lawyers, who were suddenly brought to repentance by the fright.

† For an explanation of the above, vide the Archives of Connecticut, wherein it may be found that on a certain occasion of commutative justice, the sheriff was directed to furnish the criminal with the consolation of his prayers.

Among the deeds economy has wrought,
High rank the num'rous tracts of land we've bought:
Our country's limits constantly extend
O'er boundless wilds and rivers without end,
Nations are bargain'd for by sleight of hand,
We soon shall purchase old Van Diemen's land,
Beyond Cape Horn our speculations roll,
"And all be our's around the Southern pole."
What though no boundary to our views are set,
And every bargain swells the public debt,
Unlike all other modes of gaining pelf,
Before we're sued this debt *will pay itself.*
And though our title deeds, by strange mischance,
Instead of Spain are sign'd and seal'd by France,
The limits too, not definitely fix'd,
Lie somewhere *this* and *t'other world* betwixt,
For fear some quarrel should hereafter rise
We've given our obligations for the price.
I grant some minds, of weak and fearful mould,
Instead of buying think we'd better sold,
Lest first or last, by some unseen mishap,
So greatly stretch'd, our union cord should snap—
'Tis true, indeed, a leather string will break
If stretch'd too far; but much do I mistake
If ever mortal broke a string of leather
By tying first a dozen strings together.
And can it be that as we larger grow
At the same moment we grow smaller too?
This does not quadrate with dame nature's course;
She gives to pigmies weakness, giants force;
The mighty Mammoth stronger is by half
Than the slim stag, the bullock than the calf.
Thus should this great Republic once expand
From shore to shore and cover every land,
In like proportion would our strength abide,
And we could manage all the world beside.
And when our children leave our fost'ring arms,
And roam the western wilderness for farms,
On banks remote to see them peaceful toil,
Lords of the stream, and masters of the soil,
Is better far than on the self-same place
To meet with squatters† of a different race,
With whom, perhaps, possess'd of better right,
We cannot get along unless we fight.

* * * * *

Oft have the dark-skinn'd natives of the wild
Our tenderest thoughts engag'd, our love beguil'd;
At their sad story oft we've felt our breast
With soft compassion's throbbing pangs opprest,
That story sad, by fiction's hand adorn'd,
Where hapless Logan for his offspring mourn'd,‡
What time, by cruel Cresap's murd'rous knife,
Poor Squaw and Poppoose both were reft of life.
Long since we've prov'd from philosophic ken,
The squaws are women and their sanaps men;
Though, far unlike our European race,
No bristly beards their polish'd chins disgrace,
O'er their smooth frames no hairs unseemly spread,
Nor aught displays that covering but the head,
Yet nature prompts them with the same desires,
And with like feelings and like passions fires.
When, fresh from Sov'reign Nature's plastic hand,
Shone in the bloom of youth this blissful land,
Good, simple, harmless, nor with blood defil'd,
Liv'd the poor Indian 'mid the desert wild.
Close by some crystal stream his wigwam stood,
The skins of deer his dress, their flesh his food;
Few were his wants, and his desires but few,

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* The Echo. No. XX.

† Persons who settle on vacant lands in the wilderness, without title, and who are with much difficulty removed.

‡ For this story, see Notes on Virginia, and for its authenticity, the letters of Luther Martin, Esq.

No bliss beyond his pipe and squaw he knew,
Small as his wants his homely household gear
Inspired, from nightly theft, no cause of fear,
With various hues his deer-skin mantle dyed,
By night his covering, and by day his pride,
A pot of stone, his succotash* to boil,
A huge samp-mortar, wrought with patient toil,
These were his riches, these his simple store,
And having these he sought for nothing more:—
Thus liv'd he blest, what time from Cambria's strand,
Advent'rous Madoc sought this unknown land.
With swords and bibles arm'd the Welsh appear,†
Their faith to 'stablish and their empire rear;
Struck with surprise the simple savage sees
The pictur'd dragon waving in the breeze,
Hears with delight the harp's wild music play,
As sweet the strings respond to Gryffidd's lay;
But when th' advancing squadrons forward move,
Their arms bright gleaming 'mid the dusky grove,
Joy yields to fear, as now, approaching nigh,
Their dress and uncouth features meet his eye;—
And when their barb'rous Celtic sounds he hears,
That grate discordant on his *tender* ears,
Fill'd with wild terror from the scene he scuds,
And seeks retreat amidst impervious woods,
While, in pursuit, behind th' affrighted man
"The o'erflowing stream of population ran."
His wigwam swept away, his patch of corn,
Before the fury of the torrent borne;
Drove him from wood to wood, from place to place,
And now for hunting leaves him little space.
Then since, beneath this widely-spreading tide,
Sunk are the grounds that Indian wants supplied,
Few are their deer, their buffaloes are dead,
Or o'er the lakes with mighty Mammoth fled;
Humanity has whisper'd in our ear,
Whose dictates ever have we held most dear,
To teach them how to spin, to sew, to knit,
And for their stockings manufacture feet,
Since by their "energies' exertions" sole
Can they e'er figure on *Existence'* roll.
We therefore liberally to them have sent
Such household matters as for use are meant,
Pots, kettles, trenchers, dripping-pans, whate'er
Their kitchens lack, their victuals to prepare,
And with them skilful men to teach them how
To still their whisky, their tobacco *grow;*—
While, to secure them from domestic harm,
We've lifted o'er them, with our thundering arm,
The *law's* broad *Egis*, under which as still
And safe they lie "as thieves within a mill."
But vain th' attempt to this Imperial Day,
To light their dusky souls with reason's ray,
To make them quit their guns and scalping knives,
And stay at home contented with their wives;
Most powerful obstacles this scheme prevent,
Thwart my fine plans, and frustrate my intent:—
Firstly their bodies' habits different are,
And different med'cine claim, and different care,
No neutral mixture will for them suffice
Of gentle acids and mild alkalies;
But powerful *Blood-root, Oil of Rattle-snake, Jerusalem Oak,* and *Gum of Hacmctac.*
Nor simple blood-lettings their pains assuage,
Warm their cold chills, and quell their fever's rage,
Means far more potent their tough frames require,
And the free use of lancets and of fire.
Besides as ne'er the Indian's chin appears
Mark'd with a beard, howe'er mature his years,
Of course no *barber's* hand, with razor keen,
No *barber's pole* amidst the tribes are seen.—
Great marts of knowledge, form'd the world to bless,
The seats of scandal, politics and dress!
From *barbers' shops* what benefits we trace?
How great their 'vantage to the human race?
That source of civil culture unpossess'd,
What wonder reason slowly fills the breast?
Thou knight renown'd! possess'd of equal skill
The comb to flourish, or to ply the quill,
Whose bright effusions, wond'ring, oft I see,
And own myself in message beat by thee,
O would'st thou, Huggins,* to the Indians go,
And on their chins give mighty beards to grow,
Soon should thy shop o'er all their wigwams rise,
And painted pole attract their *curious* eyes,
While the glad tribes would thither thick repair,
And claim in turn the honours of thy chair.
Methinks amid the newly-bearded band,
With brush and lather arm'd, I see thee stand,
And as each visage gleams with foamy white,
And wields thy dexter hand the razor bright,
Thy eloquence pervades, refines the whole;
And pours the beams of reason o'er their soul,
While white-wigg'd savages, with loud acclaim,
Thee as the *People's Friend,* and *President* shall name.
Thrice happy time; when, freed from Error's night,
Reason's broad beam shall shed her mid-day light,
O'er realms regenerate ope unbounded day,
And bless the Indians with its brightest ray,
Drive the thick mist from their bewildered eyes,
Give them their former habits to despise,
While they partakers of our equal right,
In civic feasts and whiskey shall delight.
But much we doubt that ne'er within our reign,
Will Indian manners such refinement gain;
For ah! among them live some crafty dogs,
Change-haters, anti-philosophic rogues,
Chaps who, though something, are of nothing made
Mere forms of air and phantoms of the shade;
Who say 'tis better in the ancient way
Safe to go on, than in new paths to stray,
Where bogs and precipices lurk beneath,
And ignes fatui point the way to death,
That civic feasts with Indians suit but ill,
And rum and whiskey are contriv'd to kill,
That what the whites the light of reason call
Is but another name for cheating all,

* The Indian name for the mixture of Indian corn, or maize, with beans.

† One of these very Bibles is said to have been discovered, not many years since, in the possession of the Welsh Indians, who have excited so much curiosity, and who preserved with *a sanctimonious reverence* this relict of their ancestors, although they were unable to read it, and ignorant of its use. It is to be hoped that the gentleman appointed by the President to explore the western part of this Continent may, in his researches, be so fortunate as to fall in with this tribe, and obtain from them this curious and invaluable deposit.

* Barber Huggins, at the beginning of the century, afforded much amusement in New York by the parodies and fanciful flights of his professional advertisements, in the Evening Post, Morning Chronicle, and other papers, which were generally written with considerable cleverness. They were collected into an entertaining volume in 1808, with the following title: "Hugginiana or Huggins' Fantasy, being a collection of the most esteemed modern literary productions, exposing the art of making a noise in the world, without beating a drum or crying oysters; and showing how, like Whittington of old, who rose from nothing to be Lord Mayor of London, a mere *Barber* may become an *Emperor*, if he has but spirit enough to assume, and talents enough to support the title. By John Richard Desborus Huggins, Empereur du Friseurs, Roi du Barbieres, &c., &c. Trifles, light as air.—Shakspeare. New York: Printed by H. C. Southwick, No. 2 Wall street, Most Excellent Printer to his most Barber-ous majesty." Huggins was the butt of the town, and doubtless turned his notoriety to profitable account. His business advertisements, mixed up with the politics and small humors of the day, supplied a vehicle for the wits to pass their squibs to the public. Parodies of the imperial proclamations of Buonaparte by the Emperor of Barbers were among the best of them.

And that by *equal right* is meant, 'tis plain,
The right by force or fraud whate'er they list to gain.
Thus like the Feds, to reason they pretend,
Suspect our motives, and decry our end.
Where *action* too with counteraction jars,
And wild misrule 'gainst order fiercely wars,
Anti-philosophers with scorn reject
Th' enlight'ning doctrines of our favour'd sect;
Bigots of mouldy creeds, that long ago
The Goddess Reason taught were idle show,
Their superstitious whims and habits hold,
Reject the new and cleave unto the old:
In vain reform in Gallic mantle drest,
Unbinds her zone, and wooes them to her breast,
And innovation's meretricious smile
Attempts their rigid firmness to beguile.
Strange that such prejudice in chains should bind
In our enlighten'd days the human kind!
Fools must they be, by dulness sure possess'd,
In their old way contented to be blest,
When novelty, with all-alluring charms
Of untried systems, lures them to her arms.

SUSANNA ROWSON,

The author of the popular little romance of *Charlotte Temple*, of many books of greater labor and of less fame, and of the lyric of *America, Commerce, and Freedom*, was born about the year 1762. Her father was William Haswell, a British naval officer, who in 1769 was wrecked in company with his daughter on Lovell's Island, on the New England coast, after which they settled at Nantasket, where the father, a widower, married again, and whence he was compelled to depart, as a British subject, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war.

His daughter appears to have followed him to London, where in 1786 she married William Rowson, leader of the band attached to the Royal Guards in London.* Her first work was published the same year, a novel, entitled *Victoria;* followed by *Mary, or the Test of Honor*, the matter of which was partly put into her hands by the bookseller; *A Trip to Parnassus*, a *Critique on Authors and Performers*, *Fille de Chambre*, the *Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler*, *Mentoria*, and *Charlotte Temple.* Of the latter twenty-five thousand copies were sold in a few years. It is a tale of seduction, the story of a young girl brought over to America by a British officer and deserted, and being written in a melodramatic style has drawn tears from the public freely as any similar production on the stage. It is still a popular classic at the cheap book-stalls and with travelling chapmen. The *Inquisitor* is avowedly modelled on Sterne, and the honest heart of the writer has doubtless a superior sensibility, though the sharp wit and knowledge of the world of the original are not feminine qualities, and are not to be looked for from a female pen.

In 1793 Mrs. Rowson came with her husband to America, under an engagement with Wignell, the manager of the Philadelphia theatre. She had appeared in England in the provincial theatres, and was successful in light comedy and musical pieces. While engaged on the stage in America she wrote *The Trials of the Heart*, a novel; *Slaves in Algiers*, an opera; *The Volunteers*, a farce founded on the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania; and another farce, *The Female Patriot.* While at Baltimore in 1795, she wrote a poetical address to the armies of the United States, which she entitled *The Standard of Liberty*, and which was recited on the stage by Mrs. Whitlock before the military companies of the city. The bird of Jove, after attending the fortunes of Æneas and the Latins, is made to descend on the shores of Columbia, where the eagle becomes the standard of virtue and freedom. The next year she appeared with her husband at the Federal Street Theatre, in Boston, for a single season, during which she wrote a comedy, *Americans in England*, which was acted for her benefit and farewell of the stage. She then opened a school at Medford, afterwards at Newton, and subsequently at Boston. Her industrious pen meanwhile was not idle. In 1798 she published, in Boston, *Reuben and Rachel, or Tales of Old Times*, the scene of which was laid in Maine. In 1804 her *Miscellaneous Poems* appeared, by subscription, as usual. She appears on the title-page "Preceptress of the Ladies' Academy, Newton, Mass." The chief contents of the volume are *The Birth of Genius, an Irregular Poem; Birth-day Ode to John Adams*, 1799; *Eulogy to the Memory of Washington; Maria, not a Fiction*, a ballad of the Charlotte Temple material; occasional verses, and some translations from Virgil and Horace. They are for the most part echoes of English verse, occasionally imperfect, but mainly expressive of the generous woman's heart. A few boisterous songs, of a mannish order, may be set down to her theatrical life, and may be considered as a healthy support of her sentimental writing. *The Choice*, though one of the numerous imitations of Pomfret, may be taken as suggestive of the character of the writer. Her poem on the *Rights of Woman* shows her to have had but moderate ideas on that subject compared with some urged at the present day. A single verse, the first of a little poem entitled *Affection*, is proof sufficient of her gentle nature, and the felicitous expression which she sometimes achieved.

Mrs. Rowson also compiled several educational works, a Dictionary, two Systems of Geography, and Historical Exercises. She was also a contributor to the *Boston Weekly Magazine.* Her last distinct publication appears to have been in 1822, the two volumes entitled, *Biblical Dialogues between a Father and his Family: comprising Sacred History from the Creation to the Death of our Saviour Christ, the Lives of the Apostles, the Reformation, &c.* Mr. and Mrs. Alworth, in this book, living on the Connecticut, communicate in a series of conversations with their five children a variety of sacred information, derived from the works of Stackhouse, Poole, Prideaux, Calvert, and others. In the preface Mrs. Rowson professes herself attached to the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and states that she "has been engaged for the last twenty-five years in the instruction of young persons of her own sex." The style of the work is smooth and fluent.

Mrs. Rowson died in Boston, March 2, 1824.*

* Buckingham, in his Personal Memoirs, speaks of "the sublime and spirit-stirring tones of this gentleman's trumpet, when he played for the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, the accompaniment to the air in the Messiah, 'The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.'"

* An Obituary article in the Boston Gazette, reprinted in the Appendix to Moore's Historical Collections for 1824.

AFFECTION.

Touch'd by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flow'r, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper will become most dear.

And is that being happy, whose cold heart
Feels not, nor comprehends this source of joy?
To whom a trifle can no bliss impart,
Who throw them careless by, deface, destroy?

Yes, they are happy; if the insensate rocks
Which the rude ocean beats, or softly laves,
Rejoice that they are mov'd not by the shocks,
Which hurl full many to untimely graves.

Yes, they are happy; if the polish'd gem,
On which the sun in varied colours plays,
Rejoices that its lustre comes from him,
And glows delighted to reflect his rays.

Not else.—Though hearts so exquisitely form'd,
Feel misery a thousand different ways;
Yet when by love or friendship's power warm'd,
One look, whole days of misery repays.

One look, one word, one kind endearing smile,
Can from the mind each painful image blot:
The voice we love to hear can pain beguile,
List'ning the world beside is all forgot.

Tho' sharp the pang which friendship slighted gives,
Tho' to the eye a tear may force its way;
The cause remov'd when hope again revives,
Light beats the heart, and cheerful smiles the day.

True, when we're forc'd to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven;
But when we meet, the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Mine be the feeling heart: for who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain, at the end, they should be near
And feel the smile of a benignant God?

TO TIME.

Old Time, thou'rt a sluggard; how long dost thou stay;
Say, where are the wings, with which poets adorn thee?
Sure 'twas some happy being, who ne'er was away
From the friend he most lov'd, and who wish'd to have shorn thee,
First drew thee with pinions; for had he e'er known
A long separation, so slow dost thou move,
He'd have pictured thee lame, and with fetters bound down;
So tedious is absence to friendship and love.

I am sure thou'rt a cheat, for I often have woo'd thee
To tarry, when blest with the friend of my heart:
But you vanish'd with speed, tho' I eager pursued thee,
Entreating thee not in such haste to depart.
Then, wretch, thou wert deaf, nor wouldst hear my petition,
But borrow'd the wings of a sparrow or dove;
And now, when I wish thee to take thy dismission
Till those hours shall return, thou refusest to move.

SONNET.

The primrose gay, the snowdrop pale,
The lily blooming in the vale,
Too fragile, or too fair to last,
Wither beneath th' untimely blast,
Or rudely falling shower;
No more a sweet perfume they shed,
Their fragrance lost, their beauty fled,
They can revive no more.
So hapless woman's wounded name,
If Malice seize the trump of fame;
Or Envy should her poison shed
Upon the unprotected head
Of some forsaken maid;
Tho' pity may her fate deplore,
Her virtues sink to rise no more,
From dark oblivion's shade.

THE CHOICE.

I ask no more than just to be
From vice and folly wholly free;
To have a competent estate,
Neither too small, nor yet too great;
Something of rent and taxes clear,
About five hundred pounds a year.
My house, though small, should be complete,
Furnished, not elegant, but neat;
One little room should sacred be
To study, solitude, and me.
The windows, jessamine should shade,
Nor should a sound the ears invade,
Except the warblings from a grove,
Or plaintive murm'rings of the dove.
Here would I often pass the day,
Turn o'er the page, or tune the lay,
And court the aid and sacred fire
Of the Parnassian tuneful choir.
While calmly thus my time I'd spend,
Grant me, kind Heaven, a faithful friend,
In each emotion of my heart,
Of grief or joy, to bear a part;
Possess'd of learning, and good sense,
Free from pedantic insolence.
Pleas'd with retirement let him be,
Yet cheerful, midst society;
Know how to trifle with a grace,
Yet grave in proper time and place.

Let frugal plenty deck my board,
So that its surplus may afford
Assistance to the neighb'ring poor,
And send them thankful from the door.
A few associates I'd select,
Worthy esteem and high respect;
And social mirth I would invite,
With sportive dance on tiptoe light;
Nor should sweet music's voice be mute,
The vocal strain, or plaintive lute;
But all, and each, in turn agree,
T' afford life sweet variety;
To keep serene the cheerful breast,
And give to solitude a zest.

And often be it our employ,
For there is not a purer joy,
To wipe the languid grief-swoln eye,
To sooth the pensive mourner's sigh,
To calm their fears, allay their grief,
And give, if possible, relief.

But if this fate, directing Heaven
Thinks too indulgent to be given,
Let health and innocence be mine,
And I will strive not to repine;
Will thankful take each blessing lent,
Be humble, patient, and content.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

When the bonny grey morning just peeps from the skies,
And the lark mounting, tunes her sweet lay;

With a mind unincumbered by care I arise,
My spirits, light, airy, and gay.

I take up my gun; honest Tray, my good friend,
Wags his tail and jumps sportively round;
To the woods then together our footsteps we bend,
'Tis there health and pleasure are found.

I snuff the fresh air; bid defiance to care,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I delighted range o'er the rich soil,
And nature's rough children regale:
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
And laugh at the joke or the tale.

And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flock meet my sight;
Or the orchard, whose fruit is just turning to gold,
Still, still health and pleasure unite.

I snuff the fresh air; bid defiance to care,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At night to my lowly roof'd cot I return,
When oh, what new sources of bliss;
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
Each striving to gain the first kiss.

My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
Good humour presides at our board;
What more than health, plenty, good humour, and peace,
Can the wealth of the Indies afford?

I sink into rest, with content in my breast,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest a life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And tho' landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass, to a favourite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl has enliven'd the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em,
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And if we meet a brother Tar,
Who wants, we freely give it.
No free born sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it;
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more,
We earn it, but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed 'em;
'Tis a task which we share, with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

TABITHA TENNEY.

Mrs. Tabitha Tenney, the author of the popular *Adventures of Dorcasina Sheldon*, was born at Exeter, N. H., in 1762. She was the daughter of Samuel Gilman, whose paternal ancestors constituted a great part of the community of that place. Her father died in her infancy, and she was left to the sole care of her pious and sensible mother, who was a descendant of the Puritan stock of Robinson, which also composed a large portion of the early population of the town of Exeter. As female education at that time was very circumscribed, she had but few early advantages excepting those which she received from her mother's excellent example of industry and economy, and the few well chosen books which she selected for her daughter's improvement.

Books and literary companionship were her greatest delight. She acquired a facility and correctness of language which gave her noticeable freedom and elegance in conversation.

In 1788 she was married to the Hon. Samuel Tenney, then a resident in Exeter, and formerly a Surgeon in the American army during the Revolutionary war. He was elected a member of Congress in 1800. She accompanied her husband to Washington several winters, and her letters from that place are specimens of her talent at graphic description, as well as illustrative of the fashion and manners of the times.

Her first publication was a selection from the poets and other classical writers, for the use of young ladies, entitled the *New Pleasing Instructor*. Some time after this she produced her romance of *Female Quixotism*.* This is, as its title implies, one of the numerous literary progeny of Cervantes' immortal satire. It resembles in one respect more closely its original than most of its family, turning like Don Quixote on the evils of reading romances. In place, however, of the lean-vizored Don, we have a blooming, delicate young lady; and to continue the contrast, in exchange for the ponderous folios, in which even the light literature of those ages of learning was entombed, have the small volume novels of the Rosa-Matilda school of the past century, the vapid sentimental stuff which is now driven even from the book-stalls. Dorcas Sheldon is the only daughter of a wealthy father, and soon after her birth loses her mother. Left by a fond father to follow her own wishes she takes to reading novels, and so saturates her mind with their wishy-washy contents, that she determines herself to be a heroine. Her

* Female Quixotism: Exhibited in the Romantic Opinions and Extravagant Adventures of Dorcasina Sheldon.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

In plain English—

Learn to be wise by others' harm,
And you shall do full well.

In 2 vols. Boston: J. P. Peaslee, 1829. The early editions of popular novels become exceedingly scarce. We have met with no earlier copy than this.

first step is to become qualified for a romantic career by metamorphosing her plain baptismal Dorcas into Dorcasina; her next to refuse a suitor, a solid man of property, of suitable age and approved by her father, whose wooing is of too straightforward and business-like a character to suit her Lydia Languish requirements; and her next, to repair daily to a romantically-disposed arbor to read and meditate. She has a confidante, not the white-muslined nonentity who would be naturally looked for beside a Tilburina, but a sturdy, sensible, country-bred waiting-maid, Betty, a female Sancho Panza.

Time wears on with Miss Dorcasina. Her retired residence and equally secluded mode of life are unfavorable to her aspirations for adventures, and she reaches her thirty-fourth year without a second offer.

At this period an adventurer, passing a night at the village inn, hears of the heiress and determines to carry her off. He dresses the next afternoon in his best, and repairs to the bower frequented by Dorcasina. An interview is thus obtained, the lady swallows the bait, the scamp forges letters of introduction, and is on the point of accomplishing his purpose when he is obliged to decamp. Dorcasina will believe nothing to his discredit, and is for some time inconsolable.

Her next suitor is a waggish student, a youngster as full of practical jokes as his prototype of Boccaccio or Chaucer, or contemporary of Yale College. He somewhat ungallantly selects Dorcasina as his victim. He thickens his plot by appearing, after having made a powerful first impression *in propriâ personâ*, as an injured female, making a violent assault on Dorcasina and Betty:—

The next day, as evening approached, Dorcasina desired Betty to attend her to the grove. Betty, being on many accounts unwilling to go, on her knees entreated her mistress to give up the project. But, finding her resolutely bent on fulfilling her engagement, the faithful creature, in spite of her aversion to the adventure, and of her apprehensions of ghosts and goblins, could not bear the idea that her mistress should go to the wood, at that hour unaccompanied. She therefore followed her footsteps, in silent trepidation.

Being arrived at the arbor they seated themselves on the turf. They had not sat long, when, instead of the expected lover, a female entered, and placing herself by the side of Dorcasina, accosted her in the following manner: "You will, perhaps, be surprised, when I inform you that I know you did not come here with the expectation of meeting a woman. Philander was the person whom you expected to see; but know, abhorred rival, that I have effectually prevented his meeting you this night, and am now come to enjoy your disappointment. I would have you to know, you witch! you sorceress! that you have robbed me of the heart of my lover; and I am determined to be revenged."

Dorcasina, as might naturally be expected, was astonished at this address, and remained for some moments in a profound silence. At length, she attempted to justify herself, by saying that she was sorry to be the cause of pain to any one; that, from her own experience, she knew too well the power of love, not to commiserate any person who nourished a hopeless passion; that she had never yet seen Philander, to her knowledge; that this interview was none of her seeking; and that she had consented to it, at his earnest entreaty, on the express condition that it should never be repeated. She concluded by declaring that, as she now found he had been false to another, she would immediately retire, and hold no further intercourse with him.

This mildness served, in appearance, but to irritate the supposed female. "I know your arts too well," cried she, raising her voice, "to believe a syllable of what you say. It is all mere pretence, and you will consent to meet him again the very first opportunity. But you shall not go on thus practising your devilish arts with impunity. Your basilisk glance shall not thus rob every man of his heart, and every woman of her lover or husband. Those bewitching eyes, that cause mischief wherever they are seen, I will tear them from their orbits." Thus saying, she laid violent hands on the terrified Dorcasina; tore off her hat; pulled her hair; and was proceeding to tear off her handkerchief, when Betty, seeing her mistress so roughly handled, started up in her defence, and attacking the stranger with great fury, compelled her to quit Dorcasina in order to defend herself. Dorcasina, thus liberated, darted out of the grove and fled towards the house with all speed, leaving Betty to sustain the combat alone. Finding herself deserted, and her antagonist much her superior in strength, Betty endeavored likewise to make her escape; but her attempt was unsuccessful. She was held, cuffed, pulled by the hair, twirled round and round like a top, shaken and pushed up against the trees, without mercy; the person who thus roughly handled her, exclaiming, all the time, "You ugly old witch, I'll teach you to carry letters, and contrive meetings between your mistress and my lover; you pander, you go-between!" Poor Betty begged for mercy in the most moving terms, protesting that she had said everything to dissuade her mistress from this meeting; but the enraged virago would not suffer her to go till she had stripped off her upper garments (her gown being a short one and of no great value), torn them to rags, and scattered them about the arbor. She then suffered her to depart, telling her, at the same time, that if ever she caught her engaged in the same business again, she would not only divest her of her clothes, but strip off her old wrinkled hide.

In further prosecution of his deviltry, he persuades a conceited barber that Dorcasina has fallen in love with him at church. The gull readily agrees to repair to the usual trysting-place, where we introduce him to the reader:—

Monday being come, the barber, arrayed in his Sunday clothes, with his hair as white as powder could make it, set out, at four o'clock, for the arbor, which had been pointed out to him by Philander; who, previous to this time, judging that Puff would arrive at an early hour, had taken possession of a thick tree, to enjoy, unobserved, the coming scene. The barber found the hour of waiting very tedious. He sung, he whistled, and listened attentively to every passing noise; when, at length, his ears were saluted by the sound of female voices, which were no other than those of Dorcasina and her attendant. "Betty," said the former, "you may seat yourself with your knitting work, without the arbor, and at a small distance from it; for it would not be treating the young man with delicacy, to admit a third person to witness his passion." Betty did as she was desired; and the little barber no sooner discovered Dorcasina approaching the arbor, than, stepping forward and taking her hand, he addressed her with the utmost familiarity: "Gad, my dear, I began to be very impatient, and was afraid you

had changed your mind; but I am very glad to see you at last! Pray, my dear, be seated."

This familiar address, so different from what Dorcasina had been led to expect, and from what she had been accustomed to from O'Connor, so totally disconcerted her, that she was unable to answer a single word. She, however, did mechanically as she was desired, and seated herself upon the turf in silence. The barber placed himself by her, and still holding the hand which she had not attempted to withdraw, pitied her for what he thought her country timidity, and kindly endeavored to encourage her. "I suppose, my dear, you feel a little bashful or so! but don't be afraid to confess your love. Be assured you will meet with a suitable return; and that I shall be ever grateful and kind for being thus distinguished." Dorcasina, still more confounded by this strange speech, and wholly unable to comprehend its meaning, continued silent. The barber, after waiting some moments in vain for a reply, again began: "Why, gad, my dear! if you don't intend to speak, you might as well have staid at home. Pray, now, afford me a little of your sweet conversation, if it is but just to say how much you love me."

Here Dorcasina could contain herself no longer. "I had thought, sir," said she, hesitating, "I had expected from your professions, a quite different reception from this." "Did you, indeed? Gad, my dear, you are in the right." Upon this he threw his arms round her neck, and almost stifled her with kisses. The astonished Dorcasina endeavored to disengage herself, but in vain; for the enraptured barber continued his caresses, only at intervals exclaiming, "Gad, my dear, how happy we shall be when we are married. I shall love you infinitely, I am sure." Dorcasina, at length, finding breath, in a loud and angry tone, exclaimed, "let me go this moment; unhand me, sir. I will not endure to be thus treated."

Betty, who had hitherto sat quietly knitting upon a stump, hearing the angry voice of her mistress, darted towards the arbor, and instantly recognized little Puff, who had been once or twice at the house (though unseen by Dorcasina) to dress Mr. Sheldon, and whom she had observed to be a pretty, spruce young fellow. Her indignation being raised at the treatment of her mistress, she sprung upon him before he was aware of it, and gave him, with her large heavy hand, a rousing box on the ear; exclaiming, at the same time, in a tone of great contempt, "The little barber! as I hope to live, ma'am."

This unexpected blow had the desired effect. Puff, surprised in his turn, instantly released the mistress, and turning about to the maid, desired to know what the d—l she meant. Betty did not deign to answer him, but "stood collected in her might." Recollecting with indignation the treatment she had so lately received in this very spot, of which she now supposed him to be the instigator, and incensed at his unpardonable insolence to her mistress, she now rejoiced in an opportunity of taking an ample revenge, in kind, for all the affronts they had both received. Rudely grasping him, therefore, under one arm (for though naturally mild, she was a virago when exasperated), "You pitiful little scoundrel," she cried, "what is it you mean by thus insulting Miss Sheldon? You pretend for to inspire to love her, and decoy her here, on purpose to be impudent to her; besides setting some impudent varlet in women's clothes to insult me, t'other night." Thus saying, she boxed his ears with great fury, till the terrified barber bawled to her to desist; which she did not do till she was heartily tired.

Meanwhile, the wicked scholar, perched on the tree (determined if matters should come to extremity to descend and take the part of Puff), enjoyed the scene with the highest relish; being obliged to stuff the corner of his gown into his mouth, to prevent laughing aloud and spoiling the sport.

Other equally extravagant adventures follow, but all stop far short of matrimony. Meanwhile Dorcasina, by the death of her father, comes into possession of her thousand pounds per annum. Having exhausted her stock of sentimental fiction, she, in default of anything else, reads Roderick Random. Finding that hero to have, while a serving man, fallen in love with his mistress, she forthwith resolves that her hired man, John Brown, is in a like predicament, and being, of course, like Roderick, a gentleman born, is worthy of a like reward. John displays no love for the mistress, but is sensible of the agreeableness of the transition from master to man, and the banns are published. Dorcasina is saved by main force, a romantic abduction and imprisonment being planned and executed by her friends, one of whom, a lively young lady, vainly endeavors to supplant John by courting the susceptible lady in the disguise of a dashing young officer. John Brown is meanwhile bought off and sent off.

Dorcasina at last finds that men were deceivers ever, that married people, even married lovers, have cares and troubles from which celibacy is exempt, and settles down at last to an old age of common sense.

Mrs. Tenney affords a good example of the literary character, her discipline of mind being associated with prudence in her affairs. She was uniform and methodical in her habits, and so frugal of her time as to execute much plain and ornamental work with her needle. Among her practical good services to the place of her residence, was the establishment of an old colored servant of her family in a house which became a popular place of entertainment as a rural retreat, with its "cakes and ale," and was known as "Dinah's Cottage." *

Mrs. Tenney died at Exeter, after a short illness, in 1837.

JOSEPH BARTLETT

Was born at Plymouth, Mass., about the year 1763, of a family of good Puritan standing. He became a graduate of Harvard in 1782, and with the reputation of a wit went to Salem to study law, which he soon abandoned for a voyage to England. There is a popular anecdote of his appearance in the metropolis, which is thus related by Knapp, who, in his American Biography, has presented an elaborate sketch of the man. "One night when Bartlett was in the theatre in London, a play was going on, in which his countrymen were ridiculed (I believe it is one of Gen. Burgoyne's plays); a number of rebels had been taken, and brought into the British camp; on the inquiry being made about their occupations, I believe the play says professions, before they became soldiers, the answer was, although many of them were officers, that they were of different callings; some were

* We are indebted for these interesting personal notices to a lady, a relative of Mrs. Tenney.

barbers, some tailors, some tinkers, &c. At this moment Bartlett rose from his seat in the pit, and cried, "Hurra! Great Britain beaten by barbers, tailors, and tinkers!" The effect was wonderful. John Bull took it all in good part, and many of the bloods of the day introduced themselves to him; and he made the best of the occasion.

Bartlett pursued the career of an adventurer in London; gambled, gained, spent, and got into prison, from which he extricated himself by writing a play which gave him funds for his release. He then went on the stage himself, and at Edinburgh acted under the assumed name of Maitland. One of his parts was Belcour in the West Indian. From an actor he became a merchant, and secured a large credit of goods for America, with which he was shipwrecked upon his return on Cape Cod. Knapp tells us, that on the voyage he frequently paraded his infidel opinions and his contempt of death; but that when the vessel struck, he displayed the most cowardly anxiety for his safety, saying "that it was not that he feared to die, but that he should dislike to be found dead on such a dreary place as the back of Cape Cod." At Boston he formed a mercantile connexion, which soon failed, when he turned again to the law. The movement for the suppression of Shay's rebellion gave him a brief opportunity to figure in the military line as captain of the Republican Volunteers; but his active services were not required. He was admitted to the bar, and opened an office at Woburn near Boston, where he affected oddity to attract attention, painting his house black, and calling it "the coffin." He next removed to Cambridge, where he bore a prominent part in the public altercations of the town, and busied himself in the affairs of the college. In 1799, he delivered a poem on Physiognomy before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, in which, under an appearance of general satire, he is said to have taken off traits of individuals of note at the time. The poem is clever, and is not marked by any apparent personal scandal. Here are a few passages from it.

God shows the force of his creative powers,
From reasoning man, to ev'ry tree and flower;
The hand of nature paints, on every part
Of every face, the feelings of the heart;
Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Insects, all proclaim
Their diff'rent uses, qualities, and name.

The Royal Lion, haughty beast of prey,
Who prowls by night, and shuns the light of day,
Undaunted treads the trackless desert o'er,
And rules supreme on Afric's burning shore;
His voice of thunder, and his savage eyes,
Joined with his strength, and majesty of size,
Declare his courage, confidence, and pride,
And mark him sov'reign of the forest wide.

See the fierce Tiger's haggard, ghastly eyes,
That show the baseness which in ambush lies;
His savage nature, easily we trace
In ev'ry line, that's marked upon his face;
When o'er his prey, exulting in his wiles,
You see a devil, when he laughs or smiles.

* * * * *

The grateful Dog, who licks his master's hand,
Consults his looks, obedient to command;
Sees every thought, and every wish arise,
In every movement of his master's eyes.

* * * * * *

Look through the world, and every clime explore,
From *Afric's* sands, to *Nova Zembla's* shore;
View every bird, in every leafy grove;
Hear every note, in every song of love;
Observe their plumes, their wings, their beaks, their eyes,
From Humming-bird, to Ostrich's lofty size;
And say if nature does not truly teach
In every bird the qualities of each.

Next the author takes up fishes, and follows with serpents:—

Who views the Serpent, crawling on the earth,
Observes the mischiefs it has given birth,
Fraud, craft, and cunning darting from his eyes,
Sees plagues unnumbered from his form arise;
His spots, meandering, warn us of deceit,
And every folding, shows him made to cheat.
His eyes and shapeless head make us believe
The ancient story of old Mother Eve.
Had but Lavater's science then been known,
We had been happy, Paradise our own;
Eve would have seen the craft, which lurk'd within;
Perceiv'd the Devil, in the Serpent's skin,
Observ'd each wile, in every look complete,
Nor eat herself, nor given man to eat.
Then this our earth Millennium had been,
Free from all death, from misery and sin,
Man then had liv'd unconscious of the tomb,
Enjoying nature in eternal bloom.
Forgive, my friends, if I presume to scan,
And show the Physiognomy of Man,
Explore each winding of the inmost soul,
Expose his vices and unveil the whole.

* * * * * *

The author never speaks of individuals, but of classes, wherein he alludes to their foibles, for example:—

Behold the man who scents the drawing-room,
With all the fragrance of a rich perfume,
In speaking lisps, in walking seems to dance,
And shines in all the *frippery* of *France*.
His forehead short, his eyebrows wild, and thin
Denotes the Fop, the want of sense within;

* * * * * *

Poor senseless being, let the idiot pass;
In dress a Fop, in intellect an Ass.

Of the critics:—

Make way, my friends, and give the Critic place,
With me observe the features of his face;
His front, his lips, his eyes, declare aloud,
That he's a man oppressive, harsh, and proud,
Point to a man unsociable, severe,
Who damns all genius with a haughty sneer;
Who walks the street with stiff, important air,
And judges merit by the rules of Blair;
A comma wanted, puts him in a rage;
A well-turn'd period, condemns the page.
Hard is the task of this unhappy Wight,
To read, to hear, examine all we write,
To turn o'er volumes with convulsive haste,
And dash out pages, to reform our taste.

We leave the Critic, with his envious mind,
To show a face, the noblest of its kind;
Majestic forehead, and an arched nose,
Boldness and vigor of the mind disclose.
A piercing eye, commanding, wild, severe,
Shows us a man incapable of fear;

We know the man, 'tis *Freedom's favorite son,*
Columbia's boast, our saviour WASHINGTON.

By and by he takes up woman:—

From men we turn, to view the FEMALE sex,
Made to *delight*, to *pain*, to *please*, to *vex;*
Form'd by our GOD, to strew our path with flowers,
To sooth our cares, to glad our passing hours,
* * * * * *

First on the list, observe that woman's form,
Who looks a very monster in a storm.
Her skinny lips, her pointed nose behold,
And say if nature's marked her FOR A SCOLD?
Observe her chin, her every feature trace,
And see the fury, trembling in her face;
By nature made to mar the joys of life,
And DAMN THAT MAN who has her for a WIFE.
* * * * * *

The mild blue eye, the round and dimpled chin,
Bespeaks a mind incapable of sin,
The laughing cheeks, the lips of coral dye,
Declare the CUPIDS which in ambush lie;
The nose and forehead, happily combine,
To show exertions of a power divine,
To show an angel in a woman's face,
On which is stamped both dignity and grace,
When fortune frowns, and adverse scenes arise,
Despair and horror stand before our eyes,
Our minds are wrapt in all the gloom of night,
The world appears a desert in our sight,
Our friends desert us like a summer's fly,
And leave us wretched, languishing to die;
An angel female, soothes our souls to rest,
And calms the passions raging in the breast,
Dispels all care, and ev'ry pain beguiles,
Subdues all fear, and clothes the face with smiles:
Females like her, would make all nature bloom,
And smooth the passage to the dreary tomb.

To this poem are appended, in the edition of 1823, at Boston, dedicated to John Quincy Adams, a number of *Aphorisms on Men, Manners, Principles, and Things*, which his various opportunities in the world had given him ample opportunity to collect. Here are a few of them, some of which, if we are to receive Knapp's view of his life, might have been profitable in his own career.

SLANDER.

Whenever you find a man endeavoring to lessen and destroy the reputation of another, be certain his own character is desperate.

There never was a calumniator who was brave, honest, or just.

I never found a slanderer, who dared to meet face to face the person whom he abused and vilified when absent.

LAW.

The man who, for any trifling injury, applies to a lawyer for redress, will soon be obliged to apply to the town for support.

BOASTING.

Whenever you hear a man boasting of his courage, be convinced he will be a coward in time of danger.

A man who boasts of his honesty, or a woman of her chastity, are both to be suspected.

WOMAN.

Women possess less charity towards the foibles of their own sex than the men.

A woman, destitute of morals, will be more atrocious than a man: Devils were made from Angels.

Let woman be conscious of her beauty, and she will usually be inattentive to her mind.

Women possess stronger passions than men, less reason to govern them.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is in every person's mouth—little understood, and less practised.

A man frequently loses the affection of his friend, when he loses his property.

Love is the attachment of bodies—friendship the union of souls.

Confidence is the cement of friendship.

PARTY SPIRIT.

A party spirit in a small village, is the poison and curse of all social intercourse.

Every social feeling, every generous emotion, every noble sentiment, is usually sacrificed on the altar of Party Spirit.

In 1823, Bartlett delivered a voluntary Fourth of July oration in Boston, after which he recited a poem, entitled the *New Vicar of Bray.*

Leaving Cambridge, Bartlett practised law and politics in Maine. He had before been in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and was now elected to the Maine legislature. He was at this time a candidate for Congress, and nearly secured his election by his personal exertions as a speaker, and his political newspaper writings. He also practised law in Portsmouth, N. H., and finally settled down in Boston, a burden to his few friends in the last years of an improvident life. He died Oct. 27, 1827, at the age of sixty-six. Loring, in his Boston Orators, gives the following Epitaph, which Bartlett wrote on himself, and which he recited on his death-bed:—

'Tis done! the fatal stroke is given,
And Bartlett's fled to hell or heaven;
His friends approve it, and his foes applaud,—
Yet he will have the verdict of his God.

Another stanza, which he is said to have recited while attending the funeral of John Hale, an estimable citizen of Portsmouth, exhibits, perhaps, feeling and compunction:—

God takes the good,
Too good by far to stay
And leaves the bad,
Too bad to take away.*

JAMES KENT.

JAMES KENT was born in the town of Fredericks, Putnam co., New York, July 31, 1763. His father was a lawyer by profession, and occasionally practised; but his main attention was devoted to his farm, a pleasantly situated estate on the banks of the Croton river. The beautiful scenes of this locality made a deep impression on the mind of the son; and years after, when the stream, like the boy who dwelt beside it, had become famous, it was his delight to stand at the window of his library and watch its waters leaping forth in the Union Park fountain before him.

James Kent entered the Freshman Class of Yale College in 1777. His studies were inter-

* Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, p. 406.

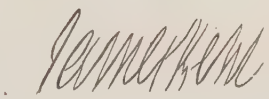
rupted in his Sophomore year by the occupation of the town by the British, in consequence of which the college was temporarily closed. It was during this recess that he first met with *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and so delighted was he with that great work, that he at once resolved to master its contents by close study. This incident determined his choice of a profession.

Obtaining his degree in 1781, he at once commenced the study of the law in the office of the distinguished Egbert Benson, at Poughkeepsie. He was admitted attorney in January, 1785, and commenced practice in his native village of Fredericks, but finding there too limited a field for his exertions, he returned to Poughkeepsie, where he opened an office in partnership with Gilbert Livingston. Here, in April, 1785, he married Miss Elizabeth Bayley.

A conviction of the limited extent of his classical acquirements (the course at Yale College, in his day, extending only to the study of the New Testament in Greek, and of portions of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero in Latin) led to a plan of study which he immediately put into execution. By rising very early he was enabled to devote two hours to Greek and two to Latin before breakfast. The business hours of the day were occupied by his profession. Two hours after dinner were given to the French language, and the evening, when not engaged socially, to the study of the English classics, in verse as well as prose. He continued this division of the day until he became a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In 1790 and 1792 he was elected a member of the State Assembly. He became a leader of the federal minority in this body, and distinguished himself by the ability with which, in 1793, he conducted the examination of witnesses relative to the destruction of the votes cast in Otsego county, in the election for Governor of the State, an act which had raised the candidate of the minority to the office. His course was warmly approved by John Jay, and remembered to his advantage, when the latter became Governor of the State.

In April, 1793, he was nominated for Congress in Dutchess county, but his party being in the minority, lost his election. He removed during the same month to the city of New York. Here, as at his previous residence, his professional receipts were very small, and as neither himself nor his wife possessed private resources, they were much straitened in their circumstances. In December, he was appointed Professor of Law at Columbia College, and after diligent preparation entered upon its duties in the following November. His introductory lecture was published by the trustees, and in 1795 he issued a small volume containing three others preliminary to his course on the common law, devoted to a review of the various forms of government which have existed at various periods, a history of the union of the United States from their first conjoined action to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and an examination of the law of nations as applied to the circumstances of peace, war, and neutrality. He delivered in the same year an address before the State Society for the promotion of agriculture, art, and manufactures, which is printed in the first volume of their Transactions. He was also appointed by Governor Jay one of the two Masters in Chancery of the city, much to the improvement of his financial resources.



In 1798, he resigned his professorship, the attendance of students and provision for support being too slight to warrant further effort in its behalf. He was appointed the same year a Justice of the Supreme Court by Governor Jay, and accepted the office, although the salary was much less than what he at this time received, as he held the office of recorder, by appointment, in 1797, as well as Master in Chancery. He here, in his second term, introduced the practice of rendering written decisions, a course followed by his associates, and which in a short time raised the Bench to a far higher dignity than it had previously attained. In 1804, he became Chief-Justice, an office which he held until his appointment in 1814 as Chancellor. During his tenure of this office he effected, says Judge Duer, "a change in the system and administration of equity law, so extensive and entire, that with a single exception (that of Lord Nottingham) it has no parallel in the history of the law." He retained this office until 1823, when having attained the age of sixty, he became incapacitated by the law of the State for judicial duty.

The same year, on occasion of a vacancy in the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, Kent was talked of by his friends for the appointment, and the matter was warmly seconded by Wirt, then Attorney-General, who addressed a letter on the subject to President Monroe, in which he met the difficulty of Kent's political relations by urging the value of his character to the nation. "Kent holds so lofty a stand," he wrote, "everywhere, for almost matchless intellect and learning, as well as for spotless purity and high-minded honor and patriotism, that I firmly believe the nation at large would approve and applaud the appointment." Of his

personal character, Wirt held this appreciation. "His conversation and manners are indicative only of a simplicity almost infantile, and of the most perfect kindness and suavity of disposition; and such, I have understood, has always been his character. Judging by what I have seen of him, and by all that I have ever heard, he is as benignant and patriotic as he is admitted on all hands to be great and enlightened." The appointment was proposed, while Mr. Smith Thompson, to whom the post had been offered, hesitated in its acceptance. His entrance upon the office closed the matter.*

With a view to the establishment of a law school, Kent removed from Albany, where he resided during his judicial career, to the city of New York, and a second time accepted the professorship of law in Columbia College. He delivered a course of lectures in 1824, which he repeated the next year, when the increase of his practice as counsel, his intention of preparing his lectures for publication, and as before the inadequate pecuniary support of the professorship, rendered his further discharge of its duties merely nominal.

In 1826 he published the first volume of his Commentaries,† at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he himself having little expectation of a favorable reception by the public. He originally contemplated but two volumes, but these expanded as he proceeded into four, the last of which appeared in 1830. They at once took the high place they have since held in legal literature, and as the universally received text-books of the science throughout the country, as by the plan of stating first the common law on each topic, and afterwards the changes introduced by decisions or statute in each State, it is adapted to the use of every portion of the Union. The copyright of this work was held by the author exclusively in his own hands, the copies printed stored in his own residence, and disposed of as ordered by the booksellers.

Humor is hardly to be looked for in a volume of Commentaries on the law, but Kent, after having conducted the student through the intricate theme in his text, coolly informs him in a note that the rule in Shelley's case is entirely superseded.

The juridical scholar, on whom his great master, Coke, has bestowed some portion of the "gladsome light of jurisprudence," will scarcely be able to withhold an involuntary sigh, as he casts a retrospective glance over the piles of learning, devoted to destruction by an edict as sweeping and unrelenting as the torch of Omar. He must bid adieu for ever to the renowned discussions in Shelley's case, which were so vehement and so protracted as to arouse the sceptre of the haughty Elizabeth. He may equally take leave of the multiplied specimens of profound logic, skilful criticism, and refined distinctions, which pervade the varied cases in law and equity, from those of Shelley and Archer, down to the direct collision between the courts of law and equity, in the time of Lord Hardwicke. He will have no more concern with the powerful and animated discussions in Perrin v. Blake, which awakened all that was noble and illustrious in talent and endowment, through every precinct of Westminster hall. He will have occasion no longer, in pursuit of the learning of that case, to tread the clear and bright paths illuminated by Sir William Blackstone's illustrations, or to study and admire the spirited and ingenious dissertation of Hargrave, the comprehensive and profound disquisition of Fearne, the acute and analytical essay of Preston, the neat and orderly abridgment of Cruise, and the severe and piercing criticisms of Reeve. What I have, therefore, written on this subject, may be considered, so far as my native state is concerned, as an humble monument to the memory of departed learning.

The reports of his opinions as Chief-Justice and Chancellor bear testimony with his Commentaries to his clearness of style and ability as a writer. As an evidence of their excellence, it may be stated that one quoted in an argument by Webster is cited in an article on that great orator in the *North American Review* as from his pen.

In 1828, Kent delivered an *Anniversary Discourse before the New York Historical Society;* in 1831, an address before the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale College; and in 1836 one before the Law Association of New York, in which he has given spirited reminiscences of the leading members of the bar at the commencement of his career.

In 1840 he prepared, at the request of the Mercantile Library Association, a Course of Reading for the guidance of its members, composed exclusively of merchants' clerks of this city. It contains an unusual preponderance of books of travel, a class of writings in which the compiler took interest. His friends were amused by the ample field of geographical study thus marked out for youthful readers engaged in unscholastic pursuits, but the preference was one not ill adapted to the purpose of aiding to interest, and at the same time instruct, while its bearing on the mercantile career is obvious.

The incentive these perpetually novel and adventurous narratives afforded to the exercise of the imagination, with the engrossing but not exhausting employment to the mind of minute geographical study, supplied an inexhaustible fund of the purest gratification to a sympathetic and intellectual old age.

Chancellor Kent continued the practice of his profession as chamber counsel, until within a short period of his death, which occurred on the 12th Dec., 1847. The temperate and constant use of his faculties through life preserved their energy to a remarkable extent in his old age. His amiability and purity of character were as remarkable as his judicial acquirements.

His son, William Kent, is engaged upon a biography, which will hardly fail, by increasing our knowledge, to increase still more our respect for its eminent subject. The materials for our own article have been mainly derived from the excellent discourse delivered at the request of the Judiciary and bar of the city and state, by the Hon. John Duer, in 1848.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION—FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE LAW ASSOCIATION.

I allude to the convention which assembled at Poughkeepsie in the summer of 1788, to deliberate and decide on the adoption of the federal constitution. The intense interest with which the meeting of the convention was anticipated and regarded, can

* Kennedy's Memoirs of Wirt, ii. 153, 155.
† Commentaries on American Law, by James Kent.

hardly be conceived at this day, and much less adequately described. I then resided in that village, and was enabled and induced to attend the convention as a spectator, daily and steadily during the entire six weeks of its session, and I was of course an eye and ear witness to everything of a public nature that was said or done. The convention was composed of sixty-five members, and not one of them remains a survivor at this day. That bright and golden age of the republic may now be numbered "with the years beyond the flood," and I am left in comparative solitude to recall and enjoy the enchanting vision.

The convention combined the talents, experience, and weight of character, of some of the most distinguished men in the state. Most of them had been tutored in the discussions, services, and perils of the revolution. The principal speakers in favor of the adoption of the constitution were, Mr. Jay (then (Secretary for Foreign Affairs), Chancellor Livingston, Mr. Duane (then mayor of this city), Mr. Harison, and Colonel Hamilton. On the other side, and against the adoption without previous amendments, were George Clinton (then Governor of the state), Mr. Lansing (afterwards Chancellor), Mr. Jones (afterwards Recorder of this city), John Williams of Washington county, and Gilbert Livingston and Melancton Smith, delegates from Dutchess. There was no difficulty in deciding at once on which side of the house the superiority in debate existed. Yet in the ordinary range of the discussions, it was found that the dignity, candor, and strength of Jay, the polished address and elegant erudition of Chancellor Livingston, and the sagacity and exhaustless researches of Hamilton, were met with equal pretensions by their opponents, supported by the simplicity and unpretending good sense of Clinton, the sound judgment of Jones, the plausible deductions of Lansing, and the metaphysical mind and embarrassing subtleties of Smith. But Colonel Hamilton maintained the ascendancy on every question; and being the only member present who had signed the constitution, he felt and sustained most intrepidly the weight of the responsibility which belonged to him as the leader on the federal side of the question. All seemed, as by common consent, to concede to him the burden and the honors of the debate. Mr. Smith was also the most prominent and responsible speaker on the part of the anti-federal majority. There was no person on that side to be compared to him in acute and logical discussion. He was Hamilton's most persevering and formidable antagonist. But even Smith was routed in every contest, and as Mr. Hamilton had been a most active member of the national convention, and the principal author of the *Federalist*, his mind had grown familiar with the principles and history of federal governments, and with every topic of debate. He was prompt, ardent, energetic, and overflowing, with an exhaustless store of argument and illustration.

The three principal topics of debate, in which Mr. Hamilton was most distinguished and most masterly, were (1), on the importance of the union, the defects of the confederation, and the just principles of representation. (2.) On the requisite tenure and stability of the senate. (3.) On the power of taxation and the residuary rights of the states. On each of those subjects he bestowed several speeches, some of which were employed in refutation and reply.

He generally spoke with great earnestness and energy, and with considerable, and sometimes vehement gesture. His language was clear, nervous, and classical. He went to the foundation and reason of every doctrine which he examined, and he brought to the debate a mind richly adorned with all the learning that was applicable. He never omitted to meet fairly the discussion, and he was sure to discover the strength and weakness, the ingredients of truth and error, in every proposition he had to contend with. His candor was magnanimous, and rose to a level with his talents. His temper was spirited, but courteous, amiable, and generous; and he frequently made pathetic and powerful appeals to the good sense and patriotism of the assembly, and painted vividly the difficulties and dangers of the crisis, in order to prepare their minds for a favorable reception of the constitution. The style and manner of Smith's speeches was plain, dry, and syllogistic; and it behooved his adversary to understand well the ground on which he stood, and the principles he advanced, or he might find it somewhat embarrassing to extricate himself from a subtle web of specious reasoning, unless indeed it was met by Hamilton's skill and strength, which nothing could resist. Smith was a speaker of remarkable simplicity, and his disposition was gentle and liberal. Though I had strong political prejudices against Governor Clinton, as the leader of the party opposed to the constitution, yet during the course of the session, I became forcibly struck with the dignity with which he presided, and with his unassuming and modest pretensions as a speaker. It was impossible not to have respect for such a character, or for a young man not to be somewhat overawed in his presence, when it became apparent from all his conduct, that he possessed great decision of character, and a stern inflexibility of purpose.

The arguments urged by Col. Hamilton in the debates, were substantially the same which he had before employed in the *Federalist*. They could not have been different, for he had already urged all the leading considerations which led to the plan, and had guided the judgment and skill of the artists.

In his opening speech, Mr. Hamilton preliminarily observed, that it was of the utmost importance that the convention should be strongly impressed with a conviction of the necessity of the union of the states. If they could be entirely satisfied of that great truth, their minds would then be prepared to admit the necessity of a government of similar organization and powers with the scheme of the one before them, to uphold and preserve that union. It was like the case of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and doubts on that subject were one great cause, he said, of modern infidelity, for if men could be thoroughly convinced that they had within them immaterial and immortal spirits, their minds would be prepared for the ready reception of Christian truth. After pointing out the radical defects of the articles of confederation, and vindicating the popular basis of the proposed system, he declared his most serious conviction, that the latter was a wise and genuine specimen of a representative republic; and he hoped and trusted that we should find in it an effectual cure for our actual distresses, and that it would prove an eminent blessing to us and our posterity. He concluded his first great speech with the patriot's prayer: "Oh! save my country, heaven!" in allusion to the brave Cobham, who felt "his ruling passion strong in death."

His two speeches on the organization, powers, and stability of the senate, were regarded at the time, by the best judges, as the noblest specimens which the debates in that, or in any other assembly, ever afforded of the talents and wisdom of the statesman. They were delivered with a strong desire to put down a most mischievous and pernicious propo-

sition to amend the constitution, and which was, that "no person should be eligible as a senator for more than six years in any term of twelve years, and that they should at all times within the period of six years be subject to recall by the state legislatures, and to the substitution of others." Mr Hamilton, on that occasion, took broad views of the nature of man,—his passions, pursuits, interests, prejudices, duties; and he drew his deductions from the design and necessity of government, the settled principles of policy, and the history and melancholy infirmities of all free, and especially of all federal governments, ancient and modern. Instability, a fluctuating policy, and corrupt and vindictive factions, were prominent features and practical consequences in the history of most republican systems, and their necessary tendency was to weaken the sanctity of contracts, lessen the security of property, destroy a proud and just sense of national honour, and finally to forfeit the respect and confidence of the rest of mankind. He contended, therefore, that in all just policy, we ought not to hesitate to infuse a principle of stability into the structure of our national government, by the creation of a senate, to be comparatively small in the number of its members, and to have them chosen for considerable periods of time, so as to inspire them with a feeling of independence, and a lively sense of character, in the due discharge of their trust. Upon no other plan, could the Senate, either in its legislative or executive character, be able to perform its functions as the balance-wheel of the machine. In no other way would that body be able to become the requisite check to the mischiefs of misguided zeal and factious policy in the more popular branch, or to the abuses and misrule of the president, in the exercise of the treaty and the appointing powers.

During the sitting of the convention, information was received that New Hampshire had adopted the constitution, and she made the ninth state that had ratified it. That great event wrought at once a momentous change in the condition of the United States; inasmuch as the confederation became thereby *ipso facto* dissolved, and the new constitution had become, or would be when organized, the existing national government of the nine states which had ratified the same. But that fact, solemn and weighty as it was, did not seem to disturb the tranquillity, or shake the purpose, of a majority of the convention. Mr. Smith and Mr. Lansing both declared that the event had no influence on their deliberations. The convention continued its sharp debates for three weeks longer, and apparently regardless of that information, until all hopes of an auspicious issue to the business seemed to be lost. It was in the midst of that gloomy period, and just before the clouds began to disperse, and serene skies to appear and gladden the moral atmosphere of the place, that Mr. Hamilton made one of his most pathetic and impassioned addresses. He urged every motive and consideration that ought to sway the human mind in such a crisis. He touched with exquisite skill every cord of sympathy that could be made to vibrate in the human breast. Our country, our honor, our liberties, our firesides, our posterity, were placed in vivid colors before us. He alluded to the distresses and national degradation which dictated the call for a general convention, and he portrayed in matchless style the characters in that illustrious assembly, composed of the wisest and brightest of our American statesmen. To discriminate largely might be invidious; but it could not be so, he said, to select *Franklin*, revered by the wise men of Europe, and *Washington*, crowned with laurels, and refulgent with glory.

Intelligence was shortly afterwards received, that Virginia had also adopted the constitution. Mr. Hamilton read with much sensibility a letter to that effect, communicated by express from Mr. Madison. It produced at once a visible change in the disposition of the house, and led it to think of adopting the constitution upon certain terms. A resolution to that effect was before the house, when Mr. Smith moved that the constitution be ratified *upon condition*, that certain powers contained in the instrument should not be exercised until a general convention of the states had been called to propose amendments. This proposition was discussed for several days, and under the impression in one part of the house, that the adoption of the constitution with that qualification annexed, would readily be received by the existing Congress. Mr. Hamilton was strenuous and peremptory in his opinion, that such a conditional ratification would not and could not possibly be accepted. He assured the house that all expectations from such a source would prove delusive. This opinion gained ground, and the members generally and gradually assumed a more conciliatory tone; and all vehemence in debate seemed to cease as by common consent. Convictions once beginning to operate, were borne along with increasing force against the stream of prejudice. "We did not come here," said Mr. Jay, "to carry points, or gain party triumphs. We ought not to expect it, or wish it. We were without a national government, and on the eve of an untried era. Everything demanded moderation and concession. The laurels of mere party victory, might be bedewed with the tears, or stained with the blood of our fellow-citizens." Mr. Hamilton disclaimed all intention of wounding the feelings of any individual, though he had expressed himself in the course of the debates in strong language, dictated by strong emotions, for on no subject had his mind been agitated with more painful concern. The spirit of the house became liberal and cheering; and at last Mr Jones moved to substitute the words *in full confidence*, in lieu of the words, *upon condition*, in the form of the ratification. He was supported by Mr. Smith, who had so eminently distinguished himself, and by Mr. Platt, then first judge of the county of Dutchess, who made a few plain observations in a direct and downright manner, of his sense of duty, and of his determination to follow it. Twelve members came over from the anti-federal side of the house, and they were sufficient to constitute the majority which unconditionally ratified the constitution. I have always considered the members who made this memorable and unbought sacrifice of error, prejudice, and party discipline, on the altar of patriotism and their country's welfare, as entitled to the highest commendation. It was quite an heroic effort, to quit such a leader as Governor Clinton, though it was to follow their own convictions. It was understood that several other members were inclined to follow the same course, but they could not be brought to desert the governor, who remained inflexible. Had he consented to vote for the constitution, the ratification of it would probably have been unanimous. As it was, the spirit of conciliation which closed the labors of that illustrious assembly, was deemed most auspicious, and as affording a new and instructive example of wisdom and moderation to mankind.

ABIEL HOLMES.

Abiel Holmes, the author of the American Annals, one of the pioneer works of American History, was born in Woodstock, Conn., a town

formerly under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, December 24, 1763. His father, Dr. David Holmes, had served as captain with the provincial forces in the old French war in Canada. Abiel graduated at Yale in 1783, and soon after accepted the appointment of Tutor in the college, having first preached a short time to a society in Midway, Georgia. In 1788 he was settled over the congregation in Midway, where he had formerly preached, and maintained a happy relation with them until 1791, when the state of his health compelled him to remove to the north. In 1790, he married Mary, daughter of Dr. Ezra Stiles, the president of Yale College. She died in 1795, leaving no children.

In 1792, Mr. Holmes was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge, Mass., and occupied this position until 1832, a long period of forty years, when the increase of new theological opinions caused a division of the society. He retained his connexion with the "orthodox" portion of the parish, a colleague having been settled with him, to whom he soon resigned his share of the duties, and passed the remainder of his life peacefully and happily in Cambridge. His religious and ecclesiastical faith was that of the Puritans. His position at Cambridge was, therefore, peculiarly difficult and delicate, surrounded as he was with communities of different faith, and in the immediate vicinity of an institution at that time almost exclusively under Unitarian influence. But he was charitable by nature, and disposed to live peaceably with those whose faith differed from his own. For a long course of years he was in the habit of exchanging pulpits with the Unitarian clergy of the neighborhood, and never ceased to be on the most friendly terms of intercourse with many among them.

In the year 1800 he married Sarah, daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wendell, of Boston.*

In his literary career Dr. Holmes, in 1798, wrote the life of his father-in-law, President Stiles, a work of genuine worth and character. In 1805 he published his *American Annals*, a work in two volumes octavo, containing the outlines of American History from 1492 to the period of its publication, a work of careful collection and research; and in 1829 he published a second edition of the work, enlarged with a continuation of the record. The American Annals employed him some ten years in composition, and much labor was expended on its revision. This was a labor of love. To verify a doubtful legend; to disprove a questionable tradition by new testimony; to get at the absolute fact and let this tell its own story: such labor as this was his highest literary pleasure. Like a famous observer in science he might have adopted the saying of Rousseau as his motto, "I know that truth is in things, and not in my mind that judges of them, and that the less of myself I mingle with them the nearer I shall come to the truth." He observed the remark, however, very differently from the famous egotist who originated it.

In 1817 Dr. Holmes delivered a course of Lectures on Ecclesiastical History in Harvard College.

He published in the Massachusetts Historical Collections a *Memoir of the French Protestants;* and a *History of the Town of Cambridge.*

Besides the works thus enumerated he published various sermons. Occasionally, like many of his clerical contemporaries, he indulged in verse, not, however, in any more serious efforts than a slight translation or an occasional hymn.

His fondness for history and antiquarian research was no doubt favored and fostered by his early relations with his revered father-in-law, President Stiles. But the author of "The History of the Judges" joined to his learning a love of theory leading him at times towards credulity, which his son-in-law did not inherit. The master was fond of wide speculations; the pupil was content with the humble task of collecting, sifting, verifying, and classifying the facts of history. To the same master is to be traced the love of the Hebrew language, which he always retained. He often referred to his first lessons received from the lips of the President himself. He had Greek and Latin enough for the reading of sacred and classical books, and so much of French and Spanish as was necessary for the consultation of historical authority. He had too a scholar's taste in books. Without being a book collector in the strict sense, he had a fondness for good editions, and there were few happier moments than when he brought home an Elzevir, or a Stephanus, or a Frobenius, and introduced the venerable new comer to his somewhat crowded shelves.

In his personal character he was of a kindly and genial disposition, and the somewhat severe forms of belief in which he was bred, and to which he was faithful through life, never chilled his social nature.

In the general love and confidence of his parish and supported by the Christianity which he had served, he died at Cambridge, June 4, 1837.*

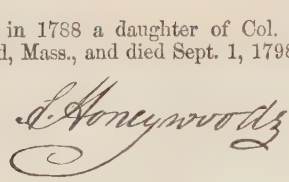
ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

St. John Honeywood was born in 1764, the son of an English physician who had settled in Leicester, Mass. In 1766 the father, then a surgeon in the American army, lost his life at Ticonderoga, leaving his son an orphan and destitute. He was educated at the expense of a few friends at the school of Mr. Tisdale, in Lebanon, Conn., and continued his studies at Yale College, where he became domesticated in the house of the President, the Rev. Dr. Stiles, who always maintained a high regard for his pupil. He took his degree in 1782, and passed the two following years as a teacher in an academy at Schenectady, New York. He then removed to Albany and studied law in the office of Peter W. Yates. After having been admitted to the bar, he removed to Salem, Washington Co., where he practised his profession during the remainder of his life. He was one of the Presidential electors by whom John Adams was chosen the successor of Washington. He

* The children of this second marriage were, 1. Mary Jackson, married to Usher Parsons, M.D.; 2. Ann Susan, married to the Hon. Charles Wentworth Upham; 3. Sarah Lathrop, who died in childhood; 4. Oliver Wendell, the poet and physician; 5. John Holmes of Cambridge.

* Mass. Hist. Collections, vol. vii. We are indebted for the personal reminiscences to a communication from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

married in 1788 a daughter of Col. Mosely of Westfield, Mass., and died Sept. 1, 1798.



The volume of his poems would have appeared in the author's lifetime, but death interrupted his plan of publication, and the work fell for biographical notice and editorship into the hands of his successor, who married his widow, a matter-of-fact man, who records this circumstance with coolness, and offers as an apology for the paucity of the facts his limited knowledge of the author; with whom his acquaintance seems to have been mainly of a posthumous character. Of the literary habits of Honeywood he records the composition of one of his short poems on fifty separate pieces of paper—which, he trusts, with some uncertainty, have been correctly joined together.

The little volume which contains these poems was published in New York by T. & J. Swords in 1801, and was dedicated to Josiah Ogden Hoffman, then Attorney-General of the State. Unimportant as a collection of poetry, it is a curious picture of the closing years of the last century when Washington declined a re-election to the Presidency (the subject for several pages of heroic verse), when Shea rebelled in Massachusetts (celebrated in an ironical song), when Europe was seething with the coming Revolution (a lively news-monger's ballad), and Citizen Adet went home to France full of the prestige of the new republic of the west, duly impressed upon his mind by a poetical address from St. John Honeywood. Then for purely domestic matters the negroes were celebrating Pinxta, the ladies were lying in in great state, or writing letters not in the best of English—at least our poet inculcates Entick in terms which would be superfluous at the present day, when learning and good sense are such common things.

Since daily occasion compels us to write,
Read these lines, my dear Clara, and learn to indite,
Here is then the great secret, to this you'll attend,
Write in just the same manner you'd speak to your friend;
Avoid all hard words and bombastical strain,
If your style be but chaste, it can scarce be too plain,
Many persons who've got a slight tincture of knowledge,
Young boarding-school misses, and students from college,
By high sounding nonsense endeavor to please,
And talk of their bright and their gloomy ideas:
Avoid all this stiffness, this troublesome toil,
And write to your friends in your every day style.

These smoothly written verses, and others more pointed, show the writer to have possessed a pleasant vein of humor. His graver attempts are somewhat prosaic.

THE SELFISH MAN'S PRAYER ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

Again the clouds of battle lour
With terror and dismay;
Protect me, all disposing power,
In this disastrous day!

As in the camp the soldiers learn
To riot, curse and swear,
'Twould give my pious soul concern
To have my boys go there!

Then while my neighbours and their sons
Are called to war and arms,
Grant that my boys, secure from guns,
May cultivate my farms!

And while with taxes and expense
My kindred are distress'd,
O grant that all my hard-earn'd pence
May slumber in the chest!

And should the Frenchmen gain the day,
And all their foes condemn:
Then may I wash my hands, and say
I ne'er opposed them!

Yet, if by thy disposing *will*,
My country gains the cause,
O may I find a shelter still
In her indulgent laws!

And should she disbelieve my word,
May I upon thee call
To witness I ne'er drew my sword,
Or fir'd a gun at all.

For since from frailty and mistake
No carnal mind is free,
I wish no active part to take,
But leave the whole to thee!

Though impious pirates on the seas
Our merchants' ships despoil;
Yet shall my spirit rest in ease
Till foes invade the soil.

Then let the fiends of battle rave,
My peaceful vales shall sing;
And oxen, corn, and all I have,
Full thrice their value bring.

O may my lands yield twenty-fold,
The army to supply;
May fat contractors, fraught with gold,
My copious harvests buy!

May continental rags no more
Usurp the place of coin;
But crown my basket and my store
With blessings from the mine.

What though the fig-tree shall not bloom
Or oxen seek the stall;
What though it be thy righteous doom
That half our youth shall fall:

Yet if thou wilt thy servant bless,
And my posterity,
I'll joy in my own righteousness,
To perpetuity.

THE PURSE:

Addressed to a Friend.

The Author was journeying with a friend: for convenience they pursed their money. When they parted they divided their money and their purse (which was of the double construction), each taking one half of it. When he understood his friend was a candidate for matrimony, he returned the half purse, with the following lines:—

This purse, long sever'd from its mate,
The grateful muse returns to thee;
Tis not oppress'd with golden weight,
Nor yet from cash entirely free.

This trifling sum, in prudent hands,
May raise, in time, a fair estate;
And, truth to say, its silken bands
Are well-constructed to dilate.

Adieu! fond purse; what though no more
You hold society with me,
May fortune bless thy master's store,
And cram thy sides with many a fee.

For well I ween the marriage state
Full oft thy succour must require,
With gen'rous food to heap the plate—
To crown the glass and feed the fire.

The parson, sure, will ask his hire
For making *one* who once were *two;*
And eke, when seasons may require,
For sprinkling round the holy dew.

The licens'd quack, of solemn face,
Of want and pinching times shall tell;
And take a fee, devoid of grace,
For making sick what late was well.

The merchant next, with craving airs,
Hopes to receive his bill from you;
And, in sarcastic tone, declares,
"He will discharge the balance due."

The landlord, rough, ungen'rous wight,
Proclaims your *year* and *credit* spent;
Then swears, occasions press so tight,
"He must expect a higher rent."

The tailor, cloth-curtailing rogue,
His long-stretched bill will oft display:
The lingo-prating pedagogue
Shall greet thee ev'ry quarter-day.

The French *friseur* shall oft complain
Of thirst, of hunger, heat and cold;
And what would best relieve his pain,
I trust you never need be told.

The simp'ring milliner shall prate
Of caps, of stays and negligees:
Then bode, O! purse impending fate,
Whene'er she whispers, *if you please.*

The cobler, too, when hunger plies,
At madam's foot will lowly bend;
Admire its shape and handsome size,
And hopes that *you will prove his friend.*

Then honest John comes in to tell,
He longs to drink your worship's health,
And that, your honour knows full well,
Poor servants are not born to wealth.

Next Doll, with ill-affected blush,
Hints how she soon expects to wed;
That cash don't grow on every bush,
And that she late was brought to bed.

Then every *black* that dwells below
In sable order shall arise;
First beg they may a *Pinxt'ring** go,
Then hint the want of fresh supplies.

Now Master Jack or Dick shall come,
And in discordant whine relate,
How the rude boys have broke his drum,
And stole away his other skate.

Start not, my friend, thy better half
Shall join to bear the burden down:
She screams, and tells you, in a laugh,
"*The sweetest China's come to town.*

"'Tis true, we should not run in debt;
But such rare bargains must not pass:
And Mrs. *Mayor* has bought a set,
And so have all the better class.

"And O! my dear, I cannot bear
To miss the *family of West;*
The ablest connoisseurs declare,
Of all engravings 'tis the best.

"Ten guineas only is the price;
'Twill do to pay the money soon:
It is so elegant and nice
To hang in parlour or saloon.

"A harpsichord, at price still lower,
The auctioneer has now to sell;
And *little Billey** always swore,
My fingers moved divinely well.

"A singing-bird, of tender age,
From India's groves has lately flown:
'Twill match the robin in the cage;
And birds should never live alone."

"Stop here," you cry, "O wretch profuse!"
Have patience, friend, I scarce begin:
Proceed, and tell, celestial Muse,
The charges of a *lying-in!*

The *accoucheur*, in gratitude,
Must be well paid for every boy;
And surely all would deem it rude,
You treat not such as wish you joy.

Panado, caudle, many a cup;
Choice figs and raisins of the sun;
And cakes of every sort made up—
Pound cake, wig, woffal, cruller, bun:

Imperial, souchong, congo teas,
When gossips come to pay their court;
But bucks will not take up with these;
Be theirs *Madeira, Sherry, Port.*

Pins, too, in many a shining row;
Caps, bibs, and shoes of crimson skin;
Small ornaments of wond'rous show,
And robes to wrap the infant in.

A cradle to receive the child
When fortune sends a downy nap:
A pious nurse, of temper mild,
To hush its cries, and get the pap.

Get many a volume neatly bound,
And give the wanton bairn to rear;
Whistles of shrill unpleasing sound,
And coral sticks, the gums to wear.

And next——But stop, nor think to count
Unnumber'd cares, unnumber'd things:
First tell the stars, then the amount
Of the vast cost which wedlock brings.

O! who in this unfathom'd pit,
In sober sense, would dare to plunge;
Run the mad chance of duns and debts,
To rot in jail—to starve—to spunge.

Far better on his luckless throat
A millstone's pond'rous bulk were hung;
Far better, in unmanly note,
He to Italian ears had sung.

JOSEPH BROWN LADD.

Joseph Brown Ladd, the son of William and Sarah Ladd, was born at Newport, R. I., in 1764. He received the rudiments of an English education, and at the early age of ten produced a few verses not without merit. In 1775 his father removed to a farm at Little Compton, which he cultivated with the assistance of his sons. This mode of life was distasteful to the young poet

* Whitsuntide, a holiday for servants and slaves.

* A teacher of music.

and would-be student, who was wont to hide himself away with his books, and on one occasion constructed a retreat in a thicket of alder bushes, to which he resorted, with his silent companions, daily for many months without detection. At the end of three years his father consented to a change, and placed him in a store; but this was still more repugnant to his tastes than the farm. A printing-office was next tried, where it was supposed his interest in books would be satisfied. While he was employed in learning his new trade, a gentleman who had noticed his literary readiness, suggested to him to write ballads on certain quack doctors in the town. The success which followed the production of these satires so elated him, that he shot at higher game in the person of the celebrated divine, Dr. Hopkins, minister at Newport. The doctor did not relish the proceeding, complained to the father of his assailant, and the incident led to his withdrawal from the printing-office. In his next change he was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination, which was to become a physician, and was placed in the charge of Dr. Isaac Senter. This gentleman sympathized with the literary tastes of his pupil, and rendered him good service by lending him books, and directing his classical as well as medical studies. During the four years thus passed, most of his poems were written. Many of them were addressed, under the signature of Arouet, to Amanda, a name by which he designated a young lady to whom he was attached. She was a young orphan heiress, and her guardians are charged, by the writer of the poet's biography prefixed to the collection of his works in 1832, with throwing obstacles in the way of the union for the purpose of keeping the lucrative management of her estate in their own hands, as the trust was stipulated to terminate with the marriage of their ward. The lady favored him if the guardians did not, and they were privately engaged.

In 1783, General Greene, the revolutionary hero, returned to Newport, and becoming acquainted with Ladd, who had just completed his medical education, recommended him to try his fortune at the south. In pursuance of the advice, he removed to Charleston, with letters of introduction from his distinguished friend, and was soon engaged in extensive practice. Here he also became a contributor to the public press, and published, among other articles, a criticism on Dr. Johnson, in which he exposes many of the doctor's weak points, a daring literary venture at that period.

In 1785 he was appointed, by Governor Moultrie, fourth of July orator at the second celebration of the day in Charleston, the first there, or in any part, it is said, of the country, having been observed in 1778 by an address by Dr. Ramsay. In November, 1786, a political controversy in the newspapers in which he was engaged, led to a challenge from his opponent, which he felt forced, by the false public sentiment prevalent in the community, to accept. He threw away his fire, but received a wound from his antagonist which put an end to his life at the age of twenty-two.

His literary remains were collected by his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Haskins, of Rhode Island, and published, with a sketch of the author's life, by W. B. Chittenden, in 1832, forty-six years after his death. They consist of the poems to Amanda of which we have spoken, and a number of verses on patriotic and occasional topics.

AN INVOCATION TO THE ALMIGHTY. WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TEN YEARS.

My God! the Father of mankind,
Whose bounty all things share;
Let me thy grace my portion find—
All else beneath thy care.

I ask not titles, wealth, or state,
By joyless hearts possessed;
Yet may I still be rich and great,
If virtue fill my breast.

Let fervent charity remain
Forever in my breast;
Oh! let me feel another's pain,
In others' joys be blest.

To charity within my breast,
Let steady faith unite;
Nor let me from thy law depart,
Nor let me live by sight.

With patience fortify my mind,
To bear each future ill;
In life and death, alike resigned
To thine unerring will.

ODE TO RETIREMENT.

Hail, sweet retirement! hail!
Best state of man below;
To smooth the tide of passions frail,
And bear the soul away from scenery of wo.
When retired from busy noise,
Vexing cares, and troubled joys,
To a mild, serener air,
In the country, we repair;
Calm enjoy the rural scene,
Sportive o'er the meadows green,
When the sun's enlivening ray,
Speaks the genial month of May;
Lo! his amorous, wanton beams,
Dance on yonder crystal streams;
In soft dalliance pass the hours,
Kissing dew-drops from the flowers;
While soft music through the grove,
Sweetly tunes the soul to love;
And the hills, harmonious round,
Echo with responsive sound.
There the *turtle dove* alone,
Makes his soft melodious moan;
While from yonder bough 'tis heard,
Sweetly chirps the *yellow bird:*
There the *linnet's* downy throat,
Warbles the responsive note;
And to all the neighboring groves,
Robin redbreast tells his loves.
There, AMANDA, we might walk,
And of soft endearments talk;
Or, anon, we'd listen, love,
To the gently cooing dove.
In some sweet embowering shade,
Some fair seat by nature made,
I my love would gently place,
On the tender-woven grass;
Seated by thy lovely side,
Oh! how great would be my pride;
While my soul should fix on thine—
Oh! the joy to call thee mine.
For why should doves have more delight,
Than we, my sweet AMANDA, might?
And why should larks and linnets be
More happy, lovely maid, than we?

There the pride of genius blooms,
There sweet contemplation comes;
There is science, heavenly fair;
Sweet philosophy is there.
With each author valued most,
Ancient glory, modern boast:
There the mind may revel o'er
Doughty deeds of days of yore;
How the mighty warriors stood—
How the field was dyed in blood—
How the shores were heaped with dead—
And the rivers streamed with red—
While the heroes' souls on flame,
Urged them on to deathless fame:
Or we view a different age,
Pictured in the historic page;
Kings descending from a throne—
Tyrants making kingdoms groan—
With each care on state allied,
With all the scenery of pride:
Or perhaps we'll study o'er
Books of philosophic lore;
Read what Socrates has thought,
And how god-like Plato wrote;
View the earth with Bacon's eyes,
Or with Newton read the skies;
See each planetary ball,
One great sun attracting all;
All by gravitation held,
Self-attracted, self-repelled:
We shall cheat away old time,
Passing moments so sublime.
Hail, sweet retirement! hail!
Best state of man below;
To smooth the tide of passions frail,
And bear the soul away from scenery of wo.

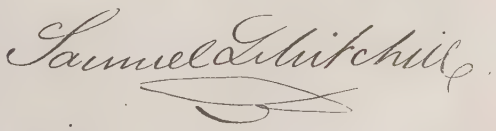
WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

'Tis an empty, fleeting shade,
By imagination made;
'Tis a bubble, straw, or worse;
'Tis a baby's hobby horse;
'Tis a little living, clear;
'Tis ten thousand pounds a year;
'Tis a title; 'tis a name;
'Tis a puff of empty fame,
Fickle as the breezes blow;
'Tis a lady's YES or NO:
And when the description's crowned,
'Tis just *no where* to be found.

SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHILL.

FEW men have made a more varied and useful employment of their abilities and acquirements than this pioneer in American scientific research. Samuel L. Mitchill was born in North Hempstead, Queens County, Long Island, August 20, 1764. He was the third son of a Quaker farmer, and would probably have received few of the advantages of early education but for the kindness of his maternal uncle, Dr. Samuel Latham, of the same village. He was placed by this relative under the instruction of Dr. Leonard Cutting, a graduate of Cambridge (England), and received a good classical education. He afterwards studied medicine with Dr. Latham, and in 1780 removed to New York, to receive the instructions of Dr. Bard of that city. In 1783 he went to the celebrated school of Edinburgh, to complete his studies. Here he remained nearly four years, the contemporary at the University of Thomas Addis Emmet and Sir James Mackintosh, enjoying the best intellectual society of the city. After receiving his diploma, he made a pedestrian tour through a part of England with his friend William Dunlap, and then returned to his native country.

He next devoted some time to legal and political study under the direction of Robert Yates, Chief Justice of the State of New York. In consequence of this connexion he was appointed (his first public trust) one of the Commissioners to treat with the Iroquois for a cession of territory, and was present at the council held at Fort Stanwix in 1788. In 1790 he was elected a representative of his native county of Queens in the Legislature of the State of New York. In 1792 he received the appointment of professor of chemistry, natural history, and philosophy, in Columbia College. He introduced into his instruction, for the first time in the United States, the new nomenclature of Lavoisier, but with a dissent from some of the principles of that philosopher. This exception involved him in a controversy with Dr. Priestley, which was conducted with such courtesy and mutual respect that it led to the warm personal friendship of the combatants. Dr. Mitchill's next public service was the establishment, in 1793–4, in connexion with Chancellor Livingston and Simeon De Witt, of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Manufactures, and the Useful Arts. He delivered the first public address before this body, and in 1796 made his report on the Mineralogy of the State of New York. This was the first work of the kind undertaken in the United States, and secured its author a wide reputation in Europe as well as his own country. It is published in the first volume of the Medical Repository, a periodical which was commenced in 1797 by Dr.



Mitchill, in connexion with his friends Drs. Edward Miller and Elihu H. Smith, and of which he continued editor for more than sixteen years.

It was a scientific and literary, as well as medical periodical, and was published in quarterly numbers.

On the 23d of June, 1799, Dr. Mitchill was married to Mrs. Catharine Cock, daughter of Samuel Akerly. After this event, by which he became possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself entirely to scientific and public occupations.

In 1807, on the organization of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York, he was appointed its first professor of chemistry, an office which his political duties compelled him to decline, he having been elected in 1800 a member of the House of Representatives, and in 1804 of the Senate of the United States. After the expiration of his term, in 1809, he was re-elected to the House. He subsequently accepted a professorship of botany and materia medica, on the re-organization of the institution in 1820, and discharged its duties until 1826, when, in consequence of difficulties with the trustees, the entire body of professors resigned. In addition to the literary, scientific, and political labors we have mentioned, Dr. Mitchill was an active member of most of the learned societies of Europe and America. Numerous papers by him are included in their Transactions; and he was often called upon, at the anniversaries of those of his own city, to appear as their orator. His multifarious productions are consequently scattered over a number of separate publications and collections of pamphlets, and are somewhat overshadowed by the reputation of the learned bodies with which they are connected. They have fallen, to some extent, into an unmerited oblivion.

His elaborate History of the Botanical Writers of America may be found in the collections of the New York Historical Society. His valuable work on the Fishes of New York, the scientific speciality for which he is particularly held in repute, was printed, with illustrations, in the Transactions of the New York Literary and Philosophical Society.

In addition to these scientific productions, Dr. Mitchill was the author of an address delivered at the old Presbyterian Church in Wall street, May 12, 1795, before the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, containing a semi-fanciful, semi-historical account of the famous Indian chief, the patron saint of the organization; and of funeral discourses in honor of Jefferson, Thomas Addis Emmet, De Witt Clinton, and Dr. Bard. In the progress of the discourse on Jefferson, he has a happy remark on the Declaration of Independence: "For sententious brevity, strong expression, and orderly disposition of the topics, the reading of it always brings to my mind that incomparable performance, the Litany of the Christian Church. In this, miserable sinners invoke the Father of Heaven; in that, suffering subjects submit facts to a candid world. In the latter, the One in Three is entreated to spare from all evil and mischief those who have been redeemed; in the former, a worldly prince, for a continuance of cruelties, is denounced as a tyrant and unfit to be the ruler of a free people. In the Litany, the church supplicates blessings and comforts from a being willing to grant them; in the Declaration, the nation puts at defiance the power that neither pities nor forgives."

The Tammany address pretends to furnish a biography of that worthy, who appears to have been an Indian St. Patrick. It contains an oration purporting to be delivered by the chief, which we annex, with a preliminary passage explaining the circumstances.

The doctor occasionally addressed a few verses to his wife, embellished the album of a lady petitioner, or translated some Latin, Greek, or Italian poem which attracted his fancy. He was a fluent speaker, possessed a pleasant vein of humor, and presided over the Sour Krout or addressed the Turtle Club, associations formed for the indulgence of gastronomy and hilarity, with the same acceptability as the Senate or hall of science. He was fond of society, and was at all times ready to receive and answer scientific inquiries. His suavity was often mistaken for acquiescence. His hospitality to new ideas as well as new comers occasionally led him into mistakes; though his patient attention to the plans of theorizers was often construed into and reported as an acquiescence in views which he was far from adopting. The doctor was too prominent an object to escape the shafts of the wits of the day, and they were not at all backward in availing themselves of the opportunity. He probably enjoyed the jokes of the Croakers and Fanny, as well as the rest of the town, and sometimes, as in the case of his early faith in steam navigation,* had the satisfaction of seeing time turn the laugh on his opponents.

An idea which Mitchill at one time advocated with considerable ingenuity, was a new name for the country. Of this there is a record in a production in 1804, attributed to his pen—*An Address to the Fredes or People of the United States*, on the 28th anniversary of their independence. A parenthesis on the title-page of this brief pamphlet further explains the designation. "The modern and appropriate name of the people of the United States is Fredes or Fredonians, as the geographical name of their country is Fredon or Fredonia, and their relations are expressed by the terms Fredonian or Fredish." The address is in verse, and celebrates the blessings enjoyed by America in the fruits of its Revolution, the establishment of the Constitution, and the general progress of civilization, particularly in the extension of lighthouses and the post-office. The idea of Mitchill was to provide a peculiar designation, a national name for the people of the United States. Apalachian, Alleghanian, and other terms have been also projected to meet the same supposed want; and a few years since there was a debate on the topic in the New York Historical Society; but if ever the matter was seriously thought of it has quite rapidly been rendered unnecessary by the growth of the country, in filling up to so great an extent the geographical limits of the appellation now universally awarded of American. Mitchill, who, like father Shandy, had a theory of names, was ingenious in hitting upon Fredonia, a term suggestive at once of a generous idea, and of such

* Mitchill was a warm and influential advocate, in the Legislature, in the face of much ridicule and opposition, of the act passed in 1798, which conferred on Livingston and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York by steam.

readily grammatical adaptation as a noun and adjective in Frede and Fredish.*

One of the social gatherings of the doctor's day was styled the Krout Club. It was composed of descendants of the original settlers of the city of New York, who met together to eat a dinner "after the manner of the ancients" of Holland. Cabbage in various culinary forms was a leading ingredient of the feast, and it was customary, after the election of a presiding officer, to crown him with a cabbage head neatly scooped out, and place on his shoulders a mantle composed of the leaves of the same respected esculent. Dr. Mitchill accepted an invitation, on one occasion, in 1822, to one of these dinners, and being chosen Grand Krout, delivered the following address, while arrayed in the insignia of his office, harmonizing happily with the sportive character of the occasion:

This association owes its origin to our venerable and festive ancestry. The cabbage is its emblem, and a good symbol it is. The Bourbons displayed their exalted lily, and the Bonapartes their humble violet. The pine tree gave character to the money coined before the revolution in Massachusetts, and the white rose and red rose distinguished the parties of York and Lancaster as they formerly existed in England. The Scotch are proud of their thistle, the Irish of their shamrock, and the Welsh of their leek.

The virtues of the cabbage surpass all these, and are worthy of the highest eulogium. The plant belongs to the natural family of the antiscorbutics. It is capable of purifying the blood, and of rectifying the humors. Whether eaten raw or boiled, or after preparation in our excellent way of Sour Krout, the article is worthy of particular commendation. The sherris-sack celebrated by Falstaff is, notwithstanding its extraordinary virtues, far inferior to Krout. I recommend to all *Scurvy fellows*, wherever they may be, a course of this sovereign remedy to make them sound and whole.

Great exertions are made by gardeners and farmers to cultivate the precious vegetable in large quantity and of good quality. Their industry is stimulated by the premiums of patriotic societies. They do well in granting such premiums. Its nutritious and succulent leaves increase the cow's measure of milk; which when mingled with eggs gives us custards, with isinglass regales us with blanc mange, and when converted into butter ministers to our taste and luxury in an hundred ways.

Best member in the family of *Brassica!* salubrious is the employment and sweet the reward of rearing thee, of tending thee and preparing thee for the mouth and the stomach!

Moral, and sober, and industrious are the persons who are devoted to thee! Thou impartest strength to the muscles, sensibility to the nerves, and integrity to the brain. The social principle is safe in thy keeping. Thy constitution is such that ardent and intoxicating drink cannot be prepared from thee. Thou sustainest without exhausting, and invigoratest without depression. Thy votaries here present give evidence in their looks and conduct, how admirably thou conducest to innocent recreation and to festive joy. Thy name has been abused, as if *to cabbage* were to pilfer or steal. I repel with indignation this attempt to sully thy fame.

Dr. Mitchill also addressed the Turtle Club, an association of the "solid men" of the city, who assembled in a grove at Hoboken to increase their solidity by a plentiful repast on the aldermanic dainty. After a learned, scientific, and classical dissertation on the *testudo*, natural, military, and mythological, he continues:—

With so many excellent and memorable qualities, it is by no means a circumstance of marvel, that the name of a feathered favorite should have been transferred to this amphibious creature. The resident of the groves, where the leafy foresters stand close enough to exclude piercing sunshine, and where the domestic locust trees (robinia), limetrees (tilia), and tulip trees (liriodendron), stretch out their arms as it were to welcome those exotics the poplars from the Po, and the willows from the Euphrates, to become joint tenants with them, the Dove has been obliged to surrender a part of her title, and by an odd perversion of language, the Turtle means the cooing bird of Fredonia, and also the four-footed reptile of Bahama.

From the extraordinary and multifarious functions of this oviparous quadruped, a riddle was composed by the witty Symposius, propounding the question whether that living existence was a beast, a fish, or a harp, as you may read in his collection of enigmas.

After a statement of these particulars, I feel more than ordinary satisfaction in observing that some of the nations of the south regard the green tortoise as a sacred object; a peculiar gift of the *Great Master of Breath.* Certain of them have proceeded so far under this persuasion, as to denominate him the *Fish of God*, or, in the dialect of the French colonists, *Poisson de Dieu.* The correct and honest indigenes ascribe to the soup, or in other words the decoction of its flesh, swallowed after a venomous draught has been received into the stomach, the most astonishing effects as an antidote or counter poison.

What more shall I say on this head? Why, truly, that this exquisite preparation surpasses all the other compounds of the kitchen and the shop. Perhaps there is no other known that possesses in so eminent a degree the properties both of food and medicine. It is an aliment of the most palatable and nutritious kind; so elaborated by coction in the cauldron, that very little digestion in the stomach is necessary. It assimilates with our nature, and becomes part and parcel of our living frame more readily than almost any other substance; subduing crudities, rendering the humors bland, and promoting good humor and hilarity to an extraordinary degree. It begets amenity and suavity of temper. It diminishes the proneness to give and to take offence, and I proclaim the information to the universe that no quarrel between the members has ever arisen upon this hallowed spot, rendering a settlement necessary by single combat.

Nor are its virtues less prominent as a prophylactic, or preventer of disease. Come hither, all ye lean and tabid sufferers! Ye who are wasted by atrophy and emaciation! and ye who are lingering with hectic fever and king's evil! Approach, I say, and receive the benefit of a panacea incomparably better than the boasted balsams which occupy columns of the gazettes. Invitation is hereby in like manner given to all who are in jeopardy from malignant disorders, whether engendered from morbid distemperature within the system, or through a sickly commixture of the atmospheric elements, or

* A year or two later, in 1806, Fessenden, in the notes to his *Mobocracy*, has this repudiation of the term: "Fredonia is a cant phrase, which certain small poets or prosaic scribblers, we forget which, would have us adopt as an appellation to designate the United States of America. At a time like this, when misrule and licentiousness are the order of the day, there can be but little propriety in coining new phrases to enrich the vocabulary of sedition."

by the introduction of a virus from a foreign place. Know, ye supporters of imported contagion in the yellow fever, that the tropical latitudes, which are accused of sending us the bane, must be allowed the credit of forwarding likewise the remedy.

It has been regretted by some persons of taste, that the *Tortoise*, like the *turtle*, is not furnished with wings; those nimble members, which convert a child into a Cupid, a horse into a Pegasus, a personified breeze into a Zephyr, and loose words into a compact sentence.* The fancy of the poet and the colouring of the painter may, however, supply this defect. Imagination may thus be strengthened to conceive how the supporter of men and things shall soar from the element on which he has floated time immemorial, and give us a flight through space, combining the velocity of a meteor with the eccentricity of a comet, or transporting the whole of his ponderous charge in a way that the ingenious and inventive Greeks never comprehended, to the region of perfect beatitude.

The most celebrated of Dr. Mitchill's poetical productions are his translations of the third and fifth of the Piscatory Eclogues (five in number) of Sannazarius, a Neapolitan pastoral poet of the age of Leo X. De Witt Clinton, in a note to his address before the Literary and Philosophical Society, gives the first of these as a "literary curiosity" of interest in connexion with the Doctor's investigations on ichthyology, and follows with the second, as "procured from Dr. Mitchill by the editor." The first is a dialogue between Celadon, Mopsus, Chronus, and Iolas, four fishermen, who extol the charms of their mistresses, Chloris and Nisa, by similes drawn from their occupation. In the second, the punishment inflicted by an enchantress, Herpylis, upon Mœon, a faithless swain who had deserted a maiden and thus driven her mad, and the passion of Thelgon for the unpitying nymph Galatea, are dwelt upon.

Similes like the following hit Mitchill's fancy:—

With weeping dewy wet this spunge appears;
Oh sea-grown spunge imbibe my copious tears;
And as thy thirsty pores the drops inhale,
May'st thou ungrateful Mœon's breast assail.
Revolve, thou wheel, my bands pursue your race,
And whirl, O spindle, with a hurried pace.

The pumice fattens as the waves subside,
That toss'd by winds, convey'd it far and wide;
But how can I, oppress'd by poignant grief,
From empty words and moaning, hope relief?
And all the wrongs by graceless Mœon done
Shall I content repay in words alone?
Revolve, thou wheel, my bands pursue your race,
And whirl, O spindle, with a hurried pace.

In the following poems he has also shown his affection for his favorite sciences.

ELEGY ON A SHELL—THE NAUTILUS.

I saw thee, beauteous form,
As late I walked the oceanic strand,
And as my curiosity was warm,
I took thee in my hand.
Soon I discovered, a terrific storm,
Which nothing human could command,
Had robbed thee of thy life and cast thee on the sand.

Thou wast a house with many chambers fraught,
Built by a Nautilus or Argonaut,
With fitness, symmetry, and skill,
To suit the owner's taste and sovereign will.

In curves of elegance thy shape appears,
Surpassing art through centuries of years,
By tints and colours brilliant made,
And all,—the finished workman has displayed.

In life thy home was near Manilla's shore,
Where on the bottom groves of coral grow,
And when aweary of thy seat below,
Thee and thy architect the flood uplifted bore.

Then on the surface of the placid wave,
With guiding oars and elevated sail,
Thou didst enjoy the pleasure-breathing gale,
And in the sea thy healthy body lave.

To thee allied is many a splendid shell,
In which a fair *Mollusca* used to dwell,
Such as the *Harpa*, marked with chorded signs,
The *Musica*, with imitative lines,
The *Cowry*, with its spots and figures gay,
The *Cone*, distinguished by its rich array,
The smooth *Volute*, that glossy beauty bears,
The prized *Scalaria*, with its winding stairs,
The *Murex*, famous for its purple dye,
The *Trochus*, dressed to captivate the eye,
And Buccinum and Strombus, taught to sound
Their signal notes to every region round.

These sorts and more, through rich museums spread,
Are vacant dwellings, and their tenants dead,
And though there's not an occupant alive,
The well cemented tenements survive.

So man erects in sumptuous mode
A structure proud for his abode,
But knows not, when of life bereft,
Who'll creep within the shell he left.

PYTHAGORAS AND SAPPHO, OR THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE.

Long time ago, 'tis well expressed,
Pythagoras the seer
This question artfully addressed
To beauteous Sappho's ear:

"When hence thou shalt be forced to flee,
By transmigration's power,
Wouldst thou indeed prefer to be
A *jewel* or a *flower*?"

The Lesbian maid these words returned
To greet the Samian sage,
"For gems my taste has never burned,
And flowers my choice engage.

"The glittering stones, though rich and rare,
No animation know,
While vegetables fine and fair
With vital action glow.

"The senseless gem no pleasure moves,
Displayed in fashion's use,
But flowers enjoy their gentle loves,
And progeny produce.

"Then when I shall surmount," she cried,
"Rude dissolution's storm,
Oh! let me not be petrified,
But wear a living form.

"Those matchless rays the diamond shows,
With promptness I decline,
That I may dwell within the rose
And make its blossoms mine."

One of the doctor's literary amusements was the preparation of a pamphlet of eight pages, bearing the title, "Some of the Memorable Events

* Επεα Πτεροεντα, winged words.

and Occurrences in the Life of Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, from the year 1786 to 1827." It is a chronological enumeration of one hundred and ninety-two distinct items of the achievements and associations of his active career. We select a portion of the record.

1. Returns from Europe with the diploma of M.D. from Edinburgh, obtained in 1786—after having been initiated into the mysteries of Free Masonry, in the Latin Lodge of the Roman Eagle, by the famous Joannes Bruno—1787.

2. Visits Saratoga Springs while surrounded by the forest, and ascertains experimentally, that the gas extricated from the water was fixed air, with the power to extinguish flame, destroy the life of breathing animals, &c. 1787.

4. Walks with Josiah Ogden Hoffman, William Dunlap, Joseph Hunt and others, in the very grand procession for celebrating the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, under the guidance of Col. Richard Platt, directing the place for the Philological Society—1788.

5. Attends the Treaty at Fort Schuyler, by which the Mingos, or Five Nations of Indians, sold the great Western District to the people of New York, and subscribed the deed as a witness—1788. Receives personal names from the Oneidas and Onondagas.

11. Exerts himself to form a Library in the town upon Long Island, where he was born, under the name of the "North Hempstead Library Association;" which still subsists and improves—1791.

17. Exhibits at full length, in a printed Essay, the actual state of learning in Columbia College—1794.

19. Makes a detailed report to the Agricultural Society, of his geological and mineralogical observations during a tour performed at their request, to the banks of the Hudson for Coal, &c.—December, 1796—a performance respectfully quoted by Count Volney.

20. Member of the Assembly for the City and County of New-York, with Messrs. Fairlie, Hunt, Arcularius, Clinton, Burr, Swartwout, Storm, Robins, and Warner—April, 1797.

26. Makes the famous motion about the sixth Levitical commandment, in the House of Assembly at Albany, requiring citizens to labour six days, as well as refrain from it on the seventh—February, 1798. (See Journal of the House.)

29. Delivers the Anniversary Discourse to the assembled citizens on the National Festival, in the Presbyterian Church, Beekman-street—July 4, 1799.

31. Publishes a chart of Chymical Nomenclature with an explanatory memoir; in which he contends that metals in their ductile and malleable state are compounds of a base with hydrogen (phlogiston); as in their calciform state they consist of a base with oxygen: and that in several there is an intermediate condition, in which there is no union either with hydrogen or oxygen. He extended the same doctrine to the greater part of inflammable bodies—1801.

34. Corresponds with Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, on the project for illuminating the Light Houses of the United States with inflammable air—April 30, 1802. (5 Med. Rep. p. 463—465.)

56. Translates from the Latin Lancisi's book on the noxious exhalations of Marshes, at Washington, during the winter of 1806-'7—afterwards printed in the Medical Repository.

59. Writes the introduction to the American Edition of Assalini's Observations on the Plague, Dysentery, and Ophthalmy of Egypt, published by T. & J. Swords, at New-York—1806.

71. Performs with Robert Fulton the first voyage in a Steam-Boat—August, 1808.

73. At the request of the College, delivers a public Eulogy upon Professor Rush, one of the most distinguished of Fredonian citizens, and his worthy friend.

76. Visits Upper Canada, and describes the Mineralogy of Niagara Falls—Summer, 1809.

87. Brings up for adoption, by the House of Representatives, a report favourable to the nascent nations of Spanish America, and full of good wishes towards them, in their exertions to become free and independent—December 11, 1811.

89. Visits West Point, and writes the History of memorable occurrences there, and of the Military Academy—May, 1812.

90. Visits his friend George Clinton, during his last illness, at the seat of government: and after his death, as Vice-President, acts as a member of the joint committee of the two Houses of Congress to superintend his funeral obsequies—1812.

91. Visits Harper's Ferry, and describes the Geology of the Scenery where the Potomac and Shenandoah have forced their passages through the Blue Mountain—July 4, 1812.

97. Acts as a Commissioner under the Navy Department of the United States, for constructing a Floating Battery, or heavy vessel of war, to defend the coasts and harbours of the United States: associated with Messrs. H. Rutgers, Th. Morris, Oliver Wolcott, and H. Dearborn, agents; with R. Fulton as engineer, and A. & N. Brown as constructors—1813-14.

102. Labours jointly with his patriotic neighbours, with mattock and shovel, in the trenches, for several days, to erect fortifications against the enemy—1814.

103. Acts with Hosack and Williamson in laying the foundation of a Literary and Philosophical Society in New-York—1815. Reads a detailed narrative of the Earthquakes in the United States, and in foreign parts, during 1811, '12, and '13. Offers to the same a description and classification of 166 species of Fish, chiefly found in the fresh and salt waters adjacent to the City of New York; upwards of 40 additional species were described in Bigelow and Holly's Magazine, and several more in the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

106. As a member of a Committee, joins his friends in petitioning the Common Council for a grant of the building in the North Park, for the purposes of Literature, Science, and Arts.

107. Pronounces a public Lecture in explanation of Somnium, or Dream, as a state different both from wakefulness and sleep—November, 1815.

117. Makes an excursion to the region watered by the Wallkill, with his friend Silvanus Miller, and at Chester they and their companions succeed in disinterring a mammoth—August, 1817.

118. Joins Captain Partridge, and other friends, in an excursion to the Neversink Hills, near Sandy Hook, and aids in correcting a dangerous mistake in their altitude, which is in reality not half so great (less than 300 feet) as had been commonly supposed (600 feet).

122. Brevet from his Excellency De Witt Clinton, LL.D., Governor of New-York, Captain General, &c. for the office of Surgeon General to the Militia of the Commonwealth—August 5, 1818.

128. Vice-President of the District Convention, which met at Philadelphia, for preparing a National Pharmacopœia, whereof Thomas Parke was President, and Lyman Spaulding Secretary—June 1, 1819.

131. Acts with Samuel Wood and Garret K.

Lawrence, in recommending to the public the Willow-leaved Meadow-Sweet, or *Spiræa Salicifolia* of North America, as an admirable article for refreshment and health, and as a substitute for the tea of China—July, 1819.

147. Receives a splendid Diamond Ring from the Emperor of all the Russias, brought by Captain Josiah Barker, through Mr. Pinckney, the American Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburgh, pursuant to the request of the Minister, Count Nesselrode—May 23, 1821.

151. Delivers the Annual Oration to the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society of Union College, Schenectady —July 24, 1821.

156. Gives the public introductory Lecture in the College of Physicians, &c. on the life and writings of their late President Samuel Bard, by appointment of the Trustees—November 5, 1821.

168. Pronounces a Philosophical Discourse in St. Stephen's Chapel, Bowery, to the class formed in that Congregation for cultivating the Natural and Physical Sciences; under the auspices of the Rector, Dr. Feltus—December 27, 1822.

170. Pronounces a Discourse on the Life and Writings of Sir Charles Linnæus, before the learned and fashionable collection of citizens who assembled at Prince's justly celebrated Botanical Garden in Flushing, on May 24, 1823, the anniversary of the illustrious Swede's birth-day.

172. On an invitation from Albany and a mission from New-York, performs, after the Venetian example, the ceremony of marrying the Lakes to the Ocean, at Albany, on the day of the unprecedented gathering of the people to witness the scene of connecting the Western and Northern Canals with the River Hudson—October 8, 1823.

175. Acts with William Bayard, Charles King, Charles Wilkes, and a most respectable body of other gentlemen, in a general Committee to receive for and remit to the Greeks of the Morea and elsewhere, the money contributed voluntarily by the Citizens of the United States, to aid them in their efforts to free themselves from the dominion of the Turks and to establish an independence of their own—a season of particular excitement among all ranks—Feb. 7, 1824.

184. Acts with Richard Riker, Jacob Morton, R. E. Mount, and others, on a central committee for celebrating the completion of the Western Canal; and in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, pronounces an address on the introduction of the *Lady of the Lake* to the estate of her spouse the *Lord of the Ocean*—Nov. 4, 1825.

186. August 29th, delivers the Anniversary Discourse to the Horticultural Society, which was published by request.

187. September 3, publishes by desire of the Lyceum, a Catalogue of the Geological Articles and Organic Remains which he presented to their Museum, in a pamphlet of forty pages.

189. October 11th, pronounces before the Lyceum, a funeral discourse, by appointment, on Thomas Jefferson, one of its honorary members; which was printed.

Dr. Mitchill died at his residence in the city of New York, September 7, 1831. A beautiful monument was placed over his remains, removed several years after his death to Greenwood Cemetery, by his widow. The chief portion of his extensive cabinet of minerals, valued at $10,000, was presented by the same lady to the Lyceum of Natural History. His biography was commenced and nearly completed by his brother-in-law Dr. Akerly;* but still remains in manuscript, a circumstance to be regretted, as its completion and publication would have reflected honor on its author as well as subject.

SPEECH OF TAMMANY.

As the œconomical and political system of our legislator, were thus progressing to perfection, news was brought by the young hunters, that a body of strangers was approaching; that their dress, manners, and language, differed from every thing seen in those parts before; and that with tokens of peace and friendship, they waited respectfully at a distance, until they should be invited to advance. They had, it was said, presents of great number and value to offer, and intelligence of an important nature, to communicate to the chief of the Tammanites.

They were instantly conducted in a plain, but hospitable manner to the castle: enough of food, and drink, was set before them; and the best dressed skins and the cleanest mats were offered them to repose upon.

They then related the errand on which they were sent: saying, they were the messengers of Manco Capac, the great Inca of Peru, and the *descendant of the Sun;* that their Chief in deep admiration and love for the character of Tammany, had dispatched them, in order to testify the same, and intreat the favor of an interview; that their prince ardently wished to consult him on a form of government he was about to establish for the Peruvian nation; that the ornaments of gold and silver, the suits of fine and costly clothing, and various other natural and artificial productions of their country, were brought along as a friendly donation; which they prayed he would vouchsafe to accept; —and concluded with informing, that if he could accommodate their anxious prince in this particular, Mexico, a castle, nearly equi-distant from both was pitched upon, on their part, as the place of meeting.

Tammany was deeply affected with this extraordinary message, but before concluding upon the journey to the south, he called a general meeting of his people, and informed them of the honor done him, by the Inca. He expressed some desire, at first, to accept the invitation; but the concern for the nation, to which he belonged, quickly extinguished every idea of carrying it into effect, "for as I live, not for myself," said he, "but for my people, I must not sacrifice their welfare, to the gratification of my individual curiosity."

The Embassy of Manco Capac was about to depart, without succeeding in their business, when upon the suggestion of the considerate old men, and prudent matrons, that his journey might be attended with great benefit to mankind, Tammany with their consent and approbation, which was at length, though reluctantly sanctioned, by all the tribes of the nation, determined with an accompanyment, of twenty chosen young men, to undertake the journey, and have a talk with the illustrious *Sachem of the Andes.* Previous to his departure, however, he invited all his people to come together, and range themselves by tribes, before him. And as he did not, like the equivocating Lycurgus, intend to make them promise to observe his instructions, until his return, and then go into voluntary exile, and die in a foreign land; he delivered a few sententious precepts to each. They were as true and practical as

* Dr. Samuel Akerly died at Staten Island July 6, 1845, in the sixtieth year of his age. He wrote much on scientific and medical topics in the journals, and took an active part in the humanitarian efforts of his day.

ever ATHENS heard; and were the result of his wisdom, and experience, in drawing useful lessons from the animals who tenanted the forests. The tribes rose one by one, as he addressed them. Old NESTOR himself, from whose lips, words of liquid sweetness fell trickling, was not heard with more attention and silence, than our AMERICAN SAGE; nor did SOLOMON, in all his glory, when he directed sluggards to learn the ways of the ant, and be wise, interpret nature in a more happy manner:

CHILDREN *of the first tribe!**

The *eagle* should be *your* model. He soars above the clouds, loves the mountain tops, takes a broad survey of the country round, and his watchfulness in the day time lets nothing escape him. From him learn to direct your thoughts to elevated objects, to rise superior to the fogs of prejudice and passion, to behold in the clear atmosphere of reason all things in their true light and posture; and never expose yourselves to be surprized, while the sun shines in a fit of drowsiness or slumber.

CHILDREN *of the second tribe!*

The *tyger* affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings, to look sharp to every engagement you enter into; and to let neither misty days, nor gloomy nights, make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit.

CHILDREN *of the third tribe!*

You are to pay attention to the good qualities of the *deer*. He possesses uncommon readiness of hearing, can judge of sounds at a great distance, and where danger threatens, and a retreat is advisable, can force his passage surprizingly through the thickets, or even make his escape across the lakes and rivers by swimming.

In like manner, open *ye* your ears to whatever is passing; collect the substance of distant rumors; and learn before danger surrounds your corn-fields and wigwams, what is going on at a distance. Thus shall you be forewarned, and prepared against calamity from abroad; and if it thickens and threatens you with irresistible force, you will know how to avoid, with prudence, what you could not oppose with success.

CHILDREN *of the fourth tribe!*

There is one quality of the *wolf*, to which I request your attention. His wide extent of nostrils, catches the atoms floating in the air, and gives him notice of the approach of his prey, or his foe. Thus, when power grows rank, and like a contagion, sends abroad its pestilent steams, I see the wolf-like myrmidons of Tammany, the first to rouse, turn round their heads, and snuff oppression in every tainted breeze.

CHILDREN *of the fifth tribe!*

You, my children, are to take useful hints from the *buffaloe*. He is one of the strongest animals of the wilderness; but strong as he is, he loves the company of his kind, and is not fond of venturing alone, upon distant excursions. This is wise in the buffaloe, and wise will it be in you to imitate him.

It will, indeed, be your duty to acquire, by hunting, swimming, running, and all other manly exercises, great bodily vigor, and personal strength. But it will be ridiculous to value yourselves highly on these; a fall, a cramp, or a sprain, but too frequently disables an individual; and then, if he is alone in the woods, he may perish for want of help. Operate in concert, stand together, support each other, and you will be a mountain, that nobody can move; fritter down your strength in divisions, become the sport of parties, let wigwam be divided against wigwam, you will be an ant-hill, which a baby can kick over.

Tammany told them, that disharmony would terminate in their ruin; and in union consisted their salvation; and impressed his people with the truth of it, as forcibly as ever ÆSOP inculcated the same doctrine, by his celebrated fable of the sticks.

CHILDREN *of the sixth tribe!*

That social and valuable creature, the *dog*, affords something for *you* to profit by. The warmth of his attachment, the disinterestedness of his friendship, and the unchangeableness of his fidelity, mark him as the object of your kindness and imitation. Oh! my children, I weep for the faithlessness, the falsehood, and the deceit of man! Do but love each other with half the warmth, sincerity, and steadiness, with which these your constant hunting companions love you all; and happiness, comfort, and joy will make your land their dwelling-place, and ye shall experience all the pleasure, that human nature can bear.

CHILDREN *of the seventh tribe!*

You are to take a pattern from the *beaver*. His industry merits your observance. His perseverance claims your regard. His judgment, in the choice of a place for him to live in, demands your consideration. Like him, you are to avail yourselves of natural advantages, and opportunities in all cases; and to superadd to these your manual improvements, and works of art. In the pursuit of your industrious project, no difficulty should deter, no obstacle discourage you. Forests must be cleared, hills leveled, rivers turned, to accomplish your plans; and land and water be made to afford their joint aid, in promoting your undertaking; labour and perseverance overcome every thing;—for I have heard the old people say, their ancestors assisted in making the sun light, and immense as he appears, by collecting into a heap, all the fire-flies, and glow-worms they could find; and the moon, whose light is fainter, and size smaller, was in like manner formed, by their gathering into a pile all the fox-fire, or phosphoric rotten wood, they could procure.

CHILDREN *of the eighth tribe!*

The *squirrel*, my children, offers somewhat profitable to you. It is his practice, as he has a foresight of winter, to collect acorns, chestnuts, and walnuts, and carry them in large quantities to his hole; and these thus treasured up, supply him with nourishment during the stormy season, when after the fall of the leaf, it would be dangerous to venture far abroad. In like manner it becomes you to look forward to old age, the winter of life, and have some provision ready to help yourselves with, at that needy time. You cannot labour to equal advantage every day; it is therefore your duty to collect something ahead, and lay it by in store against the pinching severity of an unproductive season. This you may enjoy by your fire-sides, while all around you the frost rends the trees asunder, and the white powder lies so thick upon the ground, that you cannot venture out without your snow-shoes.

CHILDREN *of the ninth tribe!*

You are to learn a lesson of caution from the *fox*. He looks well before him as he travels, examines carefully the ground he treads upon, and takes good care that his enemies come not on him by surprize. By reason of his wariness, he is not easily led into a stratagem, and when entangled, by his contrivance, is very successful in making his escape. Thus may

* The Tammany Society is divided into thirteen tribes; corresponding to the number of states in the Union, when the society was instituted; and each tribe bears the name of an animal according to the Indian method.

you proceed in your business with circumspection, examine all things around you with prudence, and never suffer the artifices of the deceiver to entrap you unawares. Such keen examination will guard you from difficulties, and if in the course of nature, you should be, in spite of all this, beset by them, nothing will more effectually enable you to extricate yourselves.

CHILDREN *of the tenth tribe!*

The TORTOISE, who supports on his back the world we inhabit, offers a world of instruction to you. Was it not for his benevolence in keeping afloat on the immense ocean in which he swims, this land we inhabit would soon go to the bottom. And the displeasure he feels when men lead lives of idleness and vice, when they quarrel and injure their neighbours, or neglect their families, has induced him more than once to dip a part of his shell under the waters, and drown a set of wretches no longer fit to live. In other cases, where he wished rather to terrify than to extirpate, the angry movements of his body have caused distressful earthquakes, which have made our vallies to tremble, and have rocked our mountains from their foundations. Let the winds blow from what quarter they list, let the storm and the tempest howl, he withdraws from their fury, and wraps himself up securely in his impenetrable coat. His moderation, for he possesses none of that feverish fretfulness, which shortens life, secures to him great length of days. His temperance, for he does not waste his vital energy in frolicks and carousing, gives him an animation so quick and inherent in every joint and member, that it is difficult to kill him. If then you wish to attain to long life, and possess sensibility and comfort while it lasts, imitate the virtues of the tortoise, for so shall you be protected with armour less vulnerable than his shell, or your our own shields of bark and hides, and arrive to good old age without danger of earthquakes or inundations.

CHILDREN *of the eleventh tribe!*

I recommend to your attention the wholesome counsel derived to man from the EEL. He was never known to make a noise or disturbance in the world, nor speak an ungentle sentence to any living creature. Slander never proceeded from his mouth, nor does guile rest under his tongue. He forms his plans in silence, carries them into effect without tumult, and glides and slips along through life in a most easy and gentle course. Are you desirous, my children, of modest stillness and quiet? Do you wish for the unenvied condition of retirement and humility? Would you like to live peaceably among men in the uninterrupted pursuit of your business, without attracting the broad stare of the surrounding crowd? If such are your desires, learn a lesson of wisdom from the Eel; who although he knows neither his birth nor parentage, but is cast an orphan upon creation, yet shows by his strength and his numbers, the excellence of the mode of life he has chosen.

CHILDREN *of the twelfth tribe!*

I shall point out for your improvement some excellent traits of character in the BEAR. He is distinguished for his patient endurance of those inconveniences which he finds it impossible to ward off. When frost and snow, with all their chilling horrors, surround him in winter, he learns to live with a smaller degree of heat than he did before; and by aid of his furry-skin protects himself as well as he can from the rigor of the season. When from these causes his supplies of nourishment are cut off, and little or nothing is to be obtained to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he endures with resolution the calamities which await him, until the foodful season shall arrive. Thus, when scarcity threatens your country with famine—when diseases among the beasts strew your hunting grounds with carcases—when insects destroy the stalks of your beans, and worms corrode the roots of your corn—when the streams refuse their accustomed supplies of fish—when hurricanes and hail lay waste your plantations—or when the clouds withhold their stores of rain—what is to be done? Why certainly, when every effort has been tried in vain, and discouraged and spiritless you lay you down, *lay not yourselves down to die;* but bear with patience and resignation whatever necessity imposes upon you, make the allowance of your meal correspond to your stock of provision; and if you have but little, contrive with all your skill to make that little do. Show yourselves men, for it is adversity that gives scope to great talents, by enabling you to endure with fortitude what your best directed efforts have failed to surmount.

CHILDREN *of the thirteenth tribe!*

I call your attention to the order and economy of the BEE. You observe among these creatures a discipline not surpassed by anything the woods afford. The community is like yourselves, divided into tribes, and each has its allotted employment. Hours of labor, of refreshment, and of rest are assigned, and each member is obedient to the summons of duty. Idlers, vagrants, and embezzlers of the public property have no toleration there; and it seems to be a pretty well established maxim, with but few exceptions, among them, that he who works not shall have nothing to eat. Regularity and method pervades every department of a government, whose unwearied inhabitants in their flights to distant places, possess the singular secret of extracting honey from nauseous and fetid blossoms, and of collecting, without injury to any one, the whole sweets of the surrounding country, in their own inimitable commonwealth.

Borrow from the Bees an idea of arrangement in business; of the importance of system to make matters go on aright, of the advantage accruing from an accurate division and distribution of labor; of the equity causing every one to contribute his share to the support of the general weal, or be precluded from participating its benefits and blessings. And above all, derive from their instructive example, that alchemy of mind, which by an operation somewhat analogous to the production of nectar from venom, converts private failings into public advantages, and makes even crimes and vices ultimately conducive to good.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

THE College of Rhode Island had its origin in the conception and personal exertions of the Rev. James Manning, a clergyman of the Baptist faith, a native of New Jersey, and graduate of Princeton, who visited Newport in 1763, for the purpose of securing to his brethren the influence of the Baptists, then in the government, for the establishment of a learned institution in the interests of their denomination. A meeting of friends of the undertaking assembled at the house of Colonel Gardiner, the Deputy Governor; a plan was proposed, and the work set in progress. A charter was obtained from the General Assembly, in 1764, for the college or university, in the English colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England, in America, with a provision that the Trustees and Fellows should at any time after be at liberty to give it a more particular name, "in honor of the

greatest and most distinguished benefactor." It bore the title of the College of Rhode Island till 1804, when it became designated Brown University. The provisions of the charter gave a predominance to the Baptist interest in the number of trustees, and the president is to be of that denomination, with an unrestricted choice for the remaining officers; but other religious interests—of Quakers, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians—are represented in a minority of the trustees: and it was further specially enacted "that into this liberal and Catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests, but, on the contrary, all the members shall for ever enjoy full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted liberty of conscience." In 1765, Manning was chosen the first president, and instructed a few pupils at his residence at Warren, where the first Commencement was held in 1769. A local contest for the seat of the college was terminated the next year by the selection of Providence. The work of instruction went on with regularity till the Revolution, when a gap occurs in the catalogue of Commencements from 1777 to 1782. The college was occupied at this time by the State militia, and as a French hospital for the troops of Rochambeau. In 1786, the president was elected to Congress, where he gave his influence to the establishment of the Constitution, still retaining his college office. His death occurred in 1791, in his fifty-third year. His personal character, says Allen, was "of a kind and benevolent disposition, social and communicative, fitted rather for active life than for retirement. Though he possessed good abilities, he was prevented from intense study by the peculiarity of his constitution. With a dignified and majestic appearance, his address was manly, familiar, and engaging."*

In 1792 he was succeeded in the presidency by the Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, who, the year before, upon the death of Manning, had been chosen Professor of Divinity. He was a native of Attleborough, Mass., born in 1768, and is memorable in the annals of American education for having been president of three colleges, succeeding Edwards at Union, when he left the Rhode Island institution in 1802, and becoming the first president of the college of South Carolina, at Columbia, where he died in 1820. He must have possessed peculiar qualifications for the office. Judge Pitman, a graduate of the college in the year 1799, during his administration, in an Alumni Address,† speaks of him as "a man of great dignity and grace in his manner and deportment, with a countenance full of intellectual beauty," and recalls his "musical voice, graceful action, and harmonious periods," accomplishments never thrown away on a position of this kind.

The Rev. Asa Messer occupied the presidency for twenty-four years—from 1802 till 1826. He was a graduate of the college, and had been long employed in its service as Tutor and Professor of the Languages and Mathematics. He survived his final retirement from the college ten years, when he died at the age of sixty-seven. The college flourished in his time, and was greatly assisted by the very liberal grants of the Hon.

Nicholas Brown.

Nicholas Brown, from whom the institution then took its present name. This gentleman, descended from a pious ancestor, who came with Roger Williams, was born in Providence, April 4, 1769. He was a graduate of the college under President Manning. He became a member of the Corporation in 1791, and was punctilious in attention to its interests. His mercantile life, in the partnership of Brown and Ives, brought him great wealth. In 1804, having previously given a law library, he founded a Professorship of Oratory and Belles Lettres by a gift of five thousand dollars. In 1823, he erected, at his sole expense, a second college building, which was called after the Christian name of his sister, Hope College. He presented the college with astronomical apparatus. By his liberality, in 1837, that excellent and well furnished library institution, the Providence Athenæum, was placed on its present footing of usefulness to that community.

For the library of the university and the erection of Manning Hall, the building in which it is now advantageously placed, situated between University Hall and Hope College, Mr. Brown gave the sum of nearly thirty thousand dollars. He also gave the land for a third college building, and for the president's house. His donations by will, and altogether, amounted to at least one hundred thousand dollars. This worthy benefactor, who richly earned the honor of the college name, died at Providence in the seventy-third year of his age, Sept. 27, 1841.*

Dr. Wayland succeeded Messer in the presidency in 1827. His administration has been distinguished by an important reform in the distribution of the college studies, which he has advocated in several publications with ability.

Francis Wayland was born in 1796, in the city of New York, of English parentage. In 1811 he entered the Junior Class of Union College, and received his degree in course. He then pursued

* Allen's Biog. Dict., Art. Jas. Manning.

† Address to the Alumni Association of Brown University, delivered in Providence on their first anniversary, Sept. 5, 1843, by John Pitman.

* A Discourse in Commemoration of the Life and Character of the Hon. Nicholas Brown, delivered in the Chapel of Brown University, Nov. 3, 1841, by Francis Wayland, President.

the study of medicine for three years, and was licensed as a practitioner. His views, however, led him to the ministry, and in 1816 he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he passed a year under the instruction of the late Professor Stuart, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. Narrow means led Wayland to accept a tutorship in Union College, a position which then involved a much larger share of labor and responsibility than at present, its duties being extended to nearly every department of study. He was tutor at Union from 1816 to 1821, and the latter portion of the time preached to a congregation at Burnt Hills.

The friendship and character of Dr. Nott at this time greatly influenced Wayland's course, who has availed himself of an important opportunity in the delivery of a literary address at the fiftieth anniversary of the incumbency of the venerable President of Union, to express his obligations to one "to whom he owed more than any other living man." In 1821 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, where he continued for five years. His pulpit style at this period, clear and impressive, may be judged of from his volume of *Discourses*. One of his published sermons of this period on the *Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise*, an eloquent production, has had an extraordinary success, passing through many editions in England and America. In 1826, the year of his appointment to the Presidency of Brown University, he was for a short time Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Union. He entered upon his duties at Providence in 1827.

The influence of Dr. Wayland's ability and character was now shown in the new adjustment and regulation of the college affairs. Its present materials of books, a library building, and philosophical apparatus, were brought together by the aid of friends, and the discipline was strengthened by the new head. The new life of the college dates from this time. The President taught by lectures in place of the old text books, and the public have participated in his efforts within the college by the publication of his works on *Moral Science*, *Political Economy*, and *Intellectual Philosophy*. These works have an English as well as American reputation, and the Moral Science has been translated into several foreign languages. To increase the hold of the college upon the community, Dr. Wayland next proposed a change in its working system, by which single studies might be followed and college honors awarded for a partial course. He had stated something of his views on this subject in his Address in 1829 before the American Institute of Instruction. In 1842 he published *Thoughts upon the Collegiate System of the United States*, which led to much discussion. At length, in 1850, at the request of the Corporation of Brown University, he presented a report discussing the matter, showing the defects of the prevailing system, and his plan for its improvement. He thought the benefits of the college should be extended beyond the small class who pursued professional studies, and that greater thoroughness might be attained in pursuing a part than the whole of a course too extended for the college period. To carry out these ends, in the new provisions for instruction, one hundred and thirty thousand dollars were subscribed for. Practically, the change has been successful. The number of students has been doubled, and they are drawn from all classes;* while the reputation of the college has increased.

Dr. Wayland has also identified himself with a similar movement in the affairs of his religious denomination, by his advocacy of lay participation, and a better adaptation of pulpit training in the work of the Christian ministry.

In addition to the works of President Wayland which have been mentioned, are his *Letters on Slavery*, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Fuller of South Carolina, and his *Life of the Missionary Dr. Judson*, published in 1853.

As a philosophical writer, Dr. Wayland's style is marked by its force and clearness. He reduces his theme to its simplest elements, and builds up strongly his philosophical structure. He moves slowly at first, but with increasing momentum to the end. His reputation as an orator is deservedly great, and the importance which his personal character gives to the chair which he occupies, undoubted. Of his habitual manner in enfolding the argument of his subject in its rhetorical appeal, of securing the convictions of his hearers through their moral susceptibilities, we may take the opening of his high argument for the missionary enterprise.

MATTHEW XIII. 38.—THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

Philosophers have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity. Aware that, like any other simple feeling, it must be incapable of definition, they have seldom attempted to define it; but, content with remarking the occasions on which it is excited, have told us that it arises, in general, from the contemplation of whatever is vast in nature, splendid in intellect, or lofty in morals. Or, to express the same idea somewhat varied, in the language of a critic of antiquity,† "that alone is truly sublime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely if ever to be erased."

But although philosophers only have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity, village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and,

* In the practical management of the college to meet this change, three degrees are conferred. That of Bachelor of Arts is given to students who have pursued courses of one year each, in an Ancient Language, a Modern Language, one in Mathematics, one in Rhetoric, one in History, and one in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, with two others to be chosen from the studies of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Physiology, Didactics (a department of instruction in the philosophy and discipline of school-keeping, opened for those who wish to become professional teachers), Political Economy, and Geology, or from advanced courses in any of the other departments. The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy requires similar conditions, omitting the ancient languages; while the degree of Master of Arts is reserved for those who pursue a full course of liberal education, to the extent of each of the Ancient Languages for one year and a half, Mathematics for one year and a half, one Modern Language for one year, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric and English Literature, Chemistry and Physiology, History, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, each, for one year. The remaining courses for this degree must be selected from the courses in Political Economy, Geology, Didactics, a second Modern Language, or from advanced courses in any of the other departments.—Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Brown Univ. 1853-54.

† Longinus, sec. vii.

whilst the thunder has rolled and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of nature moving forth in her majesty. The untaught sailor boy, listlessly harkening to the idle ripple of the midnight wave, when on a sudden he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, and the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed to the full the emotion of sublimity, whilst his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotion he has felt, whilst surveying aught, in the material world, of terror or of vastness?

And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions in which we see man tasking, to the uttermost, the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of LEONIDAS and his three hundred's throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of Xerxes, and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece!

But we need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that even in the nursery has not felt his spirit stir within him, when with child-like wonder he has listened to the story of WASHINGTON? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought of one man's working out the deliverance of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur. O! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding in their collected might that this nation should be free, and through the long years of trial that ensued, never blenching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge which they had given, to consecrate to it, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

> Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
> Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
> Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
> Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
> Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times; and sculpture in her turn
> Gives bond, in stone and ever during brass,
> To guard them and immortalize her trust.
>
> * * * *

It will not be doubted that in such actions as these, there is much which may be truly called the moral sublime. If, then, we should attentively consider them, we might perhaps ascertain what must be the elements of that enterprise, which may lay claim to this high appellation. It cannot be expected that on this occasion, we should analyze them critically. It will, however, we think, be found, upon examination, that to that enterprise alone has been awarded the meed of sublimity, of which the OBJECT was vast, the ACCOMPLISHMENT arduous, and the MEANS to be employed simple but efficient. Were not the *object vast*, it could not arrest our attention. Were not its *accomplishment arduous*, none of the nobler energies of man being tasked in its execution, we should see nothing to admire. Were not the *means* to that accomplishment *simple*, our whole conception being vague, the impression would be feeble. Were they not *efficient*, the intensest exertion could only terminate in failure and disgrace.

And here we may remark, that wherever these elements have combined in any undertaking, public sentiment has generally united in pronouncing it sublime, and history has recorded its achievements among the noblest proofs of the dignity of man. Malice may for a while have frowned, and interest opposed; men who could neither grasp what was vast, nor feel what was morally great, may have ridiculed. But all this has soon passed away. Human nature is not to be changed by the opposition of interest, or the laugh of folly. There is still enough of dignity in man to respect what is great, and to venerate what is benevolent. The cause of man has at last gained the suffrages of man. It has advanced steadily onward, and left ridicule to wonder at the impotence of its shaft, and malice to weep over the inefficacy of its hate.

And we bless God that it is so. It is cheering to observe, that amidst so much that is debasing, there is still something that is ennobling in the character of man. It is delightful to know, that there are times when his morally bedimmed eye "beams keen with honor;" that there is yet a redeeming spirit within, which exults in enterprises of great pith and moment. We love our race the better for every such fact we discover concerning it, and bow with more reverence to the dignity of human nature. We rejoice that, shattered as has been the edifice, there yet may be discovered, now and then, a massive pillar, and, here and there, a well turned arch, which remind us of the symmetry of its former proportions, and the perfection of its original structure.

Having paid this our honest tribute to the dignity of man, we must pause, to lament over somewhat which reminds us of any thing other than his dignity. Whilst the general assertion is true, that he is awake to all that is sublime in nature, and much that is sublime in morals, there is reason to believe that there is a single class of objects, whose contemplation thrills all heaven with rapture, at which he can gaze unmelted and unmoved. The pen of inspiration has recorded, that the cross of Christ, whose mysteries the angels desire to look into, was to the tasteful and erudite Greek, foolishness. And we fear that cases very analogous to this may be witnessed at the present day. But why, my hearers, should it be so? Why should so vast a dissimilarity of moral taste exist between seraphs who bow before the throne, and men who dwell upon the footstool? Why is it, that the man, whose soul swells with ecstacy whilst viewing the innumerable suns of midnight, feels no emotion of sublimity, when thinking of their Creator? Why is it, that an enterprise of patriotism presents itself to his imagination beaming with celestial beauty, whilst the enterprise of redeeming love is without form or comeliness? Why should the noblest undertaking of mercy, if it only combine among its essential elements the distinctive principles of the gospel, become at once stale, flat, and unprofitable? When there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, why is it that the enterprise of proclaiming peace on earth, and good will to man, fraught, as it would seem, with more than angelic benignity, should to many of our fellow-men appear worthy of nothing better than neglect or obloquy?

The reason for all this we shall not on this occasion pretend to assign. We have time only to express our regret that such should be the fact. Confining ourselves therefore to the bearing which this moral bias has upon the missionary cause, it is with pain we are obliged to believe, that there is a large and most respectable portion of our fellow-citizens,

Brown University.

for many of whom we entertain every sentiment of personal esteem, and to whose opinions on most other subjects we bow with unfeigned deference, who look with perfect apathy upon the present system of exertions for evangelizing the heathen; and we have been greatly misinformed, if there be not another, though a very different class, who consider these exertions a subject for ridicule. Perhaps it may tend somewhat to arouse the apathy of the one party, as well as to moderate the contempt of the other, if we can show that this very missionary cause combines within itself the elements of all that is sublime in human purpose, nay, combines them in a loftier perfection than any other enterprise, which was ever linked with the destinies of man. To show this, will be our design; and in prosecuting it, we shall direct your attention to the GRANDEUR OF THE OBJECT; the ARDUOUSNESS OF ITS EXECUTION; and the NATURE OF THE MEANS on which we rely for success.

When Dr. Samuel Miller published his Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, in 1803, he remarked, that "there was by no means a general taste for literature in Rhode Island;" but this position is not confirmed by the College annals. Previously to that time it had educated many distinguished persons of the state, and taking its whole career, including the liberality of its home founders, it has contributed its full quota to the American records of this kind. Among its early graduates we read the names of Paul Allen, Tristam Burgess, Henry Wheaton, James Tallmadge, William Hunter. Two of its old Professors or Instructors deserve special notice, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse and the Hon. Asher Robbins.

Benjamin Waterhouse was born in Newport, Rhode Island. His father, a Presbyterian, adopted Quakerism, and the son was brought up in the principles of that sect, which he never closely followed. He was a pupil of Dr. Fothergill, in London, and received his medical degree at Leyden. From 1783, for thirty years, he was Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Harvard. From 1782 to 1795, he was a member of the Board of Fellows of Rhode Island College, and in 1784 was elected Professor of Natural History. He delivered at this time, in the state-house at Providence, the first course of lectures upon that science ever given in the United States. He was the author of an octavo volume on the Junius question, supporting the authorship of Lord Chatham. He died at Cambridge in 1846.

Asher Robbins was tutor from 1783 to 1790. He was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale in 1782. After resigning his tutorship, during which he had become a thorough proficient in the classics, he studied law with Attorney-General Channing, of Newport, and established himself there in that profession. His reputation for familiarity with Greek was widely extended among scholars. He died in February, 1845.

The name of the late Professor William Giles Goddard is prominent in the annals of the Institution. He was of an old Connecticut family of worth and public spirit. His father, William Goddard, was long connected with the press.* The son was born in Rhode Island, and was educated at Brown University, developing a taste for polite literature which was not checked by a partial study of the law. In 1814, he purchased the *Rhode-Island American*, a Federal paper at Providence, and was its editor for eleven years. In 1825, he received his appointment as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in the College, the style of the Professorship being changed, in 1834, to that of Belles-Lettres. Ill-health compelled his resignation in 1842. He died suddenly, February 16, 1846, at the age of fifty-two. His published writings, apart from his political and other newspaper topics, are his Brown University Phi Beta Kappa Address on "The Value of Liberal Studies," his sketch of the first President Manning, an Address on the Death of William Henry Harrison, and a Discourse on the Change of the Civil Government of Rhode Island in 1843.

* He established the first newspaper in Providence, the *Gazette*, in 1762. He was also associated with Parker's Gazette in New York, and commenced the publication of the *Pennsylvania Chronicle*, in Philadelphia, in 1767. In 1773, he started the Maryland Journal, which he published till 1792. He was a Whig in the Revolution. After the Revolution he retired to Rhode Island. He died at Providence in 1817, in his seventy-eighth year.—Prof. W. Gammell, in Updike's Hist. of Narragansett Church, 156.

Associated with Professor Goddard in the date of his appointment, in much of his academical career, was Professor Romeo Elton, D.D., who was at the head of the department of ancient languages and literature. He was a native of Connecticut, and became a graduate of the University in 1812. He was settled for several years as a clergyman of the Baptist denomination in Newport, R. I., and in 1825 was appointed to the professorship. Before entering on its duties he spent two years in Europe, especially in Germany and Italy. He continued in the college till 1843, when he resigned, and has since resided in Exeter, England, in retirement from active pursuits. His published works, besides several sermons, are *Callender's Century Sermon*, edited with copious notes, and biographical sketches; the *Works of President Maxcy*, with an Introductory Memoir; and more recently a *Biographical Sketch of Roger Williams*, which was first published in England.

Since 1844 Professor John L. Lincoln has been at the head of the department of the Latin language and literature. He was born in Boston, and early trained at its celebrated Latin school. He became a graduate of the University in 1836, and after holding the office of tutor for two years, passed a considerable period at the universities of Berlin, Heidelberg, and Halle, in Germany, and on his return in 1844 was appointed to the professorship he now fills. His published works, in addition to numerous articles in reviews, are an edition of *Selections from Livy's Roman History*, with English notes, and an edition of the *Works of Horace*, both of which are extensively used and in high repute.

Professor William Gammell was a graduate of the class of 1831, and was soon afterwards appointed to the Latin tutorship. In 1835 he was appointed instructor in the department of rhetoric, and was promoted to the professorship in that department in 1836, a post which he continued to occupy till 1850, when he was appointed to the professorship of History and Political Economy, which he now holds. He has published, besides numerous articles in reviews, an *Address before the Rhode Island Historical Society on the occasion of the Opening of its Cabinet; Life of Roger Williams*, first printed in Sparks's American Biography, Second Series; *Life of Governor Samuel Ward*, also in Sparks's Second Series; and a *History of American Baptist Missions*.

The library of this institution, now a munificent collection, dates mainly since the Revolution, at the period immediately following which its interests were maintained by the gifts and personal exertions of John Brown, the brother of Nicholas, whose donations we have mentioned. Some thirteen hundred volumes were bequeathed in 1818 by an English Baptist clergyman, the Rev. William Richards, of Lynn, a native of Wales, who gave his library to the college, after assuring himself of its liberal constitution. He was the author of a History of Lynn, in England, a Review of Noble's Cromwell Memoirs, and a Dictionary of Welsh and English. His library, thus given to the college, contained a number of Welsh books, many illustrating the History and Antiquities of England and Wales, and two or three hundred bound volumes of rare pamphlets. Constant donations were now heaped upon the college shelves from various sources, including a collection of gifts brought by Professor Elton from Europe. The Hon. Theron Metcalf, of Boston, gave a valuable series of fifty volumes of Ordination Sermons, which he had specially collected. In 1853 there were in the library more than thirty-five hundred pamphlets bound and catalogued, an important provision in public collections often neglected. In 1831 Nicholas Brown laid the foundation of the present library fund by a gift of ten thousand dollars. The institution has now a permanent fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, the interest of which, applied to the increase of the library, has stored it with many of the most costly and valuable books to be found in the country. A special collection of the Church Fathers and writers of the Reformation period was added to the library in 1847, at an expense of two thousand dollars, obtained at the suggestion of the Rev. Samuel Osgood. The gathering of American historical materials has also been faithfully pursued. A liberal policy is pursued in the conduct of the library. Reuben Aldridge Guild is the present librarian (in 1855), having succeeded Charles C. Jewett, in 1848.*

By the Triennial Catalogue of the University of 1852, it appears that the whole number of graduates to that time was 1784, of whom 1173 were living. Of these 477 pursued divinity, of whom 325 were living.

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD.

Josias Lyndon, the son of Dr. Jonathan Arnold, was born in Providence in the year 1765. The family removed soon after to St. Johnsbury, Vt. Arnold entered Dartmouth College; on the completion of his course taught school for a few months in Plainfield, Conn., and then commenced the study of the law in Providence. He was admitted to practice, but instead of pursuing his profession, accepted the office of tutor at Brown University. On his father's death in 1792, he removed to St. Johnsbury, where he married Miss Perkinson, March, 1795, and died after a ten-weeks' illness on the 7th June, 1796.

His poems were collected after his death in a small volume, with a biographical preface signed James Burrell, jun. The editor has performed his duties carelessly, as he has included a poem entitled The Dying Indian, which is to be found in Freneau's Poems, ed. 1795, p. 59. The remaining contents of the volume consist of translations and imitations of Horace, one of which is in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins.

It was published in the "Dartmouth Eagle," accompanied by a note.

Mr. Dunham,—

I am an admirer of the simplicity of Sternhold and Hopkins; and am happy to find that, even in this enlightened age, those venerable bards of antiquity have not only ambitious imitators, but even formidable rivals. If the following translation has any claim to excellence in this neat style, you are

* Mr. Jewett's Smithsonian Report of the U. S. Public Libraries (1850) contains a full notice of the University Libraries, pp. 53–61. See also its history in the preface to its catalogue.

requested to give it a place in your RILL; *not so much for the amusement of your readers, as for a sample to young poets.*

MARCUS.

Exegi monumentum, &c.
Lib. 3, Ode 30. HORACE.

Of fame a mighty monument
In time erect will I,
Than brass more hard and durable,
Or eke eternity.

Sublimer—O far more sublime,
Than pyramids full high,
That stretch their tops, and all upon
Fair Egypt's plain do lie.

Not Boreas, from out the north
Rude rushing all so bold,
Nor rain, nor wind, that round doth roar,
Nor age that's yet untold:

Nor yet of time, full swift that flies,
The tooth devour shall never;
For stand shall this same monument,
Like rocks and mountains, ever.

THIS PART of ME survive shall still,
And stay behind for aye;
The OTHER—*Proserpine* I ween
Right soon will drag away.

These are followed by a number of short poems descriptive of scenery, a humorous eclogue, and a few songs. The topics are almost entirely American, and drawn from the writer's own observation. They are to be regarded as the recreations of a youthful scholar, the light in which their author held them; as he before his death contemplated their publication under the title of the Prelusions of Ali,—an anagrammatic transposition of his initials.

ODE TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

On thy lov'd banks, sweet river, free
From worldly care and vanity,
I could my every hour confine,
And think true happiness was mine.

Sweet river, in thy gentle stream
Myriads of finny beings swim:
The watchful trout with speckled pride;
The perch, the dace in silvered pride;
The princely salmon, sturgeon brave,
And lamprey, emblem of the knave.

Beneath thy banks, thy shades among,
The muses, mistresses of song,
Delight to sit, to tune the lyre,
And fan the heav'n-descended fire.

Here nymphs dwell, fraught with every grace,
The faultless form, the sparkling face,
The generous breast, by virtue form'd,
With innocence, with friendship warm'd;
Of feelings tender as the dove,
And yielding to the voice of love.

Happiest of all the happy swains
Are those who till thy fertile plains;
With freedom, peace, and plenty crown'd,
They see the varying year go round.

But, more than all, there Fanny dwells,
For whom, departing from their cells,
The muses wreaths of laurel twine,
And bind around her brows divine;
For whom the dryads of the woods,
For whom the nereidas of the floods,
Those as for Dian fam'd of old,
These as for Thetis reverence hold;
With whom, if I could live and die,
With joy I'd live, and die with joy,

SONG.

Tune—"*Social Fire.*"

Of Nancy's charms I fain would sing,
More lovely than the blooming spring,
The nymph of my desire,
Whom heaven grant to cheer my cot,
And make me bless my happy lot,
Around a social fire.

While others barter bliss for gain,
And wear a slavish golden chain,
To wealth I'll not aspire;
I ask enough to live at ease,
To give the poor—my friends to please,
And keep a social fire.

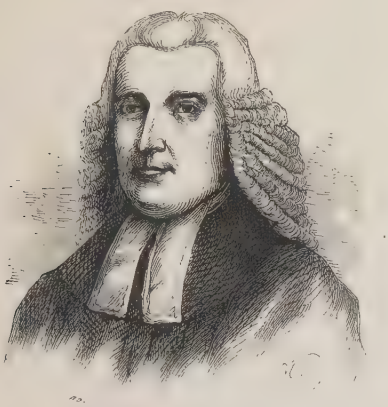
When sets the sun in western sky,
How pleasing from the world to fly,
And to my cot retire;
To find me there a cheerful wife,
And hear the children's playful strife,
Around the social fire.

Such joys as these he never knows,
Who leads a life of dull repose—
Joys that can never tire;
Heaven grant me soon this blissful state,
Then will I hail my happy fate,
And bless my social fire.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

THE founder of this college was Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, whose name it might more properly bear than that of the English statesman which is attached to it. The college grew out of an earlier school, the history of which is peculiar. In 1743, when the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, a native of Windham, Connecticut, a descendant of an eminent ecclesiastical family in New England, and a distinguished student of Yale, where he had taken the first Berkeley premium, had become settled as a devoted minister in Lebanon, Ct, he took some pupils under his charge according to the custom of the times, among whom was the young Mohegan Indian, Samson Occom. His success in the education of this native scholar induced him to form the plan of an Indian Missionary School, to raise up Indian teachers. Other pupils from the Delaware tribe came in. The attention of benevolent individuals was excited; and in 1754, Joshua Moor, a farmer in Mansfield, gave a house and two acres of land adjacent to Wheelock's residence for the purposes of the school, and the institution, which soon increased the number of its pupils, became known as Moor's Indian Charity School. Occom collected funds in England, which were deposited with a board of trustees, of which Lord Dartmouth, one of the subscribers, was President. The success of the school in the collection of pupils induced Dr. Wheelock to seek another location nearer to the native tribes to be benefited. Various offers were made him of situations at Albany, in Berkshire, Mass., and elsewhere; and it was finally determined to establish the school in the western part of New Hampshire, Governor Wentworth granted a charter in 1769.

in which the institution was called a college. This new organization led to opposition from the trustees of the school fund; but it was found that the existence of the two could be kept distinct, though they are now established under the direction of the same board of trustees. Lord Dartmouth gave name to the college to which, from his interest in the school, he was opposed. Governor Wentworth was the warm friend of the new college, which received grants of land, and was located at Hanover near the Connecticut river.



Eleazer Wheelock.

In 1770, Dr. Wheelock, approaching the age of sixty, left Lebanon, and commenced his new work in the wilderness. His family and the students at first lived in log huts on the clearing. The Memoirs of Dr. Wheelock give an interesting sketch of the novelties of the college life. Upon a circular area of six acres the pines were felled, and in all directions covered the ground to the height of about five feet. One of these was two hundred and seventy feet in height. Paths of communication were cut through them. The lofty tops of the surrounding forests were often seen bending before the northern tempest, while the air below was still and piercing. The snow lay four feet in depth between four and five months. The sun was invisible by reason of the trees, until risen many degrees above the horizon. In this secluded retreat and in these humble dwellings, this enterprising colony passed a long and dreary winter. The students pursued their studies with diligence; contentment and peace were not interrupted, even by murmurers.* A two-story college was erected, and in 1771 four students graduated, one of whom was John Wheelock, son of the first, and the future President of the College. Another was Levi Frisbie, father of the poet, and himself a writer of verses, in some of which he has celebrated the peculiar circumstances in which his Alma Mater was founded.

"Forlorn thus youthful Dartmouth trembling stood,
Surrounded with inhospitable wood:
No silken furs on her soft limbs to spread,
No dome to screen her fair, defenceless head;
On every side she cast her wishful eyes,
Then humbly rais'd them to the pitying skies.
Thence grace divine beheld her tender care,
And bowed an ear, propitious to her prayer.
Soon chang'd the scene; the prospect shines more fair;
Joy lights all faces with a cheerful air;
The buildings rise, the work appears alive,
Pale fear expires, and languid hopes revive.
Calm solitude, to liberal science kind,
Sheds her soft influence on the studious mind;
Afflictions stand aloof; the heavenly powers
Drop needful blessings in abundant showers.*

After ten years' government of the college the first president, Wheelock, died in 1779, aged sixty-eight. He was succeeded in the college government by his son John Wheelock, who was educated at Hanover, one of the first fruits of the college, and had been a tutor till the breaking out of the Revolution, when he led an active military life with Stark and Gates till his father's death recalled him from the army. In 1782 he was sent by the trustees to Europe for the collection of funds and the promotion of the college interests, which had not escaped the depression of the war. He carried with him letters from Washington, who had known and esteemed him as a Revolutionary officer, from the French Minister Luzerne to the Count de Vergennes. Arriving in France, Dr. Franklin and John Adams gave him introductions to the Netherlands, where a considerable sum of money was given by the Prince of Orange and others. In England he arranged the interrupted funds of the school-foundation, procured philosophical instruments and other valuable donations, and on his return to America, after suffering in a severe storm on the banks of Newfoundland, was wrecked on Cape Cod, barely escaping with life to the shore. The college property coming afterwards was saved. Dr. Wheelock's exertions were next directed to the erection of a college edifice by the further collection of funds and other co-operation, for which the institution was greatly indebted to him. He also discharged the duties of professor of history. After thirty-six years' occupancy of his position his connexion with the institution was violently closed.

The college was managed by a body of trustees, created by the charter, who filled vacancies in their number. In 1815 they drew attention upon themselves by an act memorable not only in its immediate but in its ultimate consequences, as affecting the position of the college and determining a great question of legal and constitutional right. Differences in the college with the trustees, and questions of religious opinion, led them in that year to remove Dr. Wheelock from the presidency. A large portion of the public affected to be outraged at the proceeding. Governor William Plummer invited the attention of the state legislature to the subject, who, asserting their claim to alter or amend a charter of which they were the guardians, in

* Memoirs of the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, Founder of Dartmouth, by M'Clure and Elijah Parish, 1811.

* From a poem "On the Rise and Progress of Moor's Indian Charity School (now incorporated with Dartmouth College) its removal and settlement in Hanover, and the founding a Church in the same, by one of Dr. Wheelock's pupils, educated in said school, and now a member of said college, preparing for a mission among the Indians." It is printed in the notes to M'Clure and Parish's Memoirs of Wheelock.

Dartmouth College.

1816 passed acts creating a new corporation. Nine trustees to be appointed by the governor and council, were added to the old body, the corporate title changed to Dartmouth University, and the property vested in the new board. The old tru tees set all this legislation at naught, and keeping up their organization commenced an action for the recovery of the college property. It was decided against them by Chief-Justice Richardson in the Superior Court of the state, and thence carried to the Supreme Court of the United States before Chief-Justice Marshall, where in 1819 the judgment was reversed, and the great principle of the inviolability of chartered corporate property fully established. It was in this cause that Daniel Webster, at the age of thirty-five, made the commencement of his great reputation as a constitutional lawyer.* He had become a graduate of the college seventeen years before, in 1801, and had argued the cause for the plaintiffs in the highest state court. Mr. Ticknor has described the effect of his argument for the rights of the trustees and the college in the Supreme Court:—"He opened his cause with perfect simplicity in the general statement of its facts, and then went on to unfold the topics of his argument in a lucid order, which made every position sustain every other. The logic and the law were rendered irresistible. As he advanced, his heart warmed to the subject and the occasion. Thoughts and feelings that had grown old with his best affections rose unbidden to his lips. He remembered that the institution he was defending was the one where his own youth had been nurtured; and the moral tenderness and beauty this gave to the grandeur of his thoughts, the sort of religious sensibility it imparted to his urgent appeals and demands for the stern fulfilment of what law and justice required, wrought up the whole audience to an extraordinary state of excitement."† Joseph Hopkinson of Philadelphia, who was engaged on the same side with him, wrote to President Brown on the decision—"I would advise you to inscribe over the door of your institution, *founded by Eleazer Wheelock: refounded by* Daniel Webster."* In this case Webster was the associate of Jeremiah Smith and Jeremiah Mason; opposed to John Holmes of Maine, William Pinckney and William Wirt of Maryland.

The local agitation which this interference with the college excited was prodigious. Rival newspapers waged furious war, the Dartmouth Gazette and the Portsmouth Oracle in behalf of the college, and the New Hampshire Patriot for the popular opposition.† Religious and political antipathies lent their aid to the controversy. In the midst of the difficulties President Wheelock, who had been restored by the new board of the university, died within two months after that event, in April, 1817, at the age of sixty-three.

In 1816, an important pamphlet, of which Dr. Wheelock furnished the material, appeared, which was an entrenched garrison of facts and statements for the support of his friends and attacks of his enemies. It was entitled, "Sketches of the History of Dartmouth College and Moor's Charity School, with a particular account of some late remarkable proceedings of the Board of Trustees, from the year 1779 to the year 1815." It is given by Allen, who married his daughter, as the composition of Wheelock.‡ It is well written. He also published a eulogy on Dr. Smith, the classical professor of the College, and Allen tells us that he prepared further a large historical work, still remaining in manuscript. He was a laborious student, rising early, and abstemious.

Francis Brown was the regular successor appointed by the Trustees on the removal of Wheelock in 1815. He was a native of New Hampshire, born in 1784, a graduate of the College, and subsequently pastor of the church in North Yarmouth, Maine. Succeeding Wheelock in the presidency of Dartmouth, he carried the College by his exertions successfully through its difficult period of conflict. His serious illness followed close upon the decision of the important college question. He travelled for his health, but shortly returned to die at Hanover, July 27, 1820. He left a few published discourses, among which were a defence of Calvin and an Address on Music, delivered before the Handel Society of Dartmouth College in 1809.

Dr. Brown was succeeded by the Rev. Daniel Dana, who retained the office but one year, when the Rev. Bennet Tyler succeeded, and, upon his resignation in 1828, the present incumbent, the Rev. Nathan Lord, received the appointment.

The Triennial Catalogue of 1852, and the Catalogue of Officers and Students for the Academical year 1854-5, exhibit the Institution in a flourishing condition as to the extent of studies pursued, and the number of students availing themselves of the liberal advantages presented. The College comprises a faculty of Arts and Medicine, a separate course of Scientific Instruc-

* Edward Everett's Biog. Memoir. Webster's Works, i. xlviii.

† An article by George Ticknor, in the American Quarterly Review for June, 1831.

* Life of President Brown, by the Rev. Henry Wood. Am. Quar. Reg. vii. 133.

† History of New Hampshire, from its discovery in 1614 to the passage of the Toleration Act in 1819, by George Barstow. 2d ed. 1853.

‡ Biog. Dict., article John Wheelock. Any one who wishes to pursue this angry discussion may find abundant materials in a "Candid Analytical Review of the Sketches," an answer, by Josiah Dunham, to the "Vindication" of the Trustees, among the pamphlets of the times.

tion, while Moor's school still remains a distinct and independent corporation, furnishing an Academical department. The Professorships of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature are respectively held by the Rev. John N. Putnam and E. D. Sanborn. Lectures are delivered to the Senior Class by the President, on the studies of the year; by Professor Ira Young on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy to the Juniors, by Professor Oliver Payson Hubbard, M.D., on Chemistry and Geology to the Seniors, and on Mineralogy to the Juniors; by Professor Clement Long, D.D., on Intellectual Philosophy to the Seniors, by Professor Samuel Gilman Brown, D.D., on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres to the Seniors and Juniors, by Professor Edwin David Sanborn on History to the Sophomores, by Professor Daniel James Noyes, D.D., on Theology and Moral Philosophy to the Seniors and Juniors; by Professor E. D. Peaslee, M.D., on Anatomy and Physiology to the Seniors. The Hon. Joel Parker holds the chair of Medical Jurisprudence to the Faculty. The Rev. Dr. Roswell Shurtleff, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy from 1827 to 1838, has since that time reached Emeritus. The Rev. Charles B. Haddock was Professor of Rhetoric from 1819 to 1838, and afterwards of Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy. He has since held a foreign appointment from 1851 to 1853, as Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon. In 1846 he published a Collection of Addresses and Miscellaneous Writings. Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology from 1838 to 1840. The Chandler Scientific School was founded by a bequest of Abiel Chandler, late of Walpole, N. H., and formerly of Boston, Mass., who gave fifty thousand dollars to be invested, and the income applied to "the establishment and support of a permanent department or school of instruction in the College, in the practical and useful arts of life, comprised chiefly in the branches of Mechanics and Civil Engineering, the Invention and Manufacture of Machinery, Carpentry, Masonry, Architecture and Drawing, the Investigation of the Properties and Uses of the Materials employed in the Arts, the Modern Languages and English Literature, together with Book-keeping, and such other branches of knowledge as may best qualify young persons for the duties and employments of active life." These studies are embraced in a regular course of three years, and the scholars pursuing them are entitled to a degree of Bachelor in Science.

The various libraries connected with the College have an aggregate of more than thirty thousand volumes. By the enumeration of the Catalogue, it appears that the whole number of the alumni in 1852 was 2,719, of whom 1,697 were then living. Six hundred and eighty-four of these had become Ministers of the Gospel.

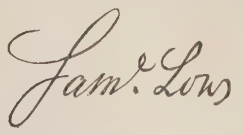
SAMUEL LOW.

From the concluding couplet of one of the author's poems, dated December 11, 1785—

"Yes, twice ten years ago to-morrow night,
Began to breathe the rhyming, moon-struck wight"—

we may place the date of his birth December 12, 1765.

His poems were published, as usual, by subscription, in two thin volumes, by T. & J. Swords, in 1800. They include, his preface informs us, "nearly the whole of his poetic writings." The



collection opens with an ode on the death of General Washington, which was recited by Hodgkinson in the New York Theatre, January 8, 1800. It contains a number of other poems addressed to Washington, and several patriotic effusions on the fourth of July and the adoption of the constitution. Themes of a private and familiar, as well as a public nature, attracted his ready muse. "A Glass of Wine," and "A Cigar," are honored like Anna, Portia, Fraternus, and others, with a sonnet a-piece; while the births, marriages, and deaths of his family and friends are commemorated more at length. A few humorous trifles towards the close of the second volume bear the title of "Juvenile Levities." The most elaborate effort of the collection is a descriptive poem of some length on Winter. The picture of the cottage fireside is pleasing.

THE WINTER FIRESIDE.

While uproar now incessant reigns without,
While Winter pours his ruffian blasts about,
Columbia's peasants trim their ample fires,
And through their dwellings genial heat transpires;
In yonder cot, whence smoky columns rise,
The rustic group, secure from stormy skies,
Their ev'ning hours in tranquil ease employ,
And rural pastime 'wakes their souls to joy;
A social crescent round the fire they form,
Whose vivid blaze at once can cheer and warm;
Beneficence and simple truth are there,
And there content and innocence repair;
The surly mastiff by his master stands,
And wistful begs a morsel at his hands;
Around the room her tricks grimalkin tries;
The crackling faggot up the chimney flies;
The cricket chirrups blithesome in the hearth,
And all conspire to heighten harmless mirth,
The roof, that pond'rous heaps of snow sustains,
Now loudly cracking, of the storm complains:
They hear the tempest rage, but reckless hear;
Its piercing blast they neither feel nor fear;
In words uncouth they tell their rustic tales,
Soon o'er the list'ning throng the charm prevails;
Of goblins dire some talk, while others hear
With wond'ring approbation, mix'd with fear;
Imagination's terrors o'er them creep,
And banish from their eyes encroaching sleep:
In social converse fleet their winter nights,
Or the brisk dance, or jocund song delights;
Columbia's rural daughters join the strain,
Or lead the dance, with each her fav'rite swain;
The quaint old ballad prompts some son'rous voice,
While sires and matrons silently rejoice:
Or if some wit or humorist be there,
Or Humor's murderer, or Wit's despair,
A clam'rous laugh applauds his poor pretence;
Grimace is humor there, and triteness sense.
By Science uninform'd, and unrefin'd
By aught of taste that guides the cultured mind,
The mimic's Proteus power, that can adapt

Itself to all things, with resemblance apt;
The sprightly jest; the applicable thought;
And irony, with hidden satire fraught;
The ludicrous burlesque that laughter moves;
The attic flash of wit that genius loves;
The ready repartee; the well-timed pun;—
All these their feelings and their sense outrun:
Such brilliant sallies have no power to please,
Perceptions unappropriate to these;
But, tho' their faculties 'gainst these rebel,
The coarse attempt at wit they relish well;
The common-place remark, and vulgar joke,
Delight them more than if a GARRICK spoke:
In such rude ignorance perhaps more blest
Than if fastidious taste their minds possess'd;
They know not what the critic's raptures mean,
But neither do they know the critic's spleen;
Disgust, and pride, and envy gnaw his breast,
But they, at least, are negatively blest;
For apathy, stupidity, and phlegm,
And sensual good, are happiness to them;
With daily toil and nightly ease content,
Thus Winter glides, and thus their lives are spent.

ON A SPRING OF WATER IN KINGS COUNTY, LONG ISLAND.

When parch'd by thirst, and faint with heat,
I make this fav'rite spot my seat,
And see, beneath the willow's shade,
This limpid spring, this sweet cascade,
Which through a million pores of earth
Refines and filtrates ere its birth,
In gentle currents pour along,
The green and flow'ry meads among;
And carry my delighted gaze
Where'er its course meand'ring strays,
And see it kissing, as it flows,
Each shrub that here luxuriant grows,
Each od'rous plant of varied green,—
O, how delicious is the scene!
When o'er the fount I eager bend,
And hear the gurgling sound ascend,
And see the pearly globules rise,
My ears are charm'd, regal'd mine eyes;
But when, my burning thirst to slake,
I Nature's wholesome bev'rage take,
Far more refreshing is the draught
Than that by Bacchanalians quaff'd:
No liquid fire, of man the bane,
That yields us joy which ends in pain,
Can thus revive and charm each sense,
Or such salubrious gifts dispense:
Not juice from luscious grapes express'd
Can yield so sweet, so pure a zest;
For, though the rich potation please,
It prostrates mind, and sows disease.
Then shun, oh, man! the specious good,
Dash from your lips the purple flood,
Nor let its fires inflame your blood;
Escape from such fallacious joys,
From frantic mirth and brutal noise;
From *Circe's* incantations flee,
And taste unmix'd delight with me;
Here draw supplies of strength for age,
And here your fev'rish thirst assuage.
  Like *Kais** were you doom'd to roam
Far, far from *Leila* and your home;
(Arabia's Nightingale was he,
His incense-breathing Rose was she.)
Ah! if like him in desert lands,
You trod forlorn on burning sands,
And breath'd Arabia's torrid air,
And found nor shade nor fountain there;
Your wasting frame with fever fir'd,
Increas'd by ev'ry breath respir'd;
O'er your scorch'd head a brazen sky;
Around no spot to bless your eye
With verdure cooling shade or stream,
(Obnoxious to the solar beam)
Your arid tongue consum'd by thirst,
Your heart by hopeless love accurs'd,—
How would you pant, and long, and mourn
For this sweet Spring which now you scorn!
  But should benignant Genii bear,
From sandy wastes, and stagnant air,
Your haggard form, by Famine worn,
Which heat hath blasted, flints have torn,
To this blest spot, where Phœbus' beam
Nor shrivels plants nor dries the stream;
If, by a miracle, convey'd
Beneath this lovely willow's shade,
You heard this rill,—romantic sound!
In soothing murmurs purl around;
And look'd and gaz'd with raptur'd eyes
On all things circled by the skies;
And felt what cooling influence brings
The zephyr on its balmy wings;
And what refrigerating power
Is in the soft, pellucid shower,
Which falls so sweetly, gently here,
That ev'n the sight can cool and cheer,—
O! what a Paradise of bliss
A scene delectable like this
Would open to the ravish'd view
Of such a dying wretch as you!
'Twould all your languid powers revive,
And bid exhausted Nature live!
  Beneath a scorching vertic sun,
A fearful distance still to run,
What would the harass'd seaman give,
Could he to such a spot arrive!
Oft does the famish'd suff'rer dream
Of such a spot, with such a stream;
And oft the draught which he desires
From his unsated lip retires;
He 'wakes to longings more intense,
His veins are fir'd, disturb'd his sense;
He 'wakes to fev'rish thirst a prey,
And joyless ploughs the briny way.
  Narcissa, innocent as fair,
Of this translucent Spring beware;
For when, your ardent thirst to slake,
You stoop the temp'rate draught to take,
This mirror may attract desire,
And water may engender fire;
For in that mirror you may view
A form as beautiful as you;
That form, already passing fair,
Will shine with added beauty there;
In it the clear cerulean sky
With brighter azure charms the eye,
And the light fleece which floats in air,
Is lovelier when reflected there:
Then lest (like erst an am'rous swain)
You love your beauteous self in vain,
And for that lovely image sigh
Which in the crystal fount you spy,
Admire not those reflected charms,
Nor vainly strive to fill your arms
With the fair shadow you would miss,
But seek for safer, purer bliss;
Less fleeting, more attractive too,—
Admire the *mind* which dwells in you.

* See D'Israeli's romance of Mejnoun and Leila.

JOHN S. J. GARDINER.

JOHN SYLVESTER JOHN GARDINER, the Rector of Trinity Church in Boston, the author of nume-

rous published discourses, and the imputed writer of the political-poetical tract of the Jacobiniad, was born of American parentage in South Wales, at Haverford West, in 1765. His father, John Gardiner, the son of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, was a native of Boston, who was sent to be educated in England, and who studied law at the Temple. In London he became the intimate of Churchill the satirist, and the acquaintance of Lord Mansfield. His participation in the liberal measures of the day as junior counsel in the Wilkes case, marked his future political principles. Having married in Wales, he left Great Britain in 1766, with the appointment of attorney-general to the island of St. Christopher, remaining in the West Indies till after the Revolution, when, in 1783, he removed to Boston. He delivered a Fourth of July Oration in 1785 for the town authorities of Boston. He next settled at Pownalboro, in Maine, whence he was sent to the Legislature of Massachusetts.

In 1792, he delivered a speech in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the subject of the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the Expediency of repealing the law against Theatrical Exhibitions within this Commonwealth, in which he maintained with spirit, good humor, and a considerable array of learning, the rights of the stage. He was assisted in his reading on the subject by Thaddeus Mason Harris and others, and his numerous quotations extend over Greek and Roman literature as well as the recent English poetry. A passage will show the ardor with which he entered upon the matter.

"The illiberal, unmanly, and despotic act, which now prohibits theatrical exhibitions among us, to me, sir, appears to be the brutal, monstrous spawn of a sour, morose, malignant, and truly benighted superstition, which, with her impenetrable fogs, hath but too long begloomed and disgraced this rising country!—a country by nature intended for the production and cultivation of sound reason, and of an enlightened, manly freedom! From the same detestable, canting, hypocritic spirit was generated that abominable Hutchinsonian WARDEN ACT, which hath twice, in my time, been reprobated by the House of Representatives, who passed two several bills for its repeal; although, it seems, it could not be given up by certain Simon Pures, the sanctified zealots of former senates. It is to be lamented that this hypocritic, unconstitutional act is still permitted to disgrace our statute book; while every man who has duly investigated the sacred principles of civil liberty contemns, and, with the enlightened town of Boston, abhors, and pays not the smallest respect, the least attention, to this abominable impotent act. Notwithstanding Boston annually refuses to choose the tyrannical wardens, I would ask, where, under the sun, are there on the Sabbath day, a more decent, orderly people than the inhabitants of this great commercial sea-faring town, who thus continue to treat with due contempt that hypocritic nefarious act."*

To this speech was appended "A Dissertation on the Ancient Poetry of the Romans; with Incidental Observations on certain Superstitions," &c.

Gardiner was drowned off Cape Ann, in a storm, Oct. 1793, when he was on his way to the General Court of Massachusetts, leaving the reputation of a man of energy as a politician and speaker.

His son had been taken in his childhood to Boston for education. On the breaking out of the Revolution he returned to his father in the West Indies, and was sent at the age of eleven to England, where he passed six years under the instruction of Dr. Parr. He rejoined his father, and shortly proceeded with him to Boston. At first he directed his attention to the law, but soon attached himself to divinity, receiving his ordination in 1787 from Bishop Provoost at New York. He began preaching at Beaufort, S. C. In 1792 he was appointed assistant minister of Trinity Church on the Greene foundation, and in 1805, on the death of Bishop Parker, became Rector,—relinquishing at this time the charge of a grammar-school which he had conducted on an exact and critical model in the studies of Latin and Greek, in which he was a proficient.

His religious tenets thus differed from those of his father, who had been instrumental in effecting the change of the English liturgy in the Book of Common Prayer in King's Chapel, by omitting the allusions to the Trinity. Dr. Gardiner, the divine was a staunch advocate of Episcopacy, and a zealous Federalist, warm in his attachment to England. His numerous published Discourses always furnish indications of his acumen, extensive reading, and independent judgment. He was a good hater of the French school of politicians of his day, of which proof may be found in his discourses as well as in the satire of the *Jacobiniad*. The latter was communicated in a series of numbers to the *Federal Orrery*. Under cover of a review of a pretended poem, "The Jacobiniad," of which extracts were furnished, the liberal clubs of Boston, with their members, were sharply satirized. The papers were afterwards collected together and published with several vigorous etchings of spirit—probably the best things of the kind which had then appeared in the country.*

In a Fast Day Sermon at Trinity Church, in 1808, Gardiner thus expressed his view of the relations of the country towards France and England.

Though submissive and even servile to France, to Great Britain we are eager to display our hatred and hurl our defiance. The American eagle, though meek as a dove before the Gallic cock, yet to the British lion will present the "terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye," and the strength of his

* The law dated from the year 1750. Gardiner, assisted by Dr. Jarvis, to whom he gave the epithet of "the towering Bald Eagle of the Boston seat," was unsuccessful in his advocacy of the petition. The law remained in force. Samuel Adams and Benjamin Austin opposed the repeal. The latter, says Dunlap, quoting Dramatic Reminiscences in the New England Magazine, wrote a series of essays to prove that Shakespeare had no genius. William Tudor and Charles Jarvis supported stage exhibitions. In 1792, the matter was circumvented by an exhibition room which introduced the lower rank of theatrical performances. The next year the law was repealed.—Dunlap's Am. Theatre, ch. xi.

* Remarks on the Jacobiniad: revised and corrected by the author; and embellished with caricatures. Part First.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill:—
Well may they tremble, when she draws her quill;
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthened ear;
Gives fools and demagogues their natural shapes;
Makes Austins crocodiles—and Vinals, apes;
Drags the vile Clubbist from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad.

Printed at Boston, by E. W. Weld and W. Greenough, 1795. 8vo. pp. 54.

talons. Every petty dispute which may happen between an American captain and a British officer is magnified into a national insult. The land of our fathers, whence is derived the best blood of the nation, the country to which we are chiefly indebted for our laws and knowledge, is stigmatized as a nest of pirates, plunderers, and assassins. We entice away her seamen, the very sinews of her power; we refuse to restore them on application; we issue hostile proclamations; we interdict her ships of war from the common rites of hospitality; we pass non-importation acts; we lay embargoes; we refuse to ratify a treaty in which she had made great concessions to us; we dismiss her envoy of peace, who came purposely to apologize for an act unauthorized by her government; we commit every act of hostility against her proportioned to our means and situation. Observe the contrast between the two nations, and our strange conduct. France robs us, and we love her; Britain courts us, and we hate her. France is hostile, Britain friendly. With France we have a treaty, with Britain none. France is fighting for the subjugation of the world, Britain for its independence. France is contending for her own aggrandizement, Britain for her salvation. If France is victorious we are slaves; if Britain proves victorious we remain free. France is a land of slavery; Britain of freedom. The insults and injuries we receive from France are unpardonable, and the immediate acts of her government; the insults and injuries we receive from Britain are not authorized by her government, and are often provoked by the rudeness and ill-manners of our own people. France makes actual war upon us, and yet we court her. We make actual war on Britain, and yet she tries every expedient to conciliate us.

He took a similar view of the distrust of England on another Fast Day Sermon in 1810.

Of his Church views an idea may be gathered from a sermon which he delivered in behalf of a Prayer-Book Society, at Trinity Church, in 1816.

Even the Church of Scotland, before the Reformation the most bigoted of all Christian societies, used a form of prayer; nor was it laid aside till Knox and other reformers, as they pleased to call themselves, began to persecute those who dissented from them, and levelled or disfigured the finest churches of the north. Their hatred to the Catholic religion was so violent that they determined to retain nothing that in the smallest degree resembled it; to discard equally what was blameable and what was excellent; and among other things, to annihilate forms of prayer, and to address the Deity in their own indecent and extemporaneous effusions. Political prejudices against England coöperated with their bigotry, and Scotland was covered with conventicles, in which were delivered extempore harangues, that contained a strange mixture of politics and theology. Their politics inculcated rebellion, and their theology clothed God with the attributes of the Devil. It is, however, but candid to remark, that these follies and blasphemies gradually ceased; and at the present day the Scottish church is eminently distinguished for rational piety, liberality of sentiment, and extent of learning. It has not, however, resumed a form of prayer, but still retains the custom of extemporary addresses, which began in enthusiasm and has been preserved by prejudice. It is, indeed, wonderful, that men of sense and candor will not adopt a form of prayer, the superiority of which the liberal and enlightened are ever ready to acknowledge. Its advantages are numerous and striking; it promotes, in a high degree, the honor of Almighty God; it is more expressive of reverence, and devotion, it preserves an impressive solemnity and decorum; it is at once dignified and simple: in a word, it as far surpasses extemporary prayer as the sober dignity and chaste eloquence of the learned divine excels the indecent freaks and senseless rant of the itinerant and unlettered enthusiast.

His occasional discourses, as his sermon before the Mass. Humane Society, and his address before the members of the Mass. Charitable Fire Society, in 1803, with his sermon before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, in 1809, show a similar energy and freedom of style. In the last he urges a profounder system of female education. "There must be something wrong," he says," in the present system of female education. It is far too superficial. It is almost exclusively directed to the improvement of the person and address. I should wish for something more substantial. * * * Only lay a solid foundation, and you may raise on it a superstructure as airy and fantastical as you please." He commends the Latin grammar as "the shortest road to the knowledge of universal grammar and to the attainment of every modern language."

There is a story told of Gardiner on the breaking out of the war with England, to which he was violently opposed, having taken for his text, in allusion to Madison, a portion of the sentence of Mark x. 41: *They began to be much displeased with James.**

Gardiner was one of the original founders of the *Boston Athenæum*, and a frequent contributor to the *Monthly Anthology*.

Of Gardiner's poetic talent there is an instance preserved by Mr. Loring, in the verses sung in King's Chapel, July 6, 1808, after the delivery of the Eulogy of Samuel Dexter, over the remains of Fisher Ames.

As, when dark clouds obscure the dawn,
The day-star's lustre disappears,
So Ames beheld our natal morn,
And left desponding friends in tears.

Soon as the distant cannon's roar,
Announced that morn's returning ray,

* Gardiner, like his father, had a sympathy for the stage, if we may attach any importance to an anecdote related in Dunlap's Life of George Frederick Cooke. The clergyman went to see the actor perform, and the great tragedian, flattered with the attention, thought it necessary to return the compliment by going to hear the divine preach. Cooke was not exactly in condition for religious services, but he went. "He had," says Dunlap, "at the previous dinner-party, made an engagement with Mr. Bernard to go and hear Mr. Gardiner preach, and he most heroically kept to the intention. He got up, not very different in bodily estate from what he was when he was tumbled into bed, except with better command of limb. While sitting under the hands of his hairdresser, Mr. Price came in. "What! up already!" "Do you know, Price, I am going to church!" "To church?" "Yes, I am going to hear Parson Gardiner. He's the only one of them that has done me the honor to come and see the play, and I'll do him the honor of going to hear him preach. Sam, give me some hot brandy toddy." The hairdresser and honest Sam, having performed their respective offices, and a large glass of stiff brandy toddy having been swallowed as a restorative, he attended upon his friend Bernard, as gay as one-and-twenty, to Mr. Gardiner's church. Here, Mr. Cooke, notwithstanding the preacher's eloquence and his own efforts to the contrary, fell asleep, to the no little annoyance of his companion, and the amusement of those near him, and awoke in time to walk very decently out of the church, with the rest of the congregation.—*Dunlap's Life of Cooke*, ch. xxvii.

He fear'd its early hopes were o'er,
And flew to everlasting day.

O drop thy mantle, sainted shade,
On some surviving patriot name,
Who, great by thy example made,
May yet retrieve a nation's fame!

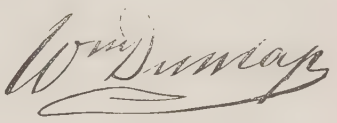
The manly genius, ardent thought,
The love of truth and wit refined,
The eloquence that wonders wrought,
And flash'd its light on every mind.

These gifts were thine, immortal Ames!
Of motive pure, of life sublime;
Their loss our flowing sorrow claims,—
Their praise survives the wreck of time.

Dr. Gardiner died at Harrowgate, England, on a tour for his health, July 29, 1830, at the age of sixty-five.*

WILLIAM DUNLAP.

The father of William Dunlap was an Irishman, and came to this country as an officer in the English army sent out to attack Quebec. He was wounded in the memorable engagement, and after the war resigned his commission and settled in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where his only son was born, February 19, 1766. The child's earliest instructor was a benevolent old bachelor by the name of Thomas Bartow, who lived in a pleasant cottage surrounded on three sides by a garden filled with choice fruits, and well stocked within with books and prints, to all which the kind old gentleman allowed his boy-friend free access, taking great delight in teaching him the story of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, by the pictures in the old editions of Pope, Dryden, and Milton. This pleasant intercourse was broken up by no less an event than the American Revolution; the quiet old gentleman, a Royalist, retiring inland to Bethlehem, Pa., when the British men-of-war made their appearance in New York bay at the outset of the contest. After the landing of the British on Staten Island, the Dunlap family removed to the village of Piscatawa on the Raritan, where they remained from 1775 to 1777, the father siding with the Royalists. In 1777, they removed to New York, and William was sent to school. In June, 1778, when on a visit to Mr. Elliott's country seat, afterwards the original Sailor's Snug Harbor, "while playing with the boys after dinner, he was struck by a bit of wood and deprived of his right eye. The medical treatment which ensued put a stop to any further regular schooling. When after several months he was allowed to use his remaining eye, he devoted himself to drawing, to which he had early manifested an inclination. In 1784, he was sent to London to study under West, where he remained about three years, passing most of the time, as he candidly confesses, "in unprofitable idleness." In 1786, he made a pedestrian tour with Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, who had just received his diploma at Edinburgh, to Oxford. On his return, he settled in New York; married Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey; and wrote a play which was accepted by the managers of the American Company, Hallam and Henry, but owing to green-room difficulties in the distribution of the parts its oft postponed production never took place. While the matter was in suspense, he wrote a second five act comedy, entitled *The Father*, in which he was fortunate enough to "fit" the leading actors with parts, and the piece was brought out September 7th, 1789.



The Father, afterwards published with the title of *The Father of an Only Child*, is the best of Dunlap's plays. The piece is of the sentimental school, and the humor closely resembles that of the productions of Colman the younger, and Morton. It was, however, written before the productions of these dramatists; and the author seems entitled to the originality he claims for his Tattle, a rattling gossip who will bear a not unfavorable comparison with his brother practitioner, Ollapod. The scenes in which he is introduced are excellent. We give a portion.

SCENE FROM THE COMEDY, "THE FATHER OF AN ONLY CHILD."

Present, *Rusport, Racket, Tattle, Mrs. Racket.*

Enter Tattle.

Tat. Oh Racket, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?

Rack. (*aside*) So, another infernal coxcomb!

Tat. What's the matter? You don't seem well. How d'ye do, ma'am? (*To Rusport*) Your servant, sir. Racket, you have not introduced me to this gentleman.

Rack. Captain Rusport, this is my friend, doctor Tattle.

Tat. Yes, sir. Tattle; Terebrate Tattle, M.D.

Rack. Doctor, this is captain Rusport, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.

Tat. How d'ye do, sir? I'm very glad to see you indeed. Very fine potatoes in Halifax. Racket! this way. Here. Just come from abroad! You'll recommend me.

Rack. If he should want a physician, I certainly will——(*half aside*) in the full hope that you will poison him.

Tat. Thank you; thank you. Servant, ma'am. Fine weather, ha? A little rainy, but that's good

* Loring's Boston Orators, 168–72, 293. Buckingham's Newspaper Reminiscences, ii. 223. Quincy's History of the Boston Athenæum, and Memoir of Gardiner.

for the country. (*To Rusport*) A fine season for coughs and colds, sir. O Racket! my dear fellow, I had forgot that I heard of your accident. No great harm done, I perceive. What a tremendous fall you must have had! Precipitated from the scaffolding of a three story house, and brought with your *os parietale* in contact with the pavement, while your heels were suspended in the air, by being entangled in a mason's ladder.

Rack. Pooh, Pooh! I tumbled from a cow's back, and broke my nose.

Tat. Is that all? Why, I heard——So, so, only a contusion on the *pons nasi*. Ay, ay. I was called up to a curious case last evening.

Rack. Then I'm off. (*While Tattle is speaking, Racket goes out; and Rusport and Mrs. Racket retire behind, laughing.*)

Tat. Very curious case indeed. I had just finished my studies for the evening, smoked out my last cigar, and got comfortably in bed. Pretty late. Very dark. Monstrous dark. Cursed cold. Monstrous cold, indeed, for the season. Very often the case with us of the faculty. Called up at all times and seasons. Used to be so when I was a student in Paris. Called up one night to a dancing-master, who had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of the shoulder I ever witnessed. I soon put the shoulder in state to draw the bow again, and his leg to caper to the tune of it. As for the head, you know a dancing-master's head, ma'am, (*looking round*) head—head—Oh! there you are, are you? I beg your pardon, I declare I thought you were by me. So you see, madam, as I was saying, I was called up last night to witness the most curious case——(*follows them, talking*) The bone of the right thigh——

Re-enter RACKET.

Rack. So, the doctor is at it still.

Tat. I'm glad you've come to hear it, Racket. The bone of the right thigh—(*Racket turns away*)—The bone of the right thigh, ma'am—(*she turns off*)—The bone of the right thigh, captain——

Rusp. Ay, you must have gained great credit by that cure, doctor.

Tat. Sir! What? O, you mean the dancing-master! I can assure you, sir, I am sought for. I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions: hoar-hound, cabbage-leaves, robin-run-away, dandy-grey-russet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education can scarcely make himself known.

Mrs. Rack. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Tat. Why yes, ma'am. I found there were but two methods of establishing a reputation, made use of by our physicians; so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.

Mrs. Rack. And what are they, doctor?

Tat. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty.

Rack. These are methods of attaining notoriety.

Mrs. Rack. And notoriety, let me tell you, is often the passport to wealth.

* * * * * * * *

Rusp. Ha, ha ha! He is a queerity, by all that's quizzish!

Rack. He is an insufferable bore.

Mrs. Rack. O no. I think he's very amusing, now and then.

Rusp. He is a traveller, I think you say.

Rack. He has traversed France, Italy, and Germany in pursuit of science.

Mrs. Rack. But Science travelled faster than he did, and cruelly eluded his pursuit. Poor doctor! The few ideas he has are always travelling post, and generally upon cross roads. His head is like New York on May-day, all the furniture wandering.

Re-enter TATTLE.

Tat. Racket, I forgot to tell you——

Mrs. Rack. Could not you find my sister?

Tat. I want to tell you, madam, of a monstrous mortification——

Rack. Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! Is Caroline at home?

Tat. Who? O! ah!—I had forgot. I don't know. I'll tell you—I had ascended about half, perhaps two thirds of the stair-case—case—Did I tell you of the case of the——

Rack. Nay, stick to the stair-case.

Tat. No. I must descend. I happened to think, without any apparent train of associated ideas leading to the thought, of an affair that happened last night—nay you must listen—it's worth hearing. It's quite likely that I told you some time ago of my having employed a professor of the mechanical part of painting to delineate my name upon a black board to put over my door. By the bye, it's a very mistaken notion, that the effluvia arising from the pigments used in this branch of painting——

Rack. Nay, nay, the sign. It was painted and put over your door.

Tat. And looked very well too, didn't it? Very well, I'll assure you, captain. Terebrate Tattle, M. D. Large gold characters; well and legibly designated. This striking the organ of vision, or rather being impressed on the retina in an inverted position, like the figures in a *camera obscura*, and thence conveyed to the mind, denoted my place of residence. An ingenious device, and it answered my purpose. I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Rusp. Pray, sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Tat. Nay, sir, polypusses are——

Rack. Nay, but, doctor, the sign.

Tat. Ay. Right! good! So, sir, it was displayed, to the ornament of the street, and the edification of the passengers. Well, sir, last night,—last night, sir, somebody or other took it down,—took it down, sir, and nailed it over a duck-coop. "Terebrate Tattle," say the gold letters; "Quack, quack, quack," say the ducks. 'Twas illiberal, cursed illiberal!—What a beautiful fracture of the *os femoris* I saw this morning! The upper portion of the bone——

* * * * * * * *

Re-enter TATTLE.

Tat. So, Racket, as I was saying——

Rack. (*disengaging himself*) Infernal puppy!

Tat. The upper portion of the bone being very much shattered, I had recourse to——

Rack. Excuse me. [*Exit.*

Tat. So, miss Susannah, the *os femoris*—the upper portion of the *os femoris*——

Sus. None of sich names to me, Mr. Doctor! I don't understand being called names, so I don't. Ox feminine and feminine ox! You think I don't know your meaning! It shows your breeding, so it does. Feminine ox! La souls! [*Exit.*

Tat. Astonishing ignorance! Now she understands no more of anatomy than I do of making a custard. And these people will not be taught. You might as well attempt to pour ipecacuanha down their throats, as science into their ears. Well, I'll publish this case of the fractured os femoris. If nobody will hear it, perhaps somebody will read it; and there is much magic in print. Curious art. Yes, I'll send it to the editor of the American Magazine, and at least he and his printers *must* read it [*Exit.*

A benevolent old officer, a lively wife who reforms a dissipated husband, Platoon a servant, very closely after the model of Corporal Trim, Susannah a simple-minded Audrey, Jacob a German servant, and Rusport a showy British officer, who turns out to be an impostor, furnished the remainder of the varied and well sustained dramatis personæ. The piece was successful, and was followed by an Interlude entitled *Darby's Return*. This was written for Wignell, the actor, who was a great favorite in the character of Darby in the "Poor Soldier," to which it formed a sequel; Darby, after various adventures in the United States and Europe, returning to Ireland. Washington, the author informs us, was present at one of the representations.

The remembrance of this performance is rendered pleasing from the recollection of the pleasure evinced by the first president of the U. States, the immortal Washington, who attended its representation. The eyes of the audience were frequently bent on his countenance, and to watch the emotions produced by any particular passage upon him was the simultaneous employment of all. When Wignell, as Darby, recounts what had befallen him in America, in New York, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the inauguration of the president, the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and the changes of countenance of this great man became intense. He smiled at these lines alluding to the change in the government—

> There too, I saw some mighty pretty shows;
> A revolution, without blood or blows,
> For, as I understood the cunning elves,
> The people all revolted from themselves.

But at the lines—

> A man who fought to free the land from wo,
> *Like me*, had left his farm, a soldiering to go,
> But having gain'd his point, he had, *like me*,
> Return'd his own potatoe ground to see.
> But there he could not rest. With one accord
> He's call'd to be a kind of—not a lord—
> I don't know what, he's not a *great man* sure,
> For poor men love him just as he were poor.
> They love him like a father, or a brother.
>
> DERMOT.
>
> As we poor Irishmen love one another.

the president looked serious; and when Kathleen asked—

> How look'd he, Darby? Was he short or tall?

his countenance showed embarrassment, from the expectation of one of those eulogiums which he had been obliged to hear on many public occasions, and which must doubtless have been a severe trial to his feelings; but Darby's answer that he had *not seen him*, because he had mistaken a man "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine" for him until all the show had passed, relieved the hero from apprehension of further personality, and he indulged in that which was with him extremely rare, a hearty laugh.

These successes, of course, brought the dramatist in close relations with the theatre. Other pieces, tragic and comic, from his pen were produced; he appeared once upon the stage himself, and in 1796 became an associate with Hallam and Hodgkinson in the management of the John Street Theatre. On the 28th of January, 1798, the company was transferred to the newly completed Park Theatre, soon after which Dunlap became sole manager. On the 30th of March his five act tragedy in blank verse on André was produced with success. He kept the theatre well supplied with other pieces from his own pen, mostly translations, making a great hit in a version of Kotzebue's Stranger; and appears to have conducted his business with spirit and intelligence. The result was, however, disastrous, as on the 22d of February, 1805, he closed the theatre a bankrupt. In addition to this misfortune, he was "a debtor to the United States as a security for the marshal of New Jersey, who was a defaulter." During his management he had kept his hand in as an artist to some extent by painting "some small sketchy likenesses" of Dr. Elihu H. Smith, C. B. Brown, and other literary associates of the Friendly Club; and he now devoted himself for a number of years to his original profession. His paintings were chiefly portraits. In 1806, he again became connected as assistant manager with a salary at the Park theatre, and so remained until 1811. In 1812, he published the Memoirs of the great "Star," George Frederick Cooke; a work which, from his intimacy with the actor, he was well prepared to write, and commenced a magazine entitled the Recorder, which had but a brief career. The numbers were collected into a volume with the title, "A Record Literary and Political of Five Months in the Year 1813; by William Dunlap and others." He also wrote a life of his friend Charles Brockden Brown, accompanied by a selection from his literary remains, which he says, in apology for its unmethodical arrangement, was made by Paul Allen of Baltimore, and in part printed before the work was placed in his hands. In 1814, he received the appointment of Assistant Paymaster-General of the New York State militia from Daniel D. Tompkins, a favor which he attributes to the good offices of Washington Irving, then one of the general's aides. This he held until the close of the year 1816, when he resumed the brush. In his fifty-fifth year he painted a picture 18 by 12 feet, after the printed descriptions of West's "Christ Rejected," which was exhibited in most of the cities and towns of the United States with success. On the 5th of May, 1828, he opened to the public an original painting 18 by 14 of "Calvary." This he also carried to various parts of the United States. In the winter of 1831 and '2, he delivered in New York two lectures on the fine arts. In 1833, his History of the American Theatre was published, and on the 28th of February following he received the well deserved honor of a complimentary benefit at the Park Theatre, which placed the handsome sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in his pocket. His *History of the Arts of Design in the United States* was published by subscription in 1834. It forms two octavo volumes, and contains full biographical notices of all the artists in every department of design in the country, abounds in anecdote as well as information collected with great pains from original sources, which cannot be found elsewhere, and is the most valuable of the author's productions.

In 1836, he published a novel entitled *Thirty Years Ago; or the Memoirs of a Water Drinker*, which he dedicated to "all Temperance Societies." He introduces in it many of his old recollections of New York, bringing in the moral of his story in the disastrous convivial habits of George Frederick Cooke, whose conversation is the main

theme of the book. The old Park Theatre and its group of actors figure largely with the notices of the main personages of the city. Dunlap delighted to trace its historic scenes, and has pursued this theme agreeably in these volumes in his chapter on the Battery; and a description of the Inauguration of Washington at Federal Hall, in a dinner party conversation. Among the incidents of Cooke's life, the hoaxing duel with Cooper at Cato's is described with humorous effect by Dunlap, who enters with gusto into the grand style of his favorite subject, whose life he had written in a graver measure.

In 1837, his *History of New York for Schools* appeared in two duodecimo volumes. This little book is written in the form of a dialogue between an uncle and his nephews. It is mainly taken up with the city, and contains notices of the men distinguished in art and literature as well as state affairs, who have graced its annals. The picturesque incidents of the Revolution are minutely and vividly depicted, and an additional historical value is given to the work by several well executed wood-cuts of old houses, and other interesting localities. The book closes with the inauguration of Washington.

His success in this effort probably induced one of a more elaborate character on the same topic. His *History of New Netherlands, Province of New York, and State of New York*, appeared in two octavo volumes in 1839. It is a work of industry and research, and contains a valuable appendix, occupying half of the second volume, in which he has collected a number of curious facts relating to manners and customs. It closes at the same period with his previous history.

Dunlap died soon after the completion of this work, September 28, 1839.

A NIGHT ON THE HUDSON RIVER WITH CHARLES MATHEWS.—FROM THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

It was in the month of April, in the year 1823, that I embarked with two hundred and fifty others, in the steamboat Chancellor Livingston, for Albany. After the bustle of leave-taking, and the various ceremonies and multifarious acts of hurried business which daily take place on the departure of one of these self-moving hotels from the city of New York, I had leisure to look around me, with the intention of finding some acquaintance as a companion, or at least to satisfy my curiosity as to who were on board.

I had seen many faces known to me when I first entered the boat, but they had vanished: all appeared, at first, strange. I soon, however, observed James Fennimore Cooper, the justly-celebrated novelist, in conversation with Dr. Francis. The last-mentioned gentleman I had long known, but with the first my acquaintance was of recent date. We had occasionally met at the bookstore of Wiley, his publisher; but it was not until after the circumstance I am now recording that an intimacy took place, which has been to me a source of very great pleasure.

I soon after noted a man of extraordinary appearance, who moved rapidly about the deck, and occasionally joined the gentlemen above named. His age might be forty; his figure tall, thin, and muscular; one leg was shorter than the other, which, although it occasioned a halt in his gait, did not impede his activity; his features were extremely irregular, yet his physiognomy was intelligent, and his eyes remarkably searching and expressive. I had never seen Mathews, either in private or public, nor do I recollect that I had at that time ever seen any representation of him, or heard his person described; but I instantly concluded that this was no other than the celebrated mimic and player. Doubtless his dress and manner, which were evidently English, and that peculiarity which still marks some of the votaries of the histrionic art, helped me to this conclusion. I say, "still marks;" for I remember the time when the distinction was so gross that a child would say, "There goes a play-actor."

The afternoon was uncommonly fine for our climate in the cold month of April. The passengers generally kept the deck. We had not gone far on our voyage before the author of The Spy (for he was then chiefly known by that fascinating work) accosted me nearly thus:—"I understand from Mathews that you and he have never met. He is on board, and has expressed a wish to be introduced to you. Have you seen him off the stage?"

"No—nor on."

"Is it possible! There he stands with Francis."

"I have been noticing that figure, and had come to a conclusion that it was Mathews."

"His figure is odd enough, to be sure. I suppose you know that his lameness and the deficiency in the regular symmetry of his face are owing to his being thrown from a gig, and very much injured by the fall; but these defects are not seen on the stage, or are turned to good account by his skill in his profession."

Part of this passed as we approached the subject of the dialogue, and I soon made acquaintance with Charles Mathews. He introduced the subject of George Frederick Cooke and his Memoirs, complimented the author of them, and of course made himself agreeable. Fennimore was very attentive to me, and appeared to wish my gratification by a display of the talents of Mathews, who, as the novelist afterwards told me, was at his suggestion making a voyage to Albany, that he might see something more of America and American manners than are to be found in a seaport town.

The figure and manner of the actor were sufficiently uncommon to attract the attention of a throng of men usually employed in active business, but here placed in a situation which, of all others, calls for something to while away time; but when some who traced the likeness between the actor on the deck of the steamboat and the actor on the stage of the theatre, buzzed it about that this was the mirth-inspiring Mathews, curiosity showed itself in as many modes as there were varieties of character in the motley crowd around him.

This very natural and powerful propensity, which every person who exposes himself, or herself, upon a public stage, to the gaze of the mixed multitude, wishes ardently to excite, was, under the present peculiar circumstances of time, place, and leisure, expressed in a manner rather annoying to the hero of the sock, who would now have willingly appeared in the character of a private gentleman.

There are individuals who can generally overcome this difficulty by dint of character, talent, or personal appearance; but in the case before us there was nothing sufficiently dignified to repress the clownish propensities of such among the crowd as were clowns, and they were not a few.

The passengers in the Chancellor Livingston finding themselves on the same boards with the celebrated Mathews, and at liberty to gaze without paying for it, at the man who had delighted them

on the stage, gratified their curiosity without much ceremony; and whenever Mathews was perceived to be stationary, and, with his usual animation, amusing his immediate companions, the watchful loungers closed around by degrees, and according to character, feeling, or education, became distant or nearer auditors and admirers of the wondrous man.

One clown, in particular, followed the object of his very sincere admiration with a pertinacity which deserved a better return than it met. He was to Mathews a perfect Monsieur Tonson, and his appearance seemed to excite the same feelings. The novelist and physician pointed out to me the impertinent curiosity of this admirer of the actor, and we all took some portion of mischievous delight in observing the irritability of Mathews. It increased to a ludicrous degree when Mathews found that no effort or change of place could exclude his tormentor from his sight; and when, after having made an effort to avoid him, he, on turning his head, saw Monsieur Tonson fixed as a statue, again listening in motionless admiration to his honeyed words; the actor would suddenly change from the animated relation of story or anecdote, with which he had been entertaining his companions, to the outpouring of a rhapsody of incoherent nonsense, uttered with incredible volubility: without altering his former manner, he would rattle off something like, "Sardanapalus Heliogabalus Faustina and Kitty Fisher with their fourteen children Cecrops Moses Ariadne Robinson Crusoe Nimrod Captain Cooke Bonaparte and Jack the Giant-Killer had a long confab with Nebuchadonozer Sir Walter Raleigh and the pope on the best mode of making caraway comfits." But he found that this only made his admirer listen more intently, and open his eyes and mouth more widely and earnestly. As happens with many other orators, the more unintelligible his nonsense, the greater was the admiration of the auditor.

We had but one regular meal on the passage, a very plentiful supper, at about seven o'clock, with tea and coffee. We had embarked at 5 P. M., and arrived at Albany by sunrising. The meal was not suited to the habits of Mr. Mathews, and he was offended by both the matter and manner of it; but when the preparations for sleeping took place, and he found that the whole company, females excepted, must seek rest in the same cabin, some in berths and others accommodated with mattresses on the floor, his feelings revolted, and he protested against taking rest on such terms.

To this feeling I am indebted for a night of much amusement; I should be unjust if I did not add, and some instruction. I had secured a mattress on the floor of one of the cabins, and should have dully slept away at least part of the night, but that Fennimore Cooper gave me intimation of Mathews's wish to sit up, and of his (Cooper's) success in obtaining the captain's cabin on the deck of the vessel, where Mathews, Francis, and himself had determined to enjoy a supper, whiskey-punch, and such convivial pleasure as could be extracted from such circumstances, and such a meeting. I was invited to make one, and readily accepted the invitation.

Seated in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Mathews became, as usual, the fiddle of the company; and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederick, with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs. Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my '*Youthful Days*,' I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story,—the real *denouement*,—which makes it infinitely more dramatic."

All joined in the request that Mathews would tell the story in his own way, and he, nothing loath, began:—

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign in Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mistress Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honoured by any notice from him.

"In getting up Macklin's *Love à la Mode*, I had been cast for Beau Mordecai, and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew* can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the rawboned awkwardness of a *hobbletehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage. But Mr. Cooke must be shown to the Dublin public as Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew, I did it impartially; I murdered him 'every inch.'

"After the farce, I *tarried*, as you Yankees say, *a considerable time* at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expiring dipped candles of the dressing-rooms than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty but comfortless abode in Mrs. Burns's garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labours of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying, 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses: I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and calling upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler, filled for himself and me. 'You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey-punch in honour of our young friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players,—lashing some, commending others,—while I, delighted to be thus honoured, listened and laughed; thus playing naturally and sincerely the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

"'To use your own words, as I have often before done,' said Mathews, addressing himself to the biographer, 'one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other,' and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns.'

"'Oh, Mister Cooke—'

"'You make it so good, Mistress Burns; another jug.'

"'Yes, Mister Cooke.'

"'In our profession, my young friend, dissipation

is the bane of hundreds; "villanous company"—low company leads to drinking; and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns: this has the true Hibernia smack?'"

"'You may say that, Mister Cooke.'"

It is needless to remind the reader, that with the aid of Mathews's powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mistress Burns's.

Mathews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxication, during which his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be vain to endeavour to follow Mathews: Cooke's grimaces and voice,—while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer,—were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents: here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

"It must be remembered," continued Mr. Mathews, "that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigour of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passion he had depicted, I was truly frightened,—overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.

"'Now, sir—observe—what's that?'

"'Revenge—'

"'Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!'

"Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries,

"'What is that, sir?'

"'Very fine, sir; very fine, indeed.'

"'But *what* is it, sir?'

"Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out,

"'Anger, sir.'

"'Anger!'

"'Yes, sir; anger, to be sure.'

"'To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again, sir, look again! It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!'

Mathews then exhibited the face of Cooke, as he distorted it to express the tender passion,—a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr,—and imitating Cooke's most discordant voice, cried,

"'There, sir; that's love.'

"This," continued Matthews, "was more than I could bear: even my fears could not restrain my laughter: I roared. He stared at first; but immediately assuming a most furious aspect, he cried,

"'What do you laugh at, sir! Is George Frederick Cooke to be made a laughing-stock for a booby! What, sir!'

"Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Burns stood with the door partly opened, and another jug in her hands. 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said, with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'but you happened to turn your soft and languishing look towards the door just as Mrs. Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

"He laughed; and embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs. Burns, and with some humour endeavoured to sing, *How happy could I be with either, were t' other dear charmer away*, but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison.

"Mrs. Burns now protested against any more punch; but after some time agreed, upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it.

"'But remember your honour, Mister Cooke; and *that* is the jewel of a jontleman; and sure you have pledged it to me, you have.'

"'I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is "the immediate jewel of the soul," as you say.'

"'I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word; and one more jug you shall have, and the divil a bit more, jewel or no jewel.'

"I was heartily tired by this time, and placed mo hope on Mrs. Burns's resolution. The last jug came, and was finished; and I wished him good night.

"'Not yet, my dear boy.'

"'It's very late, sir.'

"'Early, early: one jug more.'

"'Mrs. Burns will not let us have it, sir.'

"'She will not! I'll show you that presently!'"

Then followed a fine specimen of imitation; Mathews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs. Burns (who was in the room below, and in bed), and then giving her answers, as coming up through the floor, in the manner called ventriloquism.

"'Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns?'

"'Indeed *and I do*, Mister Cooke.'

"'Bring me another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns!'

"'Indeed *and I won't*, Mister Cooke!"

"'You won't?'

"'Indeed and indeed *so I won't*.'

"'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' (smashing the jug on the floor).

"'Indeed *and I do*, and you'll be sorry for it tomorrow.'"

He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs. Burns's head, after every crash crying, "Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?" and she as regularly answering, "Indeed *and I do*, Mr. Cooke." He next opened the window, and threw the looking-glass into the street.

"I stood," continued Mathews, "in a state of stupid amazement during this scene; but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs.

"'Come back, sir! Where are you going?'

"'To bed, sir.'

"'To bed, sir! What, sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traitor!'

"I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered,

"'I will *not* be commanded! I *will* go to bed!'

"'Aha!' cried the madman, in his highest key, 'Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!'

"He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' and he seized me by the collar with Herculean grip, 'You will go! I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give

you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

"'What's the matter? who's kilt? who's murdered? Where's the murderer?'

"'Silence!' screamed Cooke, 'hear me!' All became hushed. Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd:—'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit, Charles Mathews, with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love à la Mode*.' Then pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed! go to bed!'"

The steamboat party remained together until near morning, and then retired to rest. Let it not be supposed that they imitated the folly of the hero of the above tale because whiskey-punch has been mentioned. The evening, or night, was one of real interchange of mind, heightened by the peculiar powers and habits of the very extraordinary histrionic artist who gave this instance of Cooke's eccentric and pernicious propensities.

A SCENE WITH COOKE AND COOPER AT CATO'S—FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A WATER-DRINKER.

Who has not heard of Cato Alexander's? Not to know "Cato's," is not to know the world. At least so it was thought twenty-five or thirty years ago. But as all our readers are not supposed to be acquainted with the world, we must point out the situation, and describe the localities of—*Cato's*—that our tale may be duly understood, and its incidents appreciated.

Between four and five miles north-east from the building called in New York the City Hall, in front of which we first met our readers, and introduced them to our hero, and other personages of note, yet to be made more intimately known—between four and five miles from this building, on the west side of the old Boston-road, stands this celebrated tavern, owned and kept by Cato Alexander, and called, from the landlord, "*Cato's*."

Cato, the keeper of a road tavern! Alexander the bearer of gin toddy to a whiskered shop-boy on a Sunday! Cato—Alexander—what awful names! How full of associations! each singly denoting the conqueror of self, or the conqueror of the world; now united to designate a servant of vicious and pampered appetites!

Do not let us be mistaken. Cato of Cato's was no worse a man than the tens of thousands with whiter faces, who administer to the pride, passions, and vices of the multitude. He was neither more nor less than the keeper of an eating and drinking-house; one whose *lawful* trade is to tempt to excess, and who may legally live by administering poison.

It would puzzle any but a philosopher to find a reason for that preference "Cato's" has enjoyed for many years over all the many receptacles of idleness and intemperance which stand invitingly open on the roads and avenues leading to and from our moral and religious city. *We*, being a philosopher, have found it, and can communicate. It is preferred to other houses of refuge from temperance, that are known under the appellation of *retreats*, (such as "Citizen's Retreat," "Fireman's Retreat," "Mechanic's Retreat," "Old Countryman's Retreat," and a hundred other retreats from public notice, or domestic duties,) not because its situation has more of rural retirement—for it stands full in view of the traveller or way-farer. It is not a retreat from noise, for *that* resounds within; nor from dust, for *that* it invites and receives from every wheel and hoof that passes. It is not preferred because it enjoys or gives its visitors better or more extensive prospects than its rivals, for it commands no view but of the dirty high-road, a cabbage-garden, a horse-shed, and a sign-post; nor is it chosen for that the breezes of either land or sea bear health or refreshment to its admirers; for the land rises on every side, barring every wind that blows from visiting it too roughly. Neither is it the spacious apartments or elegant furniture that gives it preference, for its inmates are cabined, cribbed, and confined in cells like acorn-cups, compared with the halls and saloons of the town hotels and gambling-houses. But, Mrs. Cato is a notable cook. The "cabin is convenient." There are none but black faces belonging to the establishment. We feel that we are "right worshipful." All around is subserviency. Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; it is, to *some*, pleasing to see the badge of subserviency in the visage.

* * * * * * * *

Leave we the company of thought-drowners, and meet them again by-and-by. Some hours had passed. Spiffard had tired of the noise of the table, wearied with flashes of merriment not inspired by wit, but by wine; not the genuine and healthy progeny of the reasoning faculty when indulging in sportive recreation, but the mere empty ebullition of excited animal spirits, without the guidance or control of reason. He had walked up and down the road in search of a pleasant place for retirement, but finding none, seated himself upon a bench under a building erected for the reception of water drinkers,—it was the horse-shed in front of the house. The tavern has a piazza, but the noise of the revellers made it almost as disagreeable as the smoke-incumbered dining-room. The tumult increased so as to reach the place of refuge he had chosen. Discordant sounds commingled in confusion, the monotony of which was broken by the high, harsh, screeching and croaking of Cooke's notes of inebriation.

"I'm your man, sir!—a dead shot, sir! George Frederick is the name to *cow* a yankee!"

The whole party now issued to the piazza, and after a preliminary discussion of the mode in which wounded honour was to be cured by the *duello*, (a discussion of which Spiffard only heard pieces or snatches of sentences, as "ten paces—five paces,—yankee actor,—dead shot," they descended, and took a station between the tavern and the horse-shed.

It now appeared that Cooke and Cooper were to be *pitted*, not as actors, but as duellists. The seconds were busy loading the pistols, (an implement of death or amusement always kept in readiness at Cato's.) Cooke became silent and dignified, only showing by increased energy in his step, (not always properly applied,) and increased colour in his face, the increase of his ebriety. His antagonist was all politeness—the established etiquette with those who meet to murder. The seconds and witnesses displayed to the eye of the water-drinker, or any other rational animal, that they were all so far blinded themselves, that they could not see how plainly they were exposing their supposedly deep-hidden hoax to any clear-sighted spectator.

The word was given. The two tragedians fired at the same moment, or nearly so. Cooke's second took advantage of the smoke and noise to thrust a stick through his principal's coat, to produce a bullet-hole,

at the same time he threw his left arm around him, as if for support, crying, "He has hit you, sir."

But Cooke was in one of those half-mad, half-cunning paroxysms, which enabled him to act as the subject of the hoax, while he in reality hoaxed the hoaxers; and enjoyed all the pleasure of acting the part of the dupe, with the assurance of duping those who thought they were playing upon him. He was assuming the madman, and sufficiently mad to enjoy all the pleasure which "only madmen know." Pretending to believe that he was hit by his opponent's ball, he, with a force which only madness could give, threw out his left arm, and hurled his officiously designing second several paces from him, reeling until the cow-yard (the court-yard of the establishment) received him at full length. As the smoke evaporated, Cooper was seen extended in mock agonies; his second and others of the party, leaning over him in pretended mourning.

"Mr. Cooke, your ball has passed through the lungs of poor Cooper, I'm afraid. The surgeon is examining the wound. There is little hope—"

"None, sirr! I never miss. He is the tenth. I am sorry for him." He stalked up to the pretended hurt man with due gravity. This was a precious opportunity for the veteran to mingle sarcasm and mock regrets, and to pay the hoaxers in their own coin, stampt anew in the mint of his brains, and he did not let it escape him.

"Poor Tom, poor 'Tom's acold!' I'm sorry for him. I'm sorry that his farthing-candle-life was extinguished by my hand, although he deserved death from none more. 'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of' our murderous pistols to our own breasts. I warned him of my unerring aim; but the 'thief will seek the halter.' How do you find his wound, sirr?"

"I am examining it, sir; I am torturing him."

"It is no more than he has done to hundreds of hearers."

"I am afraid, sir, he will never play again."

"Then by murdering him honourably, I have prevented many dishonourable murders. Shade of Shakespeare, applaud me! He will never again murder Macbeth instead of Duncan, or throttle Othello instead of Desdemona. I am a second Mahomet overthrowing idolatry! The wooden god of the Yankee-doodles lies prostrate! Fie, George Frederick, to triumph over a block. Farewell, poor Tom! poor enough." This was said over his shoulder. "I could have better spared a better actor—but let that pass, while we pass to our pious meditations. Who takes order for the funeral? Bear the body in!" When sober none did more justice to his rival's merit, although now so scurrilously unjust.

"He revives, sir. There is hope yet," said the surgeon.

"Then may the poets mourn."

While the pretended dead duellist was removed into the house, Cooke's second approached him, exclaiming, "The horses are ready, sir; we must fly."

"*We*, sir! when I fly or creep, I choose my company. George Frederick Cooke never flies from danger. Fly, sir! if the idol of Yankee-land lives, there is nothing to apprehend from his worshippers, nothing to fly from, except when he acts; and if he dies, and by *my* hand, I have honoured *him*, and benefited the world." So saying, the hero strutted most sturdily to the steps of the piazza, where, feeling the difficulty of ascent, he recollected his wound called for assistance, and was supported to the table, at which sat, like another Banquo, the man whose fall he triumphed over.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson, the first to claim the title of the American Ornithologist, was born at Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766. His parents were persons in humble but respectable circumstances, and their anticipations for their son seem to have looked forward to a time, as expressed in his own words,

When, clad in sable gown, with solemn air,
The walls of God's own house should echo back his prayer.

The death of his mother, when he was ten years old, and the re-marriage of his father not long after, probably prevented the execution of this plan. July 31, 1779, he was apprenticed to a weaver, and an entry on the indenture, dated "Agst., 1782," records in verse the expiration of his time:—

Be't kent to a' the warld in rhime,
That wi' right mickle wark an' toil,
For three lang years I've ser't my time,
Whiles feasted wi' the hazel oil.

He continued working at the loom for four years longer, varying his labors, as during his novitiate, with various attempts at poetry. One of the couplets shows the restiveness of his active mind and body, under his sedentary and monotonous employment:—

Good gods! shall a mortal with legs,
So low uncomplaining be brought.

About the close of this period he was at work for William Duncan, his brother-in-law, under whom he had served his apprenticeship. Duncan determined to make a venture as a pedlar, and Wilson, considering that occupation a much more appropriate one for a "mortal with legs," accompanied him. Three years of his life were employed in this manner, during which he visited various portions of Scotland, digressing from his route to all places of literary or romantic interest which lay within reasonable distance. His opportunities of observation increased his taste for writing, by furnishing him with ample material to work upon; and we find him, in 1789, making a contract with Mr. John Neilson, a Paisley printer, for an edition of his poems. He added a number of prospectuses to the varied contents of his pack, and set off afresh with purposes pleasantly recorded in a journal which he kept of his tour.

As youth is the most favourable time to establish a man's good fortune in the world, and as his success in life depends, in a great measure, on his prudent endeavours, and unwearied perseverance, I have resolved to make one bold push for the united interests of pack and poems. Nor can any one justly blame me for it, since experience has now convinced me, that the merit I am possessed of (which is certainly considerable) might lie for ever buried in obscurity, without such an attempt. I have, therefore, fitted up a proper budget, consisting of silks, muslins, prints, &c. for the accommodation of those good people who may prove my customers,—a sufficient quantity of proposals for my poetical friends; and, to prevent those tedious harangues, which otherwise I would be obliged to deliver at every threshold, I have, according to the custom of the most polite pedlars, committed the contents of my

pack to a handbill, though in a style somewhat remote from any I have yet seen.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Fair ladies, I pray, for one moment to stay,
Until with submission I tell you,
What muslins so curious, for uses so various,
A poet has here brought to sell you.

Here's handkerchiefs charming; book-muslins like ermine,
Brocaded, striped, corded, and check'd;
Sweet Venus, they say, on Cupid's birth-day,
In British-made muslins was deck'd.

If these can't content ye, here's muslins in plenty,
From one shilling up to a dozen,
That Juno might wear, and more beauteous appear,
When she means the old Thunderer to cozen.

Here are fine jaconets, of numberless sets,
With spotted and sprigged festoons;
And lovely tambours, with elegant flowers,
For bonnets, cloaks, aprons, or gowns.

Now, ye Fair, if ye choose any piece to peruse,
With pleasure I'll instantly shew it:
If the Pedlar should fail to be favor'd with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the Poet.

Though the subscription part of the enterprise was a failure, the book was printed in July, 1790, and the author again made his rounds to deliver copies to the few subscribers he had obtained, and sell to some of the many who were not. Poetry is said to be a drug on a publisher's shelves, and can only be an active commodity of a pedlar's pack when its proprietor is on foot. The second tour produced a disgust to the business, and he abandoned it for the loom at Paisley. That had not been long in motion before he heard of a proposed discussion at an Edinburgh debating society, composed of a portion of the city literati, as to "whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more honor to Scottish poetry?" He borrowed the poems of the latter poet, worked hard by day to earn the means to travel to Edinburgh, and by night at a poem, *The Laurel Disputed*, which he read at the time and place of the discussion, before the assembled "Forum." The audience did not agree with him in his preference of Fergusson, but the merits of the performance gained him friends—among others, Dr. Anderson, for whose periodical of the *Bee* he became a contributor.

Before leaving town he recited two other poems, *Rab and Ringan*, and *The Loss o' the Pack*, and published with his friend Ebenezer Picken, who had taken the part of Ramsay in blank verse, a pamphlet, entitled *The Laurel Disputed; or, the Merits of Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson Contrasted, in Two Poetical Essays, by E. Picken and A. Wilson.* On returning to Paisley, when his funds were exhausted, his Edinburgh success induced him to bring out a second edition of his poems. The volume, with the title, *Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious*, was issued immediately, and the author again attempted to be his own bookseller, and again failed.

In 1792, his poem of *Watty and Meg* was published anonymously. It met with very great success—one hundred thousand copies being sold within a few weeks—and received the high honor of being attributed to Burns. This was a great gratification to the author, who entertained a high regard for the great poet, and had previously made his acquaintance by a letter which he wrote to Burns on the first publication of his poems, in which he objected to some on the score of immorality. Burns replied he was so used to such communications that he usually paid no attention to them; but that as Wilson showed himself to be a good poet, he would, in this instance, vindicate himself. Wilson afterwards visited Burns at Ayrshire.

A dispute arising between the manufacturers and weavers of Paisley, Wilson, in the interest of the latter, wrote several satirical poems against the former, which were handed around in MS. One of these, *The Shark, or Long Mills Detected*, he sent in manuscript to the person it attacked, with an offer to suppress it for *five guineas*. For this he was prosecuted, and on conviction sent to jail for a few days, and to burn his poem in public. The latter portion of his sentence was put in execution on the sixth of February, 1793. In consideration to his feelings, no public notice was given, and the act was witnessed only by the chance passers-by. The poem had already been secretly printed after the commencement of the prosecution, in the preceding May.* This occurrence was, no doubt, one of the causes of his emigration to America. The others were his sympathy with the democratic spirit of the early days of the French Revolution, which caused him to be suspected by the authorities, the hopelessness of bettering his condition in the old world, and the alluring prospect of political and pecuniary independence held out by the new. After living for four months at the rate of a shilling a week, he saved money enough to pay for his passage, walked to Port Patrick, sailed to Belfast, and thence embarked as a deck passenger for America.

He landed at Newcastle, Delaware, July 14, 1794, and proceeded forthwith to Philadelphia, distant thirty-three miles, on foot, shooting on the way a bird of the red-headed woodpecker species, the commencement of his ornithological pursuits. On his arrival at the city, he worked for a time at copperplate printing with one of his countrymen, and afterwards tried his old avocations of weaving and peddling. These were abandoned in 1794 for school-keeping. He commenced this portion of his career near Frankford, which he soon abandoned for a better position at Milestown, Pa., where he remained until the commencement of the next century, diligently employed in repairing the deficiencies of his own education, as well as laying the foundations of that of the children in his charge. He also indoctrinated himself in American politics, delivered an oration *On the Power and Value of National Liberty*, and wrote the song, *Jefferson and Liberty*, about this period.

* A few years before his death Wilson sent for his brother David to join him in America. David brought with him copies of these satires, which he had collected with some trouble, and presented them to his brother. The author, however, at once threw them in the fire, saying: "These were the follies of youth; and had I taken my good old father's advice, they never would have seen the light."

In 1802 he took charge of a seminary near Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, four miles from Philadelphia. This brought him into communication with two valuable friends, William Bartram the naturalist, and Lawson the engraver. His leisure hours were now devoted to the pursuit to which he was becoming more and more attached—that of Ornithology.

I sometimes smile (he writes to Bartram) to think, that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing like a despairing lover on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and, in this particular, our parallel does not altogether tally.

I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart shewed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty.

A letter written a little after, in June, 1803, shows that the amateur amusement was about becoming the engrossing occupation of his life. Addressing a friend at Paisley, he says: "Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since November, 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worse calculated of any one's in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, &c., and I am now about to make a collection of all our finest birds." The labors to which he refers had been undergone to supply, not only his own simple wants, but also those of a nephew, who with his family had settled on a farm, of which Wilson and the nephew were joint owners, in the state of New York. One of his various occupations had been to contribute a number of poems, among others his *Solitary Tutor*, to Charles Brockden Brown's *Literary Magazine*.

In October, 1804, Wilson, with two friends, made a pedestrian tour to the Falls of Niagara. Winter overtook them on their return, in November, near Cayuga Lake. One of his companions tarried with his relatives until the spring, and the other availed himself of a less fatiguing mode of transportation than that afforded by his legs; but Wilson trudged on with his gun through the snow "mid-leg deep," and arrived home in the beginning of December, after a journey of 1257 miles, and an absence of 59 days. One result of the trip was his poem of *The Foresters*, published in the Port Folio; another to confirm him in the resolution he had taken. He says, in a letter to Bartram:—

So far am I from being satisfied with what I have seen, or discouraged by the fatigues which every traveller must submit to, that I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects, entirely new and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and where, perhaps, my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. For all the hazards and privations incident to such an undertaking, I feel confident in my own spirit and resolution. With no family to enchain my affections; no ties but those of friendship; with the most ardent love to my adopted country; with a constitution which hardens amidst fatigues; and with a disposition sociable and open, which can find itself at home by an Indian fire in the depth of the woods, as well as in the best apartment of the civilized; for these, and some other reasons that invite me away, I am determined to become a traveller.

Wilson now employed his leisure hours in perfecting himself in drawing and coloring. He also practised the art of etching, and endeavored to engage his friend Lawson* in his projected

* Alexander Lawson was born at Lanark, Scotland, in 1773. At the age of sixteen he removed to Manchester. He early developed a taste for his future pursuit, commencing, after filling his copy-books with sketches, by engraving on smooth pennies with the point of a knife. He next employed a black-

publication on American Ornithology, but without success. Obstacles did not, however, change his purpose. He declared his intention to go on, though the effort cost him his life. "If so," he said, "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." He wrote to Jefferson in 1806, requesting employment in the expeditions fitting out for the survey of the western territory. No reply was received to the application;* but private enterprise was now about to furnish the means for the execution of his long cherished project. William Bradford, the publisher, of Philadelphia, engaged Wilson to superintend a new edition of Rees's Cyclopædia, which he was desirous of issuing. The liberal salary which he paid enabled his editor to abandon the drudgery of school-keeping, and devote himself to this work, which progressed so well in his hands that the publisher agreed to undertake the Ornithology. He worked so unremittingly in preparing for the press that his health began to fail. As a relaxation, he undertook a pedestrian excursion through Pennsylvania in August, 1807, from which he returned with new vigor to the desk.

The first of the nine volumes contemplated was published in September, 1808, the edition consisting of only two hundred copies. The plates were engraved by Lawson. In the same month, the author set out for the eastward to procure subscribers. His letters record the various modes of reception he encountered.

I have (he writes) purposely avoided saying any thing, either good or bad, on the encouragement I have met with. I shall only say, that among the many thousands that have examined my book—and among these were men of the first character for taste and literature—I have heard nothing but expressions of the highest admiration and esteem. If I have been mistaken in publishing a work too good for the country, it is a fault not likely to be soon repeated, and will pretty severely correct itself. But, whatever may be the result of these matters, I shall not sit down with folded hands, whilst any thing can be done to carry my point, since God helps them who help themselves. I am fixing correspondents in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and out-posts; so that scarcely a *wren* or *tit* shall be able to pass along from York to Canada but I shall get intelligence of it.

* * * * * * * * * *

I spent nearly the whole of Saturday in Newark, where my book attracted as many starers as a bear or a mammoth would have done; and I arrived in New York the same evening. The next day, I wrote a number of letters, enclosing copies of the prospectus to different gentlemen in town. In the afternoon of Tuesday, I took my book, and waited on each of those gentlemen to whom I had written the preceding day. Among these I found some friends, but more admirers. The professors of Columbia College expressed much esteem for my performance. The professor of languages, being a Scotchman, and also a Wilson, seemed to feel all the pride of national partiality so common to his countrymen; and would have done me any favour in his power. I spent the whole of this week traversing the streets, from one particular house to another, till, I believe, I became almost as well known as the public crier, or the clerk of the market, for I could frequently perceive gentlemen point me out to others, as I passed with my book under my arm.

On reaching Hartford, I waited on Mr. G. a member of Congress, who recommended me to several others, particularly Mr. W., a gentleman of taste and fortune, who was extremely obliging. The publisher of a newspaper here expressed the highest admiration of the work, and has since paid many handsome compliments to it in his publication, as three other editors did in New York. This is a species of currency that will neither purchase plates, nor pay the printer; but, nevertheless, it is gratifying to the vanity of an author,—when nothing better can be got.

I travelled on through New Hampshire, stopping at every place where I was likely to do any business; and went as far east as Portland, in Maine, where I staid three days; and, the supreme court being then sitting, I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States in this quarter, and received much interesting information from them with regard to the birds that frequent these northern regions. From Portland, I directed my course across the country, among dreary, savage glens, and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half burnt trunks, the everlasting rocks and stones, that cover this country, "grinned horribly." One hundred and fifty-seven miles brought me to Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on the Vermont line. Here I paid my addresses to the reverend fathers of literature, and met with a kind and obliging reception. Dr. Wheelock, the President, made me eat at his table, and the professors vied with each other to oblige me.

I expect to be in Albany in five days; and, if the legislature be sitting, I shall be detained perhaps three days there. In eight days more, I hope to be in Philadelphia. I have laboured with the zeal of a knight-errant, in exhibiting this book of mine, wherever I went, travelling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises, with compliments, and kindnesses,—shaken almost to pieces in stage coaches; I have wandered among strangers, hearing the same O's and Ah's, and telling the same story, a thousand times over: and for what? Ay, that's it! You are very anxious to know, and you shall know the whole when I reach Philadelphia.

During the winter he continued his tour southward.

In Annapolis I *passed* my book through both houses of the legislature; the wise men of Maryland stared and gaped, from bench to bench; but, having never heard of such a thing as one hundred and twenty dollars for a book, the *ayes* for subscribing were none; and so it was unanimously determined

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smith to make him a graver from his description of the tool, and amused himself as he drank his ale of an evening, in ornamenting the pewter tankard. Thirty-six years after his removal to the United States, he heard a traveller speak of having been shown this tankard by the innkeeper of the house he then frequented. At the age of twenty he emigrated to America, and established himself in Philadelphia. His plates for Wilson form his chief work.

* "How often," says Audubon, speaking of his own reception at Washington, "did I think of the error committed by Wilson, when, instead of going to Washington and presenting himself to President Jefferson, he forwarded his application through an uncertain medium. He, like myself, would doubtless have been received with favor, and obtained his desire. How often have I thought of the impression his piercing eye would have made on the discriminating and learned President, to whom, in half the time necessary for reading a letter, he might have said six times as much as it contained. But, alas! Wilson, instead of presenting himself, sent a substitute, which it seems was not received by the President, and which, therefore, could not have answered the intended end."

in the negative. Nowise discouraged by this sage decision, I pursued my route through the tobacco fields, sloughs, and swamps of this illiterate corner of the State to Washington, distant thirty-eight miles; and in my way opened fifty-five gates. I was forewarned that I should meet with many of these embarrassments, and I opened twenty-two of them with all the patience and philosophy I could muster; but when I still found them coming thicker and faster, my patience and philosophy both abandoned me, and I saluted every new gate (which obliged me to plunge into the mud to open it) with perhaps less Christian resignation than I ought to have done. The negroes there are very numerous, and most wretchedly clad: their whole covering, in many instances, assumes the appearance of neither coat, waistcoat, nor breeches, but a motley mass of coarse, dirty woollen rags, of various colours, gathered up about them. When I stopped at some of the negro huts to inquire the road, both men and women huddled up their filthy bundles of rags around them, with both arms, in order to cover their nakedness, and came out, very civilly, to shew me the way.

I mentioned to you in my last, that the streets of Norfolk were in a most disgraceful state; but I was informed, that, some time before, they had been much worse; that at one time, the news-carrier delivered his papers from a boat, which he poled along through the mire; and that a party of sailors, having nothing better to do, actually launched a ship's long boat into the streets, rowing along with four oars through the mud, while one stood at the bow, heaving the lead, and singing out the depth.

The general features of North Carolina, where I crossed it, are immense, solitary pine savannas, through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators, dark, sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges, without railings, and so crazy and rotten, as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving with both, when they get fairly over, without going through; enormous cypress swamps, which, to a stranger, have a striking, desolate, and ruinous appearance. Picture to yourself a forest of prodigious trees, rising, as thick as they can grow, from a vast, flat, and impenetrable morass, covered for ten feet from the ground with reeds. The leafless limbs of the cypresses are clothed with an extraordinary kind of moss, (*Tillandsia Usneoides*,) from two to ten feet long, in such quantities that fifty men might conceal themselves in one tree. Nothing in this country struck me with such surprise as the prospect of several thousand acres of such timber, loaded, as it were, with many million tons of tow, waving in the wind. I attempted to penetrate several of these swamps with my gun, in search of something new; but, except in some chance places, I found it altogether impracticable. I coasted along their borders, however, in many places, and was surprised at the great profusion of evergreens, of numberless sorts, and a variety of berries that I knew nothing of. Here I found multitudes of birds, that never wintered with us in Pennsylvania, living in abundance.

From Wilmington I rode through solitary pine savannas and cypress swamps as before, sometimes thirty miles without seeing a hut or human being. On arriving at the Wackamaw, Pedee, and Black River, I made long zigzags among the rich nabobs, who live on their rice plantations, amidst large villages of negro huts. One of these gentlemen told me that he had "something better than six hundred head of blacks!"

Returning with a few subscribers, three hundred additional copies were struck off. Volume II. appeared in January, 1810, and the author, having seen it through the press, set out on a tour down the Ohio and Mississippi in quest of new materials and new subscribers. After consultation at Pittsburgh, he decided to make the descent of the river in a small open skiff, a mode which, though perilous, recommended itself on the score of economy and freedom of action. He embarked alone on the 24th of February, and writes to his friend, Lawson—

My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburg; my gun, trunk, and great coat occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin, occasionally to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio with; and, bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pitt, I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that every where enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river, like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but these, to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing, totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red bird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery, as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins, that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich, forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eighty feet high; and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December, 1808.

I now stripped with alacrity to my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars.

I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night, I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburg, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn stalks, or something worse; so, preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this brush heap, I got up long before day, and, being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hollowing, that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail, and snow,—for it froze severely almost every night,—I persevered,

from the 24th of February to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, at the rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles.

It was during this descent of the Ohio that he wrote the poem of the *Pilgrim*. From Louisville he made his way to Nashville, and thence through the Indian country to Natchez.

A pleasant incident of his journey was his treatment by a planter named Dunbar, residing near Natchez, who, hearing that he was in the vicinity, addressed him the following letter:—

Sir,—It is very unfortunate that I should be so much indisposed as to be confined to my bed-room; nevertheless, I cannot give up the idea of having the pleasure of seeing you, as soon as you find it convenient. The perusal of your first volume of *Ornithology*, lent me by General Wilkinson, has produced in me a very great desire of making your acquaintance.

I understand from my boy, that you propose going, in a few days, to New Orleans, where you will see some small cabinets of natural history that may interest you. But, as I presume it is your intention to prosecute your inquiries into the interior of our country, this cannot be done better than from my house as your head-quarters, where every thing will be made convenient to your wishes. My house stands literally in the forest, and your beautiful orioles, with other elegant birds, are our court-yard companions.

The bearer attends you with a couple of horses, on the supposition that it may be convenient for you to visit us to-day; otherwise, he shall wait on you any other day that you shall appoint.

I am respectfully, &c.

William Dunbar.

Forest, 26th May, 1810.

Wilson accepted the invitation, and found the reality fully equal to the promise. He returned to Philadelphia on the second of August, after a seven months' tour, during which he had expended only four hundred and fifty dollars.

Several amusing incidents, as might naturally be expected, occurred during these and several other canvassing tours at a later period, for subscriptions of $120 each. Not only were private collectors rare in those days, but public libraries were few and generally poor. At Haverhill, N.H., he was arrested in 1812 as a spy from Canada, taking sketches for the use of an anticipated British invasion, and brought before a magistrate, by whom he was promptly released. In 1812, he was made a member of the American Philosophical Society. He resided for a great portion of this and the previous year with his friend, Mr. Bartram, at the Botanic Garden, and at this congenial and delightful residence made rapid progress in his work. The seventh volume was published in the early part of 1813. The author's anxiety to complete his work induced him, in consequence of the difficulty of finding competent artists to color his plates, to undertake the work himself, in addition to his usual severe literary labors, which were crowded so far into the night as to deprive him of his necessary rest. The unavoidable result was impaired health. His friends remonstrated, but his reply was, "Life is short, and without exertion nothing can be performed." In his last letter, written about this time, to Paisley, he says, "I am, myself, far from being in good health. Intense application to study has hurt me much. My eighth volume is now in the press, and will be published in November. One volume more will complete the whole." The last sentence shows the object on which his heart was fixed. Until that "one volume" was out of the printer's hands, there was no hope of any relaxation of his labor. While his health was thus impaired by sedentary toil, it is said that he chanced one day to notice a bird of some rare species, of which he had long been in search. He snatched his gun, ran out, and swam a river in pursuit of his prey, which he secured, but caught a cold which led to a dysentery. Whether this incident, which is related on the authority of "one of Wilson's American friends, who visited Scotland some years ago," in the life prefixed to the reprint of the Ornithology in Constable's Miscellany, is authentic or not, it is certain that Wilson was attacked by dysentery, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians of the country, caused his death on the 23d of August, 1813. His remains were interred, with great respect, in the Swedish burial-ground, Southwark. During his health he had expressed a wish that he might be buried "where the birds might sing over his grave." Had this wish been known to the friends who superintended his funeral it would have been more fully complied with, than by a grave within city limits.

The eighth volume was nearly through the press when the author's death occurred. The remaining portion was edited by his friend, George Ord, who wrote the letter-press of the ninth and last volume. Both appeared in 1814, with the illustrations, which had all been prepared under Wilson's supervision, prior to his death. Mr. Ord had been Wilson's assistant in several of his rambles, and was well qualified to complete his work. He accompanied the volume with a life of its author.

In 1825, Mr. Ord prepared a new edition of the last three volumes of the Ornithology, and, in 1828, four supplementary volumes by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, were published, the first of which was prepared for the press by John D. Godman, and the three last by William Cooper. The entire work was reprinted in 1831, in four volumes of Constable's Miscellany, with a life of the author by W. M. Hetherington.

The poems of Wilson reflect his sympathies, his sensibilities, his love of humorous observation among men; as his prose, with its quick lively step and minute discrimination, so freshly pictures the animal world. In his humor and feeling Wilson, as a poet, belongs to the family of Burns. He addresses his friends in verse with the old loving feeling of Scottish brotherhood, has his song for love and beauty, and his similar choice of subject in ludicrous tale or ballad, with a smarting sense of wrong and poverty; while an early observation in natural history, and his pursuit of descriptive poetry, belong especially to Wilson the naturalist. In Scotland he described the Disconsolate Wren, the beauties of Lochwinnock, and the wonderful young scholar Ringan; as, in America, he afterwards wrote his verses on

the Blue Bird, sketched the Pennsylvanian scenery of the Foresters, and celebrated the Solitary Tutor on the Schuylkill.

In that fine descriptive poem of the Foresters, in which he describes an October journey through Pennsylvania, and across the Alleghanies from Philadelphia to Niagara, the reader may have a true enjoyment of his poetic tastes and of his ardent love of nature and adventure. The three travellers, Wilson, his friend, and nephew, set forth on foot, well provided with knapsack and fowling-piece, and with a stock of youth and good humor, to overcome the difficulties of the way. The poet, who became thoroughly endenizened in America, has this opening appeal for the themes of American song, with a generously overdone compliment to Humphreys.

To Europe's shores renowned in deathless song,
Must all the honours of the bard belong?
And rural Poetry's enchanting strain
Be only heard beyond the Atlantic main?
What though profuse in many a patriot's praise,
We boast a Barlow's soul-exalting lays;
An Humphreys, blessed with Homer's nervous glow;
And freedom's friend and champion in Freneau;
Yet Nature's charms that bloom so lovely here,
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear;
While bare bleak heaths, and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's isle.
There scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among
But lives and murmurs in immortal song;
Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonoured weep the silent lapse of time,
Spread their wild grandeur to the unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

The rural descriptions are highly felicitous, as in this sketch of the farm scenery of Bucks and the boor of Northampton.

Thus half the day
O'er hill and dale our stretching journey lay,
Through fertile Bucks,* where lofty barns abound,
For wheat, fair Quakers, eggs, and fruit renowned;
Full fields, snug tenements, and fences neat,
Wide spreading walnuts drooping o'er each gate;
The spring-house peeping from enclustering trees,
Gay gardens filled with herbs, and roots and bees,
Where quinces, pears, and clustering grapes were seen,
With ponderous calabashes hung between;
While orchards, loaded, bending o'er the grass,
Invite to taste and cheer us as we pass.
But these too soon give place to prospects drear,
As o'er Northampton's† barren heights we steer;
Bleak land of stones, deep swamps, and pigmy woods,
Where the poor Swabian o'er his drudgery broods;
Toils hard; and when the heats of harvest burn,
Gleans from the rocks his pittance in return.
Yet though so cursed his soil, his sheaves so few,
All-conquering Industry still bears him through;
Averse to change, pleased patiently to plod
The same dull round his honest father trod.
Behold his low roofed hut on yonder green,
There no gay front or proud piazza's seen;
Let wealthy fools their precious hoards disburse,
No whim can tempt him to untie his purse.
A moss-grown penthouse shades his narrow door,
One window joins with patches covered o'er;
Around the garden numerous hives are ranged,
And pendant gourds to fading yellow changed.
Sheds, smoke-house, hog pens, crowd the miry yard,
Where endless yells from growling pigs are heard.
Approach this humble hut; look in, nor fear;
Say, could Ambition find one comfort here?
Yet sweet Content e'en here is sometimes found,
Turning the wheel, or slumbering by its sound.
No mirrors dazzle, no rich beds appear,
Wide wasting Fashion never entered here.
Those plates of pewter, ranged along the frame,
In ancient days from distant Teuchland came.
That oaken table, so uncouth and low,
Stood where it stands some sixty years ago.
In this arm chair where Hans delights to snore,
His great-grandfather nodded long before.
Thus glows his greasy stove throughout the year,
The torrid zone for ever rages here.
Here, when the shades of weary evening fall,
Sits Hans, the lord and sovereign of all;
Das Neue Callender* from the nail unhooks,
His dark brows solemn and morose his looks;
Beside his lamp, with spectacles on nose,
To-morrow's weather seeks, its rains or snows,
The moon's eventful signs, th' auspicious hour
To plant the downward root or rising flower;
Of witch-confounding doctors tells the tale,
Sips his metheglin, or his cider stale.
All other joys for which he ever sighs
His dear loved saur-craut or his pipe supplies.

With the schoolmaster, the honor of his pursuits and his inglorious trials, Wilson always had a keen sympathy. He has introduced in this poem an appeal which deserves to be printed for gratuitous circulation in every village or school district in the country.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
(If skilled to teach, and diligent to rule)
Is the learned master of a little school,
Not he who guides the legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down;
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts, and pierce the unguarded heart;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
From black, rough pothooks, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
From Numeration, through an opening way,
Till dark Annuities seem clear as day;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,

* The County of Bucks, in Pennsylvania, is a rich, well-cultivated tract of country, containing nearly half a million of acres, and upwards of 80,000 inhabitants.

† Northampton is an oblong hilly county, adjoining that of Bucks. It is crossed nearly at right angles by that remarkable range of the Allegany known by the name of the Blue Ridge or Blue Mountain, which presents the appearance of an immense rampart, extending farther than the eye can reach, with an almost uniform height of summit.

* The New Almanac.

Till earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.

If such his toils, sure honour and regard,
And wealth and fame shall be his dear reward;
Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days!
Yes—blest indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labour owe
All that they read, and almost all they know.
Condemned, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark impenetrable scull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train,
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain,
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge, his merits disappear;
If mild—"Our lazy master loves his ease,
The boys at school do anything they please."
If rigid—"He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,
He drives the children stupid with his birch.
My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."
Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gained;
E'en that is given him, on the quarter day,
With looks that call it—money thrown away.
Just Heaven! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share,
If such their fate, by thy divine control,
O give them health and fortitude of soul!
Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame;
Grant this, ye powers! to dominies distrest,
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest.

In contrast with the Dutch boor of Northampton we may present the pleasing sketch of hospitality on the Susquehanna, with its eloquent tribute to the genius of the scene.

AT HOME ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Now up green banks, through level fields of grass,
With heavy hearts the fatal spot we pass
Where Indian rage prevailed, by murder fired,
And warriors brave by savage hands expired;
Where bloody Butler's iron-hearted crew,
Doomed to the flames the weak submitting few;
While screams of horror pierced the midnight wood,*
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood,
Obscured with mud, and drenched with soaking rain,
Through pools of splashing mire we drove amain;
Night darkening round us; when in lucky hour,
Led by its light we reached a cottage door.
There welcomed in we blest our happy lot,
And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
A noble fire its blazing front displayed,
Clean shelves of pewter dazzling round arrayed,
Where rows of ruddy apples, ranged with care,
With grateful fragrance filled the balmy air;
Our bard (chief orator in times like these,)
Though frank, yet diffident, and fond to please,
In broken German joked with all around,
Told who we were, from whence and whither bound;
The cottage group a ready opening made,
And "welcome friends," the little Dutchman said.
Well pleased our guns and knapsacks we resigned,
The adjoining pump, or running stream to find;
There washed our boots, and entering, took our seat,
Stript to the trowsers in the glowing heat.
The mindful matron spread her table near,
Smoking with meat, and filled with plenteous cheer;
And supper o'er, brought forth and handed round
A massy bowl with mellow apples crowned;
For all our wants a mother's care exprest,
And pressed us oft, and picked us out the best;
But Duncan smiled, and slyly seemed to seek
More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek,
Where such sweet innocence and meekness lay
As fairly stole our pilot's heart away.
He tried each art the evening to prolong,
And cheered the passing moments with a song,
So sadly tender, with such feeling raised,
That all but Susan with profusion praised;
She from his glance oft turned her glistening eye,
And paid in tears and many a stifled sigh.

Thus passed the evening charmingly away,
Each pleased and pleasing, innocent and gay,
Till early bed-time summoned us to part,
And Susan's glances spoke her captive heart.

Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoyed,
By dawn we start and find all hands employed;
The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go;
The careful mother kneads her massy dough;
Even little Mary at her needle sits,
And while she nurses pussy, nicely knits.
Our generous friends their courtesy bestowed,
Refused all price, and pointed out the road;
With kindest wishes bade us all farewell;
What Susan felt, the rising tear could tell.

Blest Hospitality! the poor man's pride,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
Even angels honour as they hover nigh;
Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
To no one country, people, age, or place;
But for the homeless and the exiled lives,
And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives.
O if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
One humble dwelling, even without a name,
Do thou, blest spirit! be my partner there,
With sons of woe our little all to share;
Beside our fire the pilgrim's looks to see,
That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee;
To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through;
His ardent blessings as he bids adieu;
Then let the selfish hug their gold divine!
Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.

The whole of this poem, with its humorous contrasts of the privations and enjoyments of the travellers, and its truthful pictures of nature and local scenery, is in a very happy vein. If the poet's genius is incapable of adding new glories to Niagara, at the close of the poem, it must pay that act of submission in its inferiority to the great sublime.

RAB AND RINGAN.—A TALE.

Delivered by the author in the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question—"Whether is Diffidence, or the Allurements of Pleasure, the greatest bar to the Progress in Knowledge?"

INTRODUCTION.

Hech! but it's awfu' like to rise up here,
Where sic a sight o' learned folks' pows appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' fixed on ane,
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!

* The massacre here alluded to took place after the battle of 3d July, 1778, which was fought near this spot. The small body of American troops were commanded by that brave, humane, and intelligent officer, Colonel Butler; the tories and savages were headed by another Colonel Butler, of a very different description. Were I disposed to harrow up the feelings of the reader, I might here enlarge on the particulars of this horrible affair; but I choose to decline it. Those who wish to see a detail of the whole are referred to the Philadelphia Universal Magazine for March 20, 1797, p. 390.

But it's a mercy—mony thanks to fate,
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, sir, has been right well disputed,
And meikle weel-a-wat's been said about it:
Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
Ha'e sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
And peeled it up as ane wad peel an ingon.*
I winna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,
But only crave your patience to a tale:
By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stannin',
As I perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There lived in Fife, an auld, stout, worldly chiel,
Wha's stomach kend nae fare but milk and meal;
A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
And twa big sons, amaist as heigh's himsel'.
Rab was a gleg, smart cock, with powdered pash;
Ringan, a slow, feared, bashfu', simple hash.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce Rab,
At Greek and Latin, grew a very dab:
He beat a' round about him, fair and clean,
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
Frae house to house they harled him to dinner,
But cursed poor Ringan for a hum-drum sinner.

Rab talked now in sic a lofty strain,
As though braid Scotland had been a' his ain:
He ca'd the kirk the church, the yirth the globe,
And changed his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob.
Whare'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
The haill discourse was murdered wi' his tongue.
On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
And rammed his nose in everything he met.

The college now, to Rab, grew douf and dull,
He scorned wi' books to stupify his skull:
But whirled to plays and balls, and sic like places,
And roared awa' at fairs and kintra races:
Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,
And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel';
Drank night and day, and syne, when mortal fu',
Rowed on the floor, and snored like ony sow;
Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
And pawed, for punch, his Bible and his sarks;
Till, driven at last to own he had eneugh,
Gaed hame a' rags to haud his father's plough.

Poor hum-drum Ringan played anither part,
For Ringan wanted neither wit nor art:
Of mony a far-aff place he kent the gate;
Was deep, deep learned, but unco, unco blate.
He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
How mony rake wad lave the ocean toom;
Where a' the swallows gaed in time of snaw;
What gars the thunders roar, and tempests blaw;
Where lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun',
How a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
In short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
Ye cou'dna speak o' aught, but Ringan kent.

Sae meikle learning wi' sae little pride,
Soon gained the love o' a' the kintra side;
And Death, at that time, happening to nip aff
The parish minister—a poor dull calf,
Ringan was sought—he cou'dna' say them nay,
And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,
That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
It guides alike, in commerce or at college;
Struggles the bursts of passion to controul,
Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul;
Defies the deep laid stratagems of guile,
And gives even innocence a sweeter smile;
Ennobles all the little worth we have,
And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the diff'rence, then, between the twain,
Since pleasure ever is pursued by pain.
Pleasure's a syren, with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice and powerful are her charms;
Lured by her call we tread her flowery ground,
Joy wings our steps and music warbles round;
Lulled in her arms we lose the flying hours,
And lie embosomed 'midst her blooming bowers,
Till—armed with death, she watches our undoing,
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

CONNEL AND FLORA.—A SONG.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit our shore;
But Connel returns to his Flora no more!

For see on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er yon steep,
O would ye but waft me across the wild deep;
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar.
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more!

AUCHTERTOOL.

Tune—"*One bottle more.*"

From the village of Lessly, with a head full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free;
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I steered,
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheered;
The road I explored out without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,
He stared like an idiot, then roared out "Gude G-d,
Gin ye're gaun there for quarters ye're surely a fool,
For there's nought but starvation in old Auchtertool."

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,
Till I came to a hill top, where joyful I viewed,
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white pool,
The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phœbus behind a high mountain went down;
The clouds gathered dreary, and weather blew foul,
And I hugged myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the landlady's pertness seemed instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er keep sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride,
But asking, was told there was none else beside,
Except an old weaver who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scampered, and rapt at the door,
He op'd, but as soon as I dared to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and uttered a howl,
That rung through each corner of old Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the dominie I curst,
And offered to cudgel the wretch, if he durst;

* The question had been spoken upon both sides before this tale was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.

But the door he fast bolted, though Boreas blew cool,
And left me all friendless in old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trod,
Till I came to a ruined old house by the road;
Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the owl,
I'll send up some prayers for old Auchtertool.

THE BLUE BIRD.—FROM THE ORNITHOLOGY.

The pleasing manners, and sociable disposition of this little bird, entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from every body.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet, so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard, and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. "When he first begins his amours," says a curious and correct observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favour of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wing over her, and puts it in her mouth."* If a rival makes his appearance, (for they are ardent in their loves,) he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him, with many reproofs, beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, another sociable little pilgrim, (*motacilla domestica*, house wren,) also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug berth preoccupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and, in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks; but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The female lays five, and sometimes six eggs, of a pale blue colour; and raises two, and sometimes three brood in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal food are insects, particularly large beetles, and other hard-shelled sorts, that lurk among old, dead, and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favourite repast with them. In the fall, they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum; and, as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons is another of their favourite dishes, and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize. They are frequently pestered with a species of tape worm, some of which I have taken from their intestines of an extraordinary size, and, in some cases, in great numbers. Most other birds are also plagued with these vermin, but the blue bird seems more subject to them than any I know, except the woodcock. An account of the different species of vermin, many of which, I doubt not, are nondescripts, that infest the plumage and intestines of our birds, would of itself form an interesting publication; but, as this belongs more properly to the entomologist, I shall only, in the course of this work, take notice of some of the most remarkable.

The usual spring and summer song of the blue bird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character, he has great resemblance to the robin redbreast of Britain; and, had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, that is in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-coloured woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but, with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us; but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the bluebird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms:
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;

* Letter from Mr. William Bartram to the author.

He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from the webs, where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet, simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure,
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

THE FISH-HAWK.

This formidable, vigorous-winged, and well known bird, subsists altogether on the finny tribes that swarm in our bays, creeks, and rivers; procuring his prey by his own active skill and industry; and seeming no farther dependent on the land than as a mere resting place, or, in the usual season, a spot of deposit for his nest, eggs, and young.

The fish-hawk is migratory, arriving on the coasts of New York and New Jersey about the 21st of March, and retiring to the south about the twenty-second of September. Heavy equinoctial storms may vary these periods of arrival and departure a few days; but long observation has ascertained, that they are kept with remarkable regularity. On the arrival of these birds in the northern parts of the United States, in March, they sometimes find the bays and ponds frozen, and experience a difficulty in procuring fish for many days. Yet there is no instance on record of their attacking birds, or inferior land animals, with intent to feed on them; though their great strength of flight, as well as of feet and claws, would seem to render this no difficult matter. But they no sooner arrive, than they wage war on the bald eagles, as against a horde of robbers and banditti; sometimes succeeding, by force of numbers, and perseverance, in driving them from their haunts, but seldom or never attacking them in single combat.

The first appearance of the fish-hawk in spring, is welcomed by the fishermen, as the happy signal of the approach of those vast shoals of herring, shad, &c., that regularly arrive on our coasts, and enter our rivers in such prodigious multitudes. Two of a trade, it is said, seldom agree; the adage, however, will not hold good in the present case, for such is the respect paid the fish-hawk, not only by this class of men, but, generally, by the whole neighbourhood where it resides, that a person who should attempt to shoot one of them, would stand a fair chance of being insulted. This prepossession in favour of the fish-hawk is honourable to their feelings. They associate, with its first appearance, ideas of plenty, and all the gaiety of business; they see it active and industrious like themselves; inoffensive to the productions of their farms; building with confidence, and without the least disposition to concealment, in the middle of their fields, and along their fences; and returning, year after year, regularly to its former abode.

* * * * * * *

The regular arrival of this noted bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen. With the following lines, illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history:—

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northern climes his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide;
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
With broad unmoving wing; and, circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well known signals of his rough employ;
And, as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:—

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The osprey sails above the sound,
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
The herring shoals swarm thick around,
The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying;
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She brings us fish—she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty,
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheepshead and drum, and old-wives' dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While the slow bending net we sweep,
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

JOHN EDMUND HARWOOD.

Harwood, the actor, who came over to America with Wignell's company to Philadelphia, in 1793, was a writer of verses of ease and sweetness, a collection of which he published in New York in 1809. Dunlap, in his History of the American Stage, has given some pleasing reminiscences of the man in his account of the opening of the New York Theatre in 1803:—

"John E. Harwood has been mentioned in the catalogue of the splendid company brought out to this country in 1793 for Philadelphia. He was a man endowed by nature with brilliant talents, and had received in every respect the edu-

cation of a gentleman. His Trapanti, Sir David Dunder, Lenitive, Dennis Brulgruddery, Canton, Gradus, Captain Ironsides, and a long list of characters, were superior to any man's, in our opinion, yet seen in this country: he was more like John Bannister than any other actor of the English stage. His Falstaff was the best in this country until Cooke played it, except,—and it is a most formidable exception,—that it was not sufficiently studied. In truth, self-indulgence was the ruin of Harwood, as of thousands on and off the stage. After his marriage, he had retired from the stage, and kept a bookstore and circulating library: this retirement from a profession in which he was qualified to shine was probably not his own choice. He read his books, and neglected his business. Booksellers should never read; if they do, they are lost. There are brilliant exceptions; but then they wrote also: they did not read merely for the gratification of reading, or to *kill time*, but to gain knowledge, and they exerted themselves to impart it. The venerable Matthew Carey is an instance in point. Harwood was a poet, and had in early life published a volume of verses. He was a man of wit, and the favorite of every company; never obtrusive, and always willing to take a joke or to give one. He was lazy, and became corpulent; the first disqualified him for all business, and rendered many of his new characters, after he returned to the stage, less perfect than they would have been; the second spoiled his appearance and action for high or genteel comedy, for a corpulent *Michael Perez* (and he played it well) should not be placed by the side of *Cacofogo*. John E. Harwood, off the stage, would have shone as a man of fortune, and he had a wife equally fitted to be a man of fortune's wife; but as unfit for a poor man's wife as he was for a poor man. The consequence was the return to the stage, which brings him again before the reader."

Harwood's mood, in the volume of his verses before us, is of a genial, sentimental character, softly tuned to melancholy at the voice of the nightingale, or the full of the leaf; competent at ode and elegy, and gallantly assisted, in its highest animation, by the presence of the sex. In an "irregular ode" he rather irreverently speaks of himself as a "dangler on a petticoat;" a distinction which his constant attentions in verse to Emma, Myra, and other ladies, in their various humors, would seem fully to justify. There was delicacy in his Muse as he watched the fair ones with a fond affection; and sang his amiable songs after the manner of the gentleman of the olden time, in the age which was at its height at the beginning of the century.

ODE TO INDOLENCE.

Goddess of ease! whose all-lethargic sway
In drowsy fetters binds the senseless soul,
Whose magic power e'en mighty seas obey,
And touch'd by thee in smoother billows roll,
At thine approach in summer's scorching heat,
The cattle grazing on the verdant plain
To some kind shade direct their weary feet,
T' enjoy sweet sleep beneath thy placid reign.

Oh! take me, Goddess, to thy circling arms,
And pour sweet visions o'er my languid head;
O'er every thought infuse thy magic charms,
And round my pillow all thy poppies spread.
What time the wearying sun, no longer bright,
Now paints the western sky with streaks of red;
What time the moon extends her glimmering light,
And dark'ning shades advise the tranquil bed;

What time the shepherds urge to quiet folds,
And weary, haste to pen their tardy sheep;
What time "the air a solemn stillness holds,"
And weary nature welcomes balmy sleep;
Oh, waft me, Goddess, to that peaceful shore
Where drowsy silence lulls the quiet mind,
Where Strife's discordant voice is heard no more,
And sadd'ning thoughts a potent opiate find.

Bear me propitious to some fragrant seat,
Some couch of nature's sweetest flow'rets made;
While slumbers hover o'er the still retreat,
And lull each sense within the languid shade.
Ne'er shall ambition's flame awake my breast,
Ne'er shall her honors gild my humble name,
For glory's votaries be the brass imprest,
And let admiring ages learn their fame.

And if the Muse afford some latent fire,
May the dull couplet run in numbers slow—
Do thou a languid heaviness inspire,
And bid them, languid as myself, to flow.
Soon will the Muse's proudest landscape fade:
Soon, soon will death dispel the fleeting joy;
Let not one envious wish disturb this shade,
One weak desire this happy ease destroy.

And Bacchus, let me not thy orgies share,
Far be from me thy quarrel-breeding bowl;
Let not the shouts of drunkards jar my ear,
Nor folly's noise disturb my peaceful soul.
Now take me, Goddess, in thy circling arms,
And pour soft visions o'er this languid head;
In every thought infuse thy magic charms,
And round my pillow peaceful poppies shed.

TO MISS S——Y, ON RETURNING THE JUVENILIA OF WITHER.

I.

I thank thee for the simple lay,
Upon my memory fixt,
Which can such wholesome truths convey,
With so much sweetness mixt;
The sting of censure pleasantness can hide,
And, as it spares our pride,
It cannot fail to please;
For those most wrong
Will love the song,
That can rebuke with ease!

II.

And should I ever be in love,
As much I hope to be!
His verse my mistress' faith shall prove,
How true she loveth me;
I will not trust the wanton, laughing eye,
Of heedless revelry,
Nor all the tricks of art;
But tears that flow,
Perforce for wo,
When sorrow melts the heart.

III.

The smile benign when virtue gains
A triumph over vice;
Heart, like her bosom, free from stains,
An earthly paradise!
Though she herself can never, never slide,
Too gentle others to deride;
With alabaster band,
Not stretch'd in show,
But to bestow
A blessing through the land.

IV.

Not to coquet with other men,
But truly cherish one:
My passion to return again,
And smile on me alone;
Though unreserved in discourse, and free,
Her lips reserved for me;
So shall I pleasure prove,
And find a mate
To mine estate,
Full worthy of my love.

IN A WOOD.

Meek Peace here holds her silent reign,
Along these paths she loves to rove;
Where nought is heard but the sweet strain,
The feathery songsters pour to love.
Sweet partners of the sylvan scene,
Ye have not half my love, I ween!
Not all that makes the forest ring;
And if ye swell your little throats,
With all your softest, sweetest notes,
My love is greater far than ye can sing.

THE FRIENDS TO THEIR OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

Ah! forbear, in mercy, ladies!
'Tis enough we own your sway;
Neither such a hectoring blade is
Longer on the field to stay.

Mark'd by elegance and fashion,
Not to love were to be blind;
Soon, too soon, the subtle passion
Chains an inexperienced mind.

With such dext'rous art you wheedle,
Half-averted looks and smiles,
Hearts insnaring with your needle,
Music, romping, and such wiles.

Now, while mirth and harmless story
Stay the lagging foot of time,
We, your slaves, who much adore ye,
Tell our loves in doggrel rhyme.

Ladies, hear, in pity, hear us!
Spare the anguish of each heart!
Yield to love, you need not fear us,
Few so young are vers'd in art.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY, the son of John Adams, was born at the residence of his great-grandfather, John Quincy, in Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. He was named John Quincy at the request of his grandmother, after this aged relative, who was dying at the time of his baptism. As his father was absent from home on public affairs the child's education devolved principally on his mother, one every way fitted for her important position. Every day, after saying his prayers, he was required to repeat the noble lines of Collins, commencing—

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,

and the ode by the same author on the death of Colonel Charles Ross.* It was truly said of him by Senator Davis, that "the cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty."

In February, 1778, in his eleventh year, he accompanied his father on his mission to France. He was placed at school in Paris, where he remained until his return with his father after the conclusion of the treaty with America in 1779. "He is respected," writes his father the same year, "wherever he goes for his vigor and vivacity both of mind and body, for his constant good humor, and for his rapid progress in French, as well as for his general knowledge, which at his age is uncommon."

In 1781 he was made private secretary to the Hon. Francis Dana, Minister to Russia. He remained at the embassy until October, 1782, when after a short tour he joined his father in Holland, in April, 1783. After the signature of the treaty of peace at Paris in the following September, he accompanied his father to England. In 1785 he returned home with a letter from his father to Benjamin Waterhouse, in which the son's acquirements are spoken of with a just pride:—

TO BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Auteuil, 24 April, 1785.

This letter will be delivered you by your old acquaintance John Quincy Adams, whom I beg leave to recommend to your attention and favor. He is anxious to study some time at your university before he begins the study of the law, which appears at present to be the profession of his choice. He must undergo an examination, in which I suspect he will not appear exactly what he is. In truth, there are few who take their degrees at college, who have so much knowledge. But his studies having been pursued by himself, on his travels, without any steady tutor, he will be found awkward in speaking Latin, in prosody, in parsing, and even, perhaps, in that accuracy of pronunciation in reading orations or poems in that language, which is often chiefly attended to in such examinations. It seems to be necessary, therefore, that I make this apology for him to you, and request you to communicate it in confidence to the gentlemen who are to examine him, and such others as you think prudent. If you were to examine him in English and French poetry, I know not where you would find anybody his superior; in Roman and English history, few persons of his age. It is rare to find a youth possessed of so much knowledge. He has translated Virgil's Æneid, Suetonius, the whole of Sallust, and Tacitus's Agricola, his Germany, and several books of his Annals, a great part of Horace, some of Ovid, and some of Cæsar's Commentaries, in writing, besides a number of Tully's orations. These he may show you; and although you will find the translations in many places inaccurate in point of style, as must be expected at his age, you will see abundant proof that it is impossible to make those translations without understanding his authors and their language very well.

In Greek his progress has not been equal; yet he has studied morsels in Aristotle's Poetics, in Plutarch's Lives, and Lucian's Dialogues, the choice of Hercules, in Xenophon, and lately he has gone through several books in Homer's Iliad.

In mathematics I hope he will pass muster. In the course of the last year, instead of playing cards like the fashionable world, I have spent my evenings with him. We went with some accuracy through the geometry in the Preceptor, the eight books of Simpson's Euclid in Latin, and compared it, problem by problem, and theorem by theorem,

* This characteristic anecdote of his childhood was read a few years before his death by Mr. Adams to Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, from a letter which he had just written to John J. Gurney, of England. "He recited the lines," the narrator says, "with an expression and an energy which I shall never forget—the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his voice, every now and then, choked with emotion."

with le père de Chales in French; we went through plane trigonometry and plane-sailing, Fenning's Algebra, and the decimal fractions, arithmetical and geometrical proportions, and the conic sections, in Ward's Mathematics. I then attempted a sublime flight, and endeavored to give him some idea of the differential method of calculation of the Marquis de L'Hôpital, and the method of fluxions and infinite series of Sir Isaac Newton; but alas! it is thirty years since I thought of mathematics, and I found I had lost the little I once knew, especially of these higher branches of geometry, so that he is as yet but a smatterer, like his father. However, he has a foundation laid, which will enable him with a year's attendance on the mathematical professor, to make the necessary proficiency for a degree. He is studious enough, and emulous enough, and when he comes to mix with his new friends and young companions, he will make his way well enough. I hope he will be upon his guard against those airs of superiority among the scholars, which his larger acquaintance with the world, and his manifest superiority in the knowledge of some things, may but too naturally inspire into a young mind, and I beg of you, Sir, to be his friendly monitor in this respect and in all others.

He was of course prepared for an advanced class at Harvard, and took his degree in 1787, the year after his admission. The subject of his Commencement oration was *The Importance and Necessity of Public Faith to the Well-being of a Community*.

In 1790, after preliminary studies in the office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport, he commenced the practice of the law, which he continued, varying his occupation by occasional communications, signed Publicola and Marcellus, in the *Centinel*, edited by Benjamin Russell, until his appointment as Minister to the Hague in 1794 by Washington, who in 1797 pronounced him "the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps." In July of the same year he was married to Louisa, daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, consular agent of the United States at London. He was soon after recalled by his father on his accession to the presidency. During his residence abroad he made a tour in Silesia. A number of letters, written to his brother during its progress, were published by the latter in the *Portfolio*, and were collected in a volume by a London publisher in 1804.* The work is divided into parts, one of which is devoted to a description, and the other to statistical information respecting the country.

In 1801 he was elected to the state Senate, and in 1803 a member of the Senate of the United States. In 1808 he resigned his seat in consequence of the dissatisfaction of the state legislature with his advocacy of some of the measures of Jefferson's administration. He had previously, in 1806, been appointed Boylston Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College, and continued the discharge of his duties until he resigned in 1809. In 1810 he published the lectures he had delivered in his courses.* In 1810 he was appointed by Madison Minister to Russia, where he remained until 1815, when with Clay, Bayard, Russell, and Gallatin he negotiated the treaty of peace with England at Ghent, and was appointed minister to that country in the same year by Madison. In 1817 he returned home, was appointed Secretary of State by Monroe, and remained in office eight years, when he was himself chosen to the presidency by the House of Representatives, on whom the choice had devolved. He remained in office one term, when he was succeeded by General Jackson. He was immediately after elected a member of the House of Representatives from his native state, a position which he retained till his death. In 1833 he was nominated by the anti-masonic party as governor of his state. The result of the contest between three candidates threw the election into the Legislature, there being no choice by the people, whereupon Mr. Adams withdrew. He had previously, from 1831 to 1833, published a series of letters condemnatory of the principles and practice of the Free-Masons, reprinted in a volume in 1847. Throughout his long and active political career, Mr. Adams retained a fondness for literature. He published in 1832 a long poetical composition, *Dermot Mac Morrogh*,† the argument of which is concisely summed up in a sentence of the preface:—

> Dermot Mac Morrogh, for insupportable tyranny over his subjects, aggravated by the violation of the most sacred of human ties, the seduction of another's wife, is justly expelled from his kingdom. He immediately repairs to "the greatest prince of his time, for wisdom, virtue and abilities," and sells his country for the price of being restored by the foreign invader to his principality. The English king, to cover the basest of aggressions with the mantle of religion, applies to Pope Adrian the Fourth, an Englishman, for authority to ravage Ireland with fire and sword, under pretence of reforming the inhabitants, and reducing them to the orthodox faith of paying tribute to the Roman See. This authority Pope Adrian grants him without scruple. You may read in Rapin the *brief* itself. And with this sacrilegious abuse of religion, Henry, reeking with the blood of Becket, and Dermot, the ruffian builder of monasteries, achieve the conquest of Ireland, in vassalage to the crown of England. And this is the tenure by which Ireland is held as an appendage to the sister island, at the present day.

It is written not at all happily, with a tame adaptation of the Don Juan style, and consists of a rhymed chronicle of the events it celebrates. The subject, says the author—

> The subject was well adapted to the composition of an historical tale, and as such I deliver it to the judgment of my country. It is intended also as a moral tale, teaching the citizens of these States of both sexes, the virtues of conjugal fidelity, of genuine piety, and of devotion to their country, by pointing the finger of scorn at the example six hun-

* Letters on Silesia, written during a tour through that country in the years 1800, 1801, by His Excellency John Quincy Adams, then Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Berlin, and since a member of the American Senate. London: 1804. 8vo. pp. 337.

* Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory, delivered to the classes of Senior and Junior Sophisters in Harvard University. Cambridge: Hilliard & Metcalf. 1810.

† Dermot Mac Morrogh; or, the Conquest of Ireland. An Historical Tale of the Twelfth Century, in four cantos. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co., 1832. 8vo. pp. 108.

dred years since exhibited of a country sold to a foreign invader by the joint agency of violated marriage vows, unprincipled ambition, and religious imposture.

We extract

THE SONG.

Nought shines so bright in beauty's eyes,
As the bold warrior's gallant bearing:
The proudest deems his heart a prize;
The fairest would his fate be sharing;
Let Truth, let Valor be thy guide;
And faithful love, thy priceless jewel—
Thou ne'er shalt lack a lovely bride;
Nor find a female bosom cruel.

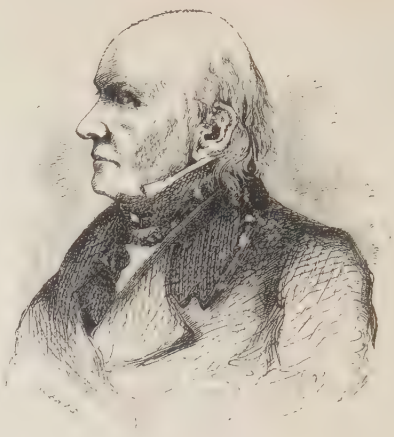
'Tis true, the soldier's life is short;
But what is life, depriv'd of action?
The craven coward's base resort;
A universe, without attraction.
Then, urge thy courser to the field,
And thou shalt gain renown in story—
Compel the fiercest foe to yield;
Or die upon the bed of glory.

Poems of a briefer compass on subjects of the day frequently appeared from his pen. A collection of these was made in 1848.* It contains a poetic version of the thirteenth satire of Juvenal. A small volume of letters, written from St. Petersburg to his son, *On the Bible and its Teachings*, was published after his death.†

In 1839, on the semi-centennial anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution, Mr. Adams delivered an address before the Historical Society of New York. He was of course frequently called upon for such services, but his public discourses of this character, with the exception of the funeral discourses on Madison and Monroe delivered in 1836, 1834, and 1831, which were re-published with the title of Lives of Celebrated Statesmen by John Quincy Adams, in 1846, have not been collected. He was a constant reader, and his admirable memory enabled him to accumulate a vast stock of ready information. In English as well as ancient and foreign literature, he was thoroughly versed, and able to repeat long passages from authors in various languages. He translated Wieland's Oberon in verse, but withheld his version from the press on the appearance of that of Sotheby.

In the latter part of his career Mr. Adams was a leader of the anti-slavery party, and an inflexible advocate of the right of petition on this as well as on every other subject. He carried this so far as on one occasion to present a petition for a dissolution of the Union, expressing at the same time his dissent from and abhorrence of such a proceeding.

Mr. Adams retained the full vigor of his mind and body by his temperate and active mode of life to the hour almost of his death. He was in his place in the House on the 21st of February, 1848, and gave an emphatic "no" on a motion to present the thanks of the House with gold medals to various officers who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican war. A little after this the course of business was interrupted by a cry, "Mr. Adams



J. Q. Adams

is dying." He was falling over the left side of his chair, his right hand clutching at his desk for support. He was placed on a sofa, and removed for air to the rotunda, and thence to the door of the east portico. As he could not be taken with safety to his residence he was carried to the apartment of the Speaker, Mr. Winthrop. Here he rallied enough to falter his memorable dying words, "This is the end of earth—I am content." He then sank into an apparent stupor, in which he remained until he expired, at a quarter past seven in the evening of the day but one after his attack. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," was the favorite maxim of Adams. It was one which he lived fully up to, and with which the circumstances of his last hours finely harmonized. Had his mode of death been presented to his choice in life, it would have probably been joyfully accepted as a fitting close to his sixty-five years of active public service.

THE WANTS OF MAN.*

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—
Goldsmith's Hermit.

I.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with ME exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvass-backs and wine;

* Poems of Religion and Society. by John Quincy Adams. New York: W. H. Graham. 18mo. pp. 108.
† Auburn, 1850. 18mo. pp. 128.

* It was written under these circumstances:—General Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to procure Mr. A.'s autograph for them. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon "The Wants of Man," each stanza upon a sheet of note paper.

And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;—
Black sable furs, for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile;
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park,
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark),
With walls encompassed round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease.
But here, as space is somewhat scant,
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy——a square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks;
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms;
Corregios, Magdalen, and Night,
The matron of the chair;
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press, for private use,
Of fifty thousand EMS;
And plants, and minerals, and shells;
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold;
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould;
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes—all the same;
And porcelain vases, with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angouleme.

X.

And maples, of fair glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors;
My walls, with tapestry bedeck'd,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood, and bamboo cane,
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refin'd.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

XIV.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

XV.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasur'd sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

XVI.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed,
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattrass, and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;

And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel;
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

XIX.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue, to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XX.

I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near;
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold,
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

XXII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land.
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

XXV.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream.
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy WANT may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

FROM THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JAMES MADISON.

This constitution, my countrymen, is the great result of the North American revolution. This is the giant stride in the improvement of the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—of the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the federal and national Constitution of Government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all was he to honor whose memory we are here assembled at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king—we look *back* on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of Patriots and heroes, under whose guidance the revolution of American Independence was begun, and continued, and completed. We look around in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life, in all the stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the grey hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, *then*, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day. From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they *were*, and our hearts leap for joy, that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance, the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them, fearless in their fortitude, and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves Independent States. We see them waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural stepmother, the mistress of the seas, till, under the sign-manual of their king, their Independence was acknowledged—and last and best of all, we see them, toiling in war and in peace to form and perpetuate an union, under forms of Government intricately but skilfully adjusted so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseparable liberty and law.

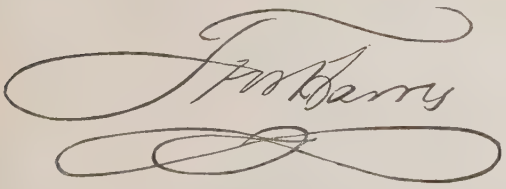
Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. *Their* portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed, and transmitted to *us*, their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered, not with our tears—saddened, not by the shedding of any blood of ours. The gift of heaven through their sufferings and their achievements—but not without a charge of corresponding duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow citizens—what is that duty of our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a king beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood with the people from whom we sprang? To cast away the precious name of Britons, and be no more the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton—of Newton and Locke—of Chatham and Burke? Or more

and worse, is it to meet *their* countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven years' war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundation of the fairest Government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No! These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty? Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to *improve* the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens, far be from us, far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitude of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and *that* fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace—of harmony—of union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children, "to the last syllable of recorded time," fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of JAMES MADISON.

THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

THE Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, one of a family distinguished for its attention to American antiquarian literature, was librarian at Harvard from 1791 to 1793, as his son, the Rev. Thaddeus William Harris, distinguished as an entomologist, has occupied the position since 1831.* The



father was born in Charlestown in 1768, and became a graduate in the Harvard class with John Quincy Adams in 1787, when he delivered a poem on History, which Dr. Belknap at the time complimented. He became teacher of a school at Worcester, and was invited by Washington to become his private secretary, an honorable position which he eagerly accepted, when he was prevented engaging in it by an attack of illness. He then pursued a theologic course at Cambridge, where, in 1790, he delivered a Phi Beta Kappa Oration on "Learned Associations." In 1793, he became pastor of the church in Dorchester where he continued through a long life. In 1790 he published an elegy, *The Triumphs of Superstition*,* which denotes his thought and feeling, and the opening lines of which we may quote for their appropriate imagery:—

THE TRIUMPHS OF SUPERSTITION.

The sun retires. Night spreads her dusky plume.
The gray mist rises from the passing stream.
Yon cloud, o'ershadowing, deepens all the gloom:
And the heart trembles as the lightnings gleam.

Pale terror wanders o'er the dewy lawn.
The loud blast groans along the distant shore.
The ghost, complaining, rides upon the storm.
The sea rolls high: the beating surges roar.

Now guilt forsakes his agonizing bed,
Where conscience planted many a piercing thorn.
Kind sleep has left his eye; each joy is fled:
He waits, impatient for the coming morn.

Full many an airy shape—dejected—pale,
To his sad mind imagination paints;
And as they flit across the blighted vale,
He hears the breeze—they sigh; he chills and faints.

Yet gentle innocence, with bosom pure,
Fears not the loud wind's groan, the breeze's sigh,
But walks abroad in virtue's garb secure,
Nor startles as the harmless lightnings fly.

Mark, as deep musing in these still retreats,
No anxious pang distracts her peaceful soul;
No pulse tumultuous in her wild breast beats;
No goblins haunt, nor fancied death-bells toll.

Come, let us join the solitary dame,
Though panting terror frowns along the vale.
And hear attentively her useful strain:
When reason dictates, let her truths prevail.

A portion of the poem is taken up with the story of the desecration, by a parent, of the grave of his daughter, and the burning of the remains to provide a charm for the health of their sisters which a note speaks of as an actual occurrence at Ballston.

There is a pleasing reminiscence of Harris at this period, in connexion with the youth of Edward Everett. When the latter was about four years old, at his birth-place, in Dorchester, he recited the following copy of verses which Mason wrote for the child, the "little roan" referring to the color of the speaker's hair.†

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

Pray, how should I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid,—
Do wait till I am bigger.

* A grandson, William Thaddeus Harris, died in 1854 at the age of twenty-eight, leaving a reputation of antiquarian accomplishments and diligence.

* The Triumphs of Superstition; an Elegy. By a Student of Harvard University.

"Superstitio error insanus est; amandos timet, quos colit violat."—SENECA'S EPIST.

"Tantum Superstitio potuit suadere malorum!"—VIRGIL. (Sic)

Printed at Boston, by Isaiah Thomas, and Ebenezer T. Andrews, at Faust's Statue, No. 45 Newberry-street. 1790.

† Loring's Boston Orators, p. 531.

But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan-colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He water'd and he fed, sir.

Said neighbour Joe to farmer John,
"Arn't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?"

Said Farmer John to Neighbour Joe,
"I'll bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do, when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think, is I,—
I know it by your smiling.

And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so—I'll make my manners.

His pastoral duties were varied by a journey for his health in the western states and a tour in Great Britain. As a memorial of the former he published, on his return, his "Journal of a Tour into the Territory North-west of the Alleghany Mountains, made in the Spring of the year 1803, with a geographical and historical account of the State of Ohio." Its dedication is characteristic of his mood.

To the candor of the Public
I submit my work;
to the
Providence and favour of Almighty God
I commend my beloved family;
And to the hopes,
Not of the present,
but
Of the future life,
I resign myself.

In the same year, 1803, he published a compilation, in four small volumes, entitled the "Minor Encyclopædia," which Daniel Webster remembered as a useful work. In 1805 he delivered a Phi Beta Kappa poem "On the Patronage of Genius." In 1820 he published a "Natural History of the Bible," on which he had been long engaged, which was pirated and mutilated in England, and translated in Germany. Visiting Savannah for his health, his antiquarian inquiries led him to write his "Biographical Memorials of James Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia," which appeared in 1841. He also published numerous Sermons and Addresses, many of the latter in connexion with the Masonic Fraternity, of which he was a member. He also took an active part in the several historical and learned societies of his day. He died in 1842, in his seventy-fourth year. Dr. Frothingham has drawn his character, that of an amiable divine and sensitive scholar, with tenderness in his memoir in the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society,* of which Harris was one of the original members.

* Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Fourth Series, ii. 130.

JOSEPH DENNIE,

The elegant essayist, the "lay preacher" of the old American journals, was born at Boston, August 10, 1768. He acquired his literature at Harvard, of the class of 1790, reading law afterwards with Benjamin West at Charleston, New Hampshire, in which state he opened an office at Walpole.

Dennie made one attempt at the bar, of which a humorous account was published by his friend and early literary associate Royal Tyler.* He spoke like an elegant scholar, with some unnecessary eloquence, on a provisory note case before a crude provincial judge, who did not appreciate his rhetoric, was discomfited by the bluntness of the bench, and did not renew his efforts.

The *Farmer's Museum*, published at Walpole, New Hampshire, originally established by Isaiah Thomas and David Carlisle in 1793, under the editorship of Dennie, who, after having contributed to its columns, became its conductor in 1796, gathered around it one of the most brilliant corps of writers ever congregated to advance the fortunes of a similar undertaking in America. It numbered among its authors, each constantly furnishing a department, the witty lawyer Royal Tyler, a man of acute mind and well directed powers; David Everett, Thomas Green Fessenden, Isaac Story, and others, whose abilities may be traced in its elegantly arranged folio pages. The inventions of the paper were endless. Poem, essay, criticism, were served up with the skill of a French cook compounding his hundredth variation of omelette. There were the "Farrago," the "Lay Preacher," the "Shop of Colon and Spondee," "Peter Quince," "Simon Spunkey," "The Hermit," "The Rural Wanderer," "Peter Pendulum," "The Desk of Beri Hesden," every trick of alliteration to catch the negligent readers.†

Dennie wrote for the Museum, *The Farrago*, a series of essays full of warm apprehension of the poetic beauties of life and literature; the *Lay Preacher*, which had the fault of irreverence in taking its texts for familiar discussion from Scripture, though jarring upon the reader less in Dennie's hands from his good taste and tone of morality,‡ and he projected *The Wandering Jew*, which was to close his labors in this kind.

In the Port Folio the "Lay Preacher" describes himself accomplishing his series of essays, "a young man, valetudinary, without fortune,

* In the New England Galaxy, July 24, 1818. Quoted in Buckingham's Newspaper Literature.

† The mottoes of the Farmer's Museum at different times indicate its spirit:—

Ho, every one that thirsteth for novelty, come!

At another period it had the lines from Bunyan at its head—

Wouldst thou remember
From New Year's day to the last of December,
Then read—

which gave place to the verses, appropriate to its rural locality, from Goldsmith's Village—

Hither, each week, the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
Again the farmer's news—the barber's tale,
Again the woodman's ballad shall prevail.

Buckingham's Newspaper Literature, ii. 174-220.

‡ Since successfully followed by the Sermons of Dow, Jun., who takes his text from the profane classic authors, and whose three volumes, though the mannerism tires in the end, are replete with good feeling and many nice though inverted poetical expressions.

without a patron, without an auxiliary, without popular encouragement;"—which he could hardly mean literally, but which was all true enough of the state of literature at the time. The best talents were then gratuitously exercised for the public. The *Farmer's Museum* itself, with its brilliant array, was suffered to decline, while poor Dennie was calling on the public to subscribe and authors to write (for fame), as if both were under equal obligation. The paying days of American authorship had not yet dawned. Books, even small duodecimos, were published by subscription with humiliating "proposals" by sensitive authors. A very clever resident English author in the country, John Davis, writer of a lively book of travels in the United States, which he dedicated to Jefferson, offered, by an advertisement, in 1801, two novels, fruits of his winter labors, to any bookseller in the country who would publish them—on the condition of receiving fifty copies. The booksellers of New York, where he lived, could not, he said, undertake them, for they were dead of the fever.*

A notice to "Readers and Correspondents" in the Museum, Dec. 4, 1797, indicates its height of popularity, which it is curious to contrast with the claims of publishers fifty years later, by the million, with the area of reading enlarged to Mexico and the Pacific:—

"The constant swell of our subscription book suggests a theme to our gratitude and a motive to our industry. The Farmer's Museum is read by more than two thousand individuals, and has its patrons in Europe and on the banks of the Ohio."

Dennie was employed upon the *Museum* from 1795 to 1799, when he left for Philadelphia, to edit the United States Gazette. In 1800, he commenced with the bookseller, Asbury Dickens, the publication of the Port Folio, at first a weekly miscellany in quarto, in which form it remained for five years, when it was changed to an octavo, monthly, Dennie continuing the editor till his death†

The five large quarto pages of prospectus in which Dennie announces to the world the hopes and intentions of the *Port Folio*, are a model of editorial sanguine faith and diligence. "Prospectus of a new weekly paper, submitted to men of affluence, men of liberality, and men of letters. A young man, once known among village readers as the humble historian of the hour, the conductor of a *Farmer's* Museum and a Lay Preacher's Gazette, again offers himself to the public as a volunteer editor. Having, as he conceives, a right to vary at pleasure his fictitious name, he now, for higher reasons than any fickle humor might dictate, assumes the appellation of Old School."

Dennie was followed to the Port Folio by his friend Tyler, who continued his contributions "from the shop of Messrs. Colon and Spondee" to his journal, displaying his copious and refined stores of reading, and urging many a point of well digested criticism and observation.

Dennie's broken health compelled him to retire for a while from the editorship of the Port Folio in the summer and autumn of 1811, a depression which was much enhanced by the death of his father; but with the succeeding year he returned to the work, addressing the public with the hopefulness of the editor, who must always affect that virtue if he has it not. He did not long survive. The number of his periodical for January contained some mournful editorial anticipations from his pen.

TO THE PUBLIC.

During the autumnal and midsummer months of the last year, which has forever fled away, on the pinions of Time, the Editor of this Journal was *compelled* to relinquish its duties, and to be regardless of its delights, in consequence of the furious onset of three potent adversaries, Sickness, Sorrow, and Adversity. Under the ardency of the summer solstice, and while * *the dog star's unpropitious ray* was *flaming*, he was confined to the couch of Languor and Anguish; and, in the decline of autumn, he was afflicted by one of the most tremendous domestic calamities, which can agonize the Sensibility, nourish the Melancholy, and *overpower the Fortitude*† of man.‡ The influence of infirm health, in marring the operations, both of manual and mental industry, is familiar to every patient, as well as to every physician; and when to corporeal Pain and yawning Lassitude, the "Sickness of the *Soul*" is superadded, from such an abhorred alliance all the brilliant powers of Invention, and all the strong body guards of Labour keep obstinately aloof, or fly timidly away. The pen of the readiest writer corrodes in the standish; his papers and projects reposing, ingloriously, on the shelves of dust, or in the pigeon holes of oblivion. His desk is overthrown, his manuscripts are mouldy, and his vase of ink is as dry as the vessel of the gospel outcast, while wandering in the parched wilderness of Beersheba. What Johnson emphatically calls the *load of life*, is then truly wearisome. Society presents nothing to gladden, and Solitude nothing to soothe. In vain do we fly to the sequestered shades of the country. Let all the beauties of Nature solicit our notice §—let all the *diversities of Pleasure* court our acceptance —let the birds carol enchantingly in the grove, and the flowers bloom odoriferously in the meadow; let the breeze whisper softly in the wood, and the sun

* Davis visited and resided in Georgia and Virginia as a teacher. He saw good company and enjoyed the climate, looking out upon the beauties of nature with his Horace in his hand. He wrote an Ode to the Mocking Bird, and poems on the Ashley River and the Natural Bridge. His sketches of the literary society of Philadelphia, and of American authorship generally, in his Travels, which is a book of pleasant exaggerations, is amusing. This is one of his notices on the Port Folio.

"The editor of the *Aurora* calls the *Port Folio* the *Portable Foolery;* and his facetiousness is applauded by one party, and scorned by the other. But a better quibble on the word would be, to name it the *Court Olio;* for it mingles the dresses at *St. James* with speculations on literature. It being rumored that Mr. Dennie had been denominated by the British Reviewer, the *American Addison*, the following ludicrous paragraph appeared in the *Aurora Gazette*. 'Exult ye white hills of *New Hampshire*, redoubtable *Monadnock* and *Tuckaway!* Laugh ye waters of the *Winiseopee* and *Umbagog Lakes!* Flow smooth in heroic verse ye streams of Amoonoosuck and Androscoggin, Cockhoko and Coritocook! And you *merry Merrimack* be now more merry!'"

† The several series of the Port Folio embrace in all forty-seven volumes. Its succession of editors was, Dennie, assisted by Paul Allen; Nicholas Biddle for a short period; Charles Caldwell, M.D., April 1814 to Dec. 1815; John E. Hall, Jan. 1816 to Dec. 1827. There is a general index, in the volume closing the year 1825, to Hall's twenty volumes from 1816. The work was continued for two years further, with diminished vitality, when it finally expired in 1827.

* Pope. † Edmund Burke.
‡ The death of his father. § Dr. Johnson.

dance gaily on the water; *each rural sight, each rural sound** is equally lost to him, who is under the dominion of that relentless Power, which the poet Gray energetically calls the TAMER OF THE HUMAN BREAST,

> Whose *iron* scourge, and *torturing* hour
> The bad affright, afflict the best.

By one, who was himself a severe sufferer, it has been remarked, with truth and eloquence, that there are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be regretted than that of an active mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body. The time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down, delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his Ambition with the Fame he shall acquire, or his benevolence with the Good he shall impart. But in the night the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience and distraction, and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but to misery. It may be said that Disease generally begins that equality, which Death completes; the distinctions, which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

On the seventh of the month in which this was published, he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-four. The obituary in the next issue of the journal speaks warmly, in a style of elegance emulous of his own, of his literary accomplishments and personal virtues. "So pure was its texture, so delicate its conceptions, that his mind seemed, if we may speak so, to have been bathed at its birth in the very essence of literature—to be daily fed with the celestial dews of learning." His conversation was the counterpart of his writings, delighting in moral topics, and graced by his fine stores of poetical reading. He was free from the jealousies of the literary profession, a happy condition for the editorial life he was called to assume. His amiability is reflected on every page of his writings, though occasionally tinged by a tone of disappointment.

Buckingham, who was an apprentice to the publisher of the *Museum*, and carried copy from Dennie, describes his personal appearance in 1796. He was rather below than above the middling height, and was of slender frame; was attentive to fashion in his dress, appearing one May morning at the office "in a pea-green coat, white vest, nankin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and pumps fastened with silver buckles, which covered at least half the foot from the instep to the toe." He wrote very rapidly, and like most persons connected with the press, deferred copy till the last moment. "One of the best of his lay-sermons," says Buckingham, "was written at the village tavern, directly opposite to the office, in a chamber where he and his friends were amusing themselves with cards. It was delivered to me by piece-meal, at four or five different times. If he happened to be engaged in a game, when I applied for copy, he would ask some one to *play his hand for him, while he would give the devil his due.* When I called for the closing paragraph of the sermon, he said, *call again in five minutes.* 'No,' said Tyler, 'I'll write the improvement for you.' He accordingly wrote a concluding paragraph, and Dennie never saw it till it was in print."

Buckingham speaks of his being "a premature victim to social indulgence," and Knapp* thinks the habit was increased by the attic nights of the Philadelphia wits when the poet Moore was in their company, and that Dennie acquired a distrust of American society, quoting Cliffton's complaint of "the land where fancy sickens, and where genius dies." There was doubtless some cause for dissatisfaction; for it should not be forgotten that Dennie wrote laboriously and well when the rewards of literature were scanty, and the position of the writer uncertain. If he wavered in his course, his sensibility may very naturally have led him astray.

Dennie's convivial tastes led him to the formation of a social gathering which was known in Philadelphia as the Tuesday Club. It included a number of the contributors to the Port Folio. Gen. Thomas Cadwallader who gave translations from Horace in the Magazine, Samuel Ewing a son of the Provost, who wrote with the signature "Jacques," Thomas Warton, Philip the son of General Hamilton, Wood the actor, Richard Rush, and Richard Peters author of the Law Reports, were members. John Quincy Adams, Gouv. Morris, Judge Hopkinson, Horace Binney, Robert Walsh, the Rev. John Blair Linn, Charles Brockden Brown, and Charles J. Ingersoll, were also contributors to the Port Folio, which, under the efficient management of the publisher, Harrison Hall, in its best days, largely occupied the attention of the reading public in its departments of literature.

As an Essayist, Dennie's influence was confined to the periodical literature of his day, only two scanty collections of his papers having been published:—*The Lay Preacher; or Short Sermons for Idle Readers*, printed at Walpole in 1796, and a volume also of the Lay Preacher, collected and arranged by John E. Hall, in Philadelphia, in 1817.

The style of the Lay Preacher in which Dennie, as he himself tells us, aimed to unite "the familiarity of Franklin with the simplicity of Sterne," does not always suggest those qualities. Its elegance is occasionally somewhat plethoric of adjectives and fine phrases, especially in the earlier series; while it has a vein of ingenuity and gentle humor belonging to itself.

ON THE PLEASURES OF STUDY.

"Blessed is he that readeth."—REV. i. 1.

Whenever I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude towards that Power, who gave me a mind thus disposed, and to those liberal friends, who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. Had I been born on a barbarous shore, denied the glorious privileges of education, and interdicted an approach to

* Cowper.

* American Biography.

the rich provinces of literature, I should have been the most miserable of mankind. With a temperament of sensibility, with the nerves of a valetudinarian, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and very scanty means for its acquisition, with a mind often clouded with care, and depressed by dejection, I should have resembled the shrinking vegetable of irritableness, and like the mimosa of the gardens, have been doomed to be at once stupid and sensitive. The courses of nature and fortune having taken a different direction, parental benignity having furnished me with the keys, and discipline and habit having conducted me through the portico of education, I have ever found, whether walking in the vestibule of science, or meditating in the groves of philosophy, or hearkening to historians and poets, or rambling with Rabelais, such excellent companions, that life has been beguiled of more than half its irksomeness. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy seasons in the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge, particularly when my reading is directed to that immortal book, whence the theme of this essay is taken. In an hour of adversity, when I have caught up this precious volume, I have found, instantly, the balm of Gilead and the medicine for the mind. The darkness of despair has been succeeded by the brightest rays of cheerfulness, and in place of grim phantoms, I have found comfort, peace, and serenity.

I hope that this style of speaking occasionally in the first person will be forgiven, even by the most fastidious reader, when he adverts to the custom of my predecessors. A periodical writer can hardly avoid this sort of egotism, and it is surely very harmless when its employer muffles himself in the mantle of concealment, and in the guise, whether of a shrewd *Spectator* or a simple *Lay Preacher*, walks unobtrusively abroad. Mr. Addison and Monsieur Montaigne perpetually indulge this habit; and on a very careful inspection of many editions of their essays, I have always found, by certain infallible marks, that those speculations had been most diligently perused, which abound in little sketches of the manners, humours, and habits of their authors. We are naturally curious thus to peep through the keyhole of a study, to see a writer in his elbow-chair, and to listen to his story with the fondness and familiarity of friendship. Anonymous authors have a prescription from Parnassus to paint themselves; and when by a Tatler, a Spectator, or a Connoisseur, nothing but good colours and modest tinting is employed, men look with mingled curiosity and complacency at the picture. In a speculation on the blessings derived from a studious temper, if a miniature of a lover of books is introduced, provided it be a tolerable resemblance, and viewed in a proper light, it will, by an easy association, lead the observer to reflect more intensely upon the value of literature.

The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest science. The most prosperous fortune is often harassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of strength is sometimes the victim of disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month of the year will have its cloudy days. In these dreary seasons, from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will not fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the collied night, this sort of pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the murkiest gloom. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play, these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life. On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed when he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book, he can transport himself to the vale of Tempe, or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Ilyssus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may speculate with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakspeare, and be raptured by the rhetoric of Burke.

In many of the old romances, we are gravely informed, that the unfortunate knight in the dungeon of some giant, or fascinated by some witch or enchanter, while he sees nothing but hideousness and horror before him, if haply a fairy, or some other benignant being, impart a talisman of wondrous virtue, on a sudden our disconsolate prisoner finds himself in a magnificent palace, or a beautiful garden, in the bower of beauty, or in the arms of love. This wild fable, which abounds in the legends of knight-errantry, has always appeared to me very finely to shadow out the enchantment of study. A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magic illusion of a fascinating author, we are transported from the couch of anguish, or the gripe of indigence, to Milton's paradise, or the elysium of Virgil.

ON MEDITATION.

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."—PSALMS iv. 4.

Having, in my last speculation, attempted to describe some of the delights of study, in this paper it is proposed to consider the true use of retirement. Between them there should be a perpetual alliance: nay, they are not only neighbouring and friendly powers, but they are familiar connexions. Amiable, interesting, and lovely sisters! if your worthy admirer be attracted by the riches of one, he will quickly be delighted with the pensiveness of the other. Study will give him all her books, and retirement conduct him to all her bowers. In no ramble will he experience more delight than when he roves through the healthful wood, or saunters through the tranquil cloister, with retirement on his right hand, and study on his left. Though their guise is exceedingly modest, though their conversation has no resemblance to loquacity, though their best attire is from no other wardrobe than that of sweet simplicity, still they will always gain more regard from the wiser than all the pageants of the pompous, and all the plumage of the vain.

The royal psalmist, from whose divine odes I have transcribed my text, was himself a memorable example of the utility of retirement, reflection, and self-communion. It will be remembered that he was a warrior, a statesman, a man of business, and a man of the world. In these various characters, though he often acquitted himself excellently well, yet unfortunately, in some flagrant instances, we perceive how much he was tainted by the infection of the world. But when he shuts his eyes against the glare of ambition, and the gaze of beauty, when he ceases to touch the harp of fascination, and for

sakes the cabinet and the camp, then we recognise, at once, the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet. In the strong-holds at En-gedi, he is a mere soldier; in the palace of Saul, a servile musician; in the cave of Adullam, a skulking fugitive; and in the forest of Hareth, an unhappy exile. But when he tore himself away from the thraldom of care, the bustle of business, and the din of Jerusalem, when he wandered away by *the brook of the field*, or the *plains of the wilderness*, when he retired to his chamber, and communed with his heart, then he formed those noble associations, and composed those exquisite performances, which will transmit his name with renown to the remotest posterity.

My Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Erasmus, Grotius, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Locke, together with a great multitude of illustrious men, have been deeply involved in the cares of public business, as well as engrossed by the meditations of the closet. But for the fairest portion of their glorious fame how much are they indebted to the latter! While the chancery decrees of Sir Francis Bacon moulder away in the hands of some master of the rolls, the experiments of his study, and the *essays* of his wit, like certain exquisite paintings, grow brighter by time. While we peruse, with still renewing pleasure, Raleigh's history of the world, his unlucky politics are scarcely regarded. Mr. Addison was secretary of state, and Grotius an ambassador; but who inquires for the despatches of the one, or is interested in the negociations of the other? The fame of Erasmus, constantly immersed in the turmoil of his times, and engrossed by cares, civil and ecclesiastic, would have perished with the names of those miserable monks whom he has derided, or those imperious princes whom he has courted. But by sometimes wisely withdrawing himself from the cabals of a court, and the polemics of the church, by meditating on horseback and in his chamber, by avarice of time, by intenseness of application and ardour of genius, he has filled *ten folios*, composed in the purest Latinity, where an indolent reader can find nothing too prolix, and where a critical reader can discover nothing to reprehend. The foolish politics of Addison are scarcely remembered even by his faction. The character of Locke, as a man of business, is painted with no other pencils than those of ridicule, and the diplomacy of Grotius and of Sir William Temple are *utterly contemned;* but their literary and philosophical works, the beauteous offspring of retirement and study, will continue to charm,

> 'Till time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
> Plucking the pillars that support the world,
> In nature's ample ruins lies entombed,
> And midnight, universal midnight, reigns.

Though in the text we are admonished to commune with ourselves in our *chamber*, yet it would be a very partial and narrow interpretation, if it were concluded that we could not meditate any where else. The secresy of a closet, and the stillness of midnight, are, unquestionably, propitious to the powers of reflection. But other places and other seasons may be selected for that salutary discipline, which the Psalmist recommends. It is a vulgar error to suppose that retirement and contemplation are never to be found except in a forest or a desert, a cell or a cloister. In the thronged mart, and in the blaze of day, he who has inured himself to habits of abstraction, may commune with himself, as though he was in his chamber. Proofs of this abound in many a page of the records of literature. Some of the fairest displays of self-knowledge, some of the finest results of meditation, some of the sweetest fruits of retirement, owed their appearance not to the tranquillity of sylvan groves. In many a metropolis, resounding with the din of commerce, and crowded with the throng of nations, *contemplation has had her fill.* Though a sublime poet, in a fit of rural enthusiasm, has exclaimed,

> Hide me from *day's* garish eye,

yet it would be alike dangerous and delusive to believe, that we cannot speculate at noon, as well as at night. In short, the choice of time or place is not essential to the formation of habits of *self-sequestration*, and the acquisition of the precious power of withdrawing the mind from all external objects.

As, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, I am often *wakefully disturbed* at midnight, and as I have not wholly forgotten my boyish attachment to woods and meadows, I acknowledge that I often commune with myself in my chamber; and, in genial seasons, by the banks of a romantic river, or in the recesses of a lonely forest. I have already speculated twice on the profit and pleasure producible by nocturnal hours wisely employed, and rural rambles judiciously directed. But for a period of no inconsiderable duration I have often retired to rest at a vulgar hour, and have wholly exchanged the country for the city. Change of circumstances demanded new habits. Though but seldom I *wind slowly o'er the lea;* though the glimmering *landscape* but rarely fades before my sight; and my ears generally listen to other sounds than the *drowsy tinklings* of a shepherd's bell, yet it is my duty to reflect much even in the midst of confusion. Accordingly I commune with my own heart in the crowd, and can be still even in the street. I sermonize in the suburbs, and find apt alliteration in an alley. I start a topic in High street, and hunt it down as far as Southwark or the Northern Liberties. I walk through the market-place, as I once wandered in a wood; and while one is talking of his farm, and another of his merchandise, I listen to the suggestions of fancy, or invoke the cherub contemplation.

But, to return to a more rigorous exposition of the text, and consider it merely as an exhortation to the tranquil exercise of our mental powers in the retirement of the closet, I do not know whether in the pages of any philosopher I could find a better lesson of salutary discipline. It is favourable to the culture of intellectual as well as moral habits. He who accustoms himself to closet meditations will not only purify his heart but correct his judgment, form his taste, exercise his memory, and regulate his imagination. Moreover, he then has an admirable opportunity to view the world at a due distance, to form a deliberate estimate of life, to calculate with precision the proportion of his own powers, combined with those of other men; and having weighed himself, as it were, in the "balance of the sanctuary," to find new causes for regret, and new reasons for reformation.

To multitudes, solitude, retirement, and reflection appear in a form more horrid than the *weird sisters* in Shakspeare. The man of business, the man of pleasure, the votary of vanity, and the victim of lassitude, all sedulously shun those hours which have been so nobly employed by philosophers, poets, hermits, and saints. Dr. Young, who has immortalized his self-communion, in one of the most original poems in our language, a poem not only of gorgeous metaphors, but of the most ardent piety, exclaims, with more than mortal enthusiasm—

> Oh, lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
> Lost to *the noblest sallies of the soul!*
> Who think it solitude *to be alone*,
> Communion sweet! communion large and high!
> Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!

INGRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.

"For the workman is worthy of his meat."—MATT. x. 10.

If there be such a personage as Truth, this assertion certainly belongs to her family, for what can be more just than that a vintager should eat some, at least, of those grapes which he had planted and watered.

But judging from the practice of the world, at the present time, one would think my text was grown obsolete, and that its principle was not recognised. In the shambles there is always meat enough, but how little is bestowed upon workmen. Parasites, buffoons, fiddlers, equestrians, French philosophers, and speculators gormandize; but I see Merit, that excellent workman, that needeth not to be ashamed, as lank and as lean as my old tabby-cat, who has had nothing to eat but church mice for a year.

Though I am not saluted a brother by any legitimate parson, and belong to no ministerial association on earth, yet I cherish great respect, and feel a cordial regard for the established clergy. I consider them, with few exceptions, as faithful workmen; they make us moral; they instruct our youth; they lead sober and peaceable lives.

> Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
> They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

They are wise, they are amiable men, though they are ignorant of foolish questions, and "strivings about the *law*;" they understand perfectly the great rules of life. Such men, therefore, are worthy of their meat, and should be liberally provided. They labour much: few men labour more; they are compelled to exercise not only the head but the hands. The private estate, as well as the gospel vineyard, claims their care. When the drudgery of the year is done; when numerous sermons have been composed, and numerous sick-chambers visited; when they have been in watchings and weariness often, what meat will the benevolence of a parish bestow? Verily, a morsel. A beggarly pittance, called a salary, and that pittance scantily and grudgingly paid. When I visit a village, covered with stores and shops, and cultivated by opulent farmers; when I hear the inhabitants boast of their flourishing circumstances, and recount how many bushels of wheat they threshed last year, and how well it sold; if I should be informed that their parson's annual stipend is but sixty pounds, in despite of all their boasted riches and ostentation, I should think them unworthy to enter a church.

If I should repair to any place where men congregate, and describe to them one, who, in an hour of jeopardy, had quitted his hearth, travelled many wearisome miles, been exposed to sickly air, been shot at for hours, and frequently without a crust or a draught to supply the waste of nature. If I should add, that all this peril was sustained, that we, at home, might live in security, not one of my audience, provided speculators and bloodsuckers were not of the number, would deny that the OLD SOLDIER was a worthy workman. But where is his meat? Oh, my good sir, do not propose that question in a republic, you know that a republic is never bounteous. Belisariuses *ask* for their obolus here as well as at Rome. But here the business ends. They *receive* in Great Britain and elsewhere. You might as soon expect moderation in a Frenchman, or knowledge of the belles-lettres in a country attorney, as that a *commonwealth* should be grateful.

ON CLEANLINESS.

"Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment."—ECCL. ix. 8.

Though much occupied in preaching, and noted, as some of my friends say, for a certain poetical heedlessness of character, yet, if not oftener, at least every Sunday, I copy the common custom, and invest my little person in clean array. As, from a variety of motives, and none of them, I hope, bad ones, I go with some degree of constancy to church, I choose to appear there decently and in order. However inattentive through the week, on the solemn day I brush with more than ordinary pains my best coat, am watchful of the purity of my linen, and adjust my cravat with an old bachelor's nicety. While I was lately busied at my toilet, in the work of personal decoration, it popped into my head that a sermon in praise of neatness would do good service, if not to the world at large, at least to many of my reading, writing, and thinking brethren, who make their assiduous homage to mind a pretext for negligence of person.

Among the minor virtues, cleanliness ought to be conspicuously ranked; and, in the common topics of praise, we generally arrange some commendation of neatness. It involves much. It supposes a love of order, an attention to the laws of custom, and a decent pride. My Lord Bacon says that a good person is a perpetual letter of recommendation. This idea may be extended. Of a well-dressed man, it may be affirmed, that he has a sure passport through the realms of civility. In first interviews we can judge of no one except from appearances. He, therefore, whose exterior is agreeable, begins well in any society. Men and women are disposed to augur favourably, rather than otherwise, of him who manifests, by the purity and propriety of his garb, a disposition to comply and to please. As, in rhetoric, a judicious exordium is of admirable use to render an audience docile, attentive, and benevolent, so at your introduction into good company, clean and modish apparel is, though an humble, at least a serviceable herald of our exertions.

As these are very obvious truths, and as literary men are generally vain, and sometimes proud, it is singular that one of the easiest modes of gratifying self-complacency should, by *them*, be, for the most part, neglected; and that this sort of carelessness is so adhesive to one tribe of writers, that the words poet and sloven are regarded as synonymous in the world's vocabulary.

This negligence in men of letters sometimes arises from their inordinate application to books and papers, and may be palliated by a good-natured man, as the natural product of a mind too intensely engaged in sublime speculations to attend to the blackness of a shoe or the whiteness of a ruffle. Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton might be forgiven by their candid cotemporaries, though the first had composed his essay with "unwashen hands," and the second had investigated the laws of nature when he was clad in a soiled night-gown. But slovenliness is often affected by authors, or rather pretenders to authorship; and must then be considered as highly culpable; as an outrage of decorum, as a defiance to the world, and as a pitiful scheme to attract notice by means which are equally in the power of the drayman and chimneysweeper. I know a poet of this description, who anticipates renown no less from a dirty shirt than from an elegant couplet, and imagines that when his appearance is the most sordid the world must conclude, of course, that his mind is splendid and fair. In his opinion, "marvellous foul linen" is a token of wit, and inky fingers indicate humour; he avers that a slouched hat is demonstrative of a well-stored brain, and that genius always trudges about in unbuckled shoes. He looks for invention in rumpled ruffles, and finds high-sounding poetry among the folds of a loose stocking. But this smirched son of Apollo may be assured

there is no necessary connexion between dirt and ability. It is not necessary to consummate such a marriage to produce the fairest offspring of the mind. One may write brilliantly, and, strange as it may seem, be dressed well. If negligence be the criterion of genius, a critic will, in future, inspect a poet's wardrobe rather than his works. Slovenliness, so far from being commendable in an author, is more inexcusable in men of letters than in many others, the nature of whose employment compels them to be conversant with objects sordid and impure. A smith from his forge, or a husbandman from his fields, is obliged sometimes to appear stained with the smut of the one or the dust of the other. A writer, on the contrary, sitting in an easy chair at a polished desk, and leaning on white paper, or examining the pages of a book, is, by no means, *obliged* to be soiled by his labours. I see no reason why an author should not be a gentleman, or at least as clean and neat as a Quaker. Far from thinking that filthy dress marks a liberal mind, I should suspect the good sense and talents of him who affected to wear a tattered coat as the badge of his profession. Should I see a reputed genius totally regardless of his person, I should immediately doubt the delicacy of his taste and the accuracy of his judgment. I should conclude there was some obliquity in his mind, a dull sense of decorum, and a disregard of order. I should fancy that he consorted with low society; and, instead of claiming the privilege of genius, to knock and be admitted at palaces, that he chose to sneak in at the back door of hovels, and wallow brutishly in the sty of the vulgar.

It is recorded of Somerville and Shenstone that they were negligent, and of Smith that he was a sloven. But disregard of dress is by no means a constant trait in the literary character. Edmund Waller, Prior, Swift, and Bolingbroke, were remarkably neat in their persons; and curious in the choice of apparel; and of David Mallett, Dr. Johnson observes "that his appearance was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give."

The Orientals are careful of their persons, with much care. Their frequent ablutions and change of garments are noticed in every page of their history. My text is not the only precept of neatness that can be quoted from the Bible. The wise men of the East supposed there was some analogy between the purity of the body and the mind; nor is this a vain imagination.

I cannot conclude this sermon better than by an extract from the works of Count Rumford, who, in few and strong words, has fortified my doctrine:—

"With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order; and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they ever appear. Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing-birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain."

DAVID EVERETT,

One of the band of accomplished contributors to the *Farmer's Museum*, and a political editor himself of note, was born in 1769 at Princeton, Massachusetts. He fitted himself for Dartmouth College, and is on the list of graduates for the year 1795, when he delivered a valedictory Poem, with this generous prophecy of the growth of the country:—

The Muse prophetic views the coming day,
When federal laws beyond the line shall sway:
Where Spanish indolence inactive lies,
And every art and every virtue dies;
Where pride and avarice their empire hold,
Ignobly great, and poor amid their gold,—
Columbia's genius shall the mind inspire,
And fill each breast with patriotic fire.
Nor east nor western oceans shall confine
The generous flame that dignifies the mind;
O'er all the earth shall Freedom's banner wave,
The tyrant blast and liberate the slave:
Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,
Till earth's grand family possess one soul.*

Previously to entering college, he was a teacher in the grammar-school at New Ipswich, where he wrote the famous juvenile schoolboy recitation for one of his pupils, Ephraim Farrar, which has been made so well known to the public in Bingham's† *Columbian Orator*:—

LINES SPOKEN AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION, BY A LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OLD.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Bear men as great as Britain's isle?—
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done?—
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind:
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.‡

Everett studied law in Boston, and wrote for Russell's Gazette and other newspapers, including

* Loring's "Hundred Boston Orators."

† Caleb Bingham, the compiler of this production, almost as well known, in its way, as Webster's Spelling Book, was a school teacher, and afterwards a bookseller of Boston, and had been a graduate of Dartmouth in 1782. As a director of the State prison, he interested himself in the instruction of the younger criminals. He was a Jeffersonian in politics. His school books were, besides the Columbian Orator, the American Preceptor, a book of selections for reading, Young Lady's Accidence. He also wrote a narrative entitled The Hunters. He died in 1817, at the age of sixty.—Allen's Biog. Dict.

‡ Mr. Loring, in his Boston Orators, gives an account of Farrar, the original speaker of the lines, and quotes some remarks by Edward Everett, at a High School Examination, at Cambridge, July 23, 1850, in which he alludes to this "favorite little poem, which many persons have done me the honor to ascribe to me, but which was in reality written by a distant relative and namesake of mine, and, if I mistake not, before I was born."

the *Farmer's Museum*, then under the management of Dennie, where his prose papers, *Common Sense in Dishabille*, became quite popular. They were of an epigrammatic turn, employed chiefly with utilitarian remarks on frugality and temperance, in the manner of Franklin, and were collected in 1799 in a small volume. The same year was also published, from the same source, his *Farmer's Monitor*. He contributed also to a literary paper called the *Nightingale* in 1796.

Everett wrote a tragedy called *Daranzel, or the Persian Patriot*, which was acted and published at Boston in 1800. It is called, on the title-page, "an original drama," and, to the author's name, is added, "corrected and improved by a literary friend." Original it was, in reference to the productions then, as now, taken from foreign authors for the American stage; but its composition belongs to a large class of English productions, happily long since antiquated. Any one who turns over the dramatic writings of the eighteenth century, will meet with abundance of such Orcastos, Indamoras, and Zaphiras as figure in this piece: such stratagems, prisons, and despair—

> Where Melancholy cannot count her sighs,
> And sorrow keeps no calendar but tears.
>
> Act v. sc. i.

Judged, however, by its own literary fashion, it is not without its moderate elegances and proprieties. A few lines of the Prologue will show its scope, and its appeal to American patriotism:—

> While in the court the supple pander shines,
> And cheerless virtue in the dungeon pines;
> The elder world's disasters rise to view,
> To foil the stubborn virtues of the new:
> While these in contrast on the stage appear,—
> There the proud despot—the firm patriot here;
> That rob'd in power, this arm'd with nature's laws:
> From scenes like these the bard his moral draws.

In the Prologue also, the author himself appears, to ask that indulgence from the public, and that deprecation of the critic's eye which his little pupils and their descendants have so often supplicated from more indulgent circles of family friends:—

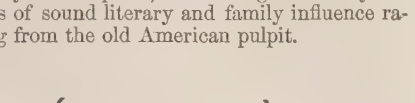
> To captious critics, versed in scenic laws,
> He dares not trust the merits of his cause.
> View then, ye lib'ral, with a candid eye,
> Kill not the bird that first attempts to fly;
> But aid his efforts with parental care,
> 'Till his weak pinions learn to ply the air:
> 'Till the young pupil dare aloft to rise,
> And soar, with bolder flights, his native skies.

In 1804, Everett delivered a Fourth of July Oration at Amherst, and in September, a Masonic Oration, at Washington, N. H. In 1809 he edited the *Boston Patriot*, and in 1812 *The Pilot*, a paper in the interest of De Witt Clinton for the presidency. He wrote a series of papers on the Apocalypse, which were published in a pamphlet. He left Boston in 1813 for Marietta, Ohio, with the purpose of establishing a newspaper, but death interrupted his plans at that place, Dec. 21, of the same year.*

* Kettell's American Poetry, ii. 113; Buckingham's Newspaper Literature, ii. 212; Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, 3d ed. 340.

SAMUEL MILLER,

THE author of the *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, a work still valued for its taste, judgment, and fidelity, was born in 1769 in the town of Dover in Delaware, the son of a Scottish clergyman, who passed forty-three years of ministerial duty in that place, one among the many examples of sound literary and family influence radiating from the old American pulpit.



The life of Samuel Miller was passed in pastoral duties as a Presbyterian clergyman in New York, which he discharged for twenty years from 1793, and as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, to which he was called in 1813, and which he held for thirty-six years, till his decease Jan. 7, 1850. During this period of educational service he was contemporary in the institution with the sincere and amiable Alexander, whose son, in the recently published memoirs of his father, has paid a generous tribute to his memory. "Dr. Miller," says he, "came from the training of city life, and from an eminently polished and literary circle. Of fine person and courtly manners, he set a high value on all that makes society dignified and attractive. He was pre-eminently a man of system and method, governing himself, even in the minutest particulars, by exact rule. His daily exercise was measured to the moment; and for half a century he wrote standing. He was a gentleman of the old school, though as easy as he was noble in his bearing; full of conversation, brilliant in company, rich in anecdote, and universally admired. As a preacher he was clear without brilliancy, accustomed to laborious and critical preparation, relying little on the excitement of the occasion, but rapid with his pen, and gifted with a tenacious memory and a strong sonorous voice; always instructive, always calm, always accurate."*

Miller's *Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, containing a Sketch of the Revolutions and Improvements in Science, Arts, and Literature during that period*, was published in two volumes in 1803. It was executed with care and in a judicious spirit, enhanced by its pleasing style. Its survey of the progress of the intellectual elements of society was full and fair for the period, and may still be consulted with profit and pleasure. The portion devoted to the early American literature, the scholars and men of letters who promoted the education of the infant state, is in a spirit which all succeeding writers who traverse the ground may be emulous of. It is thoughtful, patriotic, and sincere. This work originally grew out of a pastoral discourse delivered by the author on the first day of the new century, and was dedicated to John Dickinson, the author of the Farmer's Letters. It includes the consideration of the mechanical sciences, chemistry, medicine,

* Life of Archibald Alexander, p. 380.

mathematics and some of its applications, the fine arts, and a liberal discussion of literature in its several departments of original composition, and in the advancement and study of the ancient and oriental and of the European languages. This formed but the first part of a contemplated work, the other three portions of which were to embrace Theology, Morals, and Religion, and to present "the great events in the Christian Church, in the Moral World, and in Political Principles and Establishments during the century," a comprehensive design which the author never carried out.

From 1805 to 1814 Dr. Miller was Corresponding Secretary to the New York Historical Society. He delivered before that body, *A Discourse designed to Commemorate the Discovery of New York, September* 4, 1809, *being the completion of the second century since that event.**

In 1813 he published in an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages the Memoirs of his associate the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, pastor of the Wall street and Brick Churches in New York.† It contains a narrative of the growth of the Presbyterian Church in New York, with much historical information of general interest expressed with elegance of style. Of the learning of the old school of clergymen in the country he says:—

> Many persons are apt to suppose that the race of divines who flourished in our country seventy or eighty years ago, though pious and excellent men, had a very scanty supply of books, and in many cases a still more scanty education, compared with the divines of later years, and especially of the present day. This opinion is not only erroneous but grossly so. Those venerable fathers of the American Church were more deeply learned than most of their sons. They read more, and thought more, than we are ready to imagine. The greater part of the books of ancient learning and ponderous erudition, which are now to be found on this side of the Atlantic, were imported and studied by those great and good men. Original works are actually in fewer hands, in our day, compared with the number of readers, than in theirs. They read solidly and deeply: we hurry over compends and indexes. They studied systematically as well as extensively; our reading is more desultory, as well as more superficial. We have more of the belles-lettres polish, but as biblical critics, and as profound theologians, we must undoubtedly yield to them the palm of excellence.

This is well said in reference to the labors of the old American fathers. It should be remembered that it was written in 1813, and that Dr. Miller lived to see a new, thorough, and profound course of theological study established in the country.

In 1827 he published *Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits; addressed to a Student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton;* in which he reviews the various positions of the clergyman; in his study, in society, his mode of writing, thinking, and conversation; in the economy of health, usefulness, reputation, and the preservation of a sound, judicious piety.

In 1840 Dr. Miller published his *Memoir of the Rev. Charles Nisbet,** the first President of Dickinson College, whose acquaintance he had made in 1791, when he visited him at Carlisle to seek the opportunity of hearing his course of Theological Lectures, a genial specimen of biography, with much interest in the copious and interesting original material.

Edward Miller, the brother of the preceding, was born at Dover May 9, 1760. He was educated at the Academy at Newark in Delaware, conducted with eminent ability by two clergymen, Doctor Francis Allison and Alexander McDowell. He studied medicine at Dover with Dr. Charles Ridgely, and afterwards in 1781–2 in the Military hospital at Baskingridge, New Jersey. In the last year he embarked as surgeon in an armed ship bound for France, and in a year's absence acquired a knowledge of the French language. He returned to pursue his profession in Delaware, and in 1796 became a practitioner of medicine in New York, where he engaged with Dr. Mitchill and Dr. Elihu H. Smith in the publication of the first journal of the kind ever printed in the country, the *Medical Repository*, commenced in 1797. Its conductors were members of a "Friendly Club," which was a nucleus at its weekly receptions for the intellect of the city. Dunlap, who wrote an account of Miller,* has left a record of this social circle in New York, which also included, besides himself then Manager of the New York Theatre, James Kent then Recorder of the city, Anthony Bleecker the lawyer and master in chancery, Charles Brockden Brown, William Walton Woolsey, George Muirson Woolsey, John Wells the lawyer, William Johnson the Supreme Court reporter, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller.

Edward Miller died March 17, 1812.

His writings on medical topics, including his report on the yellow fever, were published in a volume. His medical reputation stood high, and his literary and social qualities endeared him to his friends.

DE WITT CLINTON.

The name of Clinton has long been eminent in the annals of New York. George Clinton was the governor of the province from 1743 to 1753, and the name of his son, Sir Henry Clinton, is familiar to every reader of the history of the American Revolution.

These were, however, but distantly related to the family with whom we are concerned. The first who is mentioned of the direct ancestors of De Witt Clinton was William Clinton, an officer in the army of Charles the First. After the execution of that monarch he took refuge in the north of Ireland, where he died, leaving an orphan son, James, only two years of age.

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* Colls. N. Y. Hist Soc. vol. i.

† John Rodgers, whose name is remembered with great respect in New York, was a native of Boston, Mass., born in 1727, of Irish parentage. He was a disciple of Whitefield as a youth, and was educated at the Academy of the Rev. Samuel Blair at Fog's Manor in Chester county, Pa. He was with Davies the preacher (afterwards President of Princeton) in Virginia. He came to New York in 1765. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by the University of Edinburgh, through the agency of three distinguished persons. Whitefield suggested the matter to Franklin, who obtained the favor through Dr. Robertson. In the Revolutionary war he was a correspondent of Washington. He died in New York, May 7, 1811, in his eighty-fourth year.

* Memoir of the Rev. Charles Nisbet, D.D., late President of Dickinson College, Carlisle. New York: Carter. 12mo. pp. 357.

† The Monthly Recorder, New York, April, 1813.

His son, on arriving at man's estate, visited England for the purpose of endeavoring to recover his patrimony, which had been confiscated. He failed in this, but was successful in a suit of a matrimonial nature, as he returned home with a bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of a Captain Smith, formerly of Cromwell's army. Their son Charles, born in 1690, organized in 1729 a large body of emigrants, and sailed with them for America. They landed at Cape Cod. In 1731 Clinton purchased land in Ulster county, eight miles west of the Hudson, and built a house surrounded by a palisade to protect himself from the Indians. Here he resided until his death, November 19, 1773. He left four sons, Alexander, Charles, James, a brigadier-general in the Revolutionary army, who died in 1812, and George, also a brigadier-general in the army, and Governor of the State of New York, from the formation of the constitution in 1777 to 1795, and afterwards from 1801 to 1804. He was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1804, and died in that office, 1812.

De Witt Clinton, the son of General James Clinton and Mary De Witt, was born March 2, 1769, at his father's residence in Orange county, N. Y. He was prepared for college at the academy under the charge of Mr. John Addison at Kingston, almost the only school of eminence open in the state during the Revolution, entered the junior class of Columbia College in 1784, and was the first student received by that institution under its new organization after the war. He was one of the graduating class in 1786. Clinton studied law with Samuel Jones, and was admitted to the bar. He was shortly after appointed private secretary of his uncle, George Clinton, the governor of the state, and retained the office until a change of administration in 1795.

In 1797 he was elected a member of the house of assembly, in 1798 a state senator, and in 1801 a Senator of the United States. In 1803 he was chosen Mayor of the City of New York, and, with a single exception, annually re-elected until 1815. In 1817 he was elected Governor of the State of New York, and re-elected in 1820. In 1822 he declined again appearing as a candidate.

In 1823, after the celebration at Albany of the completion of the great work with which his name is inseparably identified, he was removed from the office of canal commissioner. This unjust and absurd proceeding aroused the feelings of the people of the state so warmly in his favor that he was elected governor of the state in 1824 by a majority of 20,000. He remained in office until his sudden death, February 11, 1828.

Clinton was an active promoter of the free-school and other great educational movements of the state. He was also an influential member of the literary and scientific associations of his time, and a liberal promoter of the charitable institutions of the state and city. His occasional addresses before these institutions constitute his chief literary labors.

Clinton was Vice-President of the New York Historical Society from 1810 to 1817, and President from 1817 to 1820. He was always a great promoter of its interests. In 1811 he delivered his elaborate *Discourse on the Iroquois*, at an anniversary meeting of that body. In 1814 he drew up a memorial to the legislature in its behalf, in which he classified the history of the state under four periods: of the aborigines, the Dutch occupancy for about half a century, the English rule for more than a century, and the period since the Revolution, showing the measures necessary to be taken at each stage for the preservation of the national records. A grant was received in consequence from the legislature, which secured to the society means for the purchase of a large portion of its valuable library.

In the same year, 1814, he delivered his *Introductory Discourse before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York*, of which he was president. It is an exhaustive scholar's review of the past and present state of literature and science, describing the impediments to their cultivation in the colony of New York under the general provincial influences, the population speaking a foreign language for a time; the confusion of the Revolution; the evils of party spirit afterwards, with the absence, in consequence of the industrial demands of the state, of a literary class by profession: while he finds new advantages in the freedom of the state, the growth of commerce, and a perpetual incentive to the excitement of genius in the pure and healthful climate. From these reflections he passes to the consideration of the peculiar objects of the Society, presenting the claims and opportunities of the studies of geology, zoology, botany, agriculture, and medicine. The notes and illustrations, which constitute three times the bulk of the text, are a repository of interesting and profitable reading on these various themes. In these matters Clinton was in earnest; and when the wags of the day, who opposed his politics, mixed up his literature and science with their ridicule, he showed that he was master of these lighter weapons as well. The satirists, who amused themselves with his grave, philosophical pursuits, were made to feel the edge of his wit and pleasantry.

In 1820 Clinton sketched the incidents of a tour to the west, along the line of the Erie canal, in a series of letters written in the character of an Irish gentleman travelling in America, which were published in the *New York Statesman*, and afterwards collected in a volume, in 1822, with the title, *Letters on the Natural History and Internal Resources of the State of New York*. They present a curious picture of the novel topics of interest at this recent period, in what is now, thanks to such laborers as Clinton, so well developed and thoroughly familiar a region. The freshness of his fancy, and activity of his mind, give a zest to his minute observations of natural scenery, climate, and productions, constantly enlivened by his ardent nationality, and taste for poetic and literary cultivation. The Letters of Hibernicus are genial and animated throughout, and well deserve to be annotated, and find a home, which would have been a consummation of the author's literary ambition, in the thousands of school-district libraries which now adorn his native state.

The Hon. W. W. Campbell has reprinted, in the Life and Writings of Clinton, his private journal of his exploration in 1810, in company with other commissioners, of the central portion of the state with reference to the proposed Erie canal. It is

a pleasant off-hand record, and gives a curious picture of the primitive days of Western New York. This was one of his first public services in reference to this great state enterprise, pronounced by President Madison too great an undertaking for the resources of the entire Union to accomplish. Clinton had faith then and ever in its feasibility and advantages. He continued its firm and active promoter and friend until he passed in triumph down its entire length, and poured the waters of Erie into the Atlantic ocean.

Clinton was twice married. His first wife was Maria, eldest daughter of Walter Franklin; and his second Catharine, daughter of Dr. Thomas Jones, "all of this city." In 1853 a noble colossal statue of bronze, modelled and cast by H. K. Browne, was placed by a public subscription over his remains in Greenwood Cemetery.

In person Governor Clinton was over six feet in height, and well proportioned. His countenance displayed an ample forehead, regular features, and an amiable and dignified expression. As a public speaker he was impressive, but not animated.*

PROVINCIAL INFLUENCES ON LITERATURE—FROM THE DISCOURSE BEFORE THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

There is something in the nature of provincial government which tends to engender faction, and to prevent the expansion of intellect. It inevitably creates two distinct interests; one regarding the colony as subservient in every respect to the mother country, and the other rising up in opposition to this assumption. The governor and principal magistrates who derive their appointments from an extrinsic source, feel independent of the people over whom they are placed. The operation of this principle has been powerfully experienced in our territorial governments, which have been the constant theatre of intestine divisions; and when the human mind is called away from the interest of science, to aid, by its faculties, the agitations of party, little can be expected from energies thus perverted and abused. The annals of our colonial state present a continual controversy between the ministers of the crown, and the representatives of the people. What did the governor and judges care for a country where they were strangers? where their continuance was transient; and to which they were attached by no tie that reaches the human heart. Their offices emanated from another country;—to that source they looked for patronage and support, to that alone their views extended; and having got, what Archimedes wanted, another world on which to erect their engines, they governed this at pleasure.

The colonial governors were, generally speaking, little entitled to respect. They were delegated to this country not as men qualified to govern, but as men whose wants drove them into exile; not as men entitled by merit to their high eminence, but as men who owed it to the solicitations of powerful friends and to the influence of court intrigue. Thus circumstanced and thus characterized, is it wonderful to find them sometimes patrolling the city disguised in female dress; at other times assailing the representatives of the people with the most virulent abuse, and defrauding the province by the most despicable acts of peculation; and at all times despising knowledge, and overlooking the public prosperity? Justice, however, requires that we should except from this censure Hunter and Burnet. Hunter was a man of wit, a correspondent of Swift, and a friend of Addison. Burnet, the son of the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury, was devoted to literature; they were the best governors that ever presided over the colony.

The love of fame is the most active principle of our nature. To be honoured when living—to be venerated when dead—is the parent source of those writings which have illuminated—of those actions which have benefited and dazzled mankind. All that poetry has created, that philosophy has discovered, that heroism has performed, may be principally ascribed to this exalted passion. True it is,

> When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
> Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
> And glory, like the phœnix 'midst her fires,
> Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.
>
> LORD BYRON.

Yet, as long as man is susceptible of sublime emotions, so long will he commit himself to this master feeling of a noble nature. What would have become of the sublime work of Milton, if he had written for the fifteen pounds which he received from the bookseller; and where would have been the writings of Bacon, if he had not aspired to immortal fame? "My name and memory," said this prince of philosophers, in his will, "I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after some time be passed over." When with one hand he demolished the philosophy of the schools, and with the other erected a magnificent temple dedicated to truth and genuine knowledge, he was animated in his progress, and cheered in his exertions by the persuasion that after ages would erect an imperishable monument to his fame.

But in order that this passion may have its full scope and complete operation, it is not only necessary that there should be a proper subject, but a suitable place, and an enlightened public. The actor, in order to act well his part, must have a good theatre and a respectable audience. Would Demosthenes and Cicero have astonished mankind by their oratory, if they had spoken in Sparta or in Carthage? would Addison have written his Spectators in Kamtschatka, or Locke his work on the Understanding at Madrid? destroy the inducement to act, take away the capacity to judge, and annihilate the value of applause, and poetry sinks into dulness; philosophy loses its powers of research; and eloquence evaporates into froth and mummery.

A provincial government, like ours before the revolution, was entirely incompetent to call into activity this ennobling propensity of our nature. A small population, scattered over an extensive country, and composed almost entirely of strangers to literature; a government derivative and dependent, without patronage and influence, and in hostility to the public sentiment; a people divided into political and religious parties, and a parent country watching all their movements with a stepmother's feelings, and keeping down their prosperity with the arm of power, could not be expected to produce those literary worthies who have illuminated the other hemisphere.

History justifies the remark that free governments, although happier in themselves, are as oppressive to their provinces as despotic ones. It was a common saying in Greece, that a free man in Sparta was the freest man: and a slave, the greatest slave in the world. This remark may be justly applied to the ancient republics which had provinces under their control. The people of the parent country were

* Hosack's Memoir of De Witt Clinton; James Renwick's Life of Clinton; W. W. Campbell's Life and Writings of Clinton; article on Clinton, by H. T. Tuckerman, N. A. Review, Oct., 1854.

free, and those remote were harassed with all kinds of exactions, borne down by the high hand of oppression, and under the subjection of a military despotism. The colonial system of modern times is equally calculated to build up the mother country on the depression of its colonies. That all their exports shall go to, and all their imports be derived from it, is the fundamental principle. Admitting occasional departures from this system, is it possible that an infant country, so bandaged and cramped, could attain to that maturity of growth, which is essential to the promotion and encouragement of literature? Accordingly we do not find in any colony of modern times any peculiar devotion to letters, or any extraordinary progress in the cultivation of the human mind. The most fertile soil—the most benign climate—all that nature can produce, and art can perfect, are incompetent to remove the benumbing effects which a provincial and dependent position operates upon the efforts of genius.

PARTIES—FROM THE LETTERS OF HIBERNICUS.

Canandaigua, June, 1820.

My Dear Sir,

In every country or village inn, the bar-room is the coffee room, exchange, or place of intelligence, where all the quidnuncs, newsmongers, and politicians of the district resort, and where strangers and travellers make their first entry. Neither my taste, my habits, nor my convenience will admit of gorgeous or showy equipments, and when I therefore take my seat in the caravanseras, there is nothing in my appearance to attract particular attention. Many a person with whom I have held conversations, has undoubtedly forgotten the subject, as well as the company. In the desultory and rapid manner in which such conferences are generally managed, a stranger is liable to mistake names and titles of office. I have no doubt but this has been my case frequently: I may have styled a major a colonel, and a sheriff a judge, and if so, I assure you without the most distant idea of giving offence.

> Curs'd be the verse however sweet they flow,
> Which tends to make one worthy man my foe,
> Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
> Or from the meek-ey'd virgin draw a tear.

Volney told me in Paris, that he travelled all over the west on foot. My countrymen, Dr. M'Nevin and Dr. Goldsmith, perambulated a great portion of Europe; and Wilson, the father of American Ornithology, was almost always a pedestrian traveller. How cautious ought people to be when in company with strangers. I have heard folly from the mouths of lawgivers, and ribaldry in the conversations of the notables of the land. Unnoticed, unobserved, reclining on my chair in the bar-room, I have seen human nature without disguise—the artificial great man exhibiting his importance—the humble understrapper listening like a blacksmith to a tailor's news—the oracle of the place mounted on his tripod, and pronouncing his opinions with solemn gravity. O! if I had been recognised as a traveller from the eastern world—a keen observer of human nature—and a recorder of what I saw, I humbly hope that much nonsense would have been spared, and many improper exhibitions prevented; but then I would have seen man at a masquerade. I now derive light from my obscurity, and observe this world as it is. My plain dress, my moderate expenditures, my unobtrusive behaviour, avert particular remark. It is only in the society of such men as I meet with in this place, that I am considered as of the least importance. The prevalent conversations all over this federal republic, are on the subjects of political excitement. After some sage remarks on the weather, which compose the exordium of all conversations, the man of America, like the man of Athens, asks, *What news?* It is needless to say, that I have steered entirely clear of political and theological strife. I hardly understand the nomenclature of parties. They are all republicans, and yet a portion of the people assume the title of republican, as an exclusive right, or patent monopoly. They are all federalists, that is, in favor of a general government—and yet a party arrogate to themselves this appellation to the disparagement of the others. It is easy to see that the difference is nominal—that the whole controversy is about office, and that the country is constantly assailed by ambitious demagogues, for the purpose of gratifying their cupidity. It is a melancholy, but true reflection on human nature, that the smaller the difference the greater the animosity. Mole hills and rivulets become mountains and rivers. The Greek empire was ruined by two most inveterate factions, the Prasini and Vineti, which originated in the color of livery in equestrian races. The parties of Guelphs and Gibbelines, of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of Whigs and Tories, continued after all causes of difference were merged. I have often asked some of the leading politicians of this country, what constituted the real points of discrimination between the Republicans and Federalists, and I never could get a satisfactory answer. An artful man will lay hold of *words* if he cannot of *things*, in order to promote his views. The Jansenists and the Jesuits, the Nominalists and the Realists, the Sub-lapsarians, and the Supra-lapsarians, were in polemics what the party controversies of this people are in politics. If you place an ass at an equal distance between two bundles of hay, will he not remain there to all eternity? was a question solemnly propounded and gravely debated by the schoolmen. The motive to eat both, some contended, being equal, it was impossible for the animal to come to a conclusion. He would therefore remain in a state of inaction, for ever and for ever. This problem, so puzzling to scholastic philosophers, would at once be decided by the ass, and the *experimentum crucis* would effectually silence every doubt. It is impossible for a man, however quietly disposed, to act the suppositious part of the scholastic ass, and remain neutral between the parties, or bundles of hay. He must in truth participate in one or in both, and as it respects any radical difference of principle, it is very immaterial which he selects. There are some pendulum politicians who are continually oscillating between parties, and these men, in endeavoring to expiate their former oppugnation by fiery zeal, are mere firebrands in society. In order to cover their turpitude, they assume high-sounding names, and are in verity political partizans, laying claim to be high-minded, and like Jupiter on Olympus, elevated above the atmosphere of common beings. And what adds infinitely to the force of these pretensions, is to find the most of these gentry to be the heroes of petty strife, and the leaders of village vexation, the fag ends of the learned professions, and the outcasts of reputable associations. I often think of the observations of the honest old traveller, Tournefort, when I see the inordinate violence of these high-minded gentlemen. "The Turk (says he), take 'em one with another, are much honester men than renegadoes; and perhaps it is out of contempt that they do not circumcise renegadoes; for they have a common saying, that a bad Christian will never make a good Turk."

LITERARY TASTE—FROM THE LETTERS OF HIBERNICUS.

Western Region, August, 1820.

My Dear Sir,

The beauties of an American sky are frequently

unparalleled, and there is a peculiar lustre in the appearance of the morning star, which I have never seen equalled in my native land. This planet, on account of its propinquity to the earth, is only exceeded in apparent size by the moon, and on this account, and its superior effulgence, it has very naturally been a subject of poetical description. It may relieve the monotony of my former communications, to refer to some passages in the most distinguished poets on this subject.

Homer, in his fifth Iliad, in representing Diomede under the influence of Pallas, says,

> Fires on his helmet, and his shield around
> She kindled bright and steady as the star
> Autumnal, which in ocean newly bath'd,
> Assumes fresh beauty.———

The same allusion also occurs in Horace—

> Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit.

Virgil in his 8th Eneid, says—

> Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
> Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
> Extulit os sacrum cælo tenebrasque resolvit.

Lastly comes Milton, who thus exclaims in his Lycidas:—

> So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

If these extracts shall be considered as fair specimens by which to compare poetic merit, in what an illustrious light does Milton appear?

A poet as well as an orator, in order to be truly great, ought to have a fertile imagination, under the dominion of good taste. Those faults which result from undisciplined genius, are however more tolerable than those which spring from sterility of mind. In one of my solitary walks, I stopped at a farmhouse for refreshment, and I accidentally found an old newspaper which contained an address from a ci-devant governor to a great military commander, on the presentation of a sword. The writer has evidently put his mind into a state of violent exertion, and in striving to be sublime and magnificent, has shown a total incapacity in thought as well as language. In speaking of a nocturnal battle near the cataract of Niagara, he says that it produced a midnight rainbow, whose refulgence outshone the iris of the day.

This master-piece of the great orator and statesman who wrote it, can only be excelled by the poet quoted by Dryden, when he says—

> Now when the winter's keener breath began
> To chrystalize the Baltic ocean,
> To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the floods,
> And periwig with snow the bald pate woods.

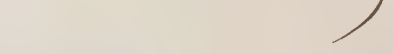
Or, perhaps, it is exceeded by the following eulogium of a country school-master on General Wolfe.

> Great General Wolfe, without any fears,
> Led on his brave grenadiers,
> And what is most miraculous and particular,
> He climb'd up rocks that were perpendicular.

And yet would you believe that the man who pronounced that farrago of bombastic nonsense, has been a governor, a vice-president, and God knows what; and that he is passed off as a paragon of wisdom, and an exemplar of greatness. With intellect not more than sufficient to preside over the shopboard of a tailor, or to conduct the destinies of a village school, he has, by the force of fortuitous circumstances, attained to ephemeral consequence. D'Alembert has justly observed that "the apices of the loftiest pyramids in church and state, are only attained by eagles and reptiles." The history of democracies continually exhibits the rise of pernicious demagogues warring against wisdom and virtue, philosophy and patriotism—but why do I confine this remark to any particular form of government? The spirit of the observation will apply to human nature in all its forms and varieties. Even in the Augustan age of Great Britain, Elkanah Settle was set up as the rival of Dryden—and Stephen Duck was put in competition with Pope. This levelling principle gratifies two unworthy feelings; it endeavors to mortify the truly great by its flagrant injustice, and it strives to lower them down to our own depression of insignificance. Posterity, however, will dispense justice with unerring hand, and with impartial distribution; and the great men who are almost always assailed by calumny, and who are sometimes borne down by ingratitude, may, in considering the benefits which they have rendered to the human race, confidently appeal to heaven for their reward, and to posterity for their justification.

DAVID HOSACK.

Doctor David Hosack, F.R.S., was born in the city of New York, August 31, 1769. His father, a Scotchman, came to America with Lord Jeffrey Amherst, upon the siege of Louisburg. His mother was the daughter of Francis Arden of New York. He was educated at Columbia College and at Princeton; received his medical degree at Philadelphia in 1791; visited the schools of Edinburgh and London, where he wrote a paper on Vision which was published in the Transactions of the Royal Society in 1794, and on his return to New York filled the Professorship of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College. In the new College of Physicians and Surgeons he taught Physic and Clinical Medicine, and was engaged in the short-lived Rutgers Medical College. He was eminent as a clinical instructor. He engaged with Francis in the publication of the Medical and Philosophical Register. His *Medical Essays* were published in three octavo volumes, 1824–30. His *System of Practical Nosology* was published in 1829, and in an improved form in 1821. He wrote discourses on Horticulture, on Temperance, biographical notices of Rush and Wistar, and a memoir in quarto of De Witt Clinton. The style of these productions is full and elegant. From 1820 to 1828 he was President of the New York Historical Society. A posthumous publication on *The Practice of Physic*, edited by Dr. H. W. Ducachet, one of his pupils, appeared in 1838.

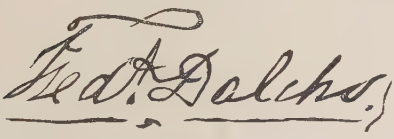


Hosack was for more than thirty years a prominent medical practitioner in New York, and, fond of society, exercised a strong personal influence in the city. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in his travels in America in 1825, mentions the social importance of his Saturday evening parties, where the professional gentlemen of the city and distinguished foreigners were liberally entertained. In all prominent movements connected with the arts, the drama, medical and other local institutions, and the state policy of internal improvements, Hosack bore a part.

He was twice married; in the first instance to a sister of Thomas Eddy, the benevolent Quaker at the head of the hospitals and charitable institutions of the city. By his second wife, the widow of Henry A. Costar, he became possessed of a large income.

Dr. Hosack died of an attack of apoplexy at his residence in Chambers Street, New York, December 23, 1835.*

FREDERICK DALCHO,



A physician and clergyman of South Carolina, was born in London. His father was a Polander by birth, and an officer of considerable rank in one of the European armies, we think of Hanover. Having been severely wounded he went over to England with his family, and lived a few years on his pension. At his death his brother in Maryland invited the boy Frederick over to America, and gave him an excellent education in Baltimore. He studied medicine successfully, became a skilful botanist, and obtained a commission in the medical department of the American army. He came with his division to South Carolina, and was stationed with them at Fort Johnson in Charleston Harbor. Here some disagreement occurred between him and his brother officers, under which Dr. Dalcho resigned his commission, and became a practitioner of medicine in Charleston. In 1800 he was associated with Dr. Isaac Auld, and became a member of the Medical Society of South Carolina. He was active in establishing the Botanic Garden, and continued several years one of the Trustees of that Institution.

About the year 1810 Dr. Dalcho relinquished his practice and became associated with Mr. A. S. Willington in conducting the *Courier*, a daily Federal newspaper. About the year 1811 he became more than usually devoted to religious reflections and studies. In 1812 he became Lay Reader in St. Paul's Church, Colleton, and was ordained Deacon on the 15th of February, 1814, by the Right Rev. Theodore Dehon. Having been admitted to priest's orders by the Right Rev. W. White of Pennsylvania, he was elected assistant minister of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, by a majority of the congregation in the year 1819. He continued with unabated zeal and piety devoted to the advancement of religion in his pastoral charge, until his declining health called for repose. His vestry would not part with him, but gave leave of absence on a continued salary for an indefinite time. He continued to decline in health, and died on the 24th November, 1836, in the 67th year of his age, and the seventeenth of his ministry in that church.

The religious publications of Dr. Dalcho were few. One was on the *Evidence of the Divinity of our Saviour*. The other is a work of high authority, being *An Historical Account of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina*,* and the early history of the State unavoidably blended with that of the Church. This work is quoted and referred to frequently by writers on different questions incidental to such subjects.

* Memoir by Dr. J. W. Francis, in Williams's American Medical Biography.

* Historical Account of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina, by Frederick Dalcho, M. D. Charleston, S. C. 1820.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The American Philosophical Society was formed at Philadelphia on the second of January, 1769, by the union of two associations of a similar character, the American Philosophical Society, and the American Society for promoting and propagating Useful Knowledge. The first of these originated in a printed circular issued by Franklin, dated May 14, 1743, entitled, *A Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge among the British Plantations in America.* The society seems to have gone into immediate operation, as on the 5th of April, 1744, Franklin writes to Cadwallader Colden, "that the society, as far as it relates to Philadelphia, is actually formed, and has had several meetings to mutual satisfaction." Thomas Hopkinson was the first president. The minutes of the society have been lost, so that the details of its early history are unknown. Its meetings, after having been kept up for about ten years, were discontinued.

The second of the societies named was founded in the year 1750. It was originally called the Junto, and is supposed to have been formed by the members of the old Junto, who, unwilling to enlarge their own circle by the admission of new members, were desirous of perpetuating its name and usefulness.

In December, 1766, the admission of corresponding members was decided upon, and the name of the society changed to "The American Society for Promoting and Propagating Useful Knowledge, held at Philadelphia." In 1768, Charles Thomson (afterwards Secretary of Congress), one of its leading members, prepared "Proposals for enlarging this society, in order that it may the better answer the end for which it was instituted, namely, the promoting and propagating useful knowledge." It embraces every department of science in the scope of its proposed inquiries, prominence being given to those of an immediate practical character, and especially to agriculture. The paper is published in the first volume of the Transactions.

Large additions of members were made, and on the 23d of September a new code of laws and a new title, "The American Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting Useful Knowledge," adopted. On the fourth of November, at its first election, Benjamin Franklin was chosen president.

Meanwhile the members of the American Philosophical Society, reduced to six in number, resolved, in 1767, to resuscitate that institution. They elected four new members in November of that year, and forty-four in the January following. John Penn, the governor of the province, consented to become patron, and on the ninth of

February, 1768, the Hon. James Hamilton was elected president.

On the 22d of March the first scientific communication was made in "A Description of a New Orrery, planned and now nearly finished by David Rittenhouse, A.M." It is the first paper in the Transactions. Preparations were made in the same year for observing the approaching Transit of Venus, which was to occur on the 3d of June, 1769. The society voted to construct an observatory at Philadelphia, where, and also at Norriton, observations were to be taken under its auspices. Finding their means insufficient they, in September, sought the aid of the legislature, who voted a hundred pounds for the purchase of a reflecting telescope.

On the 22d of January, 1769, the two societies were united. An exciting contest took place at the first presidential election between Hamilton and Franklin as the candidates, which resulted in the election of the latter.

Additional aid being obtained from the legislature, temporary observatories were soon after erected in State-House square, Philadelphia, and Rittenhouse's residence at Norriton, and the desired observations made, the weather proving extremely favorable, with great success at these stations and from a building at Cape Henlopen.

In the same year the society instructed their committee on American Improvements to inquire as to "the best place for cutting a canal to join the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake, with the probable expense that would attend the execution of it." An appeal for pecuniary aid in the prosecution of the surveys was made to the merchants of the city, and liberally responded to. The report, recommending what is known as the upper route, but declining to make an estimate of the cost, "judging it an undertaking beyond the ability of the country," appears in the first volume of the Transactions.

Soon after the consolidation of the two societies a committee was appointed to prepare a volume for the press from papers read at the meetings. A list was reported in August, 1769, and on the 22d of February, 1771, the work appeared.

The next efforts of the society were devoted to the manufacture of silk, and a company was formed for the purpose under its auspices. Endeavors were also made to introduce the culture of the vine. The society was, like every institution of learning, suspended during the Revolution. It, however, resumed its labors before the conclusion of the contest, re-assembling on the 5th of March, 1779. It was incorporated March 15, 1780. In 1785 a lot of ground, 70 by 50 feet, in State House square, facing Fifth street, was granted to the society, who proceeded to erect a hall, which was completed in 1791. Some $3500 was obtained towards defraying the expenses of the building; $540 of which were contributed by Franklin. The society derive a small revenue from the rental of the ground-floor of this building.

The laws of the society (passed Feb. 3, 1769) direct that its members "shall be classed into one or more of the following committees—

"1. Geography, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy.

"2. Medicine and Anatomy.

"3. Natural History and Chemistry.

"4. Trade and Commerce.

"5. Mechanics and Architecture.

"6. Husbandry and American Improvements."

The number of members is not limited. The officers are, a patron (the governor of the state), a president, three vice-presidents, a treasurer, four secretaries, three curators, and twelve counsellors.

On the death of Franklin, in 1791, David Rittenhouse was elected president.

David Rittenhouse.

The family of Rittenhouse, at the commencement of the last century, emigrated to New York, and afterwards removed to Germantown, Pennsylvania, where he was born, April 8, 1732. His parents removed during his childhood to a farm at Norriton, Montgomery county, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, where his early years were passed in agricultural pursuits. "It was at this place," says his eulogist, Rush, "his peculiar genius first discovered itself. His plough, the fences, and even the stones of the field in which he worked, were frequently marked with figures, which denoted a talent for mathematical studies." He also "made himself master" of Newton's Principia, and devoted himself to the science of fluxions, "of which sublime invention he believed himself to be the author; nor did he know for some years afterwards, that a contest had been carried on between Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz for the honor of that great and useful discovery."

His mechanical ingenuity was also early developed. At the age of seven he constructed a complete water-mill in miniature, and ten years after, having in the meantime received no instruction in the arts, made a wooden clock. Being permitted by his parents to follow his own inclinations in the choice of a livelihood, he abandoned agriculture, and erecting a small work-shop by the road-side on his father's land at Norriton, commenced business as a clock and mathematical instrument maker, many of his tools being the work of his own hands. The astronomical clock made by Rittenhouse, and used in his Observatory, is now in the possession of the Society.

His mental development was much aided by a friendship formed when he was about nineteen with the Rev. William Barton, who not long after married his sister. Barton was a young Irishman, who had received a liberal education, and possessed a few books. Rittenhouse, whose

early education had been limited, seized with avidity the advantages thus opened to him, and devoted himself to midnight study after his daily labors with such devotion, as to seriously impair his health for the remainder of his life.

It was while thus employed that he constructed his Orrery. The work was purchased by the College of New Jersey; and a second one, constructed by him on the same model, is now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.

Owing to the interest excited by this production, he was induced to remove to Philadelphia in 1770, where he continued in business for several years. He was elected a member of the Philosophical Society, and became a frequent contributor to its Transactions. We find him in August, 1773, making a report as chairman of a committee appointed to examine the first steam-engine erected in this country. "It was made by Christopher Colles, for the purpose of pumping up water at a distillery." The report states that the engine "performed several strokes," but in consequence of its execution being attempted at a very low expense, it did not continue its motion long. A favorable opinion is expressed of the undertaking.*

In 1775 he delivered the annual oration before the same body. The subject of his discourse was Astronomy.

In 1779 he was employed by the State of Pennsylvania as one of the commissioners for settling a disputed boundary between her territory and that of Virginia. In 1784, he performed a similar service on the western, and, in 1786, on the northern boundary of his native state. In 1789, he was employed in determining the boundary line between New Jersey and New York, and, in 1787, between the latter state and Massachusetts. "In his excursions through the wilderness," says Rush, "he carried with him his habits of inquiry and observation. Nothing in our mountains, soils, rivers, and springs, escaped his notice. It is to be lamented that his private letters and the memories of his friends are the only records of what he collected upon these occasions."

Soon after his election as President of the Philosophical Society, he gave a substantial proof of his interest in the institution by a donation of three hundred pounds.

In 1792, he was appointed a Director of the United States Mint, an office from which he retired three years after, in consequence of ill health.

He died on the 26th of June, 1796, and, in accordance with his expressed wish, was buried beneath the pavement of his observatory, in the garden adjoining his residence. Dr. Ashbel Green, whose church he attended, spoke at his grave.† An eulogium upon him was delivered on the 17th of December following, before the Philosophical Society, by Dr. Benjamin Rush, and his life, by his nephew, William Barton,‡ published in 1813.

The best eulogy of his private character, when we take in consideration the high position he had gained for himself by his own exertions, is the simple statement of his friend, Ashbel Green, "He was, perhaps, the most modest man I ever knew."

The presidency was next filled, for three years, by Thomas Jefferson. On his retirement, Dr. Wistar became his successor.

Caspar Wistar was the grandson of an emigrant from Germany in 1717, who established a glass manufactory in New Jersey. His parents were Quakers, residing in Philadelphia, where he was born, September 13, 1761. In 1783, he visited England, to complete his medical studies. He returned to Philadelphia in January, 1787, having in the meantime inherited a large fortune by the death of his father, and commenced practice. In 1789, he was elected Professor of Chemistry, and, in 1808, of Anatomy, in the University, which acquired a high reputation as a medical school from his exertions and distinguished position, he being regarded in Europe, as well as in his own country, as one of the first medical authorities of his time. He was elected, July 20, 1787, a member, and, January 6, 1815, President, of the American Philosophical Society, and so continued until his death, January 22, 1818, contributing several articles to the Transactions.

His chief production is, *A System of Anatomy*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1814. He enjoys a genial reputation, in addition to his scientific honors, as the founder of the Wistar parties, which, originally gatherings of his friends every Saturday at his own residence, have since his death been continued on the same evening of the week by the survivors and their successors, each taking his turn as host.

Robert Patterson, the next president, was born in the north of Ireland, May 30, 1743. He emigrated to Philadelphia in 1768, and in 1774 became the principal of the Wilmington Academy, Delaware. He served as brigade-major in the Revolutionary war, and in 1779 was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, afterwards becoming Vice-Provost of that institution. In 1805, he was appointed Director of the Mint. He was chosen President of the American Philosophical Society in 1819, and died July 22, 1824. He is the author of several papers in the Society's Transactions.

William Tilghman, elected a member of the Society in 1805, was the next president.

He was born, August 12, 1756, in Talbot county, Maryland. He was admitted to the bar in Maryland in 1783, but in 1793 removed to Philadelphia, where he practised his profession until his appointment, by President Adams, as Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States. The law establishing this office being repealed in about a year, Mr. Tilghman returned to practice. In July, 1805, he was appointed President of the Courts of Common Pleas in the first district, and, in February, 1806, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the state. He died April 30, 1827. He prepared, in 1809, by direction of the Legislature, a report of the English statutes in force within the state, and published in 1818 an eulogium on Dr. Wistar. He was succeeded by Peter S. Du Ponceau.

* R. M. Patterson's Address, p. 29.

† Life of Ashbel Green, 42.

‡ Memoirs of the Life of David Rittenhouse, LL.D., F.R.S., late President of the American Philosophical Society, &c.; interspersed with various notices of many distinguished men, with an Appendix, containing sundry philosophical and other papers, most of which have not hitherto been published. By William Barton, A.M. Philadelphia, 1813.

This distinguished philologist was born in Rhé, an island on the western coast of France, where his father held a military command, June 3, 1760. He displayed at an early age a great aptitude for the study of languages, and acquired a knowledge of English and Italian from intercourse with the officers of an Irish and Italian regiment stationed in his vicinity. He was educated for the post of a military engineer, but was prevented from entering the army on account of being short-sighted. He was in consequence sent, in 1773, to a Benedictine College at St. Jean d'Angely. After he had remained there eighteen months his father died, and at the solicitation of his mother and family he consented to become a priest. He was made an instructor by the Bishop of Rochelle in the college at Bressuire in Poitou, but soon becoming tired of the place, he abandoned it in 1775, went to Paris, and for some time earned a frugal subsistence by translating English works by the sheet, English letters for business men, and giving lessons. He next formed the acquaintance of Count de Gebelin, author of the *Monde Primitif*, who made him his private secretary. While filling this office, he met at the house of Beaumarchais with Baron Steuben, who persuaded him to accompany him as his secretary and aide-de-camp to America. They sailed from Marseilles, and arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 1, 1777. At the request of the Baron, Du Ponceau was appointed captain by brevet in the American army, February 18, 1778. He accompanied Steuben in his movements until the winter of 1780, when he was attacked at Philadelphia with cough and spitting of blood, and so reduced in strength that he was obliged to desist from further military service, and retired from the army. He became a citizen of Pennsylvania, and in October, 1781, was appointed secretary to Robert R. Livingston, then in charge of the department of Foreign Affairs. After filling this office for a period of twenty months he commenced the study of the law, and was admitted an attorney in June, 1785. He had previously been appointed a notary public. In 1778 he married, and in 1791 was appointed a sworn interpreter of foreign languages. The succeeding years were closely devoted to his profession, in which he rose to such eminence as to decline, in consequence of his prospects of practice, an appointment by Jefferson as Chief Justice of Louisiana. During his legal career he translated several valuable works on that science, and prepared some original essays on the same subject. Having gained a "comfortable competence" by his profession, he was enabled to devote himself to the less remunerative, but to him most agreeable labors of a philologist. He was much encouraged in this pursuit by the formation in March, 1815, by the American Philosophical Society, of which he had become a member in 1791, of the "committee of history, moral science, and general literature." He prepared and presented in behalf of this committee a report in 1819 on the *Structure of the Indian Languages*, which was printed in the Transactions, and gave him a distinguished position in his favorite department of learning, procuring him among other honors the degree of LL.D., and an election on the 20th of April, 1827, as member of the Academy of Inscriptions of the French Institute. In May, 1835, the *Linguistique* prize, founded by Volney, was awarded him by the same body for his memoir on the *Indian Languages of North America*, afterwards published in Paris. His next and last work was a *Dissertation on the Chinese Language*, published in 1838, in which he maintained that the written language of that people was *lexigraphic*, that is composed of characters representing sounds, in opposition to the general opinion that it is *ideographic*, or composed of characters representing ideas.

Mr. Du Ponceau was the author of a number of memoirs contributed to the various learned societies of which he was a member, and in many instances president; of addresses delivered on various public occasions, and of several essays. He was a constant reader and writer throughout his life in spite of the defect in his vision, which in his latter years was accompanied by cataract. He is said to have been remarkable for great absence of mind. He died on the first day of April, 1844, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, elected President of the Society in 1846, was a native of Virginia, and for many years Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. He occupied a distinguished position as a practitioner of medicine, and contributed largely to the medical literature of the country. He died at Philadelphia, July 1, 1853, at the age of seventy-four.

Dr. R. M. Patterson was elected President in 1849. He was born in Philadelphia, and was the son of Robert Patterson, a former President.

On completing his education as a chemist under Sir Humphrey Davy, he returned in 1812 to his native country, and soon after was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Mathematics, in the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1828 he accepted a Professorship in the University of Virginia, where he remained until 1835, when he was appointed Director of the United States Mint at Philadelphia, which office he held until 1853, when his declining health induced him to resign.

Dr. Patterson was elected a member of the Society in 1809, in his twenty-second year, at an earlier age than any person previously admitted. He was a most active participant in the labors of the Society, and contributed largely both by oral and written communications to the interest of its proceedings. He delivered, May 25, 1843, while Vice-President, *A Discourse on the Early History of the American Philosophic Society, pronounced by appointment of the Society at the celebration of its Hundredth Anniversary*, to which we have to acknowledge our obligations. It closes with the reorganization of the association, March 5, 1779. He died in Philadelphia, September 5, 1854, aged 68 years.

On the resignation of Dr. Patterson, the office of President was conferred in 1853 upon Dr. Franklin Bache, a great-grandson of the illustrious founder of the Society. Dr. Bache has been for many years Professor of Chemistry in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and has greatly aided in elevating that school to its pre-

sent eminent position. As joint author with Dr. Wood of the "United States' Dispensatory," he has rendered valuable service to the promotion of medical science.

By the revised laws of the Society, his term of office having expired with the year 1854, the dignity of President of the Society was conferred at the election in January, 1855, upon his cousin, Professor Alexander Dallas Bache.

Professor A. D. Bache is a native of Philadelphia, and after having filled with great success the positions of Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Principal of the High School of Philadelphia, and President of Girard College, was appointed to succeed Mr. Hassler as Superintendent of the Coast Survey of the United States, and has since resided in Washington.

Under the rare combination of high scientific talent with great administrative faculties, which were also possessed by his great-grandfather Franklin, Professor Bache has been enabled to exercise a personal supervision, as well over the details as over the grander generalizations attained in the progress of the gigantic survey under his control. And it is especially by this happy combination of power, that the most extensive survey hitherto undertaken by any nation has now been brought to the high state of perfection which renders it one of the proudest triumphs of American science.

Among the works of Professor Bache, of special interest, must be mentioned the admirable report on the subject of Education in Europe, founded upon personal investigations made by him under the authority of the Girard College, with a view to the organization of that institution.

Among the chief contributors to the early volumes of the Transactions we meet the name of Henry Ernst Muhlenberg. He was born in New Providence, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, November 17, 1753, and in April, 1763, sent with his two elder brothers to Halle, to complete his general education, and study theology. He returned in 1770, was ordained at the early age of seventeen, and became assistant to his father in the Lutheran Church at Philadelphia. During the occupation of the city by the British he retired to the country, where he employed his leisure in the study of botany. In 1780, he accepted a call to Lancaster, where the remainder of his life was passed in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He died of apoplexy, May 23, 1815.

Dr. Muhlenberg was a thorough classical and oriental scholar. He also paid great attention to the natural sciences, and especially to botany. He commenced this study during a retirement to the country and suspension of his clerical duties in 1777, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, and attained to eminence in his favorite pursuit. He was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society in 1786, and contributed several papers to the Transactions. He soon after became a member of the leading associations of a similar character in Germany and the North of Europe, and his letters are frequently referred to in Wildenow's edition of the *Species Plantarum*. His chief publications are *Catalogus Plantarum* and *Descriptio uberior graminum*. His *Flora Lancastriensis*, and a number of papers on botany, theology, and ethics, remain in manuscript. His herbarium was purchased and presented to the American Philosophical Society.*

Benjamin Smith Barton also wrote for the same work. This eminent botanist was the son of the Rev. Mr. Barton of Lancaster, Pa., where he was born February 10, 1766. His mother was a sister of Rittenhouse. In 1786 he visited Europe to complete his education, and after passing some time at Edinburgh and London went to Göttingen, where he received his medical diploma. He returned to Philadelphia, and commenced practice in 1789, and in 1790 was appointed Professor of Natural History and Botany in the University. He afterwards succeeded Dr. Griffiths as Professor of Materia Medica, and Dr. Rush as Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine. In 1803 he published the first American elementary work on botany, and his college lectures on the same subject did much to diffuse a taste for the science. He commenced in 1804, and continued for several years, a Medical Physical Journal. He also wrote *New Views of the Indian Tribes*, a work on the American Materia Medica, and a paper on the *Pyrola Umbellata*, in the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions of London. He died, December 19, 1815.

Dr. Adam Seybert, the chemist, mineralogist, and author of *Statistical Annals of the United States from* 1789 *to* 1815, 4to., who died at Paris, May 2, 1825, and Andrew Ellicott, Professor of Mathematics at West Point, who planned the city of Washington, and was also employed in running the boundary between the United States and the Spanish colonies, appear as contributors with Palisot de Beauvais and James Woodhouse. Ellicott died, August 28, 1820, in his 67th year. He published a *Journal*, with a map of Ohio, Mississippi, and part of Florida. Phila. 1803, 1814.

Ambroise Marie François Joseph Palisot de Beauvais was born at Arras, in 1752. He was educated at the college of Harcourt, in Paris, and became Receiver-General of Territorial Imposts. On the abolition of that office in 1777, he devoted his attention exclusively to natural history, and in 1781 became a corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Sciences. In pursuit of his favorite studies he sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of making a journey across Africa to Egypt, which he was unable to undertake. After passing some time at Owara and Benin, he sailed for St. Domingo, and arrived at Cap Français in June, 1788. He remained on the island in various positions connected with the government, until the overthrow of the French rule by the negroes. Having opposed the dominant party he was obliged to fly, and escaping with difficulty, landed at Philadelphia with the intention of proceeding to France, but learning that he had been proscribed as an emigrant, remained in this country, where he supported himself as a teacher of languages and musician, until the arrival of the French minister, Adet, who, himself a man of science, enabled the botanist to

* Encyc. Amer. Darlington's Bartram. Allen's Am. Biog. Dict.

resume his studies in the new and inviting field before him. He made several scientific tours among and beyond the Alleghanies, and was employed to arrange the collection in Peale's Museum. On the receipt of permission he returned to his native country, taking the extensive collections he had formed with him. He became a member of the Institute in 1806, and died, January 21, 1820. He published *Flore d'Oware et de Bénin*, Paris, 1804–21, 2 vols. fol.; *Insectes recueillis en Afrique et en Amérique*, 1805-21, fol.; *Essai d'une nouvelle Agrostographie ou Nouveaux Genres des Graminées*, 1812, 4to. and 8vo., all of which are illustrated.

James Woodhouse was born in Philadelphia, Nov. 17, 1770. He became Professor of Chemistry in the college of Philadelphia in 1795, and published several works on that department of science. He died, June 4, 1809.

Several of the other authors of the Transactions will appear at a later date as the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The chief contributor to the recent volumes issued by the Society, is Mr. Isaac C. Lea. Mr. Lea, a native of Pennsylvania, has been long known as a member of one of the most extensive publishing houses of Philadelphia; and after a most successful career in business, has retired in favor of his son, to devote the remainder of his life to a study, the pursuit of which occupied the leisure of his earlier years.

His papers in the Transactions are very extensive, and finely illustrated; they are devoted to the description of the fresh water and land shells chiefly of the United States, to the history of which he has contributed more than any other person. His synopsis of *Unionidæ*, first printed by the Society, but of which a revised edition was published by the author in 1852, is at present the standard work for the classification of these objects, and has elicited many warm commendations from foreign and native conchologists. Other works by Mr. Lea are, *Contributions to Geology*, Philadelphia, 1833, and various papers in the Journal and Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

RUTGERS COLLEGE.

The clergy who accompanied the early Dutch emigrants brought with them the same love of learning which the Puritan divines had derived from the Church of England. Connected with an established church, within whose pale they were contented, they had no occasion to form a new organization to perpetuate their existence; and the recruits to their numbers were drawn, like those of the Episcopal clergy, from the mother country.

Like the Episcopalians, they soon experienced the inconvenience of waiting the arrival of accessions from Europe, or sending candidates for ordination across the ocean. A party soon arose who were desirous that the power of ordination should be conferred by the church in Holland on its offspring of America. This party was known as the "Coetus;" their opponents, who wished the old order of arrangements to continue, were known as the "Conferentie." The latter were for some time in the ascendant, but the inconvenience, delay, and expense of the voyage to and from Europe, finally weighed so heavily on congregations as well as clergy, that the Coetus party resolved to establish a school of theology at New Brunswick, New Jersey. A charter was obtained incorporating the institution as Queen's College in 1770. Its Board of Trustees met near the courthouse of Bergen county, and elected the Rev. Dr. Jacobus R. Hardenbergh the President.

While this matter was in progress a young student of divinity, John H. Livingston, was pursuing his studies preparatory to ordination in Holland, and obtained from the Dutch church their consent to a separate organization of the American congregations on condition that they should establish a Theological Professorate, "as the Church of Holland could not and would not acknowledge and maintain any connexion with a church which did not provide herself with an educated ministry."* Livingston was in due course ordained, and on his return became minister of the Dutch church in New York. This church, which had never been identified with either of the contending parties, at his suggestion sent forth in 1771 a circular proposing a general convention to reconcile the points at issue. The assembly met, the desired union was effected, and Livingston unanimously appointed Professor of Divinity.

Dr. Hardenbergh remained president of the new institution, which flourished under his care, until his death in 1792. The college then suspended its instructions until 1807, when a proposition was made and adopted that the Theological Professorate should be united with the college, whose charter provided for a professorship of divinity, and that the professor should be appointed president. The union was effected, twenty thousand dollars raised to endow the professorship created, and in 1810 Dr. Livingston removed to New Brunswick and entered upon his new duties. The college was embarrassed in its finances, which were barely sufficient to sustain "half a Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy." It received no aid from the state, and was frequently compelled during the presidency of Livingston, as in that of his predecessor, to close its doors. Until the commencement of a college building in 1809, its instructions had been given in temporary localities, and as but one wing of the contemplated edifice was completed its accommodations were limited. Dr. Livingston, the new president, was a member of the eminent New York family of that name, and was born in Poughkeepsie in 1746, and a graduate of Yale in 1762. His subsequent history has already been given. He struggled manfully and hopefully with the difficulties of his position, maintaining his office as president with honor up to the time of his death in January, 1825. Dr. Philip Milledoler was his successor in the presidency and chair of theology.

Philip Milledoler was born in the year 1775. His parents were natives of Berne, Switzerland, who emigrated to this country in early life and settled in New York. Their son was graduated at Columbia College, 1792. He studied theology, and at the early age of nineteen was called to the church in Nassau between Fulton and John

* The Rev. Abraham Polhemus's Alumni Address, 1852, p. 6.

streets. In 1800 he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1805 returned to New York and became pastor of a newly established church in Rutgers street, where he remained until 1825. On the death of Dr. Livingston he was called to the chair of didactic theology, and subsequently to the Presidency of Rutgers College.

In 1835 he resigned his post in consequence of his advancing years, and the remainder of his life was passed in retirement. He died on the 22d of September, 1852, and on the following day his wife died also. Undivided in death as in life, they were buried together.

He was desirous of reviving the exercises of the college which had been for some time suspended. From the want of endowment it was of course difficult to do so. The difficulty was overcome in an ingenious and practical manner. A second professorship in the theological school, which, although connected with the college, was under the control of the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed church, had just been endowed. Dr. Milledoler proposed that a similar amount should be raised for a third professorship, and that the three incumbents should give their services gratuitously to the college. His recently appointed colleague, Dr. John De Witt, warmly seconded the scheme, a subscription was started and the requisite means obtained, ten thousand dollars being liberally contributed by the clergy of the denomination, many of them the recipients of but small salaries. The Rev. Dr. Selah S. Woodhull was elected to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government; but dying only three months after his appointment, the Rev. Dr. Cannon became his successor. The faculty of letters was then organized. The Professorship of Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity was taken by the President, that of Belles Lettres and Rhetoric by Dr. De Witt, and that of Metaphysics and Philosophy of the Human Mind by Dr. Cannon. To these were added Robert Adrain, LL.D., in the department of Mathematics, and the Rev. Dr. W. C. Brownlee in the Latin and Greek languages.

The name of the college was, about the time of this reorganization, changed from Queen's to Rutgers. Dr. Adrain was succeeded in 1826 by Theodore Strong, LL.D., who still retains the chair. In 1827, Dr. Brownlee accepting a call to the Collegiate church of New York, was succeeded by Joseph Nelson, LL.D., the celebrated blind teacher.

"The last named Professor," says the Rev. Mr. Polhemus, "was at the time of his appointment, and had been for a number of years, totally blind; but with great powers of memory and thorough acquaintance with the studies of his department, he conducted the exercises of his room to the very general improvement of his students and acceptance of the Board. I remember him well; how he would sit, with his thumb upon the dial of his watch, marking the minutes as they passed, allowing to each student his allotted portion, and the facility with which he would instantly detect the least mistake in the reading of the text or the translation. And I remember, too, that nice ear by which, with his class sitting in alphabetical order, he would detect the location of the slightest whisper; and when rebuking an individual by name for the annoyance, it was rare indeed that the person charged had an opportunity of entering a protest against the justice of his suspicions."*

On Dr. Nelson's death in 1830, Dr. McClelland succeeded to the professorship; and in 1831, on his appointment to that of Dr. De Witt, was succeeded by John D. Ogilby, who was followed by the present professor, the Rev. Dr. Proudfit. On the resignation of Dr. Milledoler in 1840, the Hon. A. Bruyn Hasbrouck, LL.D., was made president. Dr. Hasbrouck resigning in 1850, was succeeded by the present head of the college, the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, LL.D.

Theodore Frelinghuysen was born at Millstone, Somerset County, New Jersey, March 28, 1787. He is the son of Frederick Frelinghuysen, a member of the Continental Congress, who, in 1777, resigned his seat to join the army, and served as captain of a volunteer corps of artillery at Monmouth and Trenton, and during the remainder of the war as a captain of militia. In 1793 he was chosen a Senator of the United States.

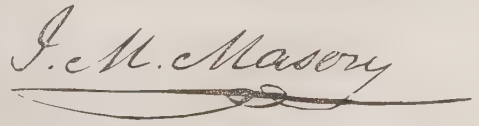
The son completed his classical education at Princeton in 1804, and then studied law in the office of an elder brother until he became of age, when he was admitted to practice. He followed the profession with great success, and in 1817 was appointed attorney-general of the state. He held the office until his election as United States Senator in 1826. He remained in the senate until 1835. In 1838 he was chosen Chancellor of the University of the City of New York. In May, 1844, he was nominated by the Baltimore Convention as the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The cry of Clay and Frelinghuysen will be long remembered in the history of the country as that of a great party in one of the greatest struggles which has ever preceded a presidential election. In 1850 Mr. Frelinghuysen resigned the chancellorship of the University in favor of the presidency of Rutgers College.

Mr. Frelinghuysen is also at the head of the Board of Missions and the Bible Society, established by several of the leading denominations of the United States, and has throughout his life been as active and prominent in religious and philanthropic as in political and academic effort.

The college has recently received an addition to its endowment of $28,000 from various donations. $25,000 have also been contributed to the same object by the Collegiate church of the city of New York.

JOHN M. MASON.

In the church history of America there are few persons who have excited more interest in their day than John M. Mason. He was born in the



city of New York March 19, 1770, was a graduate of Columbia College, and instructed in theology

* Address before the Alumni Association of Rutgers College, July 27, 1852.

by his father, a minister of the Scottish church. He continued his education at Edinburgh, and in 1792 succeeded his father as preacher in his church in New York. During his ministerial career in the city, he was associated from 1811 to 1816 with the government of Columbia College with the title of Provost. The college statutes adopted in 1811, and subsequently during his administration, and the report in 1810 on the state of the college, attributed to his pen, which is a vigorous presentment of college duties and discipline, show his high qualifications for the labors of this office. He visited Europe for his health in 1816. He suffered after his return from paralytic attacks, by which his constitution was much enfeebled. He was President of Dickinson College for three years from 1821; returned to New York, and died December 27, 1829, at the age of fifty-nine. His reputation for a certain full, robust eloquence was great. He was powerful as a preacher, a controversialist, and in his practical talent. He had a controversy with Bishop Hobart in the "Christian Magazine," which he edited. His advocacy of open communion gained him distinction in the religious world. His orations of the most general interest were on the death of Washington and of Hamilton. His writings, consisting chiefly of sermons, were collected in four octavo volumes by his son.*

Mason meditated a life of Hamilton, of whose principles and character he was a great admirer. Verplanck has paid a handsome tribute to his powers in a college oration delivered shortly after his death. He speaks of his scholarship, of his "rare union of intimate acquaintance with books and deep learning in the spirits and ways of men," of his eloquence, "powerful, impressive, peculiar, original," as it was exhibited in his unwritten discourses from the pulpit, where "he was wont to pour forth the overwhelming opulence of his mind in irregular but magnificent profusion, laying alike under contribution to his object, theological learning, classic lore, and the literature of the day; illustrating the conclusions of the logician by acute observations upon life and manners; alternately convincing the reason, and searching and probing the deep recesses of the conscience; now drawing moral lessons from the history of the long-buried past, and now commenting upon the events or the vices of the day, or perhaps the follies of the hour; now lifting aloft the blazing torch of Christian philosophy to guide the honest seeker after truth, and now showering his withering scorn upon the scoffer's head; explaining, defending, deducing, enforcing his doctrines or precepts, sometimes with colloquial familiarity, and then again in a bold and swelling eloquence, which stirred and warmed the heart like the sound of a trumpet."†

FROM THE FUNERAL ORATION ON WASHINGTON.

The name of WASHINGTON, connected with all that is most brilliant in the history of our country and in human character, awakens sensations which agitate the fervors of youth, and warm the chill bosom of age. Transported to the times when America rose to repel her wrongs and to claim her destinies, a scene of boundless grandeur bursts upon our view. Long had her filial duty expostulated with parental injustice. Long did she deprecate the rupture of those ties which she had been proud of preserving and displaying. But her humble entreaty spurned, aggression followed by the rod, and the rod by scorpions, having changed remonstrance into murmur, and murmur into resistance, she transfers her grievances from the throne of earth to the throne of heaven, and precedes by an appeal to the God of battles her appeal to the sword of war. At issue now with the mistress of the seas—unfurnished with equal means of defence—the convulsive shock approaching—and every evil omen passing before her—one step of rashness or of folly may seal her doom. In this accumulation of trouble, who shall command her confidence, and face her dangers, and conduct her cause? God, whose kingdom ruleth over all, prepares from afar the instruments best adapted to his purpose. By an influence which it would be as irrational to dispute as it is vain to scrutinize, he stirs up the spirit of the statesman and the soldier. Minds, on which he has bestowed the elements of greatness, are brought by his providence into contact with exigencies which rouse them into action. It is in the season of effort and of peril that impotence disappears and energy arises. The whirlwind which sweeps away the glowworm, uncovers the fire of genius, and kindles it into a blaze that irradiates at once both the zenith and the poles. But among the heroes who sprung from obscurity when the college, the counting-house, and the plough, teemed with "thunderbolts of war," none could, in all respects, meet the wants and the wishes of America. She required, in her leader, a man reared under her own eye; who combined with distinguished talent a character above suspicion; who had added to his physical and moral qualities the experience of difficult service; a man who should concentrate in himself the public affections and confidences; who should know how to multiply the energies of every other man under his direction, and to make disaster itself the means of success—his arm a fortress, and his name a host. Such a man it were almost presumption to expect; but such a man all-ruling Heaven had provided, and that man was WASHINGTON.

Pre-eminent already in worth, he is summoned by his country to the pre-eminence of toil and of danger. Unallured by the charms of opulence—unappalled by the hazard of a dubious warfare—unmoved by the prospect of being, in the event of failure, the first and most conspicuous victim, he obeys her mandate because he loves his duty. The resolve is firm, for the probation is terrible. His theatre is a world; his charge, a family of nations; the interest staked in his hands, the prosperity of millions unborn in ages to come. His means, under aid from on high, the resources of his own breast, with the raw recruits and irregular supplies of distracted colonies. O crisis worthy of such a hero! Followed by her little bands, her prayers, and her tears, Washington espouses the quarrel of his country. As he moves on to the conflict, every heart palpitates and every knee trembles. The foe, alike valiant and veteran, presents no easy conquest, nor aught inviting but to those who had consecrated their blood to the public weal. The Omnipotent, who allots great enjoyment as the meed of great exertion, had ordained that America should be free, but that she should learn to value the blessing by the price of its acquisition. She shall go to a "wealthy place," but her way is "through fire and through water." Many a gene-

* The Writings of the late John M. Mason, D.D., consisting of Sermons, Essays, and Miscellanies, including Essays already published in the Christian Magazine. In 4 vols., selected and arranged by the Rev. Ebenezer Mason. New York. Published by the Editor. 1832.

† Address before the Philolexian and Peithologian Societies, 1830, by Gulian C. Verplanck.

rous chief must bleed, and many a gallant youth sink, at his side, into the surprised grave; the field must be heaped with slain, the purple torrent must roll, ere the angel of peace descend with his olive. It is here, amid devastation, and horror, and death, that Washington must reap his laurels, and engrave his trophies on the shields of immortality. Shall Delaware and Princeton? Shall Monmouth and York?—But I may not particularize; far less repeat the tale which babes recite, which poets sing, and Fame has published to a listening world. Every scene of his action was a scene of his triumph. Now he saved the republic by more than Fabian caution; now he avenged her by more than Carthaginian fierceness; while at every stroke her forests and her hills re-echoed to her shout, "The sword of the LORD and of WASHINGTON!" Nor was this the vain applause of partiality and enthusiasm. The blasted schemes of Britain, her broken and her captive hosts, proclaimed the terror of his arms. Skilled were her chiefs, and brave her legions; but bravery and skill rendered them a conquest more worthy of Washington. True, he suffered in his turn repulse, and even defeat. It was both natural and needful. Unchequered with reverse, his story would have resembled rather the fictions of romance than the truth of narrative; and had he been neither defeated nor repulsed, we had never seen all the grandeur of his soul. He arrayed himself in fresh honors by that which ruins even the great—vicissitude. He could not only subdue an enemy, but, what is infinitely more, he could subdue misfortune. With an equanimity which gave temperance to victory, and cheerfulness to disaster, he balanced the fortunes of the state. In the face of hostile prowess; in the midst of mutiny and treason; surrounded with astonishment, irresolution, and despondence; Washington remained erect, unmoved, invincible. Whatever ills America might endure in maintaining her rights, she exulted that she had nothing to fear from her commander-in-chief. The event justified her most sanguine presages. That invisible hand which girded him at first, continued to guard and to guide him through the successive stages of the revolution. Nor did he account it a weakness to bend the knee in homage to its supremacy, and prayer for its direction. This was the armor of Washington; this the salvation of his country.

* * * * * * * * *

It must ever be difficult to compare the merits of Washington's character, because he always appeared greatest in that which he last sustained. Yet if there is a preference, it must be assigned to the Lieutenant-General of the armies of America. Not because the duties of that station were more arduous than those which he had often performed, but because it more fully displayed his magnanimity. While others become great by elevation, Washington becomes greater by condescension. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! Thrice favored country, which boasts of such a citizen! We gaze with astonishment; we exult that we are Americans. We augur every thing great, and good, and happy. But whence this sudden horror? What means that cry of agony? Oh! 'tis the shriek of America! The fairy vision is fled: WASHINGTON is—no more!

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

Daughters of America, who erst prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress grove, and water it with tears.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

The death of WASHINGTON, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character. Read his devotedness to you in his military bequests to near relations. "These swords," they are the words of Washington, "these swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

In his acts, Americans, you have seen the man. In the complicated excellence of character he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune; let no usurping conqueror; let not Alexander or Cæsar; let not Cromwell or Bonaparte; let none among the dead or the living; appear in the same picture with WASHINGTON; or let them appear as the shade to his light.

On this subject, my countrymen, it is for others to speculate, but it is for us to feel. Yet in proportion to the severity of the stroke ought to be our thankfulness that it was not inflicted sooner. Through a long series of years has God preserved our Washington a public blessing; and now that he has removed him for ever, shall we presume to say, *What doest thou?* Never did the tomb preach more powerfully the dependence of all things on the will of the Most High. The greatest of mortals crumble into dust the moment he commands, *Return, ye children of men.* Washington was but the instrument of a benignant God. He sickens, he dies, that we may learn not to *trust in men*, nor to *make flesh our arm.* But though Washington is dead, Jehovah lives. God of our fathers! be our God, and the God of our children! Thou art our refuge and our hope; the pillar of our strength; the wall of our defence, and our unfading glory!

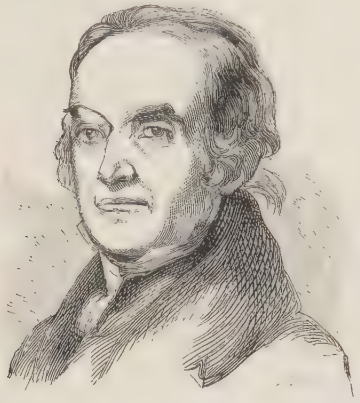
Americans! This God, who raised up Washington and gave you liberty, exacts from you the duty of cherishing it with a zeal according to knowledge. Never sully, by apathy or by outrage, your fair inheritance. Risk not, for one moment, on visionary theories, the solid blessings of your lot. To you, particularly, O youth of America! applies the solemn charge. In all the perils of your country remember Washington. The freedom of reason and of right has been handed down to you on the point of the hero's sword. Guard with veneration the sacred deposit. The curse of ages will rest upon you, O youth of America! if ever you surrender to foreign ambition, or domestic lawlessness, the precious liberties for which Washington fought, and your fathers bled.

I cannot part with you, fellow-citizens, without urging the long remembrance of our present assembly. This day we wipe away the reproach of republics, that they know not how to be grateful. In your treatment of living patriots, recall your love and your regret of WASHINGTON. Let not future inconsistency charge this day with hypocrisy. Happy America, if she gives an instance of universal principle in her sorrows for the man, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the affections of his country!"

JOSEPH HOPKINSON,

THE author of *Hail Columbia*, was born at Philadelphia, November 12, 1770. He was the son

of Francis Hopkinson, of whom we have before spoken. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and studied law with Judge Wilson and William Rawle. He commenced the practice of his profession at Easton; but soon returned to Philadelphia, where he acquired high distinction as a lawyer. He was counsel for Rush in his libel suit against Cobbett; and for Judge Chase of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the impeachment of that officer by the Senate. He was a member of the House of Representatives from 1815 to 1819, where he opposed the re-charter of the United States Bank, and maintained a high position as a speaker.



After a three years' residence at Bordentown, New Jersey, at the conclusion of his congressional career, he removed again to Philadelphia, where he was appointed in 1828, by President Adams, Judge of the United States District Court, an office held by his grandfather under the British Crown, and to which his father had been chosen on the organization of the judiciary in 1789. He retained this office until his death, January 15, 1842.

In addition to his professional duties, Judge Hopkinson filled the office of Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society and President of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, an institution which owes its foundation to his exertions. He was a warm friend of education, and delivered several addresses before literary societies. The circumstances under which his famous national song was written, are pleasantly described by its author in answer to a request for such information made several years after its composition.

HISTORY OF THE SONG OF HAIL COLUMBIA.

This Song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with *republican France*, as the war was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time on that question. The theatre was then open in our city: a young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to what was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favour with both parties—at least neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly *American* and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it.

Such is the history of the song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively *patriotic* in its sentiments and spirit.

The foregoing was written (Aug. 24, 1840), for the "Wyoming Band" at Wilkesbarre, who had requested the author to give them an account of the occasion for which "Hail Columbia" was composed.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Tune—"*President's March.*"

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause:
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat.
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON.

IN the village of Wrentham, Mass., there lived about the outbreak of the Revolutionary War a sea-captain, who had retired on a moderate income, by the name of Albee. He had no children of his own, and feeling lonesome in his isolation, proposed to a vagabond couple who were occasionally beggars at his door, as they were at the doors of many a house of many a town of Massachusetts and Connecticut, to adopt a bright looking boy whom they carried about with them, and called their son. The worthy couple answered, in the intervals when they were sober enough to answer anything, to the name of Johnson. They accepted the captain's proposal, the father with great joy, the mother with many tears, visited the boy occasionally afterwards, but finally disappeared.

The captain was in the main a good guardian, though he was apt also to get drunk, and when drunk apply the rope's end with more vigor than discretion about the person of young Johnson. He, however, taught him all he knew himself, and sent him to school to learn more. In this way he picked up some Latin and Greek before his sixteenth year, when he was placed in a store in Boston. He did not remain long, however, behind the counter, but commenced business on his own account as an itinerant schoolmaster, now and then visiting Wrentham, on one occasion in the garb of a sailor, "bearing," says his biographer, "both in his dress and person, marks of ill-usage at sea." The following scrap of verse found among his papers, in his early hand-writing, probably refers to this venture.

God's miracles I'll praise on shore,
And there his blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His wonders on the deep.

In 1790, when about the age of nineteen, he was at the head of the village school of Bridgehampton, Long Island. He saved a little money, and finding his way to East Hampton, six miles distant, commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Sage, a physician of that place. After his funds were exhausted, he supported himself by working for a cabinet-maker two days in the week, in payment for his board during the entire seven.

After two years at East Hampton, a good portion of which seems to have been spent in verse and love as well as cabinet-making, Johnson came to New York to seek his fortune. He continued the study of medicine after his arrival with Dr. Amasa Dingley, supporting himself as well as he could as a writer of newspaper paragraphs (which, judging from the meagreness of the papers of that day, must have afforded equally meagre means of sustenance), and as a teacher. During this period, almost of destitution, he was tempted by a publisher's offer to translate one of the infidel books then in vogue in France, the "*Christianisme Dévoilée*" of Boulanger. He regretted this act afterwards. "I do not believe," he wrote to a friend, "that Boulanger's sentiments concerning the Christian religion are just. I believe the most prominent features of the monster in question, are sophistry and rancour." "Persuasion and poverty," he says in the same letter, "induced me to translate this work of Boulanger."

Soon after this, having in the meantime narrowly escaped death from an attack of yellow fever, he received a proposal from Dr. Robert Brownfield, of Georgetown, S. C., to enter into a medical partnership at that place. He accepted the offer, the more readily as he was desirous of placing himself in a position which would justify him, by providing means of support, in asking the hand of a lady to whom he had become attached, and arrived at the place in February, 1796. He was successful in the practice of his profession, and seemed on the point of securing his wishes, when he was attacked by a fever in the autumn after his arrival. His constitution had been previously impaired by illness, and he remained an invalid during the winter. In June he was again seized, and at last, yielding to the entreaties of his friend Dr. Brownfield, made a visit to the North for the benefit of his health. On his arrival at New York in August, he went to Jamaica, Long Island. Here his old friends soon surrounded him. But a short time only remained for the exercise of their affection, his death occurring on the twenty-first of September following.

Our knowledge of Johnson is derived from two of a series of articles by John Howard Payne, on "Our Neglected Poets," to which we are also indebted for our specimens of his productions, few of which appear to have attained the honors of newspaper, much less collective publication. They deserve a better fate than the "neglect"

they have experienced, for they display many beauties of thought and expression.

ON A SNOW-FLAKE FALLING ON A LADY'S BREAST.

To kiss my Celia's fairer breast,
The snow forsakes its native skies,
But proving an unwelcome guest,
It grieves, dissolves in tears, and dies.

Its touch, like mine, but serves to wake
Through all her frame a death-like chill,—
Its tears, like those I shed, to make
That icy bosom colder still.

I blame her not: from Celia's eyes
A common fate beholders proved—
Each swain, each fair one, weeps and dies,—
With envy these, and those with love!

WINTER.

Now grim amidst his gathering glooms,
Lo! angry Winter rushes forth:
Destruction with the despot comes,
And all the tempests of the north.

What time he thunders o'er the heath,
Each scene, that charm'd, in terror flies,
Creation feels his gelid breath,
Affrighted nature shrieks and dies.

Perplex'd and sad, these scenes among,
The pondering soul, with fainting steps,
Quite sick of being, plods along,
And o'er the mighty ruin weeps.

Or lifts the longing eye, and sighs
For milder climes and lovelier meads,
A vernal hour, that never flies,
And flowers, that rear immortal heads;

Where ne'er, unchain'd, the maniac blast
Scours the bleak heavens, with hideous scream:
Where skies of sapphire, ne'er o'ercast,
Incessant pour the golden beam.

SPRING.

'Tis May! no more the huntsman finds
The lingering snow behind the hill;
Her swelling bosom pregnant earth unbinds,
And love and joy creation fill.

Over the glassy streamlet's brink,
Young verdures peep, themselves to view;
At noon the tipsied insects sit and drink
From flowery cups the honeyed dew.

Deep crimsoned in the dyes of spring,
On every side broad orchards rise.
Soft waving to the breeze's balmy wing,
Like dancing lights in northern skies.

In ditties wild, devoid of thought,
The robin through the day descants,
The pensive whip-poor-will, behind the cot
Her dirge, at evening, sadly chaunts.

Queen of the months, soft blushing May!
Forever bright, forever dear,
Oh, let our prayers prolong thy little stay,
And exile winter from the year.

Life, love, and joy, to thee belong,—
Thee fly the storm and lurid cloud,
Thou givest the heavens their blue, the groves their song,
Thou com'st, and nature laughs aloud.

Let prouder swains forsake the cell
In arms, or arts, to rise and shine,—
I blame them not—alas! I wish them well—
But May and solitude be mine!

FAME.

Clad with the moss of gathering years,
The stone of fame shall moulder down,
Long dried from soft affection's tears,
Its place unheeded and unknown.

Ah! who would strive for fame that flies
Like forms of mist before the gale?
Renown but breathes before it dies,—
A meteor's path! an idiot's tale!

Beneath retirement's sheltering wing,
From mad conflicting crowds remote,
Beside some grove-encircled spring,
Let wisdom build your humble cot:

There clasp your fair one to your breast,
Your eyes impearl'd with transport's tear,
By turns caressing and carest,—
Your infant prattlers sporting near.

Content your humble board shall dress,
And poverty shall guard your door,—
Of wealth and fame, if you have less
Than monarchs, you of bliss have more.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

Here sleep in dust, and wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

It is somewhat remarkable that the first of our novelists, as well as the first of our painters, should have sprung from a sect, which in principle and practice manifests a repugnance rather than sympathy with the products of the imagination. Charles Brockden Brown was, like Benjamin West, of Quaker lineage, his ancestors having emigrated to Pennsylvania in the same ship which brought William Penn to her shores. He was born in Philadelphia on the seventeenth of January, 1771. His middle name was derived from his uncle, who was settled in this country at an early period, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. This relative was brought up in England as a student in the office of a lawyer who was disaffected to the government of the reigning monarch, Charles II. While pursuing his studies he accidentally overheard a conversation between his employer and a number of other persons, in which a plot against the government was broached. At the close of the conference the auditor was discovered. A number urged that he should be put to death, but his life was spared by the lawyer's assertion that the youth was of too feeble intellectual capacity to make use of his knowledge. It was then decided that he should be sent out of the country, but the project was not executed until some time after, when some circumstances had re-excited the fears of the conspirators. He was shipped to Philadelphia, where he rapidly rose to official eminence. He was the "skilful conveyancer" and "great scrivener" who drew up the articles of agreement of the Philadelphia Library for Benjamin Franklin, who records the fact, in 1731.

The early years of the future novelist were marked by intellectual precocity and physical weakness. He found food in books for the cravings caused by the one, and a solace for the deprivations entailed by the other. When but an infant he could be safely left without other companion than a picture-book, which would engross

his attention so completely as to exclude all ideas of mischief and apprehensions of danger. A few years after he would be found in his stockings (an instance of cautious neatness characteristic of Quaker training) mounted on a table in order to trace out the courses of rivers and mountains, on a large map suspended to the wall. This was so favorite a study with him that at the age of ten he could answer any geographical question started in the family. It was a taste which continued through life; one of the works on which he was employed at the time of his death being a treatise on this same subject. General literature was, however, equally attractive, as he devoured the contents of every book he could lay his hands upon.

A characteristic anecdote is related of him when at the age of ten years. "Why does he call me boy?" said he, referring to a visitor, who had just left the room, and had thus addressed him in contemptuous reproof for some question or remark; "does he not know that it is neither size nor age, but understanding, that makes the man? I could ask him an hundred questions, none of which he could answer."

At the age of eleven he entered the school of Robert Proud, a renowned teacher of those days. He remained here five years, pursuing classical studies with such ardor that his slight physical frame often broke down under his exertions. His periods of relaxation were not, however, passed in inaction. He followed the good advice of his instructor to turn for a while his back on the city as well as the school, and recruit in the pure country air. The excursions consequently performed were generally pedestrian, and were conducive to mental as well as physical strength; though, as he was usually without a companion, they served somewhat to confirm him in a reserved habit of mind. A passion for verse-making succeeded the regular duties of school. He laid Virgil and Homer on the shelf only to endeavor to rival their labors by his own. He had three historical poems planned out, one on the Discovery of America, another on Cortez, and a third devoted to Pizarro. Epic writing, however, happily proved but a passing fancy with him.

One of his early poetical attempts met with an amusing mishap. It was an Address to Franklin, but the printer of the periodical in which it appeared saw fit to insert throughout, in place of the author's hero, the name of Washington. "Washington," he says in his journal, "therefore stands arrayed in awkward colours. Philosophy smiles to behold her darling son; she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory in the field of battle, to this, her favourite candidate, who had never participated in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquests of philosophy alone." We next hear of Brown as a law student in the office of Alexander Wilson, a leading member of the Philadelphia bar. The study was as discordant with his mental as its practice with his personal habits. He appears, however, to have at first taken hold of the profession with ardor as he became a member of a law society, bore a leading part in its forensic debates, and was elected its President. This association, however, soon had a rival in the formation of the "Belles Lettres Club," of which Brown, who was at first averse to the project, soon became the leader. He was conscientiously active in both of these associations, and his decisions in the cases brought before the first named association show that his mind was well fitted for the legal profession. But directly after the completion of one of these decisions, says one of his friends, "he gave vent to his fancy in a poetical effusion, as much distinguished by its wild and eccentric brilliancy as the other composition was for its plain sobriety and gravity of style." This anecdote shows the bias of his tastes, and foreshadows the determination arrived at on the conclusion of his studies—the abandonment of law for literature.

The change was one regretted by his family, who had no fortune on which he could fall back from the hazards of an author's career for support; but it was not the wilful prosecution of a whim on the part of Brown. With a view to the improvement of his style he had for some time past kept a daily record of his thoughts and experiences, in which he copied the letters he wrote to his friends and those which he received in return—a practice somewhat similar to that of the inveterate journalizer, Haydon, the painter, who pasted all the letters addressed to him in the ample pages of his folio records. He had tested his intellectual powers in his club compositions, and in a series of essays under the appropriate title of *The Rhapsodist*, which were published in 1789 in the "Columbus Magazine." Their reception had given him confidence in his intellectual resources. A distrust of his qualifications for the more active legal career was doubtless an equally or more exciting cause of his determination. The decision must, however, be regarded, as it seems to have afterwards been by its author, as an unfortunate one. The demands of a profession were precisely those which he needed to cure his shyness, call him from a too retired mode of life, a constant habit of introspection and revery, which he indulged to an injurious extent, and which an exclusively literary career tended, as his works prove, to foster rather than combat.

Due credit must at the same time be given to him for resolution and bravery. He was not only the first person in America who ventured to pursue literature as a profession, but almost the first to make an attempt in the field of imaginative writing, disconnected with the advocacy of any question of national or local interest.

He sought relief from the doubts and anxieties incident to this change of his plans in a journey to New York to visit his intimate friend Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith, with whom he had become acquainted while the latter was prosecuting his medical studies at Philadelphia. He was introduced by this gentleman to William Dunlap, the painter and author, and to most of the leading literary and scientific men of the city, many of whom met at a weekly reunion under the pleasant title of the "Friendly Club,"* of which Brown, who seems to have deserved the epithet of Dr. Johnson, that of being a "clubable man," soon became a member. Owing, doubtless, to the attractiveness of the choice literary society of these

* Vide *ante*, p. 570.

gentlemen, our author's visits to New York were more and more prolonged, and following one another at less and less intervals, he virtually became a resident of the city.

A letter published in the "Literary Magazine" written about this time, descriptive of a journey to Rockaway, contains a pleasant and curious description of that celebrated watering-place, which he speaks of as at that time "a place of fashionable resort."

He wrote in the fall and winter of 1797 a work which he refers to in his journal as "the dialogue of Alcuin, in which the topic of Marriage is discussed with some degree of subtlety, at least." It was published in the same year, but its crude and hazardous theories on the subject of divorce and other social topics excited little attention, and were abandoned by the author as he grew wiser and older. He also speaks in his journal of having commenced a novel in a series of letters, which was never completed.

During the summer of 1798 the yellow fever broke out in New York. Brown, unwilling to lose the society of his friend Smith, in whose house he was then resident, determined to remain in the city, relying for security, as he states in a letter to his brother James, on his mode of living, "from which animal food and spirituous liquors are wholly excluded." He also relied on the remoteness of his residence from the infected district. The latter advantage was neutralized by the humane conduct of himself and Dr. Smith in removing the friend of the latter, Scandella, an Italian gentleman, who was attacked by the disease, to their home, where he soon after died. Both friends caught the infection; but Smith fell, and Brown recovered.

His correspondence bears touching evidence of his sorrow for the loss of his friend, and his novel of Arthur Mervyn gives a similar testimony of the lasting effect which his experience as an eye-witness of and sufferer from the pestilence here and in his native city in 1793 made upon him.

We next hear of a magazine projected by Brown. It does not seem to have got out of the limbo of castle-building, although the requisites to insure success are moderate. They are thus stated in a letter to his brother Armit, and are interesting as an item of literary history:

"Four hundred subscribers will repay the annual expense of sixteen hundred dollars. As soon as this number is obtained, the printers will begin, and trust to the punctual payment of these for reimbursement. All above four hundred will be clear profit to me; one thousand subscribers will produce four thousand five hundred dollars, and deducting the annual expense will leave two thousand seven hundred."

We find him in 1798 contributing a series of papers entitled *The Man at Home* to the "Weekly Magazine,"* a miscellany of some merit. These papers have a connecting thread of story, but are for the most part occupied with reflections on men and society. They extend through the first volume, and are followed in the second by his novel of Arthur Mervyn.

The projected magazine gave way to a series of far greater importance, not only to the reputation of the author but to that of the literature of his country. His first step, however, in the career which was to make him famous was arrested by an annoying mishap. The story is worth relating as it shows the obstacles with which authorship in America had to struggle in its infancy. Brown wrote his first novel, bearing the title of *Sky Walk, or the Man Unknown to Himself.** The printer who had engaged to print the work and look to its sale for his pay, died when his task was nearly completed. His executors refused to fulfil the contract or to sell the printed sheets at the price the author's friends offered for them, and thus "Sky Walk" was denied a terrestrial career. The fate of the sheets is unknown. Brown, who, judging from the number of his fragmentary manuscripts as well as the incomplete nature of his published works, wrote quite as much to please himself as the public, did not probably take the matter to heart, and afterwards incorporated portions of his ill-fated novel in Edgar Huntley.

C. B. Brown

In the year 1798 his Wieland appeared. It was published in a duodecimo volume of some three hundred pages by T. & J. Swords and H. Caritat. Its success was immediate, and so stimulating to its author that in the December after its publication he wrote Ormond. The publication of this second novel in New York, 1799, was followed by the first part of that of Arthur Mervyn during the same year in Philadelphia. This was followed in a few months by Edgar Huntley, in 1800 by the second part of Arthur Mervyn, and in the next year by Clara Howard and Jane Talbot. His literary labors at this period seem to have been interrupted only by a short visit to some friends at Middletown, Connecticut, in June, 1799; by a similar excursion to Princeton, New Jersey, to meet his eldest brother, whose ordinary residence was Charleston, South Carolina, and a

* The Weekly Magazine of Original Essays, Fugitive Pieces, and Interesting Intelligence. Phila.: James Walters. 8vo. pp. 32. It appears to have been continued a little over a year.

* The "proposals" for publication appear on the cover of the Weekly Magazine, published in Philadelphia in 1798.

tour of a few weeks in the summer of 1801, up the Hudson, through Massachusetts to Northampton, and thence by Hartford and New Haven to New York.

This rapid succession of fictitious narratives is almost unexampled in literary history, but does not seem to have satisfied the intellectual activity of their author. In the month of April, 1799, he carried out his favorite plan of a periodical by the issue in New York of No. 1 of the *Monthly Magazine and American Review*. He was the chief contributor to its pages, but it does not seem to have met a success equal to his novels, as it closed with the century in 1800. A second attempt was more permanent; *The Literary Magazine and American Register* started in October, 1803, in Philadelphia, where its projector was again a resident, having been continued for five years.

In 1803 he also published the first of several political essays, that on the *Cession of Louisiana to France*, in which he advocated the purchase of that region by the United States, and the progressive territorial extension of the Union, in animated and earnest language. In November, 1804, he married Miss Elizabeth Linn, daughter of the Rev. Dr. William Linn, of New York.

Brown, whose mind seems to have been at all times clear and practical with regard to the duties of life, aware, perhaps, of the limited scope of his novels, and finding himself breaking loose from the peculiarities of mental existence to which they owe their power as well as their individuality, applied himself to graver though less ambitious labor, and devoted himself, after his marriage, with increased energy to his literary career. He projected, and by the aid of Mr. Conrad, the active publisher of his Magazine, issued in 1806 the first volume of the "American Register." This was the first publication of its kind which appeared in the country. It contained European and American annals, Review of Literature, Foreign and American State papers, Miscellaneous articles, an American Obituary, and a Chronicle, consisting of a large number of brief articles. The narrative portions are excellent. This series was continued in semi-annual volumes, interrupted only by the death of its author five years afterwards.

A second political pamphlet appeared about this time on the Jay Treaty, rejected by Jefferson. A third, entitled *An Address to the Congress of the United States on the utility and justice of restrictions upon Foreign Commerce, with reflections on Foreign Trade in general and the future prospects of America*, was published in 1809.

He also planned a system of general geography, which, with the exception of the part relating to the United States, was completed at the time of his death. It has never been published, but is said by his biographers to have been admirably executed. He also "made considerable progress in a work on Rome during the Age of the Antonines, similar to Anacharsis' Travels in Greece."*

In addition to these MSS. he left behind him a number of elaborately executed architectural drawings, a study which was always a favorite one with him.

* Life prefixed to the edition of his novels, 1827.

In reading of such a constant series of important intellectual productions we are in danger of forgetting that their author was a man weak in body though strong in mind. It was doubtless solely in consequence of the strict regime* of his life that he was enabled to resist the attacks of disease which, as we have seen, had seized upon him almost at his birth, until his thirty-ninth year. "When," says he, in a letter written to a friend about this period, "have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind, which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men! Never—scarcely ever. Not longer than half an hour at a time, since I have called myself man." In order to combat the now rapidly advancing strides of consumption he was induced to lay aside his books, as years ago in his schoolboy days he had been forced to lay aside the books of others, for a journey from home. He accordingly made a brief visit to New York, stopping at several points in the state of New Jersey. This was in the summer of 1809. On the tenth of November in the same year he took to his bed "with a violent pain in his side for which he was bled"—and was confined to his room until his death on the twenty-second of February following. The gentleness and equanimity of his life did not desert him at its close. Though often tortured by disease he conversed cheerfully with his wife and friends, and retained full possession of his faculties to the last.

Brown describes himself as "mute among strangers." Like many persons of reserved habits he took intense enjoyment in the society of his intimate friends. His stationary mode of life shows that he had little of the spirit of adventure. "I would rather," he says, "consort for ever with a ploughman or even an old Bergen marketwoman, than expose myself to an hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Ledyard or a Park." He was careless of his money, and slovenly in dress. His description of Mervyn has been well applied by his biographer, Dunlap, to himself. "My existence is a series of thoughts, rather than of motions. Ratiocination and deduction leave my senses unemployed." He appears to have had but little sympathy with the Quakers. "The truth is," he says, "I am no better than an outcast of that unwarlike sect." His religious views were unsettled in the early period of his life, but in the preface to his Magazine he emphatically professes his faith in Christianity. His moral character was unexceptionable. He was much beloved by his friends and relatives, and was liberal notwithstanding his poverty, receiving his sisters-in-law, on their father's death, into his own family. In person, Brown was tall and strongly framed, but extremely thin. His complexion was pale and sallow, his hair straight and black. The expression of his face was strongly marked with melancholy. "I saw him," says Sully, the painter, "a little before his death. I had never known him—never heard of him—never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November—our

* Brown was an abstinent from spirituous liquors long before the date of temperance societies, and was equally simple in his diet. In one of his magazines he has written papers on the deleterious effect of intemperance, and of the use of greasy articles of food.

Indian summer—when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window one day, I was caught by the sight of a man, with a remarkable physiognomy, writing at a table in a dark room. The sun shone directly upon his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling then—it was Charles Brockden Brown." "Brown lived in Philadelphia," says John Neal, who furnishes this anecdote, "in Eleventh, between Walnut and Chesnut streets, in a low, dirty, two-story brick house, standing a little *in* from the street —with never a tree nor a shrub near it." His novels, though successful, probably added little to his financial resources. He says in one of his letters to his brother, James Brown, dated New York, April, 1800, "Bookmaking, as you observe, is the dullest of all trades, and the most that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed for his unavoidable expenses. * * The saleability of my works will much depend upon their popularity in England, whither Caritat has carried a considerable number of Wieland, Ormond, and Mervyn."

The novels were reprinted and well received in England, though we are not aware that the author ever derived any pecuniary advantage from their success. Arthur Mervyn and Edgar Huntley have taken a place in Bentley's Library of Standard Romance.

Brown entertained a moderate estimate of his own literary powers. In the prospectus to his "Literary Magazine," issued October, 1803, he says—"I shall take no pains to conceal my name. Anybody may know it who chooses to ask me or my publisher. I shall not, however, put it at the bottom of this address. My diffidence, as my friends would call it, and my discretion, as my enemies (if I have any) would term it, hinders me from calling out my name in a crowd. * * I am far from wishing, however, that my readers should judge of my exertions by my former ones. I have written much, but take much blame to myself for something which I have written, and take no praise for anything. I should enjoy a larger share of my own respect, at the present moment, if nothing had ever flowed from my pen, the production of which could be traced to me. A variety of causes induce me to form such a wish, but I am principally influenced by the consideration that time can scarcely fail of enlarging and refining the powers of a man; while the world is sure to judge of his capacities and principles at fifty from what he has written at fifteen." He was not, however, insensible to the pleasure of success. In a letter to his brother, dated Feb. 15, 1799, almost the only one in which he alludes to the success of his literary attempts, he says, "I add somewhat, though not so much as I might if I were so inclined, to the number of my friends. I find to be the writer of *Wieland* and *Ormond* is a greater recommendation than I ever imagined it would be."

Caleb Williams was published in 1794. Wieland appeared four years later. There is an undoubted resemblance between this and Brown's other novels and that of Godwin. That Brown admired Caleb Williams is amply proved by his letter to his brother, in which he speaks of its "transcendent merits as compared to the mass of novels." The two authors were alike in their earnestness and directness, and in their sombre views of society. They both relied more on the development of a story, the working out of an idea, than on the exhibition of character. There is also some similarity of style. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. Caleb Williams is written to expose the evils of the social system of England, and of the exaggerated ideas of personal honor derived from the times of chivalry working on a noble but morbidly sensitive hero. Wieland is a fanciful attempt to illustrate the effects which might be produced by the comparatively trifling agency of ventriloquism. One deals, as its title faithfully promises, with "things as they are"—the other tries to trick us into a belief in the supernatural, though not actually deserting the regions of the real—scenes, incidents, characters, results, are all different.

In writing Wieland, Brown seems to have taken a lesson from the laboratories of his numerous medical friends, rather than from any literary model. He probably derived the opening incident, the destruction of the elder Wieland by spontaneous combustion, from the doctors. As he continues his characters are passive matter in his hands. He troubles himself little if any to individualize. They are nothing apart from the circumstances which surround them. It is only when brought into conjunction in the lonely country-house, like the contents of the crucible, that they show their latent virtues, and like these too they are well nigh absorbed in the result. The incidents of the tale are equally faulty. The supernatural voice whose monitions lead Wieland to immolate wife and children, turns out to be the miserable trickery of the "biloquist" Carwin, who, commencing the purposeless annoyance of a family of strangers, has not the courage to avow his tricks until after they have led to this bloody catastrophe. With all its improbabilities, however, the tale enforces the breathless attention of the reader from beginning to end.

Brown was sensible of the abruptness of the introduction of Carwin, and to mend the matter commenced the memoirs of the early career of this mysterious and disagreeable personage in the "Literary Magazine." He abandoned the plan after writing a few chapters which have no connexion whatever with the story they were intended to complete, except in the relation of the manner in which the "biloquist" becomes sensible of his peculiar powers.

The other novels have a more real though not less intense interest. They introduce us to a somewhat wider range of characters, men of mixed and complicated natures, not the blind slaves and passive agents of a single idea. They bring us, too, to the city, but it is most often to the city in its plague-stricken agonies, when its streets are almost as desolate as the frontier settlement and wooded fastnesses in which the author delights. We have little of the domestic life either of city or country. There is scarcely any dialogue to stay the stern progress of events—the characters are more disposed to soliloquize than to talk. We have few glimpses of indoor comfort in mansion or cottage, no peaceful views of smiling landscape. Brown can depict natural scenery, and does it too with a firm and bold hand, but his pictures have more of Sal-

vator than of Claude. In the wild scenery of Pennsylvania, in the then wilderness of the Forks of the Delaware, he is as much at home as among the right angles of his native city. In Edgar Huntley he has given full scope to his love of natural scenery. The strange wild ramble of the somnambulist through cave, forest, and river, is full of fine description, though the varying scene is suggested rather than portrayed. The adventures with the cougar and the Indians in the same story are wonderfully animated; anticipating and foreshadowing the more elaborate efforts of the great successor of the first American novelist.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF CARWIN—FROM WIELAND.

One sunny afternoon, I was standing in the door of my house, when I marked a person passing close to the edge of the bank that was in front. His pace was a careless and lingering one, and had none of that gracefulness and ease which distinguish a person with certain advantages of education from a clown. His gait was rustic and awkward. His form was ungainly and disproportioned. Shoulders broad and square, breast sunken, his head drooping, his body of uniform breadth, supported by long and lank legs, were the ingredients of his frame. His garb was not ill adapted to such a figure. A slouched hat, tarnished by the weather, a coat of thick grey cloth, cut and wrought, as it seemed, by a country tailor, blue worsted stockings, and shoes fastened by thongs, and deeply discolored by dust, which brush had never disturbed, constituted his dress.

There was nothing remarkable in these appearances; they were frequently to be met with on the road, and in the harvest field. I cannot tell why I gazed upon them, on this occasion, with more than ordinary attention, unless it were that such figures were seldom seen by me, except on the road or field. This lawn was only traversed by men whose views were directed to the pleasures of the walk, or the grandeur of the scenery.

He passed slowly along, frequently pausing, as if to examine the prospect more deliberately, but never turning his eye towards the house, so as to allow me a view of his countenance. Presently, he entered a copse at a small distance, and disappeared. My eye followed him while he remained in sight. If his image remained for any duration in my fancy after his departure, it was because no other object occurred sufficient to expel it.

I continued in the same spot for half an hour, vaguely, and by fits, contemplating the image of this wanderer, and drawing, from outward appearances, those inferences, with respect to the intellectual history of this person, which experience affords us. I reflected on the alliance which commonly subsists between ignorance and the practice of agriculture, and indulged myself in airy speculations as to the influence of progressive knowledge in dissolving this alliance, and embodying the dreams of the poets. I asked why the plough and the hoe might not become the trade of every human being, and how this trade might be made conducive to, or, at least, consistent with the acquisition of wisdom and eloquence.

Weary with these reflections, I returned to the kitchen to perform some household office. I had usually but one servant, and she was a girl about my own age. I was busy near the chimney, and she was employed near the door of the apartment, when some one knocked. The door was opened by her, and she was immediately addressed with—"Pr'ythee, good girl, canst thou supply a thirsty man with a glass of buttermilk?" She answered that there was none in the house. "Aye, but there is some in the dairy, yonder. Thou knowest as well as I, though Hermes never taught thee, that though every dairy be a house, every house is not a dairy." To this speech, though she understood only a part of it, she replied by repeating her assurances, that she had none to give. "Well, then," rejoined the stranger, "for charity's sweet sake, hand me forth a cup of cold water." The girl said she would go to the spring and fetch it. "Nay, give me the cup, and suffer me to help myself. Neither manacled nor lame, I should merit burial in the maw of carrion crows, if I laid this task upon thee." She gave him the cup, and he turned to go to the spring.

I listened to this dialogue in silence. The words uttered by the person without, affected me as somewhat singular, but what chiefly rendered them remarkable, was the tone that accompanied them. It was wholly new. My brother's voice and Pleyel's were musical and energetic. I had fondly imagined, that, in this respect, they were surpassed by none. Now my mistake was detected. I cannot pretend to communicate the impression that was made upon me by these accents, or to depict the degree in which force and sweetness were blended in them. They were articulated with a distinctness that was unexampled in my experience. But this was not all. The voice was not only mellifluent and clear, but the emphasis was so just, and the modulation so impassioned, that it seemed as if a heart of stone could not fail of being moved by it. It imparted to me an emotion altogether involuntary and incontrollable. When he uttered the words, "for charity's sweet sake," I dropped the cloth that I held in my hand, my heart overflowed with sympathy, and my eyes with unbidden tears.

This description will appear to you trifling or incredible. The importance of these circumstances will be manifested in the sequel. The manner in which I was affected on this occasion, was, to my own apprehension, a subject of astonishment. The tones were indeed such as I never heard before; but that they should, in an instant, as it were, dissolve me in tears, will not easily be believed by others, and can scarcely be comprehended by myself.

It will be readily supposed that I was somewhat inquisitive as to the person and demeanor of our visitant. After a moment's pause, I stepped to the door and looked after him. Judge my surprise, when I beheld the self-same figure that had appeared a half hour before upon the bank. My fancy had conjured up a very different image. A form, and attitude, and garb, were instantly created worthy to accompany such elocution; but this person was, in all visible respects, the reverse of this phantom. Strange as it may seem, I could not speedily reconcile myself to this disappointment. Instead of returning to my employment, I threw myself in a chair that was placed opposite the door, and sunk into a fit of musing.

My attention was, in a few minutes, recalled by the stranger, who returned with the empty cup in his hand. I had not thought of the circumstance, or should certainly have chosen a different seat. He no sooner showed himself, than a confused sense of impropriety, added to the suddenness of the interview, for which, not having foreseen it, I had made no preparation, threw me into a state of the most painful embarrassment. He brought with him a placid brow; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than his face was as glowingly suffused as my own. He placed the cup upon the bench, stammered out thanks, and retired.

It was some time before I could recover my wonted composure. I had snatched a view of the stranger's countenance. The impression that it made was vivid and indelible. His cheeks were pallid and lank, his eyes sunken, his forehead overshadowed by coarse straggling hairs, his teeth large and irregular, though sound and brilliantly white, and his chin discolored by a tetter. His skin was of coarse grain, and sallow hue. Every feature was wide of beauty, and the outline of his face reminded you of an inverted cone.

And yet his forehead, so far as shaggy locks would allow it to be seen, his eyes lustrously black, and possessing, in the midst of haggardness, a radiance inexpressibly serene and potent, and something in the rest of his features, which it would be in vain to describe, but which served to betoken a mind of the highest order, were essential ingredients in the portrait. This, in the effects which immediately flowed from it, I count among the most extraordinary incidents of my life. This face, seen for a moment, continued for hours to occupy my fancy, to the exclusion of almost every other image. I had purposed to spend the evening with my brother, but I could not resist the inclination of forming a sketch upon paper of this memorable visage. Whether my hand was aided by any peculiar inspiration, or I was deceived by my own fond conceptions, this portrait, though hastily executed, appeared unexceptionable to my own taste.

I placed it at all distances, and in all lights; my eyes were riveted upon it. Half the night passed away in wakefulness and in contemplation of this picture. So flexible, and yet so stubborn, is the human mind. So obedient to impulses the most transient and brief, and yet so unalterably observant of the direction which is given to it! How little did I then foresee the termination of that chain, of which this may be regarded as the first link?

YELLOW FEVER SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA, 1793—FROM ARTHUR MERVYN.

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants; fugitives from home; and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers, and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some moveable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing, seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded, was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers, contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would, at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghost-like, wrapt in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar; and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panics. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremors, when I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognised to be a *hearse*.

The driver was seated on it. I stood still, to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued from the house. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity.

One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, "I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the *fever* that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?"

The other surlily muttered, "Their legs, to be sure."

"But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to be sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but damn it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me, told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! He could not live. The sooner dead the better for him; as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse, "what's wanted? Anybody dead?"

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behoved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs*, but many were without inhabitants. At length, I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open, and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of no one such; and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomforted and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and in a tone of peevishness demanded what I wanted? I told her that I wanted lodging.

"Go hunt for it somewhere else," said she; "you'll find none here." I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money, but a horse shelter, or a morsel of food, could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me, should this fatal malady be contracted. To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man, which was denied to me in health, was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections, was to hasten back to *Malverton;* which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before the morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run, as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

This impulse was quickly counteracted by new ideas. I thought with indignation and shame on the imbecility of my proceeding. I called up the images of Susan Hadwin, and of Wallace. I reviewed the motives which had led me to the undertaking of this journey. Time had, by no means, diminished their force. I had, indeed, nearly arrived at the accomplishment of what I had intended. A few steps would carry me to Thetford's habitation. This might be the critical moment, when succour was most needed, and would be most efficacious.

I had previously concluded to defer going thither till the ensuing morning; but why should I allow myself a moment's delay? I might at least gain an external view of the house, and circumstances might arise, which would absolve me from the obligation of remaining an hour longer in the city. All for which I came might be performed; the destiny of Wallace be ascertained; and I be once more safe within the precincts of *Malverton* before the return of day.

I immediately directed my steps towards the habitation of Thetford. Carriages bearing the dead were frequently discovered. A few passengers likewise occurred, whose hasty and perturbed steps denoted their participation in the common distress. The house, of which I was in quest, quickly appeared. Light from an upper window indicated that it was still inhabited.

I paused a moment to reflect in what manner it became me to proceed. To ascertain the existence and condition of Wallace was the purpose of my journey. He had inhabited this house; and whether he remained in it, was now to be known. I felt repugnance to enter, since my safety might, by entering, be unawares and uselessly endangered. Most of the neighboring houses were apparently deserted. In some there were various tokens of people being within. Might I not inquire, at one of these, respecting the condition of Thetford's family? Yet why should I disturb them by inquiries so impertinent, at this unseasonable hour? To knock at Thetford's door, and put my questions to him who should obey the signal, was the obvious method.

I knocked dubiously and lightly. No one came. I knocked again, and more loudly; I likewise drew the bell. I distinctly heard its distant peals. If any were within, my signal could not fail to be noticed. I paused, and listened, but neither voice nor footsteps could be heard. The light, though obscured by window curtains, which seemed to be drawn close, was still perceptible.

I ruminated on the causes that might hinder my summons from being obeyed. I figured to myself nothing but the helplessness of disease, or the insensibility of death. These images only urged me to persist in endeavoring to obtain admission. Without weighing the consequences of my act, I involuntarily lifted the latch. The door yielded to my hand, and I put my feet within the passage.

Once more I paused. The passage was of considerable extent, and at the end of it I perceived light as from a lamp or candle. This impelled me to go forward, till I reached the foot of a staircase. A candle stood upon the lowest step.

This was a new proof that the house was not deserted. I struck my heel against the floor with some violence; but this, like my former signals, was unnoticed. Having proceeded thus far, it would have been absurd to retire with my purpose uneffected. Taking the candle in my hand, I opened a door that was near. It led into a spacious parlor, furnished with profusion and splendor. I walked to and fro, gazing at the objects which presented themselves; and involved in perplexity, I knocked with my heel louder than ever; but no less ineffectually.

Notwithstanding the lights which I had seen, it was possible that the house was uninhabited. This I was resolved to ascertain, by proceeding to the chamber which I had observed, from without, to be illuminated. This chamber, as far as the comparison of circumstances would permit me to decide, I believed to be the same in which I had passed the first night of my late abode in the city. Now was I, a second time, in almost equal ignorance of my situation, and of the consequences which impended, exploring my way to the same recess.

I mounted the stair. As I approached the door of which I was in search, a vapor, infectious and deadly, assailed my senses. It resembled nothing of which I had ever before been sensible. Many odors had been met with, even since my arrival in the city, less supportable than this. I seemed not so much to smell as to taste the element that now encompassed me. I felt as if I had inhaled a poisonous and subtle fluid, whose power instantly bereft my stomach of all vigor. Some fatal influence appeared to seize upon my vitals; and the work of corrosion and decomposition to be busily begun.

For a moment, I doubted whether imagination had not some share in producing my sensation; but I had not been previously panic-struck; and even now I attended to my own sensations without mental discomposure. That I had imbibed this disease was not to be questioned. So far the chances in my favor were annihilated. The lot of sickness was drawn.

Whether my case would be lenient or malignant; whether I should recover or perish, was to be left to the decision of the future. This incident, instead of appalling me, tended rather to invigorate my courage. The danger which I feared had come. I might enter with indifference on this theatre of pestilence. I might execute without faltering, the duties that my circumstances might create. My state was no longer hazardous; and my destiny would be totally uninfluenced by my future conduct.

The pang with which I was first seized, and the momentary inclination to vomit, which it produced, presently subsided. My wholesome feelings, indeed, did not revisit me, but strength to proceed was restored to me. The effluvia became more sensible as I approached the door of the chamber. The door was ajar; and the light within was perceived. My belief, that those within were dead, was presently confuted by a sound, which I first supposed to be that of steps moving quickly and timorously across the floor. This ceased, and was succeeded by sounds of different, but inexplicable import.

Having entered the apartment, I saw a candle on the hearth. A table was covered with vials and other apparatus of a sick chamber. A bed stood on one side, the curtain of which was dropped at the foot, so as to conceal any one within. I fixed my eyes upon this object. There were sufficient tokens that some one lay upon the bed. Breath, drawn at long intervals; mutterings scarcely audible; and a tremulous motion in the bedstead, were fearful and intelligible indications.

If my heart faltered, it must not be supposed that my trepidations arose from any selfish considerations. Wallace only, the object of my search, was present to my fancy. Pervaded with remembrance of the Hadwins; of the agonies which they had already endured; of the despair which would overwhelm the unhappy Susan, when the death of her lover should be ascertained; observant of the lonely condition of this house, whence I could only infer that the sick had been denied suitable attendance; and reminded by the symptoms that appeared, that this being was struggling with the agonies of death; a sickness of the heart, more insupportable than that which I had just experienced, stole upon me.

My fancy readily depicted the progress and completion of this tragedy. Wallace was the first of the family on whom the pestilence had seized. Thetford had fled from his habitation. Perhaps, as a father and husband, to shun the danger attending his stay, was the injunction of his duty. It was questionless the conduct which selfish regards would dictate. Wallace was left to perish alone; or, perhaps, which indeed was a supposition somewhat justified by appearances, he had been left to the tendence of mercenary wretches; by whom, at this desperate moment he had been abandoned.

I was not mindless of the possibility that these forebodings, specious as they were, might be false. The dying person might be some other than Wallace. The whispers of my hope were, indeed, faint; but they, at least, prompted me to snatch a look at the expiring man. For this purpose, I advanced and thrust my head within the curtain.

The features of one whom I had seen so transiently as Wallace, may be imagined to be not easily recognised, especially when those features were tremulous and deathful. Here, however, the differences were too conspicuous to mislead me. I beheld one in whom I could recollect none that bore resemblance. Though ghastly and livid, the traces of intelligence and beauty were undefaced. The life of Wallace was of more value to a feeble individual, but surely the being that was stretched before me, and who was hastening to his last breath, was precious to thousands.

Was he not one in whose place I would willingly have died? The offering was too late. His extremities were already cold. A vapor, noisome and contagious, hovered over him. The flutterings of his pulse had ceased. His existence was about to close amidst convulsion and pangs.

I withdrew my gaze from this object, and walked to a table. I was nearly unconscious of my movements. My thoughts were occupied with contemplations of the train of horrors and disasters that pursue the race of man. My musings were quickly interrupted by the sight of a small cabinet, the hinges of which were broken and the lid half raised. In the present state of my thoughts, I was prone to suspect the worst. Here were traces of pillage. Some casual or mercenary attendant had not only contributed to hasten the death of the patient, but had rifled his property and fled.

This suspicion would, perhaps, have yielded to mature reflections, if I had been suffered to reflect. A moment scarcely elapsed, when some appearance in the mirror, which hung over the table, called my attention. It was a human figure, nothing could be briefer than the glance that I fixed upon this apparition, yet there was room enough for the vague conception to suggest itself, that the dying man had started from his bed and was approaching me. This belief was, at the same instant, confuted, by the survey of his form and garb. One eye, a scar upon his cheek, a tawny skin, a form grotesquely misproportioned, brawny as Hercules, and habited in livery, composed, as it were, the parts of one view.

To perceive, to fear, and to confront this apparition were blended into one sentiment. I turned towards him with the swiftness of lightning, but my speed was useless to my safety. A blow upon my temple was succeeded by an utter oblivion of thought and of feeling. I sank upon the floor prostrate and senseless.

My insensibility might be mistaken by observers for death, yet some part of this interval was haunted by a fearful dream. I conceived myself lying on the brink of a pit, whose bottom the eye could not reach. My hands and legs were fettered, so as to disable me from resisting two grim and gigantic figures, who stooped to lift me from the earth. Their purpose, methought, was to cast me into this abyss. My terrors were unspeakable, and I struggled with such force, that my bonds snapped and I found myself at libery. At this moment my senses returned and I opened my eyes.

The memory of recent events was, for a time, effaced by my visionary horrors. I was conscious of transition from one state of being to another, but my imagination was still filled with images of danger. The bottomless gulf and my gigantic persecutors were still dreaded. I looked up with eagerness. Beside me I discovered three figures, whose character or office were explained by a coffin of pine boards which lay upon the floor. One stood with hammer and nails in his hand, as ready to replace and fasten the lid of the coffin, as soon as its burthen should be received.

I attempted to rise from the floor, but my head was dizzy and my sight confused. Perceiving me revive, one of the men assisted me to regain my feet. The mist and confusion presently vanished, so as to allow me to stand unsupported and to move. I once more gazed at my attendants, and recognised the three men, whom I had met in High street, and whose conversation I have mentioned that I overheard. I looked again upon the coffin. A wavering recollection of the incidents that led me hither and of the stunning blow which I had received, occurred to me. I saw into what error appearances had misled these men, and shuddered to reflect, by what hairbreadth means I had escaped being buried alive.

Before the men had time to interrogate me, or to comment upon my situation, one entered the apartment, whose habit and mien tended to encourage me. The stranger was characterized by an aspect full of composure and benignity, a face in which the serious lines of age were blended with the ruddiness and smoothness of youth, and a garb that bespoke that religious profession, with whose benevolent doctrines the example of Hadwin had rendered me familiar.

On observing me on my feet, he betrayed marks of surprise and satisfaction. He addressed me in a tone of mildness.

"Young man," said he, "what is thy condition? Art thou sick? If thou art, thou must consent to receive the best treatment which the times will afford. These men will convey thee to the hospital at Bush Hill."

The mention of that contagious and abhorred receptacle, inspired me with some degree of energy. "No," said I, "I am not sick, a violent blow reduced me to this situation. I shall presently recover strength enough to leave the spot without assistance."

He looked at me, with an incredulous but compassionate air; "I fear thou dost deceive thyself or me. The necessity of going to the hospital is much to be regretted, but on the whole it is best. Perhaps, indeed, thou hast kindred or friends who will take care of thee."

"No," said I; "neither kindred nor friends. I am a stranger in the city. I do not even know a single being."

"Alas!" returned the stranger, with a sigh, "thy state is sorrowful—but how camest thou hither?" continued he, looking around him, "and whence comest thou?"

"I came from the country. I reached the city a few hours ago. I was in search of a friend who lived in this house."

"Thy undertaking was strangely hazardous and rash; but who is the friend thou seekest? Was it he who died in that bed, and whose corpse has just been removed?"

The men now betrayed some impatience; and inquired of the last comer, whom they called Mr. Estwick, what they were to do. He turned to me, and asked if I were willing to be conducted to the hospital?

I assured him that I was free from disease, and stood in no need of assistance; adding, that my feebleness was owing to a stunning blow received from a ruffian on my temple. The marks of this blow were conspicuous, and after some hesitation he dismissed the men; who, lifting the empty coffin on their shoulders, disappeared.

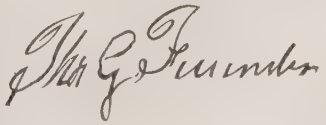
He now invited me to descend into the parlor; "for," said he, "the air of this room is deadly. I feel already as if I should have reason to repent of having entered it."

He now inquired into the cause of those appearances which he had witnessed. I explained my situation as clearly and succinctly as I was able.

After pondering, in silence, on my story;—"I see how it is," said he; "the person whom thou sawest in the agonies of death was a stranger. He was attended by his servant and a hired nurse. His master's death being certain, the nurse was despatched by the servant to procure a coffin. He probably chose that opportunity to rifle his master's trunk, that stood upon the table. Thy unseasonable entrance interrupted him; and he designed, by the blow which he gave thee, to secure his retreat before the arrival of a hearse. I know the man, and the apparition thou hast so well described, was his. Thou sayest that a friend of thine lived in his house—thou hast come too late to be of service. The whole family have perished. Not one was suffered to escape."

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN,

Thomas Green, the son of the Rev. Thomas Fessenden of that place, author of a volume entitled *A Theoretical Explanation of the Science of Sanctity*, was born at Walpole, New Hampshire, April 22, 1771. He completed his course at Dartmouth in 1796, having supported himself while at college by teaching psalmody in the evenings, and keeping school during the vacations, and afterwards studied law at Rutland, Vt. While thus occupied, he amused his leisure hours by contributing to the Dartmouth Eagle and the Walpole Farmer's Weekly Museum, a number of humorous poems similar in style to those of Royal Tyler and the other "Walpole Wits." One of these, "The Country Lovers," became very popular. In 1801, he visited London for the purpose of introducing a new hydraulic machine, in which he had, with a number of friends, become interested; but on subjecting the machine to a more thorough test than it had received in America, it was found not to answer the purpose. His plans thus frustrated, in the hope of still turning his journey to account, he embarked in a project set on foot by a fellow countryman, resident in London, of constructing a water-mill on the Thames. He invested his means in the purchase of one-fifth of the concern. The project failed. During the season of anxiety occasioned by this disaster, and while a portion of the time confined to his bed by sickness, he made a literary venture, which



proved as successful as his former attempts nad disastrous.

The *Terrible Tractoration** was composed as a satire on the medical profession in general; its special subject being the Metallic Tractors of Perkins,† an application of galvanism to the treatment of disease, in the efficacy of which Fessenden then and afterwards professed himself to be a believer.‡ It professes to be composed by a starving garreteer in the pay of the faculty, to write down the new invention. A large portion of the volume is occupied by original notes, satirizing the commentators, which equal in humor the text they illustrate. The poem was published anonymously, and was variously attributed to Gifford, Wolcot, the author of "Peter Pindar," and Huddesford, an author to whom we have already had occasion to allude.§ Its success relieved the author's embarrassments, which, according to a story we have heard, had confined him to a jail, where the poem was written.

The author followed up this hit by a collection of newspaper contributions, with the title *Original Poems.*

In 1804 Fessenden returned to America, where both of his volumes had been reprinted with success, and published in the same year a violent attack, in verse, on the Jeffersonians, entitled *Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the garb of Patriotism.* He next started a periodical, *The Weekly Inspector*, in New York, which was continued about two years. This was a pleasant miscellany, of a literary rather than political character, enlivened by Christopher Caustic's verses, as well as his lively prose, but after a trial of two years proved unsuccessful. The editor closes the fifty-second number with a spirited editorial, from which we extract a few passages:—

"The inevitable hour," which speedily overtakes, in Columbia's "happy land," every publication which aspires to any character for literature, science, or general information, above that of a common daily advertising newspaper, has put a period to the *Weekly Inspector.*

* * * * * * * *

Our good men think that an editor must write—write—write well if he can, but at any rate write. They measure his brains by the yard. He that will turn out the greatest quantity of matter in a given time is the greatest man. No matter whether new or old, but something which the majority have not seen. * * * *

Horace's poet, who could write, I forget how many lines, while he could stand on one leg, would be the man, of all men, for an editor of an American newspaper. Americans look at the quantity and not the quality. Give us so much of something, and we will call you a great man. Write us sixteen pages a week of original matter, no matter how much was stolen, and we will set you on the top of a liberty pole.

In 1806 he published *The Minute Philosopher*, an enlargement of the *Terrible Tractoration.* A third edition was published towards the close of his life.

We next hear of him in 1812, as practising law at Bellows Falls, Vermont. Here he married. In 1815 he removed to Brattleboro', where he edited *The Reporter*, a political newspaper. He returned to Bellows Falls in the next year, where he edited a newspaper called *The Intelligencer*, a position he retained until 1822, publishing in the meantime a volume in verse, *The Ladies' Monitor.* He then removed to Boston, to commence the *New England Farmer*, a weekly agricultural journal, which attained high rank in its department, in his hands. While conducting this journal, he edited two other periodicals of a similar character, *The Horticultural Register* and *The Silk Manual*, and also prepared a number of treatises on similar subjects. In these pursuits the remainder of his life was passed. He died of apoplexy at Boston, November 11, 1837. The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, and the Horticultural Society, erected a monument over his remains at Mount Auburn.* Nathaniel Hawthorne, in an article in the *American Monthly Magazine*, has furnished a pleasant picture of Fessenden towards the close of his career.

In January, 1836, I became, and continued for a few months, an inmate of Mr. Fessenden's family. It was my first acquaintance with him. His image is before my mind's eye at this moment; slowly approaching me with a lamp in his hand, his hair grey, his face solemn and pale, his tall and portly figure bent with heavier infirmity than befitted his years. His dress—though he had improved in this particular since middle life—was marked by a truly scholastic negligence. He greeted me kindly, and with plain, old-fashioned courtesy; though I fancied that he somewhat regretted the interruption of his evening studies. After a few moments' talk, he invited me to accompany him to his study, and give my opinion on some passages of satirical verse, which were to be inserted in a new edition of "Terrible Tractoration." Years before I had lighted on an illustrated copy of this poem, bestrewn with venerable dust, in a corner of a college library; and it seemed strange and whimsical that I should find it still in progress of composition, and be consulted about it by Doctor Caustic himself. While Mr. Fessenden read, I had leisure to glance around at his study, which was very characteristic of the man and his occupations. The table, and great part of the floor, was covered with books and pamphlets on agricultural subjects, newspapers from all quarters, manuscript articles for the New England Farmer, and manuscript stanzas for "Terrible Tractoration." There was such a litter as always gathers round a literary man. It bespoke, at once, Mr. Fessenden's amiable temper and his abstracted habits, that several members of the family, old and young, were sit-

* Terrible Tractoration!! A Poetical Petition against Galvanising Trumpery, and the Perkinistic Institution, in four cantos, most respectfully addressed to the Royal College of Physicians, by Christopher Caustic, M.D., LL.D., ASS., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and Honorary Member of no less than nineteen very learned societies. First American, from the second London edition, revised and corrected by the author, with additional notes. New York: Samuel Stansbury. 1804.

† Perkins, after practising his system in London, came to this country "armed with his tractors, and fortified by the credentials of a score of bishops and other dignitaries of the Church of England," and professed to cure yellow fever by his Tractors. He was allowed, in consequence of the sympathy of the Directors of the New York Hospital, to introduce his practice into that institution. He died himself of the yellow fever in 1799, a few months after his arrival, and was buried in the Potter's Field, now the Washington Parade Ground. —Reminiscences of Christopher Colles, by Dr. J. W. Francis, in Knickerbocker Gallery.

‡ Preface to the Modern Philosopher, 1806, p. 11.

§ *Ante*, p. 262.

* Buckingham's Newspaper Reminiscences, ii. 218–220. Preface to the reprint of Terrible Tractoration.

ting in the room, and engaged in conversation, apparently without giving him the least disturbance. A specimen of Doctor Caustic's inventive genius was seen in the "Patent Steam and Hot-water Stove," which heated the apartment, and kept up a pleasant singing sound, like that of a tea-kettle,—thereby making the fireside more cheerful. It appears to me, that, having no children of flesh and blood, Mr. Fessenden had contracted a fatherly fondness for this stove, as being his mental progeny; and it must be owned that the stove well deserved his affection, and repaid it with much warmth.

THE

COUNTRY LOVERS;

OR,

MR. JONATHAN JOLTHEAD'S

Courtship with Miss Sally Snapper:

AN EXCELLENT

NEW SONG,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY ITS AUTHOR;

And really founded on fact.

TUNE—"YANKEE DOODLE."

THE COUNTRY LOVERS, ETC.

A merry tale I will rehearse,
As ever you did hear, sir,
How Jonathan set out, so fierce,
To see his dearest dear, sir.

Yankee doodle,* keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music—mind the step,
And with the girls be handy.

His father gave him *bran* new suit,
And money, sir, in plenty,
Besides a prancing nag to boot,
When he was one-and-twenty.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Moreover, sir, I'd have you know,
That he had got some knowledge,
Enough for common use, I trow,
But had not been at college.
Yankee doodle, &c.

A hundred he could count, 'tis said,
And in the bible read, sir,
And by good Christian parents bred,
Could even say the creed, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He'd been to school to Master Drawl,
To spell a-bom-in-a-ble,
And when he miss'd, he had to crawl,
Straight under master's table.
Yankee doodle, &c.

One day his mother said to him,
"My darling son, come here,
Come fix you up, so neat and trim,
And go a courting, dear."
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Why, what the deuce does mother want?
I snigs—I *daresn't* go;
I shall get funn'd—and then—plague on't
Folks will laugh at me so!"
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Pho! pho! fix up, a courting go,
To see the deacon's *Sarah*,
Who'll have a hundred pound, you know,
As soon as she does marry."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Then Jonathan, in best array,
Mounted his dappled nag, sir;
But trembled, sadly, all the way,
Lest he should get the bag, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He mutter'd as he rode along,
Our Jotham overheard, sir,
And if 'twill jingle in my song,
I'll tell you every word, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"I wonder mother 'll make me go,
Since girls I am afraid of;
I never *know'd*, nor want to know,
What sort of stuff they're made of.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"A wife would make good *housen** stuff,
If she were downright clever,
And Sal would suit me well enough,
If she would let me have her.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"But then, I shan't know what to say,†
When we are left together,
I'd rather lie in stack of hay,
In coldest winter weather."
Yankee doodle, &c.

He reach'd the house, as people say,
Not far from eight o'clock, sir;
And Joel hollow'd "in, I say,"
As soon as he did knock, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He made of bows, 'twixt two and three,
Just as his mother taught him,
All which were droll enough to see:
You'd think the cramp had caught him.
Yankee doodle, &c.

At length came in the deacon's Sal
From milking at the barn, sir;
And faith she is as good a *gal* ‡
As ever twisted yarn, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

For she knows all about affairs,
Can wash, and bake, and brew,§ sir,
Sing "Now I lay me," say her prayers,
And make a pudding too, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To Boston market she has been
On horse, and in a wagon,
And many pretty things has seen,
Which every one can't brag on.
Yankee doodle, &c.

She's courted been, by many a lad,
And knows how *sparking's* done, sir,
With Jonathan she was right glad,
To have a little fun, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

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* Yankee doodle, a ludicrous musical air, which I believe was first invented by the English, in derision of the Americans, whom they styled "Yankees." The Americans frequently wrote ludicrous songs to this tune. This chorus is quoted from a song, written, I believe, in Boston.

* *Housen* is a corruption for household.

† "A courting I went to my love,
Who is fairer than roses in May;
And when I got to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say."
See an old English Comedy.

‡ *Gal* is, in New England, the vulgar pronunciation of the word *Girl*.

§ Most of the householders in New England have their washing, baking, and brewing done within their own precincts. A young lady who does not understand these branches of business is considered as not qualified for matrimony.

The ladies all, as I should guess,
And many a lady's man, sir,
Would wish to know about her dress;
I'll tell them all I can, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Her wrapper, grey, was not so bad,
Her apron check'd with blue, sir,
One stocking on one foot she had,
On t'other foot a shoe, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now, should a Boston lady read,
Of Sally's shoe and stocking,
She'd say a "monstrous slut, indeed,
Oh la!—she is quite shocking!"
Yankee doodle, &c.

You fine Miss Boston lady, gay,
For this your speech, I thank ye,
Call on me, when you come this way,
And take a drachm of *Yankee*.*
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now Jonathan did scratch his head,
When first he saw his dearest;
Got up—sat down—and nothing said,
But felt about the queerest,
Yankee doodle, &c.

Then talk'd with Sally's brother Joe
'Bout sheep, and cows, and oxen,
How wicked folks to church did go,
With dirty woollen frocks on.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And how a witch, in shape of owl,
Did steal her neighbour's geese, sir,
And turkies too, and other fowl,
When people did not please her.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And how a man, one dismal night,
Shot her with silver bullet,†,
And then she flew straight out of sight,
As fast as she could pull it.
Yankee doodle, &c.

How Widow Wunks was sick next day.
The parson went to view her,
And saw the very place, they say,
Where foresaid ball went through her!
Yankee doodle, &c.

And now the people went to bed:
They *guess'd* for what he'd come, sir;
But Jonathan was much afraid,
And wish'd himself at home, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

At length, says Sal, "they're gone, you see,
And we are left together;"
Say Jonathan, "indeed—they be—
'Tis mighty pleasant weather!"
Yankee doodle, &c.

Sal cast a sheep's eye at the dunce,
Then turn'd towards the fire;
He muster'd courage, all at once,
And hitch'd a little nigher.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Ye young men all, and lads so smart,
Who chance to read these *vasses*,‡
His next address pray learn by heart,
To whisper to the *lasses*.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Miss Sal, I's going to say, as how,
We'll *spark it* here to-night,
I kind of love you, Sal, I vow,
And mother said I might."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Then Jonathan, as we are told,
Did even think to smack her;
Sal cock'd her chin, and look'd so bold,
He did not dare attack her!
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Well done, my man, you've broke the ice,
And that with little pother,
Now, Jonathan, take my advice,
And always mind your mother!
Yankee doodle, &c.

"This courting is a kind of job
I always did admire, sir,
And these two brands, with one dry *cob*,
Will make a courting fire, sir."
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Miss Sal, you are the very she,
If you will love me now,
That I will marry—then you see,
You'll have our brindled cow.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Then we will live, both I and you,
In father's t'other room,
For that will *sartain* hold us two,
When we've mov'd out the loom.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Next Sabbath-day we will be cried,
And have a '*taring*' wedding,
And lads and lasses take a ride,
If it should be good sledding.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"My father has a *nice bull calf*,
Which shall be your's, my sweet one;
'Twill weigh two hundred and a half,"
Says Sal, "well, that's a neat one."
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Your father's full of fun, d'ye see,
And faith, I *likes* his sporting,
To send his *fav'rite calf* to me,
His nice bull calf a courting."
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Are you the lad who went to town,
Put on your streaked *trowses*,*
Then vow'd you could not see the town,
There were so many houses?"
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our lover hung his under lip,
He thought she meant to joke him;
Like heartless hen that has the pip,
His courage all forsook him.
Yankee doodle, &c.

For he to Boston town had been,
As matters here are stated;
Came home and told what he had seen,
As Sally has related.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And now he wish'd he could retreat,
But dar'd not make a racket;
It seem'd as if his heart would beat
The buttons off his jacket!
Yankee doodle, &c.

* A glass of whiskey, mixed with molasses, is so called in New England, and is a common beverage with the peasantry.

† There is a tale among the ghost-hunters in New England, that silver bullets will be fatal to witches, when those of lead would not avail.

‡ Verses are thus pronounced by the rustics in New England.

* Vulgar pronunciation of the word trowsers.

Sal ask'd him "if his heart was whole?"
His chin began to quiver;
He said, he felt so *deuced* droll,
He guess'd he'd lost his liver!
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now Sal was scar'd out of her wits,
To see his trepidation,
She bawl'd "he's going into fits,"
And scamper'd like the nation!
Yankee doodle, &c.

A pail of water she did throw,
All on her trembling lover,
Which wet the lad from top to toe,
Like drowned rat all over.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Then Jonathan straight hied him home,
And since I've heard him brag, sir,
That though the jade did wet him some,
He didn't get the bag, sir!

Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music, mind the step,
And with the girls be handy!

HOSEA BALLOU.

Hosea, the youngest of the eleven children of the Rev. Maturin Ballou, was born April 30, 1771, at Richmond, New Hampshire. He was brought up by his father, a Baptist clergyman, according to the tenets of that sect, but received few of the advantages of general education, there being no school at his native village, and his time being so fully occupied by the labors of the farm as to give him but few leisure moments for study. These were, however, well improved, and other difficulties arising from the meagreness of the family means were also bravely mastered. He learned to write by forming letters with a cinder on strips of bark by the light of the fire; pen, paper, ink, and candle-light being all too expensive luxuries to be obtained.

At the age of nineteen he became connected with his father's congregation, but soon after, adopting the views of the Universalists, was expelled from membership. After some instruction in ordinary English branches at the academy at Chesterfield, New Hampshire, he commenced, about the age of twenty, preaching as an itinerant. The novelty of his views, and his ability as an extempore speaker, attracted great attention, and in 1794 he received an invitation to a permanent congregation at Dana, Massachusetts. In 1796 he married, and five years later accepted a call to Barnard, Vermont. He soon after, in 1804, published *Notes on the Parables*, and a *Treatise on the Atonement*, works in which he maintained the doctrines he had adopted of the non-existence of future punishment, limited or eternal, after death, and of the non-existence of the Trinity. After residing for six years at Barnard he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he remained for the same period and then resided at Salem, Massachusetts. Here he published a series of letters addressed to Abner Kneeland on the authenticity of the Scriptures. On the fifteenth of December, 1817, he was installed a pastor of the Second Universalist Society at Boston, a recently formed association, who had erected a church for his reception. In 1819 he commenced a weekly journal, the *Universalist Magazine*, of which he remained editor for many years. Several of his hymns appeared in its columns. In 1831 he commenced with his great-nephew, the Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, a leading clergyman of the same denomination, a quarterly publication entitled the *Universalist Expositor*.* He edited this periodical for two years, and continued to contribute to the pages of this and the first named journal until his death—an event which occurred after an uninterrupted ministry at Boston of thirty-five years, on the seventh of June, 1852. In addition to the works we have mentioned, Ballou published several collections of his sermons and treatises on the doctrines he professed. A volume of his fugitive verses consists mostly of hymns, many of which are included in the Universalist collection, by Adams and Chapin.† Of these the following may be taken as a specimen.

BLESSINGS OF CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL REIGN.

When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glories view?

Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parchéd ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree;

The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold;
And joy through all the earth shall ring

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

An edition of Ballou's collected writings has been published.

The Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, still edits the Universalist Quarterly Review, to which he has contributed many valuable articles. He is also the author of the *Ancient History of Universalism*, in which he endeavors to trace that doctrine to the time of the Primitive Church.

Moses, nephew of Hosea Ballou, is the author of *The Divine Character Vindicated*, a reply to Beecher's Conflict of Ages. Another brother is the editor of *Ballou's Pictorial*, and the author of several popular tales. Another member of the same family, the Rev. Adin Ballou, is the author of several pamphlets on the Peace movement, of which he is a leading advocate.

ELIHU H. SMITH.

Elihu Hubbard Smith was born at Litchfield, Conn., Sept. 4, 1771. He was educated at Yale College, and completed his course at so early an

* Now the Universalist Quarterly Review.
† Hymns for Christian Devotion; especially adapted to the Universalist Denomination. By J. G. Adams and E. H. Chapin. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 1846.

age that he was placed by his father in charge of Dr. Dwight, at Greenfield, to continue his literary studies, until sufficiently matured to commence the study of medicine. This he prosecuted with his father, a physician of eminence, and completed at Philadelphia, where he became acquainted with Charles Brockden Brown. He established himself in New York, keeping bachelor's hall with his friend William Johnson, the lawyer, in genial and hospitable style, in a house in Pine street, the head-quarters of the Friendly Club. He wrote a play, a number of sonnets and essays for the magazines of the day, an operatic version of the ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, played with indifferent success at the John Street Theatre in 1794, and established in connexion with his friends, Doctors Samuel L. Mitchill and Edward Miller, a professional periodical entitled the *Medical Repository*.

Elihu H. Smith.

In 1793 he edited the first collection ever made of American poetry.* In 1798, during the horrors of the yellow fever, he was unremitting in the discharge of the duties of his profession. He escaped the infection for a long time, but finally fell a victim, under circumstances which do honor to his humanity as well as intrepidity. A young Italian, Joseph B. Scandella, who had during his brief sojourn in America endeared himself to all whose acquaintance he had formed, fell sick of the fever, and was removed from the Tontine Coffee-House by Smith to his own apartments. The disease speedily proved fatal, not only to the patient but to the physician, who died Sept. 21, 1798.

Smith prefixed to the American edition of Darwin's Works an *Epistle to the Author of the Botanic Garden*, and also wrote an irregular poem, somewhat after the manner of "Gray's Bard," descriptive of Indian character and manners.† It was never printed, and accidentally destroyed, with the author's other manuscripts, after his death. It was pronounced by a competent judge to be the author's best production.

EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

For unknown ages, 'mid his wild abode,
Speechless and rude the human savage trode;
By slow degrees expressive sounds acquired,
And simple thoughts in words uncouth attired.
As growing wants and varying climes arise,
Excite desire and animate surprise,
Gradual his mind a wider circuit ranged,
His manners softened, and his language changed;
And grey experience, wiser than of yore,
Bequeathed its strange traditionary lore.

Again long ages mark the flight of time,
And lingering toil evolves the Art divine.
Coarse drawings first the imperfect thought revealed;
Next, barbarous forms the mystic sense concealed;
Capricious signs the meaning then disclose;
And last, the infant alphabet arose;
From Nilus' banks adventurous CADMUS errs,
And on his Thebes the peerless boon confers.

Slow spread the sacred art, its use was slow:
Whate'er the improvements later times bestow,
Still how restrained, how circumscribed its power!
Years raise the fruit an instant may devour.
Fond Science wept; the uncertain toil she viewed,
And in the evil, half forgot the good.
What though the sage, and though the bard inspired,
By truth illumined, and by genius fired,
In high discourse the theme divine prolong,
And pour the glowing tide of lofty song;
To princes limited, to PLUTUS' sons,
Tyrants of mines and heritors of thrones,
The theme, the song, scarce touched the general mind,
Lost or secluded from oppressed mankind.
Fond Science wept; how vain her cares she saw,
Subject to fortune's ever-varying law.
Month after month a single transcript claimed,
The style perchance, perchance the story maimed:
The guides to truth corrupted or destroyed,
A passage foisted, or a painful void,
The work of ignorance, or of fraud more bold,
To blast a rival, or a scheme uphold;
Or in the progress of the long review,
Th' original perished as the copy grew;
Or, perfect both, while pilgrim bands admire,
The instant prey of accidental fire.
Fond Science wept; whate'er of costliest use,
The gift and glory of each favoring Muse;
From every land what genius might select;
What wealth might purchase, and what power protect;
The guides of youth, the comforters of age;
Swept by the besom of barbaric rage,—
Scarce a few fragments scattered o'er the field
Frantic in one sad moment she beheld.
"Nor shall such toil my generous sons subdue;
Nor waste like this again distress the view!"
She cries:—where Harlem's classic groves
Embowering rise, with silent flight she moves;
She marks LAURENTIUS carve the beechen rind,
And darts a new creation on his mind:
A sudden rapture thrills the conscious shades;
The gift remains, the bounteous vision fades.
Homeward, entranced, the Belgic sire returns;
New hope inspires him and new ardor burns;
Secret he meditates his art by day:
By night fair phantoms o'er his fancy stray;
With opening morn they rush upon his soul,
Nor cares nor duties banish nor control;
Haunt his sequestered path, his social scene,
And in his prayers seductive intervene,
Till shaped to method, simple, and complete,
The filial ear the joyful tidings greet.

* *Ante*, p. 319, note.
† Everest's Poets of Connecticut, p. 106.

First, their nice hands the temper'd *letter* frame,
Alike in height, in width, in depth, the same;
Deep in the *matrices* secure infold,
And fix within, and *justify*, the *mould;*
The red *amalgam* from the cauldron take,
And flaming pour, and as they pour it, shake;
On the *hard table* spread the *type* congeal'd,
And smooth and polish on its marble field;
While, as his busy fingers either plies,
The embrion parts of future volumes rise.

Next, with wise care, the slender *plate* they choose,
Of shining steel, and fit, with harden'd screws,
The shifting *sliders*, which the varying line
Break into parts, or yet as one confine;
Whence, firmly bound, and fitted for the chase,
Imposed, it rests upon the stony base;
Till, hardly driven, the many figured *quoins*
Convert to forms the accumulated lines.

Then, with new toil, the upright frame they shape,
And strict connect it by the solid cap;
The moving *head* still more the frame combines,
The guiding shelf its humbler tribute joins;
While the stout *winter* erring change restrains,
And bears the carriage, and the press sustains:
The *platen* these, and *spindle* well connect,
Four slender bars support it, and direct,
As the high handle urging from above,
Downwards and forceful bids its pressure move.
Beneath, with *plank* the patent *carriage* spread,
Lifts the smooth marble on its novel bed,
Rides on its wheeled *spit* in rapid state,
Nor fears to meet the quick-descending weight.

Last, the wise sire the ready *form* supplies,
With cautious hands and scrutinizing eyes;
Fits the moist *tympan* (while the youth intent,
With *patting balls*, applies the sable paint),
Then lowers the *frisket*, turns the flying rounce,
And pulls amain the forceful *bar* at once;
A second turn, a second pressure, gives,
And on the sheet the fair impression lives.
Raptured, the youth and reverend sire behold,
Press to their lips and to their bosoms fold;
Mingle their sighs, ecstatic tears descend,
And, face to face, in silent union blend:
Fond Science triumphs, and rejoicing Fame,
From pole to pole, resounds LAURENTIUS' name.

Hence, doom'd no more to barbarous zeal a prey,
Genius and taste their treasured stores display;
Nor lords, nor monks, alone, the sweets procure,
But old and young, the humble and the poor.

Hence, wide diffused, increasing knowledge flies,
And error's shades forsake the jaundiced eyes.
Man knows himself for man, and sees, elate,
The kinder promise of his future fate;
Nations, ashamed, their ancient hate forego,
And find a brother, where they found a foe.

Hence, o'er the world (what else perchance conceal'd,
Supprest for ages, or fore'er withheld,
To one small town, or shire, or state, confin'd,
In merit's spite to long neglect consign'd,
The sport or victim of some envious flame,
Whence care nor art might rescue nor reclaim),
Flies the Botanic Song; around
Successive nations catch the enchanting sound,
Glow as they listen, wonder as they gaze,
And pay the instructive page with boundless praise:
For not to Britain's parent isle alone,
Or what the East encircles with her zone,
The bounty flows, but spreads to neighboring realms,
And a *new hemisphere* with joy o'erwhelms.
Here, read with rapture, studied with delight,
Long shall it charm the taste, the thought excite,
And youths and maids, the parent and the child,
Their minds illumined, and their griefs beguiled,
By all of fancy, all of reason, moved,
Rise from the work invigor'd and improved.
Nor only *here*, nor only *now*, enjoy'd:
Where opes the interior desolate and void;
Where Mississippi's turbid waters glide,
And white Missouri pours its rapid tide;
Where vast Superior spreads its inland sea,
And the pale tribes near icy confines stray;
"Where now Alaska lifts its forests rude,
And Nootka rolls her solitary flood;"*
Where the fierce sun with ray severer rains
His floods of light o'er Amazonian plains;
Where, land of horrors! roam the giant brood
On the bleak margin of the antarctic flood;
In future years, in ages long to come—
When radiant justice finds again her home;
Known, honor'd, studied, graced with nobler fame,
Its charms unfaded, and its worth the same,
To vaster schemes shall light the kindling view,
And lift to heights no earlier era knew,
Some ardent youth, some Fair whose beauties shine,
In mind, as person, only not divine;—
In halls where Montezuma erst sat throned,
Whom thirty princes as their sovereign own'd,
In bowers where Manco labor'd for Peru,
While the white thread his blest Oella drew,—
Where Ataliba met a tyrant's rage,—
Entranced, shall ponder o'er the various page;
Or, where Oregon foams along the West,
And seeks the fond Pacific's tranquil breast;
With kindred spirit strike the sacred lyre,
And bid the nations listen and admire.

Hence keen incitement prompts the prying mind
By treacherous fears, nor palsied, nor confined;
Its curious search embrace the sea, and shore,
And mine and ocean, earth and air, explore.

Thus shall the years proceed—till growing time
Unfold the treasures of each differing clime;
Till one vast brotherhood mankind unite
In equal bands of knowledge and of right.
Then the proud column, to the smiling skies,
In simple majesty sublime shall rise,
O'er Ignorance foil'd, their triumph loud proclaim,
And bear inscrib'd, immortal Darwin's name.

New York, March, 1798.

STEPHEN ELLIOTT

Was born at Beaufort, S. C., on the 11th November, 1771. He was the son of William Elliott, married to Miss Mary Barnwell in 1760. The father died while Stephen was a child, but his elder brother William took good care of his education. After the preliminary studies he entered Yale College in the sixteenth year of his age, and graduated in 1791. He then delivered an English Oration on "the Supposed Degeneracy of Animated Nature," and took one of the highest honors in his class. Among his college companions were Chancellor Jones, Samuel Miles Hopkins of New York, and Judge Gould of Litchfield, Conn.

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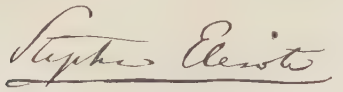
* This couplet is from an unpublished poem of my friend, Mr. Richard Alsop; a poet who, were his ambition equal to his talents, would appear among the poets of his time *velut inter ignes luna minores.*

In 1796 Stephen Elliott married Miss Esther Habersham, of Georgia, and was elected a dele-



gate to the State Legislature, in which he continued to serve until the establishment of the "Bank of the State" in 1812, of which he was elected President. He then removed with his family to Charleston. All his leisure hours had for many years been devoted to literary pursuits, to natural science, and to botany in particular. Mr. Elliott was here considered the leader in all associations for their advancement. He was the founder of the Literary and Philosophical Society in 1813, and commenced it by inviting to his own house, at stated periods, such gentlemen as were most likely to concur in this his favorite object. In 1814 he delivered the first Anniversary Address to that institution, remarkable alike for its elegance of diction, and the capacity of his mind, which could embrace such various pursuits of science. His object was not only to explain their relations to each other as branches of literature, but to encourage the members to add zeal to knowledge, and perseverance to enterprise. He took the lead in what he recommended, and delivered a course of lectures on botany gratuitously, to a large class of ladies and gentlemen. He likewise, in conjunction with Hugh S. Legaré, became editor of the "Southern Review," and himself wrote ten of its articles, viz., in No. 1 on Napoleon Bonaparte. In No. 2 on the Constitution of the United States. In No. 3, three papers, on Irving's Columbus, Travels in Russia, and Napoleon Bonaparte. In No. 4 the Views of Nature, and Internal Improvement. In No. 5 Walsh's Narrative. In No. 6 the Manufacture of Sugar. In No. 7 Education in Germany. In No. 8 Cuba, and Classification of Plants. In No. 10 Bourrienne's Memoirs.

Mr. Elliott was one of the earliest and warmest advocates for the establishment of the Medical College in 1825, and was elected one of the Faculty, and Professor of Natural History and Botany. His most elaborate and valuable work, his *Botany of South Carolina and Georgia*, was compiled and published in the midst of these laborious engagements, financial and scientific; the first volume appeared in the year 1821, and the second in 1824.* This accumulation of business, mental and bodily, was too great for him to sustain; he died suddenly in 1830, struck down by apoplexy.

Mr. Elliott has left a family emulous in good works. Among them, his oldest son, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, is the Bishop of Georgia; his youngest, James H. Elliott, is the favorite assistant minister of St. Michael's, Charleston; and his daughter is the wife of Bishop Boone, the distinguished head of the China Mission.

* In the preparation of this work on Botany, Elliott was greatly assisted by Dr. James M'Bride, particularly in the notices of the medicinal properties of many indigenous plants. M'Bride was a native of South Carolina, born in the Williamsburg District, April 17, 1784. Left an orphan at an early age, and with humble means, he devoted himself earnestly to his college studies at Yale, at a time when Bishop Gadsden, Grimke, and Calhoun were his companions there, economizing his resources by his superior industry in passing rapidly through the college studies. His love of natural science led him to the study of medicine, which he pursued with the same ardor and economy of time and money. He settled as a physician in Pineville, S. C., and communicated articles on the botany of the region to the scientific and medical societies of the day. He died young, September 21, 1817, from fatigue and exposure in his efforts to alleviate the yellow fever of that year at Charleston.

CHARLES CALDWELL,

A physician of Philadelphia, whose career may be traced with interest through the pages of his autobiography, was a writer of industry and ability, and of original powers of reflection. He was the son of an Irish lieutenant, who, on his emigration to America, settled in Delaware, and subsequently removed to North Carolina, and established himself "in a region which but a short time previously had been the home of the savage, whose haunts and hunting grounds were still but a short distance remote from it, in Orange, now Caswell County, on Moon's Creek, a small branch of Dan River, about twenty miles south of the southern border of Virginia." There our author was born, May 14, 1772. His early education in that ill-furnished district was picked up more by his own sagacity and perseverance, than through the assistance of others. In his boyhood he assisted in building a small log-house near his father's crowded home, that he might have an opportunity of studying by himself. His father removing to the southern portion of the State, he there fell in with better opportunities of instruction, being taught by an estimable schoolmaster named Harris, who subsequently became Tutor in the College of New Jersey, and of whose eccentric appearance Caldwell has left an account in his autobiography. With some slight additional preparation at an "academy," the latter became himself a teacher, taking charge at first of the Snow Creek Seminary, "situated on a stream of that name, not far from the foot of the Bushy Mountains in North Carolina," and afterwards of the Centre Institute in the same State. Still pursuing his own studies, his taste was directed to topics of scientific study by meeting with Samuel Stanhope Smith's Essay on the Variety of Color in the Human Race, to the positions of which he became thus early an antagonist.

In the choice of a profession, after meditating the Presbyterian pulpit and the law, he chose medicine, and pursued the study for a time with the inefficient aid of a practitioner at Salisbury, in his native state. In 1792 he arrived at Philadelphia, and engaged with the medical classes of the University, which at that time were sustained by Shippen and Wistar in Anatomy and Surgery, and Rush in the Institutes of Medicine. He engaged with ardor in the study, and enjoyed the personal friendship of Rush and others, while he devoted himself assiduously to his profession during the arduous yellow fever season of 1793. On the breaking out of the Whiskey Insurrection, he received the appointment of surgeon to a brigade, and proceeded with the forces to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, when the difficulty was declared to be terminated, and the troops

retired. In the military banquet which followed, the management of the affair was assigned to Caldwell, whose address on the occasion drew forth a liberal compliment from Hamilton.

In 1795, he commenced his literary career by translating Blumenbach's Elements of Physiology from the Latin, followed within a few years by a number of medical treatises, on the Epidemic of the city, the vitality of the blood, physiognomy, quarantines, and other subjects of a speculative and practical character. In 1814, he became the editor of the *Port Folio*, succeeding Nicholas Biddle in the management of the work, to which he gave new efficiency by his ready pen and activity of mind, covering a great variety of subjects and securing immediate success by the introduction of original material relating to the conduct and heroes of the war with England, which had then just commenced. He secured the last by his intimacy and correspondence with the officers. "So earnest and determined," he tells us, "was General Brown in the scheme, that he asserted, in one of his letters, that he reported himself and ordered his officers to report themselves, in their connexion with all interesting events of the army, as regularly to the editor of the Port Folio as they did to him, or as he did to the Secretary of War." The articles in the Port Folio by Caldwell were chiefly biographical, or reviews of the prominent books of poetry of the day. In 1816, at the suggestion of Dr. Chapman, he edited Cullen's Practice of Physic, and the same year wrote most of the biography in Delaplaine's Repository. He was also at this time professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1819, he published his *Life and Campaigns of General Greene*, the most important in extent of his biographical studies. In 1819, he removed to Kentucky, to take charge of a medical department in the Transylvania University at Lexington. His place was that of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice. Besides the immediate duties of instruction, Dr. Caldwell had to interest the state legislature in the school, and create a prestige for Western medical education throughout that whole region. He succeeded in securing funds from the state, and by his journeys a favorable public opinion towards the enterprise. In 1820, he set out on an eight months' tour to Europe, for the purpose of purchasing books and materials for the institution. His notices of the celebrities of London and Paris on this tour sketched in his autobiography, include among others Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy whose oddity he fairly mastered by his decision and self-possession, Mrs. Somerville whose remarkable attainments put the doctor's universality to a test in a conversation running over criticism and the sciences.

After eighteen years' devotion to the Transylvania University, finding a new site for the school desirable and the trustees offering to make a change of locality which had been contemplated, he withdrew from that institution in 1837 to establish in the neighboring city the "Louisville Medical Institute." He encountered the labors of this new enterprise with resolution, procuring funds and securing professors. After six years' devotion to this arduous work, difficulties arose between Dr. Caldwell and the trustees, and in 1849, when he was on the eve of closing his connexion with the institute, he was removed by the Board. The remainder of his life was passed in retirement at Louisville till his death at that place July 9, 1853. He occupied himself during these last years with the composition of his *Autobiography*, which was published in 1855, with a brief conclusion by the editress, Harriot W. Warner. It affords abundant indication of the abilities of the man, and of the sources of opposition which he frequently encountered. Of bold, vigorous powers, his egotism and self-assertion appear constantly on the alert. The activity and energy of his mind are remarkable; but a certain uneasiness of temper lessens the force of his abilities. The style of the autobiography is diffuse and impeded by cumbrous expressions; while it contains much written with strength and insight which will continue to be of interest, both for the idiosyncrasy of the author and the important people with whom he was brought into relation. The closing chapter enumerating the author's "published writings and translations" from 1794 to 1851, embraces a catalogue of more than two hundred items, including magazine articles and pamphlets, but many large works as well. Among the latter, in addition to those which we have noticed, may be mentioned a volume of *Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Horace Holly; Bachtiar Nameh, or the Royal Foundling, a Persian Story, translated from the Arabic;* and various publications of medical and physical memoirs, growing out of his advocacy of Phrenology, with which he was greatly identified, and his more immediate professional pursuits.

SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES HALL, OF NORTH CAROLINA.*

An early acquaintance, of whom it is peculiarly pleasing to me to speak (though he was advanced in years when I was but a boy), was the Rev. James Hall, D.D., of Iredell County. In piety he was peculiarly signalized; and his aspect was more venerable and apostolic than that of any other man I have ever beheld. His intellect was also of a high order, especially in mathematics, astronomy, and mechanics; and, in the power and majesty of pulpit eloquence, he had no superior.

In mathematical and astronomical science he gave me my earliest and most instructive lessons. And he was certainly one of the first, if not himself the very first constructor of a steamboat. And the invention was original with him, not derivative. I witnessed myself the movement of his first model (a structure five or six feet long), over a small pond on his own plantation. But he was too deeply engrossed by his clerical labours to pursue his invention to any useful effect.

I have said that Dr. Hall was a man of great and moving pulpit eloquence. Of the truth of this, the following occurrence gives ample proof:—

On a sacramental occasion, in Poplar-tent congregation, in Cabarrus County, the assemblage of people was far too great to be contained in the meeting-house. The time being summer, suitable arrangements were made, and the multitude were seated beneath the shade of a dense forest of ancient oaks; and Dr. Hall addressed them from a temporary stage erected for the purpose. In the course of his sermon, which, from beginning to end, was bold and fervent, he took occasion to liken the condition of a heedless and reckless sinner to that of a wild and

* From the Autobiography.

unthinking youth, crossing, in a slight batteau, a deep and rapid river, a short distance above a lofty and frightful waterfall.

On each bank of the stream were members of the family and friends of the young man eyeing, in wild distraction and horror, the perils of his situation, and loudly calling to him, in screams of terror, to ply his oars and press for the shore. But he either hears them not, or disregards their supplication; and in perfect negligence and apparent security, giving only with his oars an occasional stroke, gazes on the beauties of the landscape around him, the azure of the heavens, the birds disporting in air above him, his faithful, but terrified dog, crouching by his side, and looking him affectionately and imploringly in the face; he gazes, in fact, upon everything visible, except the waterfall, near to him, and the gulf beneath it, towards which, with fearful power and rapidity, the current is sweeping him. But, suddenly, at length awakened from his revery, he hears the distracted and piercing calls of his friends, sees their bent bodies and extended arms, as if outstretched to save him; beholds the cataract, over whose awful brink he is impending, and, horror-stricken at the sight, starting up and convulsively reaching out his wide-spread hands, as if imploring a rescue, and uttering an unearthly shriek of despair, is headlong plunged and swallowed up in the boiling gulf that awaits him.

So completely had the words of the orator arrested and enthralled the minds of his audience, so vivid and engrossing was the scene he had pictured to their imaginations, and so perfectly, for his purpose, had he converted fiction into reality, that, when he brought his victim to shoot the cataract, a scream was uttered by several women, two or three were stricken down by their emotion, and a large portion of the assembled multitude made an involuntary start, as if, by instinct, impelled to an effort to redeem the lost one, and restore him to his friends.

Never did I, in any other instance, except one, witness an effort of oratory so powerful and bewitching; and, in that one, I myself was materially concerned, and in it a two-fold source of influence was employed—impassioned eloquence and scenic show. It occurred very many years ago, in the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, during the performance of "Alexander the Great." The "Rival Queens" were personated; Statira, by Mrs. Wignel, afterwards, by another marriage, Mrs. Warren, and Roxana by Mrs. Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons. In the murder scene, so completely successful were those two accomplished actresses, that, in my fascinated view of the matter, playful fiction had given place to vindictive reality, and, when Roxana drew her glittering dagger, preparatory to the murderous act she meditated, I (being seated in the stage-box) sprang to my feet, and would have disarmed her in a moment, had I not been prevented by a gentleman in the box. Whether any person but myself now remembers the event, I know not; but its effect at that time was memorable and ludicrous. It drew from pit, box, and gallery, directed towards myself, a round or two of hearty laughter and applause, and utterly spoiled the after part of the play, by changing it from tragedy into comedy or farce.

Still further to evince the versatility and value of the powers, both bodily and mental, of the Rev. Dr. Hall, at the most unpromising period of our revolutionary war, in the South, when thick clouds were gathering on the horizon of freedom, when the hopes of the most sanguine and the hearts of the bravest seemed ready to fail, and every service of every patriot was called for in the contest—at that period of gloom and incipient despondency, the equally brave and venerable Hall, to the sword of the Spirit, which he had long and successfully wielded, added that of the secular arm, by soliciting and readily obtaining, on two conditions, proposed by himself, a captaincy in a regiment of volunteer dragoons, to continue in service for at least a year, unless sooner disbanded by the termination of the war. And the conditions were, that his company should be raised by himself, and that he should act as chaplain, without pay, to the regiment to which he might belong. Whether he received pay as captain I do not remember, but believe he did not.

On these terms, he was soon at the head of a full and noble-looking company, on his march to the seat of war, where, as often as a suitable opportunity presented itself, he never failed to distinguish himself by his gallantry and firmness. An excellent rider, personally almost Herculean, possessed of a very long and flexible arm, and taking, as he did, daily lessons from a skilful teacher of the art, he became, in a short time, one of the best swordsmen in the cavalry of the South. Being found, moreover, to be as judicious in council as he was formidable in action, he received the sobriquet of the Ulysses of his regiment.

On the capture of Lord Cornwallis, believing the war to be on the verge of its termination, and persuaded that he could now more effectually serve his country in a civil than in a military capacity, having declined the acceptance of a proffered majority in a regiment of select cavalry about to be formed, he resigned his commission, and returned to the duties of the clerical profession.

It was long after this that I became, for a time, his private pupil in mathematics and astronomy. And, notwithstanding his previous stern and formidable qualities as a soldier, he was now one of the mildest and meekest of men. After a lapse of more, perhaps, than twenty years from the period of my pupillage under him, I saw him for the last time, in the city of Philadelphia, as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and had the high gratification of affording him relief from a troublesome complaint, produced by fatigue and exposure in travelling.

From the superior size of his person, the form and grandeur of his head and countenance, the snowy whiteness of his hair, of but little of which he had been shorn by the hand of time, and from the surpassing venerableness of his whole appearance, he was by far the most attractive and admired personage in the reverend body of which he was a member. He was instinctively regarded, by all who beheld him, as the rightful Nestor and ornament of the Assembly. He died, not long afterward, at the advanced age of about ninety years, bequeathing to posterity a reputation rarely equalled, and never, as I verily believe, surpassed, in moral rectitude, pure, fervent, and practical piety, and usefulness in the wide sphere of his diversified labors in the Christian ministry, by any individual our country has produced.

WILLIAM CLIFFTON,

An author of fine poetical powers, among the early writers of the country, was a native of Philadelphia, born in 1772. He was of a Quaker family, and his father was a wealthy mechanic. The constitution of the son was delicate, with a tendency to consumption, which excited the early exercise of his faculties. At the age of nineteen, the rupture of a blood-vessel led to his abandonment of any notions he may have entertained of active life; when he found consolation and em-

ployment in literature. His tastes soon led him to relinquish the Quaker dress, and he became a proficient in the accomplishments of music and drawing. He was also especially fond of field sports. When Jay's treaty brought out much unworthy opposition to the government, Clifton exercised his pen in support of the administration in satires, published in the newspapers, in prose and verse on the demagogues. The longest of these satirical productions was entitled *The Group*, in which various mechanics and tradesmen, Solon Verges a carpenter, Nat Futtock a shipwright, Gobbo Finis a coffin-maker, John Stripe a schoolmaster, with others, are represented as meeting for discussion on topics beyond their reach, respecting politics and the state. The coarse and vulgar material of low Jacobinism, which is not at all disguised in the poem, is occasionally elevated by the polish of the author's verses. This is the melancholy conclusion—

The hour is hastening, when on equal feet,
Exalted Virtue, and low Vice shall meet;
When Envy, Faction, Indolence shall rage,
In one wild tempest, thro' the troubled age;
Then human dignity shall meet its doom;
Devotion perish, Reason, Worth, a tomb,
In the rude wastes of Ignorance, shall find,
And true Equality shall bless mankind.
So when the Kamsin of the Desert flies
'Twixt ardent sands, and summer kindled skies,
The gasping trav'ler meets the arid death,
And, prostrate in the dust, resigns his breath.
Then shall no pedant priest, with learned pride,
Point out the sacred volume for our guide;
No more the civil law, or moral page,
The arm shall fetter, or the soul encage;
But pile on pile the File of Arts shall raise,
And all the knowledge of all ages blaze.
As when the gothic conflagration hurl'd,
Its smoky volumes round the sleeping world:
The Fiend of Ruin, with demoniac yell,
Flits round the flame, directs the work of hell,
With sheets of sulphur wings the driving gale,
And shakes destruction from his dragon tail.
Yet, not as then: the once extinguish'd ray
Shall ne'er resuscitate another day;
Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies,
No other Phœnix from thy dust shall rise,
And no sad vestige shall remain to tell,
The temple's basis, where thou lov'dst to dwell.

William Clifton.

A Rhapsody on the Times in Hudibrastic measure, and the unfinished poem the *Chimeriad*, give vent to similar complaints. The humor of opposition to France, and the cry of war, are carried to an extreme. Clifton was member of an association called the Anchor Club, which is described in the preface to his poems, as combining social purposes with the object of "producing a disposition in the public mind towards war with France." A paper in both prose and verse, which he read to this circle, is one of the best of his satirical effusions. It appears in the volume of the poems:—*Some Account of a Manuscript found among the papers of a French Emigrant in London, entitled Talleyrand's Descent into Hell.* The arch French intriguer, in imitation of Ulysses and other heroes of antiquity, visits the infernal regions. His initiatory interview with Charon is thus described—

With what species of "diplomatic skill" Talleyrand prevailed on Charon to ferry him over the sable waters, is not known; for, where the letters again begin to brighten into form, we find the Minister and Cerberus about to commence a negotiation. This part seems so charmingly managed by the poet (for here he is a poet), that we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

The triple monster from his hellish bed,
Rous'd as he heard the limping hero's tread,
Rush'd to his kennel door, to take his stand,
Shook his three heads, and growl'd this stern demand:
Whence and what art thou, execrable fool?
What boatman brought thee o'er the Stygian pool?
Where is thy passport? where thy golden bough?
What climate breeds such crooked things as thou?

To these interrogations Talleyrand could not listen without emotion; he felt the blood withdraw itself from his extremities, and flow all cold and curling into the very centre of his heart. Some time elapsed before the work retrieved its locomotive faculty; but at length the petrifaction began to dissolve, and his tongue was again loosened from its fear-bound captivity. His "diplomatic skill," that powerful charm which had unnerved so many nations, he had taken care to bear about him, and now, when perils crowded on him, he began to shake it up for use. He thus addressed the Porter of Hell:—

Ah! Cerberus, I love thee from my heart;
So kind and gentle in thy way thou art!
How meek thy mien, and musical thy voice!
Thy tail 'tis true—but then a tail's thy choice.
It kills my heart to see a beast so brave,
With many heads, and every one a slave.
When shall I see your lady-bitch, good now?
(The breed's a most prodigious breed I vow;
And e'er to t'other world I journey up,
Methinks I'll ask the devil for a pup.
In "peace and safety" might my masters snore
With such a dog to guard their palace door)—aside.

He is treated to a painful view of the acts of his revolutionary coadjutors, after which he is carried to the scenes of Elysium, where we are presented with this pleasing picture of old France under its beloved monarchical rule.

The time has been, ere scribbling knaves began
To claim more rights than God designed for man;
To teach mankind that passion never strays;
That human nature's just in all her ways;
That Christian laws are ludicrously nice,
And sweet, oh! sweet's the downy bed of vice;—
Ere convict thieves, at their own fate amazed,

Were from the gallows to the pulpit raised;
Ere, in the face of guilt-annoying day,
The mother play'd to show her child the way;
Ere the son pluck'd the hoary father's beard,
Ere beggars reign'd, and beggars' trulls were fear'd;
While Paris, yet, could plead her virtuous ten,
And prayers sincere were mutter'd now and then;
The time has been, that gave the rustic throng,
Their evening ballet, and their morning song,
E'en Paris, then, her harmless joys could boast;
Who was most upright, then, was honor'd most;
And no vile blush our grateful cheeks o'erspread
To ask a blessing on our monarch's head.
In those good days it was not strange to bend,
With cordial friendship, o'er a bleeding friend;
To see a foe in cureless anguish lay,
And smooth'd his pillow as he passed away.
Then, want was furnish'd with the means to live,
For men had hearts to feel, and hands to give;
Then wealth dispensed what happiness it could,
To taste the luxury of doing good;
Then beauty wept at sympathy's command,
And love was then no stranger in the land.
Tell me, false Autun, what has France obtain'd
In lieu of these; what great advantage gain'd.
With all your new illumination fired,
With licence bless'd, with sacrilege inspired;
With venerable piles in ruin laid,
By village tales the wood god's dwellings made;
With all the hamlet's sweet delights o'erthrown;
With flocks undone, and pious pastors flown;
With knaves carousing where the poor were fed,
With every gen'rous, social virtue dead;
With all these blessings added to your store,—
Say, are you better, happier than before?

When Gifford's "Baviad and Mæviad" was republished in Philadelphia, Cliffton contributed a prefatory poetical epistle to the author, which opens with his complaint—

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies.

His death occurred in December, 1799, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. His poems were collected in a volume, published in New York the following year.*

These "occasional poems" display the poetic culture of the scholar, and an original fancy which had marked out a path for itself, which it is to be regretted was closed by so early a dissolution.

EPISTLE TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

Written at the request of Mr. Cobbett, and prefixed to his edition of that gentleman's elegant poem, "The Baviad and Mæviad."

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the Muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleas'd, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

While this delirious age enchanted seems
With hectic fancy desultory dreams;
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian vigour, and of Roman grace,
With fond delight, we yet one bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Persius bold,
Reclaim the art, assert the muse divine,
And drive obtrusive dulness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the muse so near,
No age when learning had so much to fear,
As now, *when love-lorn ladies light verse frame,*
And every rebus-weaver talks of fame.

When truth in classic majesty appear'd,
And Greece, on high, the dome of science rear'd,
Patience and perseverance, care and pain
Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gain:
None but the great the sun-clad summit sound;
The weak were baffled, and the strong were crown'd.
The tardy transcript's high-wrought page confin'd
To one pursuit the undivided mind.
No venal critic fatten'd on the trade,
Books for delight, and not for sale were made;
Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought,
The chief who govern'd, and the sage who taught.
The drama then with deathless bays was wreath'd,
The statue quicken'd, and the canvass breath'd.
The poet, then, with unresisted art,
Sway'd every impulse of the captive heart.
Touch'd with a beam of heaven's creative mind,
His spirit kindled, and his taste refin'd;
Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth;
Thought grew to thought, and truth attracted truth,
Till, all complete, his perfect soul display'd
Some bloom of genius which could never fade.
So the sage oak, to nature's mandate true,
Advanc'd but slow, and strengthen'd as it grew!
But when at length (full many a season o'er),
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When steadfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, storm and time resisting, still remains
The never dying glory of the plains.

Then, if some thoughtless Bavius dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labours pass away;
So near a forest tall, some worthless flower,
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison thro' the skies,
Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

Still, as from fam'd Ilyssus' classic shore,
To Mincius' banks, the muse her laurel bore,
The sacred plant to hands divine was given,
And deathless Maro nursed the boon of heaven.
Exalted bard! to hear thy gentler voice,
The vallies listen, and their swains rejoice;
But when, on some wild mountain's awful form,
We hear thy spirit chaunting to the storm,
Of battling chiefs, and armies laid in gore,
We rage, we sigh, we wonder and adore.
Thus Rome, with Greece, in rival splendour shone,

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* Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Cliffton. To which are prefixed, Introductory Notices of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author, and an Engraved Likeness.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum Cithara dedit.
Ergo *Quintilium* perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit?
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgilii.
Durum: sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

New York: Printed for J. W. Fenno, by G. and R. Waite. 1800.

But claimed immortal satire for her own;
While Horace pierc'd, full oft, the wanton breast
With sportive censure, and resistless jest;
And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay
Thy kindred genius can so well display,
With many a well aim'd thought, and pointed line,
Drove the bold villain from his black design.
For, as those mighty masters of the lyre,
With temper'd dignity, or quenchless ire,
Through all the various paths of science trod,
Their school was Nature, and their teacher God.
Nor did the muse decline till, o'er her head,
The savage tempest of the north was spread;
Till arm'd with desolation's bolt it came,
And wrapp'd her temple in funereal flame.

But soon the arts, once more, a dawn diffuse,
And Danté hail'd it with his morning muse;
Petrarch and Boccace join'd the choral lay,
And Arno glisten'd with returning day.
Thus science rose; and all her troubles past:
She hop'd a steady, tranquil reign at last;
But Faustus came (indulge the painful thought);
Were not his countless volumes dearly bought?
For, while to every clime and class they flew,
Their worth diminish'd and their numbers grew.
Some pressman, rich in Homer's glowing page,
Could give ten epics to one wondering age;
A single thought supplied the great design,
And clouds of Iliads spread from every line.
Nor Homer's glowing page, nor Virgil's fire.
Could one lone breast, with equal flame, inspire,
But lost in books, irregular and wild,
Then poet wonder'd, and the critic smil'd:
The friendly smile, a bulkier work repays;
For fools will print, while greater fools will praise.

Touch'd with the mania, now, what millions rage
To shine the laureat blockheads of the age.
The dire contagion creeps thro' every grade,
Girls, coxcombs, peers, and patriots drive the trade:
And e'en the hind, his fruitful fields forgot,
For rhyme and misery leave his wife and cot.
Ere, to his breast, the watchful mischief spread,
Content and plenty cheer'd his little shed:
And while no thoughts of state perplex'd his mind,
His harvests ripening, and Pastora kind,
He laugh'd at toil, with health and vigour bless'd;
For days of labor brought their nights of rest:
But now in rags, ambitious for a name,
The fool of faction, and the dupe of fame,
His conscience haunts him with his guilty life,
His starving children, and his ruin'd wife.
Thus swarming wits, of all materials made,
Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid,
And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm,
Call lust refinement, anarchy reform.

No love to foster, no dear friend to wrong,
Wild as the mountain flood, they drive along,
And sweep, remorseless, every social bloom
To the dark level of an endless tomb.

By arms assail'd, we still can arms oppose,
And rescue learning from her brutal foes;
But when those foes to friendship make pretence,
And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense,
Carouse with passion, laugh at God's controul,
And sack the little empire of the soul,
What warning voice can save? Alas! 'tis o'er,
The age of virtue will return no more;
The doating world, its manly vigor flown,
Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly's throne.
Come then, sweet bard, again the cause defend,
Be still the muses' and religion's friend;
Again the banner of thy wrath display,
And save the world from *Darwin's* tinsel lay.
A soul like thine no listless pause should know,
Truth bids thee strike, and virtue guides the blow.
From every conquest still more dreadful come,
Till dulness fly, and folly's self be dumb.

Philadelphia, May 13, 1799.

TO A ROBIN.

From winter so dreary and long,
Escap'd, ah! how welcome the day,
Sweet Bob with his innocent song,
Is return'd to his favourite spray.

When the voice of the tempest was heard,
As o'er the bleak mountain it pass'd,
He hied to the thicket, poor bird!
And shrank from the pitiless blast.

By the maid of the valley survey'd,
Did she melt at thy comfortless lot?
Her hand, was it stretch'd to thy aid,
As thou pick'dst at the door of her cot?

She did; and the wintry wind,
May it howl not around her green grove;
Be a bosom so gentle and kind,
Only fann'd by the breathings of love.

She did; and the kiss of her swain,
With rapture, the deed shall requite,
That gave to my window again,
Poor Bob and his song of delight.

TO FANCY.

Airy traveller, Queen of Song,
Sweetest Fancy, ever young,
I to thee my soul resign;
All my future life be thine:
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

Pride perhaps may knock, and say,
"Rise thou sluggard, come away:"
But can he thy joy impart,
Will he crown my leaping heart?
If I banish hence thy smile,
Will he make it worth my while?

Is my lonely pittance past,
Fleeting good too light to last,
Lifts my friend the latch no more,
Fancy, thou canst all restore;
Thou canst, with thy airy shell,
To a palace raise my cell.

At night while stretch'd on lowly bed,
When tyrant tempest shakes my shed,
And pipes aloud; how bless'd am I,
All cheering nymph, if thou art by,
If thou art by to snatch my soul
Where billows rage and thunders roll.

From cloud, o'er-peering mountain's brow
We'll mark the mighty coil below,
While round us innocently play
The light'ning's flash, and meteor's ray.
And, all so sad, some spectre form,
Is heard to moan amid the storm.

With thee to guide my steps I'll creep
In some old haunted nook to sleep,
Lull'd by the dreary night-bird's scream,
That flits along the wizard stream,
And there, till morning 'gins appear,
The tales of troubled spirits hear.

Sweet's the dawn's ambiguous light,
Quiet pause 'tween day and night,
When, afar, the mellow horn,
Chides the tardy gaited morn,
And asleep is yet the gale
On sea-beat mount, and river'd vale.

But the morn, tho' sweet and fair,
Sweeter is when thou art there;
Hymning stars successive fade,
Fairies hurtle thro' the shade,
Love-lorn flowers I weeping see,
If the scene is touch'd by thee.

When unclouded shines the day,
When my spirits dance and play,
To some sunny bank we'll go,
Where the fairest roses blow,
And in gamesome vein prepare
Chaplets for thy spangled hair.

Thus through life with thee I'll glide,
Happy still whate'er betide,
And while plodding sots complain,
Of ceaseless toil and slender gain,
Every passing hour shall be
Worth a golden age to me.

Then lead on, delightful power,
Lead, oh! lead me to thy bower:
I to thee my soul resign,
All my future life be thine.
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

IL PENSEROSO.

I hate this spungy world, with all its store,
This bustling, noisy, nothingness of life,
This treacherous herd of friends with hollow core,
This vale of sorrow, and this field of strife.

Me, shall some little tranquil thatch receive,
Some settled low content, remote from care,
There will I pipe away the sober eve,
And laugh all day at Lady Fortune there.

Why should I mingle in the mazy ring,
Of drunken folly at the shrine of chance?
Where insect pleasure flits on burnished wing,
Eludes our wishes, and keeps up the dance.

When in the quiet of an humble home,
Beside the fountain, or upon the hill,
Where strife and care and sorrow never come,
I may be free and happy, if I will.

SONG.

Boy, shut to the door, and bid trouble begone,
If sorrow approach, turn the key,
Our comfort this night from the glass shall be drawn,
And mirth our companion shall be.

Who would not with pleasure the moments prolong,
When tempted with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

What art thou, kind power, that soft'nest me so,
That kindlest this love-boding sigh,
That bid'st with affection, my bosom o'erflow,
And send'st the fond tear to my eye.

I know thee! for ever thy visit prolong,
Sweet spirit of Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

See the joy-waking influence rapidly fly,
And spirit with spirit entwine,
The effulgence of rapture enamels each eye,
Each soul rides triumphant like mine.

On a sea of good humour floats gayly along,
Surrounded with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

And now to the regions of Fancy we soar,
Thro' scenes of enchantment we stray,
We revel in transports untasted before,
Or loiter with love on the way.

Resolv'd like good fellows the time to prolong,
That cheers us with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

For Friendship, the solace of mortals below,
In the thicket of life, loves a rose,
Good wine can content on misfortune bestow,
And a song's not amiss I suppose.

Then fill, my good fellows, the moment prolong,
With a bumper to Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

For lonely shades, and rustic bed,
Let philosophic spirits sigh;
I ask no melancholy shed,
No hermit's dreary cave, not I.

But where, to skirt some pleasant vale,
Ascends the rude uncultur'd hill,
Where 'midst its cliffs to every gale,
Young echo mocks the passing rill:

Where spring thro' every merry year,
Delighted trips her earliest round;
Sees all her varied tints appear,
And all her fragrant soul abound.

There let my little villa rise,
In beauty's simple plumage drest,
And greet with songs the morning skies,
Sweet bird of art, in nature's nest!

Descending there, on golden wing,
Shall fancy, with her bounties roam;
And every laurell'd art shall bring
An offering fair to deck my home.

Green beds of moss, in dusky cells,
When twilight sleeps from year to year,
And fringed plats, where Flora dwells,
With the wild wood shall neighbour near.

The fairies thro' my walks shall roam,
And sylphs inhabit every tree;
Come Ariel, subtlest spirit, come,
I'll find a blossom there for thee.

Extended wide, the diverse scene,
My happy casement shall command,
The busy farm, the pasture green,
And tufts where shelter'd hamlets stand.

Some dingle oft shall court my eye
To dance among the flow'rets there,
And here a lucid lake shall lie,
Emboss'd with many an islet fair.

From crag to crag, with devious sweep,
Some frantic flood shall headlong go,
And, bursting o'er the dizzy steep,
Shall slumber in the lake below.

In breezy isles and forests near,
The sylvans oft their haunts shall leave,
And oft the torrent pause to hear,
The lake-nymph's song, at silent eve.

There shall the moon with half-shut eye,
Delirious, hear her vocal beam,
To fingering sounds, responsive sigh,
And bless the hermit's midnight dream.

No magic weed nor poison fell,
Shall tremble there; nor drug uncouth,
To round the mutt'ring wizard's spell,
Or bathe with death the serpent's tooth.

No crusted ditch nor festering fen,
With plagues shall teem, a deadly brood
No monster leave his nightly den
To lap the 'wilder'd pilgrim's blood.

But on the rose's dewy brink,
Each prismy tear shall catch the gleam,
And give the infant buds to drink,
The colours of the morning beam.

The waters sweet, from whispering wells,
Shall loiter 'neath the flowery brake;
Shall visit oft the Naiads' cells,
And hie them to the silver lake.

The muse shall hail, at peep of dawn,
Melodiously, the coming day;
At eve her song shall soothe the lawn,
And with the mountain echoes play.

There spring shall laugh at winter's frown,
There summer blush for gamesome spring,
And autumn, prank'd in wheaten crown,
His stores to hungry winter bring.

'Tis mine! 'tis mine! this sacred grove,
Where truth and beauty may recline,
The sweet resort of many a love;
Monimia come and make it thine.

For thee, the bursting buds are ripe,
The whistling robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe;
Will not my lov'd Monimia hear?

A fawn I'll bring thee, gentle maid,
To gamble round thy pleasant door;
I'll cull thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade,
What shall I say to tempt thee more?

The blush that warms thy maiden cheek,
Thy morning eye's sequester'd tear,
For me, thy kindling passion speak,
And chain this subtle vision here.

Spots of delight, and many a day
Of summer love for me shall shine;
In truth my beating heart is gay,
At sight of that fond smile of thine.

Come, come my love away with me,
The morn of life is hast'ning by,
To this dear scene we'll gaily flee,
And sport us 'neath the peaceful sky.

And when that awful day shall rise,
That sees thy cheek with age grow pale,
And the soul fading in thine eyes,
We'll sigh and quit the weeping vale.

WILLIAM RAY.

William Ray, one of the "Algerine Captives," was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, about 1772. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and removing soon after his son's birth to a then unsettled part of the state of New York, the latter had few advantages of early education. After experimenting as a schoolmaster and country shopkeeper, and getting married, having lost, by arriving too late at Philadelphia, what he calls "a flattering prospect of finding a situation as an editor, at thirty dollars a month," he shipped, July 3, 1803, "in a low capacity" on board the U. S. frigate Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge. On the 31st of October the vessel ran aground off Tripoli, was attacked by a single gun-boat, and struck her colors. The next morning the ship was afloat, but her officers and crew were ashore as prisoners. They were treated with great severity, badly fed and lodged, and set to work in December at raising an old wreck buried in the sand, which they had to shovel from under her and carry in baskets to the shore, working almost naked with the water up to their armpits. They had afterwards, in March, to drag a heavy wagon "five or six miles into the country over the burning sands, barefoot and shirtless, and back again loaded with timber, before they had anything to eat, except perhaps a few raw carrots." They were imprisoned until June 3, 1805, when articles of peace were signed and the prisoners shipped for home the next day. Ray was made captain's clerk of the Essex, and laureate for the next fourth of July, when the following song by him "was sung at table by consul Lear, and encored three or four times."

Hail Independence! hail once more!
To meet thee on a foreign shore,
Our hearts and souls rejoice;
To see thy sons assembled here,
Thy name is rendered doubly dear—
More charming is thy voice.

A host of heroes bright with fame,
A Preble and Decatur's name,
Our grateful songs demand;
And let our voices loudly rise,
At Eaton's daring enterprise,
And red victorious hand.

That recreant horde of barb'rous foes,
Our deathless heroes bled t' oppose,
Can never stand the test,
When grappled with our dauntless tars,
Their crescent wanes beside our stars,
And quickly sinks to rest.

Thy spirit, born in darkest times,
Illumes the world's remotest climes,
Where'er thy champions tread——
Like lightning flash'd on Barb'ry's plains—
Dissolv'd the groaning captive's chains,
And struck the oppressor dead.

Hail Independence! glorious day,
Which chased the clouds of night away,
That o'er our country hung;
Re-tune the voice, and let us hear
The song encore—a louder cheer
Resound from every tongue.

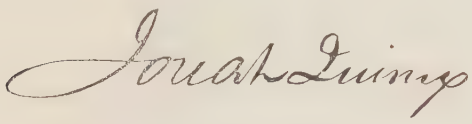
Huzza! may freedom's banners wave,
Those banners that have freed the slave
With new all-conqu'ring charms;
Till nature's works in death shall rest
And never may the Tar be *press'd*
But in his fair one's arms.

The Essex, after a cruise in the Mediterranean, reached home August, 1806. Her poet published an account of his adventures a few months after. He served in the militia at Plattsburg in 1812, and after several removes settled down with his family in the village of Onondaga Court-House. In 1821 he published at Auburn a small volume of "Poems on various subjects, religious, moral, sentimental, and humorous," with a sketch of his life.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

The will of Josiah Quincy, Jr., contained the following bequest: "I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!" The son has entered upon the full fruition and has made good use of this legacy. His long life has been devoted to the dissemination of knowledge,

to the instruction of others in the good doctrines those good books have taught, while the "spirit of liberty" now rests like a sunset halo on that aged head. Whenever we read of an assemblage in his native city, convened by the rallying call of liberty, we find a portion of its record earnest words, which he has come forth from his retirement to utter. Even those who differ from him widely in opinion, as in domicile, must, or should, respect the energy and good intent of the old statesman and scholar.



Josiah Quincy was born in 1772, prepared for college at the Phillips Academy in Andover, and graduated at Harvard in 1790. His Commencement oration was on the "Ideal Superiority of the present age in Literature and Politics." He studied law with the Hon. Judge Tudor, and in 1797 married Eliza, daughter of John Morton, a merchant of New York. In 1804 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1805 to Congress, where he remained until 1813. He was warmly opposed to the purchase of Louisiana, and prophesied a dissolution of the Union as the result of an enlargement of the Confederacy beyond its limits at the time of the formation of the Constitution. He was also an opponent of the Embargo. One of his speeches on this topic contains an eloquent though somewhat ornate passage.

They who introduced it abjured it. They who advocated it did not wish, and scarcely knew, its use. And now that it is said to be extended over us, no man in this nation, who values his reputation, will take his Bible oath that it is in effectual and legal operation. There is an old riddle, on a coffin, (said Mr. Quincy,) which I presume we all learnt when we were boys, that is as perfect a representation of the origin, progress, and present state of this thing called non-intercourse, as is possible to be conceived:

> There was a man bespoke a thing,
> Which, when the maker home did bring,
> That same maker did refuse it,—
> The man that spoke for it did not use it,—
> And he who had it did not know
> Whether he had it, yea or no.

True it is, that if this non-intercourse shall ever be, in reality, subtended over us, the similitude will fail, in a material point. The poor tenant of the coffin is ignorant of his state. But the poor people of the United States will be literally buried alive in non-intercourse, and realize the grave closing on themselves and their hopes, with a full and cruel consciousness of all the horrors of their condition.

His speech on the influence of government patronage, delivered January 1, 1811, attracted much attention. "It ought," said John Quincy Adams, "to be hung up in every office of every office-holder in the Union." He describes the office hunters.

Let now, one of your great office-holders—a collector of the customs, a marshal, a commissioner of loans, a post-master in one of your cities, or any officer, agent, or factor, for your territories, or public lands, or person holding a place of minor distinction, but of considerable profit—be called upon to pay the last great debt of nature. The poor man shall hardly be dead,—he shall not be cold,—long before the corpse is in the coffin, the mail shall be crowded to repletion with letters, certificates, recommendations, and representations, and every species of sturdy, sycophantic solicitation, by which obtrusive mendicity seeks charity or invites compassion. Why, sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the treasury-trough here in this capitol. Such running, such jostling, such wriggling, such clambering over one another's backs, such squealing because the tub is so narrow and the company so crowded! No, sir; let us not talk of stoical apathy towards the things of the national treasury either in this people, or in the representatives, or senators.

* * * * * * * * *

Without meaning, in this place, to cast any particular reflections upon this, or upon any other executive, this I will say, that if no additional guards are provided, and now, after the spirit of party has brought into so full activity the spirit of patronage, there never will be a president of these United States, elected by means now in use, who, if he deals honestly with himself, will not be able, on quitting, to address his presidential chair as John Falstaff addressed Prince Hal: "Before I knew thee I knew nothing, and now I am but little better than one of the wicked." The possession of that station, under the reign of party, will make a man so acquainted with the corrupt principles of human conduct,—he will behold our nature in so hungry, and shivering, and craving a state, and be compelled so constantly to observe the solid rewards daily demanded by way of compensation for outrageous patriotism,—that, if he escape out of that atmosphere without partaking of its corruption, he must be below or above the ordinary condition of mortal nature. Is it possible, sir, that he should remain altogether uninfected?

Mr. Quincy was an opponent of the war of 1812, and soon after his election to the Senate of his state, June, 1813, gave a decided proof of his opposition by offering the following preamble and resolution in reference to the gallant conduct of Captain Lawrence in the destruction of the British ship of war Peacock by the sloop Hornet.

Whereas, It has been found that former resolutions of this kind, passed on similar occasions, relative to other officers engaged in similar service, have given great discontent to many of the good people of this commonwealth, it being considered by them as an encouragement and excitement to the countenance of the present unjust, unnecessary, and iniquitous war; and, on this account, the Senate of Massachusetts have deemed it their duty to refrain from acting on the said proposition. And whereas, this determination of the Senate may, without explanation, be misconstrued into an intentional slight of Capt. Lawrence, and a denial of his particular merits, the Senate therefore deem it their duty to declare that they have a high sense of the naval skill and military and civil virtues of Capt. James Lawrence; and they have been withheld from acting on said proposition solely from considerations relative to the nature and principle of the present war: and, to the end that all misapprehension on this subject may be obviated, *Resolved*, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that, in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of mili-

tary or naval exploits which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil.

Both were afterwards, January 23, 1824, by a vote of the body expunged from its records.

Mr. Quincy remained in the Senate until 1821, and in 1822–3 was a member of the House. In 1822 he was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court, but resigned the office on his election as Mayor of Boston in 1823. He held the office until he declined a re-election in December, 1828. The House of Industry, the House for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, the admirable market-house which bears his name, the efficient Fire Department of the city, and numerous important streets and avenues, are some of the monuments of his vigorous administration. He was to be seen throughout his mayoralty traversing the streets and lanes at daybreak on horseback, personally inspecting their condition, and in every other department of duty was equally active.

In January, 1829, Mr. Quincy, to use his own expression, was called from the "dust and clamor of the capitol" to the presidency of Harvard University. He was as much surprised at the appointment, he said, "as if he had received a call to the pastoral charge of the Old South Church." He delivered his inaugural address in Latin on the second of June, and retained the office until his resignation in 1845, his academic rule being marked by the same zeal and prosperity which had attended his civic sway. During its course debts were paid, endowments secured, buildings renovated, and the general efficiency of the ancient institution largely promoted.

Since his retirement from Harvard Mr. Quincy has not held any public office. He is often, however, called upon to preside at assemblages of his fellow-citizens, and is always ready to lend the great influence which a long life of honorable public service has added to the ancestral honors of his name in the furtherance of measures which he deems of national benefit. He is often present on occasions of public festivity, enjoying a well deserved reputation as an after dinner speaker and wit. One of his happy epigrams is recorded in the diary of the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster.

President Nott preached in Brattle Street Church; the fullest audience ever known there, except on ordination-day. Epigram made on by Josiah Quincy.

Delight and instruction have people, I wot,
Who in seeing not see, and in hearing hear not.

At a dinner given soon after the completion of the Quincy market, Judge Story gave the toast, "May the fame of our honored Mayor prove as durable as the material of which the beautiful market-house is constructed." Quincy instantly responded, "That stupendous monument of the wisdom of our forefathers, the Supreme Court of the United States; In the event of a vacancy may it be raised one Story higher." The same distinguished name was used in a still happier manner at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, after the institution of the Story Association, when Mr. Quincy proposed "The Members of the Bar; Let them rise as high as they may they can never rise higher than one Story." He once remarked of his college, "May it, like the royal mail packets, distribute good letters over our land."

When Wirt visited Boston in 1829 he was received by Quincy, who, in the course of conversation, asked him in which college he had graduated. Wirt in a letter at the time tells the sequel. "I was obliged to admit that I had never been a student of any college. A shade of embarrassment, scarcely perceptible, just flitted across his countenance; but he recovered in an instant, and added most gracefully, 'upon my word you furnish a very strong argument against the utility of a college education.' Was not this neatly said, and very much in the style of Bishop Madison?"*

Mr. Quincy, in addition to his other public services, is the author of several important volumes. His Memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr., published in 1825, we have already had occasion to express our obligations to in writing an account of that distinguished patriot. It is an admirable monument of filial reverence. His *History of Harvard*† has rendered a similar service to our article on that University. His *Centennial Address on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston*, 1830, and *History of the Boston Athenæum, with Biographical Notices of its devoted Founders*,‡ are equally valuable contributions to civic and literary history.§

JOHN LATHROP,

The son of a minister at Boston, of the same name,‖ was born in that city in January, 1772; was a graduate of Harvard in 1789; studied law in the office of Christopher Gore; commenced the practice of the profession, and in 1797 removed to Dedham. The society of Fisher Ames and the appointment of clerk of Norfolk county did not long retain him there. He returned to Boston, and lived among the wits, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Charles Prentiss,¶ and others, con-

* Kennedy's Memoirs of Wirt, ii. 275.
† Cambridge, 1840.
‡ Cambridge, 1851.
§ Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, pp. 258–278.
‖ John Lathrop, 1740–1816, was born in Norwich, Ct.; studied at Princeton; assisted Wheelock in his Indian school, at Lebanon; was ordained and became pastor of the Second Church in Boston. He published a number of ordination and occasional discourses, amongst others an Historical Discourse at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, which are enumerated by Allen. Joseph Lathrop, another divine of the family, 1731–1821, was also born at Norwich; studied at Yale, and was pastor of the church in West Springfield, Mass. His ministerial life extended over sixty-three years. His published sermons form a large collection, a portion of which were issued in seven volumes; one of them, a posthumous publication, containing his Autobiography, "a production," says Allen, "remarkable for its simplicity and candor."
¶ Buckingham, in his Newspaper Reminiscences, has traced the career of Prentiss through a series of journals with which he was connected. He was born in 1774, the son of the Rev. Caleb Prentiss, minister of Reading, Mass.; studied at Harvard, and upon leaving college, edited, in 1795, the *Rural Repository*, at Leominster, Mass., a weekly paper of a literary character, and "short lived." One of his sportive effusions in this journal was a "will" in verse, written in emulation of a similar college production of the wit Biglow. The humor turns upon a custom of Harvard, of the transmission of a jack-knife from the ugliest member of one senior class to the ugliest member of the next. The verses may be found in Buckingham, ii. 269. *A Collection of Fugitive Essays, in Prose and Verse*, was published by Prentiss at Leominster, in 1797—a pleasant volume. When the Repository expired, Prentiss published *The Political Focus* at the same place; afterwards, *The Washington Federalist*, at Georgetown, D.C.; the *Anti-Democrat* at Baltimore, and in the same city a literary paper, *The Child of Pallas*. This was at the beginning of the century. In 1804 he visited England. In 1809 he published *The Thistle*, a theatrical paper of a brief existence. After 1810 he reported the Congressional proceedings at Washington, and edited the *Independent American*. In 1813, a Life of General Eaton from his pen was published at Brookfield. In 1817 and 1818 he edited the *Virginia Patriot*, at Richmond. He died in Brim-

tributing, with them, to the Federal Boston Gazette. Samuel L. Knapp, who was subsequently connected with that journal, and who has furnished a genial account of Lathrop, says, that a difference of taste led to an encounter between the young authors:—"Lathrop was modest, learned, and poetical, but had much less of the ardor of genius and the sparkling of wit than Paine, but more chastity of style and more method in his compositions and conversations. Prentiss was easy, familiar, good-natured, and poetical, and amused himself at the parade of learning in Paine, and laughed at the sentimental solemnity of Lathrop." Such contests might enliven the Boston newspapers, but they would not assist to wealth and eminence at the bar. Discouraged in this field, Lathrop, in 1799, embarked to try his fortunes in British India, where he established a school at Calcutta. Knapp relates a proposition which he made to the government there, and its reception. "In the ardor of his zeal for instructing the rising generation of Calcutta, he presented to the Governor-General, the Marquis of Wellesley, a plan of an institution at which the youths of India might receive an education, without going to England for that purpose. In an interview with his lordship, Lathrop urged, with great fervency and eloquence, the advantages that he believed would flow from a seminary well endowed and properly patronized by the government, on such a plan as he recommended; but his lordship opposed the plan, and in his decided and vehement manner replied: 'No, no, sir, India is and ever ought to be a colony of Great Britain; the seeds of independence must not be sown here. Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century.'" Besides his occupations as a teacher, Lathrop wrote for the Calcutta papers the *Hircarrah* and the *Post*, but he found the newspaper system under the government censorship as restricted as the educational.

He returned to America in 1819, projected "a literary journal on an extensive plan," but did not carry it into execution. He then brought his stock of literary resources into use as teacher of a school in Boston; "wrote in the papers; delivered lectures on natural philosophy, and gave the public several songs and orations for festive and masonic purposes." Tired of this unsatisfactory career he passed to the South, where he took up his residence in the District of Columbia, pursuing his old occupations as a teacher, writer, and lecturer, and securing an employment in the post-office. He died at Georgetown, January 30, 1820.

The writings of Lathrop have never been collected. They consist of his philosophical lectures, several orations, a number of occasional poems, and one of greater scope, which he wrote on the voyage to India, and which was first published at Calcutta in 1802, and reprinted in Boston the following year. This was entitled the *Speech of Caunonicus, or an Indian Tradition.** It is dedicated "to his Excellency the most noble Richard, Marquis Wellesley, K.P." The author furnishes the "argument" of the poem. "Caunonicus, Sachem of the Narraghansetts, having reached his eighty-fourth year at a time a little anterior to the landing of the Pilgrims, and finding his infirmities daily increasing, assembled his people round the council fire, and previous to the act of resigning his authority to his nephew, delivered an address, in which he informed them of their nature, origin, and approaching fate." The hero is introduced with dignity, amidst the council of chiefs, at the senate fire.

> At length—serene, Caunonicus arose,
> The patriot Sachem of the rude domain.

He recounts the blessings of his reign:—

> If aught my years have added to your store,
> Of martial prowess or of useful lore,
> * * * * * * * *
> If mine has been a mild, propitious sway,
> And light your task to follow and obey,
> Return to God your thanks! My time is past;—
> I sink before the cold and wintry blast.
> * * * * * * * *
> To fertile realms I haste,
> Compared with which your gardens are a waste;
> There, in full bloom eternal Spring abides,
> And swarming fishes glide through azure tides.

The origin of "the Pagan Pantheon" is thus disclosed, how a spirit was placed in the sun and another in the sea, and in the fire, with a succession of river gods, when beasts and fishes were formed, and the gigantic mammoth, with whom the primeval deity has a struggle.

> Creation groan'd when with laborious birth,
> Mammoth was born to rule his parent earth,—
> Mammoth! I tremble while my voice recounts,
> His size that tower'd o'er all our misty mounts,—
> His weight a balance for yon pine-crowned hills,
> On whose broad front half heaven in dew distils;—
> His motions forced the starry spheres to shake,
> The sea to roar—the solid land to quake.
> His breath a whirlwind. From his angry eye,
> Flash'd flames like fires that light the northern sky;
> The noblest river scarce supplied him drink,—
> Nor food, the herds that grazed along its brink;—
> Trampling through forests would the monster pass,
> Breasting the stoutest oaks like blades of grass!
> Creation finished, God a Sabbath kept,
> And twice two hundred moons profoundly slept;
> At length from calm and undisturbed repose,
> With kind intent the sire of nature rose;—
> Northward he bent his course, with parent care,
> To view his creatures and his love declare,
> To bless the works his wisdom erst had plann'd,
> And with fresh bounties fill the grateful land.
> Hoar Paumpagussit swell'd with conscious pride,
> And bore the Almighty o'er each looming tide;
> Sweet flowering bushes sprang where'er he trod,
> And groves, and vales, and mountains, hail'd their God;

field, in Hampden County, Mass., Oct. 20, 1820. Buckingham adds to these items the remark—"Mr. Prentiss was a scholar, a good writer, a judicious critic; he studied no profession, and relied entirely on the exercise of his pen for support. Had he lived half a century later, he might have seen his literary offspring dressed in scarlet and gold, and died, leaving his copyright to his heirs."

* The Speech of Caunonicus, or an Indian Tradition: a Poem, with explanatory notes.

> Di cœptis
> Adspirate meis; primâque ab origine mundi
> Ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen.—Ovid.

By John Lathrop, A.M. Calcutta: Printed by Thomas Hollingbery, Hircarrah Press. 1802. 4to. pp. 42.

With more effulgent beams Keesuckquand shone,
And lent to night a splendor like his own.
Thus moved the deity. But vengeful wrath,
Soon gather'd awful glooms around his path,
Approaching near to Mammoth's wide domain,
He view'd the ravage of the tyrant's reign.
Not the gaunt wolf, nor cougar fierce and wild,
Escaped the tusks that all the fields despoil'd,
No beast that ranged the valley, plain or wood,
Was spared by earth's fell chief and his insatiate brood.

Nor did just anger rest. Behold, a storm
Of sable horrors clothe the eternal's form.
Loud thunders burst while forked lightnings dart,
And each red bolt transfix'd a Mammoth's heart,
Tall cedars crash'd beneath them falling prone,
And heaven rebellow'd with their dying groan.
So, undermined by inward fires, or time,
Some craggy mount that long has tower'd sublime,
Tumbles in ruins with tremendous sound,
And spreads a horrible destruction round;
The trembling land through all its caverns roars,
And ocean hoarsely draws his billows from the shores.

Mammoth, meanwhile, opposed his maily hide,
And shagged front, that thunderbolts defied;
Celestial arms from his rough head he shook,
And trampling with his hoofs, the blunted weapons broke.

At length, one shaft discharged with happier aim,
Pierced his huge side and wrapp'd his bulk in flame.
Mad with the anguish of the burning wound,
With furious speed he raged along the ground,
And pass'd Ohio's billows with a bound,—
Thence, o'er Wabash and Illinois he flew,—
Deep to their beds the river gods withdrew
Affrighted nature trembled as he fled,
And God alone, continued free from dread.
Mammoth in terrors—awfully sublime,
Like some vast comet, blazing from our clime,
Impetuous rush'd. O'er Allegany's brow
He leap'd, and howling plung'd to wilds below;
There, in immortal anguish he remains,
No peace he knows;—no balm can ease his pains;
And oft his voice appals the chieftain's breast,
Like hollow thunders murmuring from the west,—
To every Sachem dreadful truths reveals,
And monarchs shudder at its solemn peals.
Such is the punishment, by righteous fate,
The dread avenger of each injured state,
Reserved for tyrant chiefs, who madly dare
Oppress the tribes committed to their care.
Almighty wrath pursues them for their deeds,—
They stab their souls in every wretch that bleeds,
The hideous wound eternal shall endure,—
Remorse, despair,—alas, what skill can cure!

* * * * * * * *

Mammoth being thus overpowered, man and woman are then brought on the scene:

There God retired, elate, from Mammoth's death,
Form'd man of oak, and quickened him with breath,
Moulding the wood according to his will,
Nine moons his plastic hands employed their skill.
Life's vital fount within the breast he plac'd,
And Reason's seat the brain's nice fabric grac'd,
Superior wisdom beaming from his face,
Proclaim'd the lord of earth and all its race.
Erect and tall the new Commander strode,
In shape and motion noble as a god.
His eye the spirit intellectual fir'd,
His ample heart no vulgar joys desir'd,
For there, though chief, unrivall'd and alone,
Had emulation fix'd her blazing throne.

Next to complete th' Eternal's glorious plan,
Sweet woman rose, the sole compeer of man,
Her voice was soft as Philomela's note,
When Evening's shades o'er flowery vallies float;
Her lips breath'd fragrance, like the breeze of morn,
And her eyes sparkled as the spangled thorn,
Ere glist'ning dews, by heat exhaled away,
Yield their mild splendors to intenser day:—
And silken skin adorn'd her waving form,
Whose glossing texture touch'd,—so smooth, so warm,
Through the thrill'd breast diffused a rapt'rous glow,
And bade the blood with amorous phrenzy flow.
She, like the skies, which gazing tribes adore,
Two beauteous orbs upon her bosom bore,
Whose charms united, bless'd continual view,
While heaven's lights singly deck'd the expansive blue,
Giving all seasons of man's life to prove,
The bliss of constant and unfading love;
Perfect she shone, the fairest and the best—
Of all God's works the paragon confest.
This pair, the parents of our race design'd,
The solemn rites of holy wedlock joined;
From their embraces, sprang forth at a birth,
Of different sex, two more to people earth,
Thence, still proceeding, num'rous children smil'd,
And gladden'd with their sports the shady wild.
Till Paugautemisk held paternal reign,
O'er the throng'd forest and the busy plain.

An Indian legend of Oswego follows, and the poem closes with a prophecy of the coming Empire.

Lathrop's several addresses and orations were: on the Fourth of July, 1796, for the town authorities of Boston; on the same anniversary, in 1798, at Dedham; a Masonic Address at Charlestown, Mass., June 24, 1811; an Address before the Associated Instructors of Youth, in Boston and vicinity, on the First Anniversary of the Institution, August 19, 1813; Monody Sacred to the Memory of John L. Abbot, who died Oct. 17, 1814. He also published the Pocket Register and Free Mason's Anthology, in 1813.* Of his occasional verses, Knapp quotes the following

ODE FOR THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY.

If on the haughty warrior's brow,
Is plac'd the crown of deathless fame;
And earth's applauding lords bestow,
Their proudest titles on his name;
Oh say, shall glory's partial hand,
Withhold the meed to pity due,
When plaintive sorrow's grateful band
For wreaths to deck their patrons sue.

A tear-enamelled chaplet weave,
Round Bowdoin's venerated urn,
Where all the patriot virtues grieve,
And votive lamps of science burn;
Sweet charity on Russell's tomb,
A shower of vernal flow'rets throws;—
And bays of fadeless verdure bloom
O'er classic Minot's calm repose.

New England's worthies grace the pyre,
Where Belknap soar'd for ever blest!
Religion lights her hallow'd fire,
Where pious Stillman's relics rest,—

* Knapp's American Biography. Loring's Boston Orators, pp. 255–7. Allen's Biog. Dict.

Why mourns the Muse with tearful eyes,
While pondering o'er the roll of death?
Afresh her keenest sorrows rise,
With Emerson's departed breath!

Ah! Heaven again demands its own,
Another fatal shaft is sped,
And genius, friendship, learning, mourn
Their Buckminster among the dead!
To Eliot's tomb, ye Muses, bring
Fresh roses from the breathing wild,
Wet with the tears of dewy Spring,
For he was virtue's gentlest child!

Ye sainted spirits of the just,
Departed friends, we raise our eyes,
From humbler scenes of mould'ring dust,
To brighter mansions in the skies.—
Where faith and hope, their trials past,
Shall smile in endless joy secure,
And charity's blest reign shall last,
While Heaven's eternal courts endure.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

This head of a family eminent for its theological services in the professor's chair and the pulpit, was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, April 17, 1772. His grandfather, an emigrant from Ireland of the Scottish race, was one of the first settlers in that region, about the year 1738—a man of courage and mental activity, who raised a company of men for military duty on the Kenhawa, and gave lessons to the young of his neighborhood at home. His son William was a trader and farmer. The early years of Archibald Alexander were passed in country associations with such education as the time and place offered—as an instance of which, we may note that the future eminent divine was taught by a convict from London, who had been bought by his father at Baltimore, and turned to account in this way, as he had some Latin and Greek education, in a log school-house set up for that purpose. The name of this youth was Reardon. He enlisted in the war, and was cut down in a skirmish in North Carolina by Tarleton's men, and left for dead upon the field. He survived, however, to get back to his school-keeping.

The instructions of the Rev. William Graham and of his assistant, James Priestly, in the school near Lexington—names to be held in respect in the early annals of American education—shaped the studies of Alexander. He had hardly, at the age of seventeen, completed them, when his father procured him an engagement as a tutor in the family of General John Posey, of the Wilderness, a hundred and forty miles from his home, across the Blue Ridge in Spotsylvania county, where he passed a year instructing the sons and a daughter in Latin, and educating himself. On his return home, he was influenced by the religious movements then taking place in the country, to think seriously of divinity—a study which he prosecuted with his preceptor Graham, reading the works of Edwards and Owen. He was licensed in 1791 at Winchester, after which he made a missionary tour through the southern counties of the state; his memoranda of which, published in his life by his son, are interesting contributions to the history of the times. In one of his journeys in 1794, he heard Patrick Henry on a jury murder case, and his testimony of his eloquence is an addition to the many warm and seemingly extravagant eulogies collected by Wirt. In 1797, Alexander was called to the presidency of Hampden Sidney College, an institution established as a Presbyterian theological seminary, which had received its charter as a college in 1783. Samuel Stanhope Smith was its first president. Alexander occupied this office till 1801, when he visited New York and New England. His reminiscences of the journey and of the chief clergymen of the day possess distinctness and spirit. He was at Dartmouth College when Daniel Webster pronounced his Commencement speech. On his arrival at Boston, the geographer Morse was mystified by his introduction as president of "Camden" Sidney College. He had never heard of the institution, and when the error was corrected it was hardly more complimentary, for Morse had given a melancholy account in his book of the veritable Hampden Sidney itself. Alexander met on this tour such celebrities as Samuel Hopkins, Emmons, President Wheelock, and the magnates of Harvard and Princeton, under the presidencies of Willard and Smith. On his return to Virginia in 1802, he married Janetta Waddell, the daughter of the eloquent blind preacher, celebrated by Wirt in the British Spy—a lady whose affections he had engaged on a casual visit to her father in Louisa county, on his horseback journey from the college the previous year. This union, a very happy one, lasted during his life, his widow surviving him a short time. In 1807, he took charge of a congregation in Philadelphia, where he remained till the organization of the Theological Seminary at Princeton by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in 1812, when he became its first professor, with charge of the various branches of theological education, a range of duty which finally settled down, as the demands and resources of the institution increased, and he was relieved by the labors of others into a distinct professorship of pastoral and polemic theology. He was at this time forty years old, and held this position till his death, almost as long a period after, in his seventy-ninth year—an event which occurred at Princeton, October 22, 1851.

The reputation of Dr. Alexander for learning and authorship dates from his residence at Princeton. He was a thorough and accomplished student, a critic and interpreter of the Greek and Hebrew scriptures; in the latter of which he was one of the earliest American proficients. Through his later years he would read a chapter of the Old Testament daily in the original, for which he had a reverential regard, and could be heard at times chanting to himself portions of the Hebrew psalter. He held the German and Dutch Protestant divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in great estimation; and brought a large collection of them together to the library of the seminary.

He did not begin to publish, if we except several occasional sermons, till his fifty-second year, when his *Brief Outline of the Evidences of the Christian Religion* appeared, a work which is held in regard as a text-book in both England and America. His contributions to the *Biblical Repertory* and *Princeton Review* were thereafter frequent in articles in which he guarded and defined the principles of morals and theology. His

A Alexander

Introductory Lectures on the opening of the terms of study, seventeen in number, which are still in manuscript, embrace many points of practical and speculative divinity—what may be called the moral philosophy of Divinity. One of these discourses had for its subject, *The Use and Abuse of Books.* In 1846, he published in a large octavo volume, a *History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa.* His *History of the Israelitish Nation, from their origin to their dispersion at the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans*, appeared in Philadelphia in 1852. He also wrote many tracts and several biographical abridgments for the Presbyterian Board of Publication and the American Tract Society.

As a preacher, Dr. Alexander was greatly admired. His discourses were "experimental, casuistical, practical, consolatory," and are noticed as having but little of the mannerisms and phrases of any particular school. His conversational powers were very happy, and were freely exercised among his family and friends. His habits as a student kept him much among his books, so that for a great portion of his life his only exercise was in passing the few steps from his library to his lecture-room. He would get relief from one grave study in another as grave of a different turn. His personal appearance, in a piercing eye, a high forehead and delicate features, with a transparent complexion, was expressive of the refined and penetrating mind within.

Of the sons of Dr. Alexander, his biographer, Dr. James W. Alexander, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church on the Fifth Avenue, is the author of several works of value and interest. One of the earliest of these is a collection of essays, entitled the *American Mechanic and Workingman*, of a practical ingenious turn, in which, with good humor and good sense, the moral and intellectual capabilities of the calling are insisted upon and enlarged. He has published also a volume of sermons, entitled *Consolation; in Discourses on Select Topics, addressed to the suffering people of God; Thoughts on Family Worship, and Plain Words to a Young Communicant.* His love of literature, and activity as a thinker and student, have been shown in numerous contributions to the Biblical Repertory, in various brief essays which have appeared in the *Newark Daily Advertiser* and *The Literary World*, under the title of *Cæsariensis.* As a scholar, he is one of the most exact and finished men of the day.

The "Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review," such being its final title, is the oldest of existing American theological quarterlies, having now reached its thirty-first volume. It was begun by Professor Hodge in 1825, and has, with small intervals, remained under his able hand till the present time. It has been regarded as the accredited organ of the Westminster Calvinists and Presbyterians, and has exercised a formidable influence; but its tone in regard to Slavery has made it especially unsavory to the abolitionists. In the "British Foreign Theological Review," of Edinburgh, for 1851–2, more than a dozen of the articles republished are from the Princeton Review. For many years together it was the vehicle for the most elaborate dissertations of Miller, Breckenridge, Dod, Hodge, the Alexanders, and other well known Presbyterians.

The Rev. Albert B. Dod, D.D., was one of the most brilliant writers for this work, though he did not live to accomplish that authorship for which he was so well prepared. He was for some years professor of Mathematics in Princeton College, where he shared the intimacy and the fame of such men as Henry, now of the Smithsonian Institution, and Torrey, the great botanist of America. Dod was a man of letters as well as science, a keen metaphysician, pious divine, an eloquent preacher, a captivating converser, and a writer of equal argumentative and sarcastic power. He died unexpectedly in the spring-tide of a great reputation, in the year 1846. Some of Dr. Dod's admirable productions have been collected in a volume entitled "Princeton Essays."

Professor Joseph A. Alexander, of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, is the author of a valuable *Commentary on the Psalms*, following the exposition of Hengstenberg;* a *Critical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah;* and an abridgment of the same, with a volume on *Primitive Church Government.*

NATURAL SCENERY SEEN BY THE YOUTH AND THE MAN.

Whether the scenery with which our senses are conversant in early life has any considerable effect on the character of the mind, is a question not easily determined. It would be easy to theorize on the subject; and formerly I indulged in many lucubrations, which at the time seemed plausible, all tending to the conclusion that minds developed under the constant view and impression of grand or picturesque scenery must in vigour and fertility of imagination be greatly superior to those who spend their youth in dark alleys, or in the crowded streets of a large city, where the only objects which constantly meet the senses are stone and brick walls, and dirty and offensive gutters. The child of the mountains,

* The Psalms. Translated and Explained by J. A. Alexander, DD. 3 vols. Scribner, 1850–54.

who cannot open his eyes without seeing sublime peaks, penetrating beyond the clouds, stupendous rocks, and deep and dark caverns, enclosed by frightful precipices, thought I, must possess a vivid impression of the scenes of nature, by which he will be distinguished from those born and brought up in the city, or in the dull, monotonous plain, where there is neither grandeur nor variety. Perhaps there might be a little vanity mingled with these speculations, as it was my lot to draw the first breath of life at the foot of a lofty mountain, and on the bank of a roaring mountain torrent; where the startling reveille was often the hideous howling of hungry wolves. But when I attempted to recollect whether I had, in the days of childhood, ever experienced any sensible impression from the grandeur of surrounding objects, or had ever been led to contemplate these objects of nature with any strong emotion, I could not satisfy myself that any thing of this sort had ever occurred. The only reminiscence was of impressions made by the novelty of some object, not before seen; or some fancied resemblance to something with which I was familiar. Two mountains, somewhat remarkable, were frequently surveyed by me with delight; the House Mountain, and the Jump Mountain; both appertaining to a ridge, called in the valley the North Mountain. The first of these is a beautiful mountain which stands out at some distance from the main ridge, and from the middle of the valley exhibits something of the shape and appearance of a house. From Lexington and its vicinity, the view of this mountain is pleasant and imposing. The idea of its resemblance to a house took strong hold of my imagination; and especially because at the western end there was the resemblance of a shed, which corresponded with such an appendage to the house in which my childhood was spent. And now, when I revisit the place of my nativity, whilst almost every thing else is changed, the House Mountain remains the same, and I gaze upon it with that peculiar emotion which attends the calling up in a lively manner the thoughts and impressions of infancy. The idea of a perfect resemblance to a house was so deeply imprinted on my mind, in relation to this mountain, that I was greatly discomposed and disturbed in my thoughts, when a boy, by having occasion to travel a few miles towards the east end of the mountain, and finding that every resemblance of a house was gone; and when instead of one beautiful, uniform mountain, as smooth and steep as the roof of a house, I now beheld two rough-looking spurs, separated at a considerable distance from each other. This obliteration of a pleasing idea from the mind was painful; and whenever I was in a situation to see the mountain under this aspect, the unpleasant impression was renewed. Every traveller among mountains must have noticed how remarkably they vary their appearances, as he changes his position; and not only so, but from the same site a prominent mountain exhibits a wonderful variety of aspects according to the state of the atmosphere. This I believe is what is called *looming*, and was much noticed by Mr. Jefferson from Monticello, particularly in relation to that remarkable isolated mountain, called Willis's, which elevates its head to a considerable height, at a great distance from any other mountain or hill.

But to return to my favourite, the House Mountain. In the days of my childhood—and perhaps it is still the case—this mountain was commonly burnt over every year; that is, the dry leaves on the ground were burnt. When the fire extended in a long crooked string along the side of the mountain, and especially when near the top, the appearance was grand and beautiful in a very dark night. It had all the appearance of a zigzag fire in the sky; and whenever it occurred, greatly attracted and delighted the boys. It was in those days held as a maxim among boys, that no one ever had ascended, or could ascend to the ridge or summit of the House Mountain; but since that time I understand that not only men, but women, have been successful in reaching the top; and have thence surveyed the varied and delightful landscape of the valley, with its villages, and its farms, its rivers and smaller streams. I can scarcely conceive of a pleasanter prospect than that which might be enjoyed from the summit of the House Mountain.

As to the Jump Mountain, it was only occasionally that I got a view of it; and although the descent is very abrupt on the north side, so that the top of the mountain actually seems to project, my mind would have received a slighter impression from it, had not the first view of it been associated with a story told me by an older boy, that the reason why it was called the Jump Mountain, was because, at a certain time, a man had actually jumped off the top of the mountain, and fallen dead at its foot. This made a deep impression on my mind, and although I have seen the mountain hundreds of times since, I believe I never saw it without thinking of the man who took such an awful leap. When that species of taste is developed which delights in landscapes, I have not been able, with any precision, to ascertain. As far as my own experience goes, or rather as far as memory furnishes me with facts, I think that while a boy at school, I had no consciousness of the exercise of any such faculty. The love of novelty is almost coeval with our existence; but the love of the beauties of nature is slow in its development, and when there is no culture, it is often scarcely observable in mature age. Some men cast their eye over a lovely landscape with as little emotion as is experienced by the horses on which they ride. The only thought perhaps is, how rich the land? how many barrels of corn, or hogsheads of tobacco, or bushels of wheat, might be raised here to the acre? And even the horse will experience an emotion as elevated as his rider's, if there should happen to be a good clover field in sight. As it relates to objects of sublimity, I have found it, except in a few cases, difficult to distinguish this emotion from mere wonder, or admiration. But in this same valley, and not very remote from the objects of which I have spoken, there is one which, I think, produces the feeling which is denominated the sublime, more definitely and sensibly than any that I have ever seen. I refer to the Natural Bridge, from which the county takes its name. It is not my object to describe this extraordinary *lusus naturæ*, as it may be called. In fact, no representation which can be given by the pen or pencil can convey any adequate idea of the object, or one that will have the least tendency to produce the emotion excited by a view of the object itself. There are some things, then, which the traveller, however eloquent, cannot communicate to his readers. All I intend is, to mention the effect produced by a sight of the Natural Bridge on my own mind. When a boy of fourteen or fifteen, I first visited this curiosity. Having stood on the top, and looked down into the deep chasm above and below the bridge, without any new or very strong emotions, as the scene bore a resemblance to many which are common to that country, I descended by the usual circuitous path to the bottom, and came upon the stream or brook some distance below the bridge. The first view which I obtained of the beautiful and elevated blue limestone arch, springing up to the clouds, produced an emotion entirely new; the feeling was as though something within sprung up to a great height by a kind of sudden

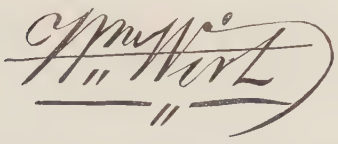
impulse. That was the animal sensation which accompanied the genuine emotion of the sublime. Many years afterwards, I again visited the bridge. I entertained the belief, that I had preserved in my mind, all along, the idea of the object; and that now I should see it without emotion. But the fact was not so. The view, at this time, produced a revival of the original emotion, with the conscious feeling that the idea of the object had faded away, and become both obscure and diminutive, but was now restored, in an instant, to its original vividness and magnitude. The emotion produced by any object of true sublimity, as it is very vivid, so it is very short in its continuance. It seems, then, that novelty must be added to other qualities in the object, to produce this emotion distinctly. A person living near the bridge, who should see it every day, might be pleased with the object, but would experience, after awhile, nothing of the vivid emotion of the sublime. Thus, I think, it must be accounted for, that the starry heavens, or the sun shining in his strength, are viewed with little emotion of this kind, although much the sublimest objects in our view; we have been accustomed to view them daily, from our infancy. But a bright-coloured rainbow, spanning a large arch in the heavens, strikes all classes of persons with a mingled emotion of the sublime and beautiful; to which a sufficient degree of novelty is added, to render the impression vivid, as often as it occurs. I have reflected on the reason why the Natural Bridge produces the emotion of the sublime, so well defined and so vivid; but I have arrived at nothing satisfactory. It must be resolved into an ultimate law of our nature, that a novel object of that elevation and form will produce such an effect. Any attempt at analysing objects of beauty and sublimity only tends to produce confusion in our ideas. To artists, such analysis may be useful; not to increase the emotion, but to enable them to imitate more effectually the objects of nature by which it is produced. Although I have conversed with many thousands who had seen the Natural Bridge; and although the liveliness of the emotion is very different in different persons; yet I never saw one, of any class, who did not view the object with considerable emotion. And none have ever expressed disappointment from having had their expectations raised too high, by the description previously received. Indeed, no previous description communicates any just conception of the object as it appears; and the attempts to represent it by the pencil, as far as I have seen them, are pitiful. Painters would show their wisdom by omitting to represent some of the objects of nature, such as a volcano in actual ebullition, the sea in a storm, the conflagration of a great city, or the scene of a battle-field. The imitation must be so faint and feeble, that the attempt, however skilfully executed, is apt to produce disgust, instead of admiration."

WILLIAM WIRT.

William Wirt, the eloquent lawyer and amiable biographer of Patrick Henry, was born at Bladensburg in Maryland, November 8, 1772, in the first descent from a European parentage—his father being a native of Switzerland and his mother of Germany. His father was an innkeeper of the place. He died shortly after his son's birth, and the mother did not long survive. At eight years of age, William was an orphan under the care of his uncle. His education was well provided for at the school of James Hunt, in Montgomery county, a Presbyterian clergyman, in whose house his pupil resided, and where a well stored library was kindly seconded in its influences by the frank manners and instructions of its owner. To this library Wirt owed the germ of that love of reading which bore luxuriant fruit in his later writings. Josephus, Guy of Warwick, Peregrine Pickle, Pope, and Horne's Elements of Criticism, were the mixed company of these early literary acquaintances. When he became an adept in the rigorous studies of the law, Wirt looked back with dismay upon this miscellaneous reading as injurious to the training of his faculties; though, as his biographer Kennedy wisely suggests, probably without cause. If genius is sometimes oppressed by the abundance of material, it may be as often at a loss for its own proper nutriment, which a wider field would have afforded. At fifteen, Wirt had qualified himself to become a private tutor in the family of his schoolmate, Ninian Edwards, who, on his return home, had sounded the praises of his companion to his father. This gentleman, Benjamin Edwards, was a man of character, education, and political position, whose society and personal encouragement led his young friend onward in his course to the bar, which he finally reached—after preliminary studies with two practitioners, one of whom was the son of his old teacher Hunt—in 1792, his twentieth year. The library with which he commenced practice consisted of "a copy of Blackstone, two volumes of Don Quixote, and a volume of Tristram Shandy." Three years after, he married the daughter of a gentleman of distinction in Albemarle, Virginia—Doctor George Gilmer, a physician, residing at Pen Park, near Charlottesville, at whose well furnished house, rich in books and society, Wirt, again fortunate in home associations, took up his residence. His happy career at this place, in which he participated freely in the hearty life of old Virginia, was terminated by the death of his wife in 1799, when he removed to Richmond. He entered upon public life as Clerk to the House of Delegates, and passed rapidly through various stages of legal success, discharging for a while the duties of Chancellor of the eastern shore of Virginia, and after his second marriage, in 1802, with the daughter of Colonel Robert Gamble, practising law during a residence at Norfolk, and subsequently establishing himself in Richmond, till in 1817, in the Presidency of Monroe, he became Attorney-General of the United States, an office which he filled for twelve years. His practice in the Supreme Court gained him great reputation, where he frequently met his legal antagonist Pinkney. His speech in the prosecution of Burr at Richmond, in 1807, in which he sketched in glowing colors the home of Blennerhasset on the Ohio, will always be associated with that beautiful locality. It has been a popular recitation with schoolboys as one of the "beauties" of American eloquence.

On his retirement from the Attorney-Generalship in 1829, Wirt left Washington and took up his permanent residence at Baltimore, where he became actively engaged for the few remaining years of his life in the practice of the law.

Wirt died at Washington, whither he had gone in attendance on the Supreme Court, of an attack of erysipelas, February 18, 1834. His health, which had been for some time enfeebled, suddenly gave way. It is cheerful to see, in his corres-



pondence, how his constitutional vivacity and hearty sensibility kept him company to the last. The acuteness of mind and feeling which gave poignancy to his sufferings in the loss of his family—son and two daughters—and the decline of health, enabled him also at times to rise superior to these woes, and from the moments of happiness to extract a keener and purer enjoyment than is known to those who get through life with fewer pains and duller pleasures. The southern temperament lives in Wirt's writings; luxuriant, prodigal, self-reproachful for its uncertain pursuit of advantages, imperfect because its own standard is high—but colored with a warm flush of feeling.

Of these literary productions, the earliest was his *Letters of the British Spy*, published in the autumn of 1803 in the *Argus*, a daily newspaper, at Richmond. They were ten in number, written under the mask of papers left by a travelling member of the British Parliament in the bedchamber of his inn, at a seaport town of Virginia, and their purpose was simply literary recreation. There are some local descriptions and some scientific speculation in the manner of *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*, but the papers are mainly occupied with the writer's studies of eloquence and observation of the leading public speakers of the country. The sketch of the sermon in the woods by the blind preacher, James Waddell, has entered into the common currency of American literature. The book was very successful on its publication, deriving its interest from its notices of individuals in a classical form. It passed through a number of editions.*

In 1804, Wirt further gave vent to his literary inclinations by the publication of some essays in the *Richmond Enquirer*, with the title of *The Rainbow*, which were afterwards collected into a volume. His *Old Bachelor*, commenced in 1810, was an undertaking of a similar character, a series of essays on the model of the *Spectator*, which ran through thirty-three numbers of the same journal. The friends who contributed to this joint affair, which sustained something of a dramatic character, were Dabney Carr, whose letter from Squaretoes was much admired in the Virginia circle; Dr. Frank Carr, the Galen; Richard E. Parker, the Alfred; Dr. Girardin, the Melmoth, of the plan, with other contributions by Judge Tucker, David Watson, and Mr. George Tucker. The papers were published in two volumes in 1812, and were favorably received, reaching a third edition in 1818. In the scarcity of American productions at that day, a work of this character was set in bolder relief than it would be at present.

The topics discussed are the old grievances of the contemptuous reports of English travellers in the country, and the unjust criticism thereupon in the foreign reviews; female character and education, with pleasant glimpses of the old Bachelor's niece, Rosalie; sketches of the manners and thoughts of Virginia, and, above all, a discussion of the fine arts, their means of development and influences, particularly in relation to oratory—always a favorite topic with Wirt—of the bar, the senate, or the pulpit.

The *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry*, the most important in its subject and interest of Wirt's literary productions, had been commenced in 1804, under the stimulus of the praise awarded to the author's personal sketches in the *British Spy*. The difficulties of the undertaking, in the first place, to get the material, and in the next to master it in a sober, historical style, are pleasantly recounted by him in a letter to Judge Carr in 1815, when the work was nearly completed.* From hearing so much of the speeches of Henry, and finding so few of them recorded, he thought at one time of writing them out from invention, in the style of Botta and the ancient historians. As it was, his work did not pass without a jest from his friend Jefferson, who contributed to it.

The life of Henry appeared at last in 1817. It took at once its position as one of the most animated biographical works in our history, though the warmth of its coloring has been objected to, not without some reason, by the critics. The sober narrative of the historian sometimes breaks into the canter of the jury-addressing lawyer or the stump-speaking politician. There is an appearance of eking out the somewhat scanty material by rhetorical effect. It is not

* The tenth was published by Harper & Brothers in 1848, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by his friend Peter Hoffman Cruse, of Baltimore. An English copy before us, published in London in 1812, has a preface which shows the general estimation in which American literature was held at that recent period, in the Great Metropolis. It says: "The people of the United States of America have so very small a claim on the world for any particular mark of distinction for honours gained in the field of literature, that it is feared the present demand on the English reader may be considered more as a call on British courtesy and benevolence than one of right and equity. In whatever point of view this may appear, the Reader may rely, that the publishers have been induced, from a conviction of the merit of the work, to furnish an impression of the British Spy. They have been enabled to do this by the recent arrival of a gentleman from Baltimore, who brought with him a copy of the work, with the assurance, that no original American literary production had ever obtained so rapid and extensive a circulation; it having, in a very short space of time, passed through four editions."

* Memoir by Kennedy, i. 387–90.

likely, however, that the latter has injured its popular reception. The work glows with the southern heart of the writer, and in spite of all defects continues to charm the reader. It has dramatic power, with insight into character; and has certainly done much to stamp the permanent impression on the popular heart and mind of its illustrious subject. Fortunately for the writer's own memory, his biography has found a congenial pen in the ample narrative and affectionate zeal of his friend Kennedy.

In 1826, on the nineteenth of October, the anniversary of the surrender at York and of the birthday of Adams, he delivered in the Hall of Representatives, in the capitol, his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, which was characterized by his usual fervor.

In 1830, Wirt delivered an admirable address before the literary Societies of Rutgers College, in which he exhibited, with eloquence and feeling, the final absolute condition of education being a work of self-culture, and urged upon his young hearers the necessity of a zealous labor, a purpose and disposition in harmony with the country, decision of character, and a manly, high-toned ambition.

In the same year he pronounced a discourse at Baltimore, on the 28th October, on occasion of a public celebration of the French Revolution of that date.

At one time Wirt—as what American author has not?—meditated a production in the drama, a sentimental comedy, which he had promised to the daughter of the actor Greene, a young lady who perished at the burning of the Richmond Theatre in 1811. The play was written, and is still in manuscript, entitled *The Path of Pleasure.* In doubt whether he should publish it or not, the author consulted his friends. A letter of Judge Tucker in reply is preserved.

It would be doing injustice to Wirt's literary activity to pass over the extensive series of letters preserved in the Memoirs of Kennedy. He was a diligent and painstaking correspondent; his letters containing passages of description, criticism, humor, and sentiment equal to the best in his writings. They are written to members of his family, his wife, his daughters, and his old friends, Francis W. Gilmer, Dabney Carr, William Pope, and his law student S. Teackle Wallis, to whom he addressed an admirable letter on reading and habits of study.*

Wirt was deeply affected by the death of his daughter Agnes, at the age of sixteen, in 1831, and gave expression to his feelings in a memoir of her, of which Mr. Kennedy, his biographer, gives this most tenderly touched passage:—"Young as she was, she seemed to be the seal and connecting bond of the whole family. Her voice, her smile, her animated graceful movements, her countless little acts and expressions of kindness and of love, those 'small sweet courtesies of life,' which she was so continually rendering to all around her, and with such exquisite grace of manner, had made her necessary to the individual happiness of every member of the household. When she was lost to us, it was as if the keystone of the arch had been removed. There was a healthfulness in the glow of her fresh and young affections, which animated the rigid nerves of age, and a pleasantness and beauty in the play of her innocent thoughts and feelings, which could smoothe the brow of care, and light up a smile even in the face of sorrow. To me she was not only the companion of my studies, but the sweetener of my toils. The painter, it is said, relieved his aching eyes by looking on a curtain of green. My mind, in its hour of deepest fatigue, required no other refreshment than one glance at my beloved child as she sat beside me." Mr. Kennedy compares this expression of feeling with a similar tribute on a like occasion in John Evelyn's Diary.

In his personal qualities Wirt was most happily constituted of a warm genial temperament, susceptible alike to humor and sentiment, of strong devotional feeling, devoted to his friends and family, and with the orator's gifts for the public, of a manly countenance, a fine musical voice, and a graceful gesture. He was a good classical scholar, well versed in English literature, a hearty reader. At the bar, his eminent professional reputation is preserved with the annals of our highest courts, and in some of their most important causes.

JAMES WADDELL, THE BLIND PREACHER—FROM THE BRITISH SPY.

Richmond, Oct. 10.

I have been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the countries which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with, in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance, he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the

* It is printed in Kennedy's Memoirs, ii. 409.

mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

If this description give you the impression, that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude or an accent, to which he does not seem forced, by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence: the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

> On a rock, whose haughty brow,
> Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
> Robed in the sable garb of wo,
> With haggard eyes the poet stood;
> (Loose his beard and hoary hair
> Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
> And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,
> Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell!!* Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia? To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the highest strains of the most sublime oratory, or that they are destitute

of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT—FROM THE OLD BACHELOR.

I cannot present to my readers any instance of a happy manner, which is so extensively and familiarly known as that of Mr. Cooper, the tragedian. Many of us had read the dagger scene in Macbeth, a hundred times, before we saw that inimitable actor, and had supposed that we had perceived all the beauty and felt all the force of the passage. But, as for myself, when I came to see Mr. Cooper in that scene, all that I had perceived and felt before, became, in the comparison, so tame and insipid, that I seemed, nay I did, for the first time, understand the image which was in Shakespeare's mind. The horror-struck attitude and countenance—the deep, low, agitated whisper—"Is that a dagger that I see before me!"—the desperate convulsive attempt to clutch it—the increased amazement and frenzied consternation at the failure—his eyes starting wild with horror from their orbits, and slowly following the motion of the visionary dagger to the door of Duncan's chamber—"thou marshal'st me the way that I was going"—altogether had such an effect on me, that when I got relief by the momentary disappearance of the dagger, I found that I had been bereaved of my breath—my sinews and my muscles had been strained to a painful extremity—and I felt my hair descending and setting on my head, for it had been raised by sympathetic horror—And, what is still more wonderful, when I supposed his power of action exhausted on this scene, yet when the dagger re-appears at the door of Duncan's chamber,

> And on its blade and dudgeon gouts of blood
> Which was not so before—

it was clear that the performer's resources of action were as infinite and inexhaustible as the wonderful genius whose effusions he was painting to the eye and to the heart. His attitude! His look! That whisper! Tenfold horrors surrounded him!! It was the most blood-chilling, the most petrifying spectacle I ever beheld! I am persuaded that human nature could not have endured the agonizing stretch of the nerves to which this master of his art was able to wind his audience! And all this, be it remembered, was the work of *manner*.

I shall be asked whether I propose the manner of the theatre as a model of our public speakers? I answer, not the vicious manner of the theatre—not the overloaded, extravagant, most unnatural gesticulation which we see practised on the stage. But let it be remembered, that this mode of action is improper and disgusting even on the stage itself. Shakespeare has given the true rule of action, which is universal in its application—"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature." Now, is it not obvious that the manner which would be chaste and natural on the stage, would, *in the expression of the same sentiment*, be equally chaste and natural everywhere? The reason why there is more gesture on the stage than elsewhere, is because plays consist almost entirely of emotion; in the pulpit, senate, and bar, argument does or should preponderate. Now, no man, in his senses, would be so absurd as to apply the gesture which belongs to emotion, to the delivery of an argument; for that would not be to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action"—hence the quantity of action exhibited on the stage will always naturally and properly exceed that which belongs to any other theatre of public speaking. But the subjects sometimes coincide—arguments are found in plays—and the passions often appear, and properly too, in the pulpit, senate, and bar—and whereon the subjects do coincide, the manner should be the same. Hence it is that the manner of action on the stage, as exhibited by master performers, may be observed and imitated to great advantage. Ministers of the gospel may, perhaps, be startled at a proposition so profane as that they should attend the theatre; and disgusted at an idea so absurd as that they should transfer the manner of the theatre to the pulpit. As to the profanity of the proposition, their acceding to it or not is a question between themselves and their sovereign judge; I am not afraid of the consequences of having made the proposition. I know that dramatic composition has been polluted by the most shameful licentiousness—on the exhibition of plays of that character, I, who am no divine, would never attend. But are there not, on the other hand, plays which inculcate the loftiest, the most heroic, the most Christian virtues? What sin would be committed by their attending the representation of such? What is the purpose of playing? Let Shakespeare answer the question—"whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." I ask if the same be not also a part of the duty of the pulpit; and when the dramatic writer attains this purpose purely, I cannot discern what possible mischief there can be in listening to his lectures. Do not those who from an idea of its sinfulness refuse to attend the theatre, nevertheless read, and with rapture too, the plays of Shakespeare? If they do, where is the difference in point of guilt between reading the plays one's self, and hearing them read or recited by others? It is from my purpose to pursue this disquisition further. As to the other branch of the supposed objection, transferring the manner of the theatre to the pulpit, I will take the liberty to say that the transfer of all that is chaste and natural would give to the pulpit, an ease, a dignity, an animation, and an interest of which at present it stands in the most direful need. Who is not disgusted with the stiffness, the formality, the slow, mechanically measured enunciation, the nasal melody, the affected mouthings or the coarse rusticity, the ear-crucifying sing-song, and the delirious raving and shrieking, which too often degrade the pulpit and defeat the very purpose of the institution? Has it never been the misfortune of the reader to observe in what an infinite variety of ways ministers contrive to murder that beautiful and sublime exclamation of the Psalmist—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!" One will recite it in the same time and tone that he would read an advertisement in a newspaper; another will whine over it, so as to excite just as much interest as a schoolboy excites in whining over his lesson; another, with a smirk, will yelp over it, "holy—holy—holy," as if he had just started the game, to the great amusement of his congregation, who feel no other impulse than to cry "hark forward." I have no patience with men who thus indolently and shamefully neglect the cultivation of a correct manner, and ascend the pulpit only to mar, deform, by their hideous manner, the work of inspiration—How different from all this was the manner of the celebrated *Duche*, the chaplain of the old Congress! He had studied the language of nature in the cartoons of Raphael, and learned from them that the evangelic character loses nothing of its dignity by the boldest attitude and most impressive

cast of features, when they comport with the subject and the occasion. He had read the sacred scriptures, too, with the eye of genius, as well as that of faith; and in the exclamation just referred to, it was impossible for him not to imagine the train of reflection which probably led to it, and the holy yet enraptured manner in which it broke from the inspired poet. To recite this language of the psalmist correctly, it was necessary to recite it in the very spirit in which it was first conceived; and in doing so, there was no danger that a man of taste and judgment would overstep the modesty of nature. There are probably some yet alive, beside myself, who will remember *Duche's* mode of reciting it. It was preceded by a pause in which his eyes were raised with fearful awe, as if contemplating those glories of the firmament which David has so sublimely depicted in the 19th psalm—his hands were clasped on the pulpit before him—the admiration depicted on his countenance, gradually swelled with the truth of nature into a bolder expression, as the wonders of the creation seemed to pass in review before him, at the same time his clasped hands were slowly and touchingly removed from the pulpit to his breast—his heart, itself, seemed to expand with the augmenting tide of his sensations—no sound was heard, but that of the throbbing heart and convulsed breath—the recitation was begun slowly—and in a low and tremulous voice, as if repressed by the awful presence of the Deity, himself, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" then his hands unclasped, his arms a little opened, and raised—— "Heaven!"——then his arms wide extended, his face beaming with a smile of rapturous gratitude and admiration, and his brilliant voice liberated, and swelling to the end of the sentence, in its fullest richest tone—"and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." There was no one who did not clearly perceive and deeply feel the whole beauty of the apostrophe: There were few who did not involuntarily start from their seats, with sympathetic rapture. Yet among the drones of the present day, this manner would be called theatrical, unworthy of the pulpit, unworthy of imitation. It is the common policy of dunces to decry that excellence which they cannot reach. But it is not for the mind, however good, to pass sentence on appeals made to the heart. Those are the best judges of Mr. *Duche's* manner, who had the happiness to hear him; and they will support me in the assertion, that his manner, so far from lowering the dignity and solemnity of the service, gave them a hundred fold force and power. I will venture to say that if Mr. *Duche's* were the manner of the present day, our country would not, in every quarter of it, exhibit that spectacle so painful to the Christian's heart, of churches neglected, tumbling in ruins, and become almost the exclusive residence of the beasts of the field and birds of the air. Our regular ministers may rail on, if they please, against the prevalence of fanaticism and superstition. The fault is in themselves. People go to church, not to doze, but to worship; and it is not wonderful that they should prefer the man who makes them feel, to him who makes them sleep.

Let it not be understood that I am vindicating those fops and *petit maitres* whom we sometimes see in the pulpit; whose frivolous gesticulations would disgrace even the theatre itself. No: I speak of that majesty of action by which St. Paul made Felix tremble; and which is in the happiest harmony with the sublime composition of the Bible itself. It is this which I would have our ministers to cultivate; this, by which they might shake the souls of their hearers, instead of standing like automata in the sacred desk, and pouring through lips of wood, the productions of others; productions, which they do not feel themselves, and consequently cannot make others feel.

Yet these gentlemen who are so much afraid to stir an arm or raise an eye, imagine the manner in which Bossuet delivered his discourses. Are they not satisfied that Bossuet sustained, *by the grandeur of his manner*, the boldest flights of his genius; that his action partook of that fervid spirit which inspired his orations; that it kept pace with it, ascending with it, and kindled in its noblest conflagration? —Yes; Bossuet's was a soul of empyrean flame: and pervaded his system with a force too strong to permit any portion of it to remain indifferent, while she was exhibiting her wondrous powers to others; Bossuet's was a soul firm and intrepid in her own strength; she walked abroad at her ease, and produced, on every occasion, that consentaneous grandeur of movement, which consummated her power, and made her irresistible.

If any one of our regular ministers should answer, "Give me Bossuet's genius and I will give you his action,"—I reply, this is the very objection; that you do give us the works of his and other great geniuses without their appropriate action. The sermons which we hear from the pulpit are frequently eloquent in themselves; yet from the cold composure with which they are recited, it is evident that they are the offspring of other minds: had they been the proper children of those who exhibit them, there would have been a parental warmth which would infallibly have shown itself in their action.

I pray that our ministers may reflect upon this subject ere it be too late. If they will not be convinced by abstract argument, let them attend to the facts which are passing before their eyes; their own discourses are composed with the utmost purity and elegance; the reasoning good; the style, not only correct, but adorned with the most beautiful figures of speech:—what is it that carries away the people from their discourses, at once chaste, strong, and embellished, to the meeting-houses of dissenting ministers? On the one hand, indolence or vanity, unwilling to acknowledge the mortifying truth, may impute it to a popular fit of fanaticism: on the other hand, vanity or delusion may impute it to the superior truth of the doctrines which are taught by the dissenters; but the fact is, that it proceeds almost entirely from *manner*, and the mysterious hold which this takes on human sympathy. The interesting warmth, the anxious earnestness with which the dissenter pours out his unpremeditated effusions (however coarse), seize the human heart with almost inextricable grasp, and enable him to lead it whithersoever he will. You may say that his action is redundant, ungraceful, vulgar, that it violates all rule; no matter; let it be as distorted and frantic as you please, as that of the Pythian priestess: it is earnest; it comes accompanied with a voice choked with tears, and shows that the man's whole soul is engaged for our good; he moves us; alarms us; melts us; and sends us home agitated on a subject of eternal importance. We find, too, that these men discover a deep and accurate knowledge of the human heart; they anticipate the topics of peace and consolation which the arch enemy of mankind will suggest to the alarmed soul, and by showing us their origin they forbid us to repose upon them. How different, how superior in point of attraction is all this to the soporific doses which are administered from velvet cushions!—If it should still be urged that all this is fanaticism—I desire that any sermon of Massillon's may be compared with the most impassioned of those which are delivered

from the dissenter's desk. You will find in Massillon, indeed, the rarest beauties of cultivated genius, the most powerful eloquence; but it is eloquence entirely void of ostentation; it seems, indeed, to burst from the man's heart in spite of himself, and to come accompanied with showers of tears just as irrepressible. But you will find Massillon's sermons marked with exactly the same strong characters which distinguished the dissenter; the same passionate importunity addressed to sinners; the same shuddering predictions of the fate which awaits the impenitent; the same necessity for the regeneration of the soul; the same intimate knowledge of the human heart, the same power of chasing a sin through every fold and envelopement, and pursuing and driving the sinner himself from every corner and recess of his own deceitful breast; the same warnings against the arts of the devil in resisting the work of grace in the soul; in short you will find in Massillon, blended with a personal meekness and humility (which it was impossible for him to affect, and which is in itself captivating in the highest degree) and with an eloquence, almost superhuman, all the dissenter's earnestness, tears, entreaties, supplications; all his cries, his adjurations; all his topics of persuasion and of alarm, all his enthusiasm, all his terror, all his raptures, and all that the dealers in opiates now choose to call fanaticism; yet no one ever dared to call Massillon a fanatic. Now the great doctrines which are preached by the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, and the Dissenter, are the same, viz. the fall of man —the mediation—and salvation by faith in the Redeemer. The subject being the same, it can be only the different manner of presenting it, which constitutes the difference of effect; yet that difference we see is vast; and so it will ever continue, while human nature remains the same and the Protestant clergy refuse to be instructed by experience.

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO—FROM THE EULOGIUM OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the Philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man.

Approaching the house on the east, the visiter instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama; and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments: but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out in such order as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art; from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visiter sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honours of those "monarchs of the waste," that still people the wilds of the American Continent.

From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again bursts upon his view; and which within is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

While the visiter was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description —so cheerful—so unassuming—so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay—that even the young, and overawed, and embarrassed visiter at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend.

PATRICK HENRY—FROM THE SKETCHES.

The following is the fullest description which the author has been able to procure of Mr. Henry's person. He was nearly six feet high; spare, and what may be called raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders—his complexion was dark, sunburnt, and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks—his countenance grave, thoughtful, penetrating, and strongly marked with the lineaments of deep reflection—the earnestness of his manner, united with an habitual contraction or knitting of his brows, and those lines of thought with which his face was profusely furrowed, gave to his countenance, at some times, the appearance of severity—yet such was the power which he had over its expression, that he could shake off from it in an instant all the sternness of winter, and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring. His forehead was

high and straight, yet forming a sufficient angle with the lower part of his face—his nose somewhat of the Roman stamp, though like that which we see in the bust of Cicero, it was rather long, than remarkable for its Cæsarean form—of the colour of his eyes, the accounts are almost as various as those which we have of the colour of the chamelion—they are said to have been blue, grey, what Lavater calls green, hazel, brown, and black—the fact seems to have been, that they were of a bluish grey, not large; and being deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark, long, and full eye-brows, and farther shaded by lashes that were both long and black, their apparent colour was as variable as the lights in which they were seen—but all concur in saying that they were, unquestionably, the finest feature in his face—brilliant—full of spirit, and capable of the most rapidly shifting and powerful expression—at one time piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as those of pity herself—his cheeks were hollow—his chin long, but well formed, and rounded at the end, so as to form a proper counterpart to the upper part of his face. "I find it difficult," says the correspondent from whom I have borrowed this portrait, "to describe his mouth; in which there was nothing remarkable, except when about to express a modest dissent from some opinion on which he was commenting—he then had a sort of half smile, in which *the want of conviction* was *perhaps* more strongly expressed, than the satirical emotion, which probably prompted it. His manner and address to the court and jury might be deemed the excess of humility, diffidence, and modesty. If, as rarely happened, he had occasion to answer any remark from the bench, it was impossible for meekness herself to assume a manner less presumptuous—but in the *smile* of which I have been speaking, you might anticipate the want of conviction, expressed in his answer, at the moment that he submitted to the *superior wisdom* of the court, with a grace that would have done honour to Westminster Hall. In his reply to counsel, his remarks on the evidence, and on the conduct of the parties, he preserved the same distinguished deference and politeness, still accompanied, however, by *the never failing index of this sceptical smile*, where the occasion prompted." In short, his features were manly, bold, and well proportioned, full of intelligence, and adapting themselves intuitively to every sentiment of his mind, and every feeling of his heart. His voice was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, full of volume, and rather melodious than otherwise. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fulness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic, was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself, and to modulate its notes, most happily, to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded, or fell short of the occasion. There was none of that long continued and deafening vociferation, which always takes place when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself—no monotonous clangour, no discordant shriek. Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest him: hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fulness of intonation, all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and enchanting variety of its cadence.

His delivery was perfectly natural and well timed. It has indeed been said, that, on his first rising, there was a species of *sub-cantus* very observable by a stranger, and rather disagreeable to him; but that in a very few moments even this itself became agreeable, and seemed, indeed, indispensable to the full effect of his peculiar diction and conceptions. In point of time, he was very happy: there was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equidistant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences as he went along, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator. On the contrary, ever self-collected, deliberate, and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery; and hence his delivery was smooth, and firm, and well accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry, the true use and power of the *pause;* and no one ever practised it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to, for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a *finesse*, to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "why that pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

His gesture, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so excellent, so exquisite, that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant; for there was no trash about it; none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness, which was much more powerfully, as well as more elegantly, expressed by his eye and his countenance. Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or even his finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient; every thing told; every gesture, every attitude, every look, was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this—that various, bold, and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or "to overstep," in the smallest degree, "the modesty of nature;" for he never made a gesture or assumed an attitude, which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause,

every start, was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed indeed to form a part of the thought itself. His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and all the violence and tumult of his emotions, all the dauntless spirit of his resolution, and all the energy of his soul, without any sacrifice of his own personal dignity, and without treating his hearers otherwise than as rational beings. He was not the orator of a day; and therefore sought not to build his fame on the sandy basis of a false taste, fostered, if not created, by himself. He spoke for immortality; and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation—the rock of nature.

JOHN PICKERING,

The distinguished jurist and philologist, was the son of Col. Timothy Pickering, the early Whig leader of Salem, his native place, the fellow-soldier of Washington, and Secretary of State from 1795 until he was removed in the administration of Adams in 1800; subsequently a member of Congress, a member of the board of war in 1812, as he had discharged numerous similar duties in the Revolution, again member of Congress from 1814 to 1817. He afterwards retired to private life, employing himself in agricultural pursuits. After the war of the Revolution, he lived in Pennsylvania, and was delegated by that state to visit the Western settlements, and adjust a controversy which had been excited by the claims of Connecticut emigrants. While residing near Wilkesbarre, in the discharge of this duty, he was seized in his bed at night by a band of ruffians, carried off to the forest, and exposed to various outrages and privations, with the design of intimidation. After twenty days of this abduction, he reappeared before his family. "So much," it is said, "was he altered by the sufferings and hardships he had endured, that his children fled from his presence affrighted by his haggard, unshaven appearance, and his wife looked upon him with consternation as upon an apparition."*

He died Jan. 29, 1829, in his eighty-fourth year. He was always active in public life. His writings were numerous, and consist of political pamphlets, on questions of national policy, or of a controversial character growing out of his vigorous partisanship on the Federal side, occasional addresses and orations, agricultural and other papers. His biting *Review of the Correspondence between the Hon. John Adams and the late William Cunningham, Esq.*, beginning in 1803 and ending in 1812, one of the most celebrated of his compositions, was published in 1824.†

* National Portrait Gallery, ed. 1834, vol. i.

† It is in this production he parries the personal attack of John Adams, who had charged him in one of the Letters with ambitious views, in these terms:—"Under the simple appearance of a bald head and straight hair, and under professions of profound republicanism, he conceals an ardent ambition, envious of every superior, and impatient of obscurity." This was Pickering's reply:—"My 'bald head and straight hair' are what nature has given me; and I have been content with her arrangements; they are not a fit subject for reproach. Mr. Adams's friend Cunningham reminds him, that it was rather unfortunate for him to attempt to degrade Hamilton, by calling him 'the little man;' seeing, though with less flesh, he surpassed in stature both him and his son."

John Pickering was born at Salem, Feb. 7, 1772. He was educated at Harvard, and was then for some time abroad as Secretary to the

United States Minister W. L. Smith at Portugal, and afterwards from 1799 to 1801 as Secretary to Rufus King in London. At that date he returned to America, and was admitted to the bar at Salem. In 182 he removed to Boston, and in 1829 was made City Solicitor, continuing to hold the office till within a short time of his death, May 5, 1846. His intellectual life was divided between his legal profession and his pursuits as a scholar. His philological inquiries took a wide range, including the extremes of Greek literature, and of our native Indian languages. Of the extent of his attainments in these studies, his eulogist, Charles Sumner, has given this animated sketch:—"Unless," he says, "some memorandum should be found among his papers, as was the case with Sir William Jones, specifying the languages to which he had been devoted, it may be difficult to frame a list with entire accuracy. It is certain that he was familiar with at least *nine*,—the English, French, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, German, Romaic, Greek, and Latin; of these he spoke the first *five*. He was less familiar, though well acquainted, with the Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Hebrew; and had explored, with various degrees of care, the Arabic, Turkish, Syriac, Persian, Coptic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Cochin-Chinese, Russian, Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Malay in several dialects, and particularly the Indian languages of America and of the Polynesian islands. His labors span immeasurable spaces in the world's history,—embracing the distant, primeval Sanscrit; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, now awakening from their mute sleep of centuries; the polite and learned tongues of ancient and modern Europe; the languages of Mohammedanism; the various dialects of the forests of North America, and of the sandal-groves of the Pacific; only closing with a lingua franca, from an unlettered tribe on the coast of Africa, to which his attention had been called even after the illness which ended in his death."*

In 1816 he published *A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America.* His Greek and English Lexicon on the basis of Schrevelius appeared in 1826. For an enumeration of his other writings, we are indebted to an article in the *Encyclopædia Americana*.†

* Sumner's Phi Beta Kappa Address, 1846.

† Supplementary vol. xiv. Art. Pickering.

To the Memoirs of the American Academy he contributed articles *On the Adoption of a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America; on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language;* on Father Rasle and on Lord North's Island. In the North American Review are to be found his *Observations on the Importance of Greek Literature* (1820), a review of Du Ponceau's Dissertation on the Chinese System of Writing, in volume forty-eight, and a paper on the Cochin-Chinese language, in volume fifty-two. To the *Encyclopædia Americana* he contributed an article *On the Indian Languages of America.* He was a contributor to *The Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, the *New York Review*, the *American Quarterly Review*, and the *American Jurist.* His chief legal publications are an article on *The Agrarian Laws* in the Encyclopædia Americana, an article on *Egyptian Jurisprudence* in the fifty-first volume of the North American Review, a *Lecture on the Alleged Uncertainty of the Law*, and a *Review of the International McLeod Question.* He also delivered a eulogy on Dr. Bowditch, and an address before the American Oriental Society.

The prominent traits of Pickering's moral life are alluded to by Sumner in his mention of "his modesty, his sweetness of temper, his simplicity of life, his kindness to the young, his sympathy with studies of all kinds, his sensibility to beauty, his conscientious character, his passionless mind."*

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

NATHANIEL, the fourth son of Habakkuk and Mary Ingersoll Bowditch, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, March 26, 1773. His father, after following, as a shipmaster, the calling of his ancestors for several generations, retired from the sea, and engaged in the business of a cooper. He could not afford to bestow upon any of his family of seven children any advantages of education beyond those afforded by the common schools of the town, and these they enjoyed for a few years only, as Nathaniel was summoned at the early age of ten to work in his shop. He was soon afterwards apprenticed to a ship-chandler, and while serving his time, gave significant evidence of his mathematical talents, by devoting to the slate every spare moment which was not occupied in the perusal of some book. He was so indefatigable a reader, that at an early age he went through an entire encyclopædia letter by letter.

On the 11th of January, 1795, Bowditch sailed

from Salem as clerk to Captain Henry Prince, of the ship Henry, for the Isle of Bourbon. The vessel returned after a year's absence, and he sailed a second time, as supercargo, in the Astræa, to Lisbon, Madeira, and Manilla. A third voyage followed to the Mediterranean, and a fourth to the East Indies, succeeded by others in the same direction, until the year 1804, when he left the sea and became president of a Marine Insurance Company in his native city.

During his seafaring life he took a deep interest in the instruction of sailors in navigation, and with such success, that the fact of having sailed with him became a strong recommendation to seamen who had enjoyed that privilege, and was often the cause of their promotion. He was at the same time a thorough student, acquiring Latin in order to master Newton's Principia; French, to obtain access to the valuable mathematical works in that language; and Spanish, German, and Italian, for general literary purposes.

In 1800 he published his *New American Practical Navigator*, a work which originated in a series of corrections which he commenced of John Hamilton Moore's book on the same subject. These grew so numerous, that he wisely judged it best to publish an independent work. It became widely successful, and is the universally adopted guide in the American marine, and to a great extent in the naval service of England and France.

Happening, in 1802, to be detained in Boston by a contrary wind on the Commencement day of Harvard, he strolled to the church in which the exercises were held, and had the surprise and gratification of hearing his name called as a recipient of the degree of Master of Arts. It was the first and most welcome of a long series of similar public recognitions of his services.

In 1806 he published an extremely valuable chart of the harbors of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Manchester, and in 1823 removed to Boston, to take charge as Actuary of the newly formed Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, an office which he retained for the remainder of his life. While thus occupied, he was complimented by the offer of the Hollis Professorship of Harvard College, of the Professorship of Mathematics in the University of Virginia, and of the Professorship of Mathematics at West Point: so that his ability was substantially recognised by the whole country. Meanwhile he wrote papers on astronomy for the transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, contributed to the Analyst and Mathematical Diary edited by Dr. Adrain, wrote articles for the American edition of Rees's Cyclopædia, the article on Modern Astronomy in the twentieth volume of the North American Review, and an account of the comet of 1806 in the fourth volume of the Monthly Anthology.

In 1829, the first volume of his great work, the translation and amplification of La Place's Mechanique Celeste, appeared. In studying the original work, Bowditch had frequently been arrested by the want of demonstration of the means by which results had been arrived at, the author presupposing a greater familiarity with the subject on the part of his reader than could reasonably be predicated of any but himself. In Bowditch's own words, "I never come across one of La Place's 'Thus it plainly appears,' without feeling sure that I have got hours of hard study before me to fill up the chasm, and find out and show *how* it plainly appears." In the task of filling up these chasms, and presenting the whole in a form for English readers, he succeeded so well, that La Place is

* Address, p. 8.

said to have remarked, "I am sure that Dr. Bowditch comprehends my work, for he has not only detected my errors, but has shown me how I came to fall into them." He commenced the work in 1815, and it formed the constant occupation of his laborious life up to the time of his decease. The second volume appeared in 1832, and the third in 1834. Each of the three contains about a thousand quarto pages. He was attacked, while engaged in correcting the proof sheets of the fourth, by a disease which proved fatal, but continued his occupation in the intervals of relief from pain almost until the time of his death. He refused to allow its publication by subscription, waiting until his means would allow him to bear the expense of the issue of five volumes of about a thousand pages each, saying that he would rather spend a thousand dollars a year for such an object than in keeping a carriage. The work met with a better sale than he anticipated, but was still a source of pecuniary loss to him.

Dr. Bowditch was an eminently practical business man, and executed the important moneyed trusts committed to him by his official position with great success. He accomplished the great results of his life by untiring and systematic industry. He rose early, in winter two hours before dawn, and when not occupied in his office, was almost always to be found in his library, where it was his delight to be surrounded by his family, an affectionate disposition forming one of the many fine traits of his character. He went out but little, but was always glad to see his friends, taking great delight in social intercourse and lively conversation. He was universally esteemed for the purity of his life, his integrity, and consistent course. He was familiarly known, in allusion perhaps to his moral as well as scientific career, as "the Great Pilot." His last disease was a scirrhus of the stomach, which for four weeks before his death rendered it impossible for him to swallow solid food or scarcely any liquid. He suffered little from hunger, but continually from thirst, which was partially relieved by moistening his lips with cold water. His frame wasted away, but his mental faculties remained unclouded, and his last act on the morning of his death was to recognise and address with the feeble powers of sight and voice which remained to him, each member of his family gathered around his couch. "You see," he said, "I can distinguish you all, and I now give you my parting blessing. The time is come; Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." This was on Friday, March 16th, 1838. He was buried on the following Sunday morning, beneath Trinity Church, Boston.

The merits of Bowditch entitle him to a high rank among the mathematicians of the world. They have been carefully stated by Pickering in his Eulogy before the Academy of Arts and Sciences.* His commentary was an original work, and he made many discoveries of his own.

Notices of Bowditch's Life and Character appeared shortly after his death, in the Eulogy delivered at the request of the Corporation of Salem, by Judge Daniel Appleton White, and in the discourse of the Rev. Alexander Young. These celebrate the sincerity, simplicity, and modesty of his character. His vivacity is recorded in an anecdote preserved by Judge White: —"A late venerable lady, as remarkable for her sagacity as for her love of goodness, after her first interview with Dr. Bowditch, observed, 'I admire that man, for he is a live man.' He was truly a live man in his whole nature and constitution, in his mind, conscience, soul, and body. Life was in his every thought, feeling, and action. So rapid were his thoughts on all subjects, that his judgment would often appear intuitive to those who could not follow his mind in its logical process, or perceive the steps to its conclusions. An instantaneous spring of hearty glee or mental delight, would sometimes, notwithstanding his natural and delicate sense of decorum, set all rules of etiquette at defiance, and exhibit itself in the same open and joyous manner, whether he were at the fireside of a friend, or at the governor's council-board."*

* May 29, 1838.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

John Randolph was born at Cawsons, the estate of Col. Theodorick Bland, his maternal grandfather, Prince George County, Virginia, June 2, 1773. He was the son of a wealthy planter, and descended in the seventh degree from Pocahontas. When a little over two years old he lost his father. He was, however, tenderly reared by his mother, who in 1778 was married to St. George Tucker. His delicate constitution prevented his engaging in the usual athletic sports of childhood, and at a very early age he acquired a taste for books, his first favorites being the Fairy Tales, the stories in the Spectator, Shakespeare, and Voltaire's Charles XII. In 1781 the family were obliged to leave their residence at Matoax, in consequence of the invasion of Virginia by Arnold. Randolph was soon after placed at the school of Walker Maury at Orange County, and on the removal of the establishment to Williamsburg, followed his teacher to that place. After passing a few months at Princeton and Columbia Colleges, he completed his course at William and Mary, and studied law with his uncle, Edmund Randolph, at Philadelphia. In 1794 he returned to Virginia, and on coming of age in the same year entered on the personal management of his large estate. In 1799 he became a candidate of the Republican party for Congress, in the Charlotte district. His first speech was made upon the hustings at the March court, and was an answer to an address on the Federal side by Patrick Henry, who had been induced to overcome his early objections to the recently adopted constitution, and run as a candidate for the Legislature. The occasion felt to be the last on which Henry could ever appear before the public, by whom he was idolized, attracted a great concourse, who listened with interest to the young man as well as the veteran. Both, though representing opposite opinions, were elected.

Randolph, with the exception of the three intervals of two years each, retained his seat in

* Eulogy on the Life and Character of Nathaniel Bowditch, Salem. Encyclopædia Americana, Supplt.

the House of Representatives for thirty years. He was a thorough-going advocate of the doctrine of state rights. His first speech was in support

of a bill to reduce the army, in which some unguarded expressions respecting the military profession led to a scene a short time after at the theatre, where some officers of the army took occasion of points in the play to make remarks offensive to Randolph, who communicated a statement of the affair to Adams, who brought it before Congress, where a report was made that no "breach of the privileges of the House had been committed by the offenders." This was rejected, but no further action taken.

In the question of the purchase of Louisiana, Randolph sided with Jefferson. He opposed the embargo, the war of 1812, the re-charter of the United States Bank, and the Missouri Compromise. One of his most marked efforts was his speech in 1822 against a resolution which had been offered expressing the sympathy for the Greeks then struggling for independence. A similar movement was at the same time in progress in South America. In 1826, after the appointment by Adams of Clay as Secretary of State, Randolph referred to the affair as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg." This led to a challenge from Clay. The celebrated duel which followed is described by Randolph's biographer.

"The night before the duel," says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, "Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, 'Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine.' His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent. I replied, 'My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers), I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject, a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Colonel Tattnall your decision.' He begged me not to do so, and said, 'he was very much afraid that Tattnall would take the studs and refuse to go out with him.' I, however, sought Colonel Tattnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tattnall remarked, 'Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend.' Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Colonel Tattnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said, 'Well, Tattnall, I promise you one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind.' A remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

"Mr. Clay and himself met at 4 o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw 'no devil in Clay's eye,' but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

"I shall never forget this scene, as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tattnall was loading Randolph's pistols I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time; I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, 'Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this.' On handing him his pistol, Colonel Tattnall sprung the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said, 'Tattnall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia, with either a pistol or gun, yet I never fire with the hair-trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am.' But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattnall insisted upon hairing the trigger. On taking their position, the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

"The moment this event took place, General Jesup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed, it was entirely an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility, he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said with an emotion I never can forget:—'I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds.'"*

In 1829, declining a re-election, he retired from Congress. He was soon after chosen a member of the convention for the revision of the constitution of his state, and distinguished himself in that body by his opposition to change. One of his most celebrated speeches was called forth in this convention on a proposal to provide the mode in which future amendments should be made in the new instrument. This is one of its marked passages:—

* Benton has also given a history of this affair.—Thirty Years' View, i. 70.

Doctor Franklin, who, in shrewdness, especially in all that related to domestic life, was never excelled, used to say that two movings were equal to one fire. And gentlemen, as if they were afraid that this besetting sin of republican governments, this *rerum novarum lubido* (to us a very homely phrase, but one that comes pat to the purpose), this *maggot* of innovation, would cease to bite, are here gravely making provision that this Constitution, which we should consider as a remedy for all the ills of the body politic, may itself be amended or modified at any future time. Sir, I am against any such provision. I should as soon think of introducing into a marriage contract a provision for divorce, and thus poisoning the greatest blessing of mankind at its very source—at its fountain head. He has seen little, and has reflected less, who does not know that "necessity" is the great, powerful, governing principle of affairs here. Sir, I am not going into that question, which puzzled Pandemonium—the question of liberty and necessity:

Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute;

but I do contend that necessity is one principal instrument of all the good that man enjoys. The happiness of the connubial union itself depends greatly on necessity; and when you touch this, you touch the arch, the key-stone of the arch, on which the happiness and well-being of society is founded. Look at the relation of master and slave (that opprobrium, in the opinion of some gentlemen, to all civilized society and all free government). Sir, there are few situations in life where friendships so strong and so lasting are formed, as in that very relation. The slave knows that he is bound indissolubly to his master, and must, from necessity, remain always under his control. The master knows that he is bound to maintain and provide for his slave so long as he retains him in his possession. And each party accommodates himself to his situation. I have seen the dissolution of many friendships—such, at least, as were so called; but I have seen that of master and slave endure so long as there remained a drop of the blood of the master to which the slave could cleave. Where is the necessity of this provision in the Constitution? Where is the use of it? Sir, what are we about? Have we not been undoing what the wiser heads—I must be permitted to say so—yes, sir, what the wiser heads of our ancestors did more than half a century ago? Can any one believe that we, by any amendments of ours, by any of our scribbling on that parchment, by any amulet, any legerdemain—charm—Abracadabra—of ours can prevent our sons from doing the same thing—that is, from doing as they please, just as we are doing as we please? It is impossible. Who can bind posterity? When I hear of gentlemen talk of making a Constitution for "all time," and introducing provisions into it for "all time," and yet see men here that are older than the Constitution we are about to destroy—(I am older myself than the present Constitution—it was established when I was a boy)—it reminds me of the truces and the peaces of Europe. They always begin: "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity," and go on to declare, "there shall be perfect and perpetual peace and unity between the subjects of such and such potentates for all time to come;" and in less than seven years they are at war again.

A short time previous to this General Jackson, on his accession to office, tendered Randolph the mission to Russia. The office was accepted, and in August, 1830, the new minister arrived at his post. He left St. Petersburgh soon after in consequence of ill health, and in October, 1831, returned home. His last political act was to speak to popular assemblies throughout his state in opposition to the proclamation of General Jackson against nullification, when almost too feeble to stand. He determined on another voyage to Europe for the benefit of his health, and left home to embark at Philadelphia. He stopped at Washington, where he had an interesting interview with his old antagonist Clay. He was exposed on his arrival in Philadelphia, on a stormy evening, to the cold and rain, his disease increased, and on the nineteenth of May reached its fatal termination.

Randolph's mental, like his physical organization, was of the most sensitive nature. Though an active public man, he was morbidly fond of retirement. Thoroughly honest, he scorned low means to attain high position, and his great sarcastic powers did not tend to increase the number of his friends. He was powerful in invective, and not sparing in its use. His speeches were always direct, and produced great effect. Some of his pointed phrases, like that of "masterly inactivity," by which he indicated the course of passive resistance he deemed proper to be pursued by the opposition to the Adams administration, have already passed into proverbs, as his eccentricities, doubtless in an exaggerated form, have furnished material for collectors of anecdote. His temper was quick, his antipathies strong, but his disposition was kindly, and he was a thorough-going friend. Some of the most pleasant portions of his biography are these which admit us into his intimacies. He became deeply impressed by the truths of the Christian religion, and was a devout member of the Ancient Church of the Old Dominion, and of the England he so much admired. He greatly enjoyed his visits to London from his sympathy with the associations of the great historic city, and we have heard a story of his walking through the Strand with his arms crossed on his breast in token of the reverence of a pilgrim.

By his will he manumitted his slaves, three hundred in number, and provided for their support. The validity of the instrument was disputed by the family on the ground of insanity in the testator, but was sustained by the court. That Randolph was at times insane there appears little reason to doubt. He felt his liability to attacks of this kind deeply. "I have lived," he said to Col. Benton, "in dread of insanity." The remark may be taken as a key to much that is strange in his career.

His letters, interspersed through Garland's Life, present the man for the most part in his genial moments. A separate selection "from among several hundred" as the preface informs us, *Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative: embracing a Series of Years, from Early Youth, to Mature Manhood*, was published in 1834.*

DAVID HITCHCOCK.

A VOLUME of *the Poetical Works of David Hitchcock* was published at Boston in 1806, with a

* Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 254. Benton's Thirty Years' View, i. 473. Party Leaders; by Jo. G. Baldwin, pp. 135. Hugh A. Garland's Life of Randolph.

prefatory memoir which, in connexion with the merits of the verses, furnishes matter for a passing notice. The chief poem of the volume, octosyllabic measure, is in four parts, and entitled, *The Shade of Plato: or a Defence of Religion, Morality, and Government.* It is written with remarkable ease and smoothness. The Shade of Plato appears, to clear up objections to the moral government of the world, in the question of fate and free-will, and "vindicate the ways of God to man," closing with some shrewd and sober expostulations on the tendency to revolutionary principles in vogue with the jacobinical doctrines at the beginning of the century. There were many lessons at that time from pulpit and editor's desk from the following text—

At this, I ask'd, is injury done,
To say there's twenty gods or One?
What matter, if men are sincere,
How many deities they fear?
Whether they rev'rence Three in One,
Or pay their homage to the sun;
Or worship Apis, Jove, or Baal,
Or own no deity at all?
Of what avail religious creeds,
If men are honest in their deeds?
If they'll not lie, nor cheat, nor steal?
Nor interrupt the public weal?
If they the gen'ral good pursue,
What more have mortals here to do?
Why stick at falsehood, theft, or fraud?
If men may disbelieve a God,
And their professions be sincere,
Pray tell me what they have to fear?
If this belief be rooted firm,
Duty must seem a senseless term;
And men, with passions to entice,
May range the crooked maze of vice,
Till life's contingent scene is clos'd,
Like tapers to the wind expos'd.
'Tis faith in one All-Seeing Eye,
That makes mankind themselves deny:
That does licentiousness control;
That curbs the proud, rebellious soul;
And did your race this thought forego,
No bounds to violence below;
Not conscience, nor the world's applause,
Nor magistrates, nor civil laws;
Nor monarchs, with despotic frown,
Could keep the tide of folly down.
* * * * * * *
Yet plain as is the sacred truth,
It seems in modern days uncouth;
And now in reason's boasted school,
Is lash'd with boundless ridicule;
Now human wisdom fain would prove,
That there's no God who rules above;
That all this boundless universe,
Was once a huge ungovern'd mass;
A vast, stupendous whirligig,
Dancing to one Eternal jig,
Till by an accident, outright,
Matter on matter chanc'd to light;
Substance, from one confused storm,
All rush'd to embryotic form,
And chaos, once convuls'd with jars,
Produc'd the sun, and moon, and stars,
And this terraqueous planet here,
Without a God to interfere.
And are these philosophic rules?
Then tell me, ye enlighten'd fools,
Whether an accidental case,
Could balance worlds in empty space
And bound their course thro' ether's realm,
Without a pilot or a helm.

"The Knight and Quack: or a Looking-glass for Impostors in Physic, Philosophy, or Government; an Allegorical Poem," illustrates the same views of the world; while the remaining poem, "The Subtlety of Foxes," is a well drawn fable, exhibiting the logic of might over right.

The author of these verses was born at Bethlem, Litchfield County, Ct., in 1773, the son of a poor and honest shoemaker, who managed, we are told, in a "sketch of the author's life" prefixed to his volume, to send the son to school "when want of money or clothing did not prevent." The father died in 1790. His bedside was tended by his affectionate and serious-minded son, who wrote some of his earliest verses, paraphrases of one of the Psalms, and of a portion of Luke, "principally in the night, while watching with his father in his last sickness." Having lost that protector, he worked at farming with one of the select men of the town for five months, and was then bound apprentice to a shoemaker, remaining under the direction of a guardian whom he chose. That he chafed a little under this course of life among these overseers is not to be wondered at, yet, as the sketch naively says, "though he might by ignorance or inadvertence sometimes deserve their displeasure, still, as he never received the average sum of one dollar per month (exclusive of board) for thirty-four months' work, he could not accuse himself, on the whole, of being in the least degree prejudicial to their interests." At the age of twenty he practised his calling for himself at West Stockbridge, and Great Barrington in Mass.; his first earnings of three or four dollars a month being "laid out in purchasing clothing to supply the place of a few rags, which, at that time, had become very unfashionable apparel for persons of his age." At twenty-six he married, and at thirty-two reports himself, in the preface to his book, as poor and laborious, but enjoying "peace and contentment, with the addition of three children to his family, upon whom he dotes almost as much as the opulent do upon their riches." This is all we know of David Hitchcock. The Shade of Plato is certainly a remarkable production under the circumstances, to have been hammered out between the blows on the lapstone.

WILLIAM BIGLOW.

William Biglow was born in Natick, Mass., September 22, 1773. In an account of his early years, published in one of the numerous periodicals, the *Federal Orrery*, to which he contributed, he says:—

I was born in a small country village, of reputable industrious parents, at a time when they were as poor as poverty herself. Nothing remarkable was at that time observed in me, except that I was, in the phrase of the hamlet, "a desperate cross body." This, however, must have been owing to some indisposition of body; for I naturally possess a very peaceable temper.

At a proper age I was sent to school—five weeks, in winter, to a master, who could read; and as long, in summer, to an old maid, who could knit. Possessing a strong attachment to books, I soon passed from my primer to my psalter, and thence in a short

time to my Bible, which were the only books we used. At this early period of life, I perused all the neighboring libraries, which contained "Pilgrim's Progress," "Day of Doom," and many other compositions equally elegant and entertaining.

Among my schoolfellows, I was so peaceful and condescending, that I was generally denominated a coward. But that, which was attributed to pusillanimity, was rather the effect of good nature. However violently enraged, one smile from my adversary would instantaneously assuage my anger, and determine me to become his faithful friend.

Though this complaisance led my schoolmates to practise many impositions upon me, yet I esteemed this inconvenience sufficiently compensated, as it caused me to become a great favorite of my old grandmother. So great was her esteem for me, that she took me, at a very early age, to wait on her, and my venerable old grandfather. In this situation I passed several years; and, as constantly as Saturday night came round, I very piously said my catechism, and supped on hasty-pudding; and, with equal devotion, rode to meeting on Sunday, and carried my aunt behind me on a pillion.

There began my poetical career, by composing "*a ballad, containing a true and surprising account of how the Deacon's son went a courting, lost his saddle, and found it again,*" which had a great run in the village. This circumstance added to my former fame at school; and my great aversion to every species of manual labor determined my father to give me a public education. I was accordingly sent to our parson's, where I attended closely and entirely to my studies, and, in a short time, became a member of the university.

When I came to college, I was, like most great authors, awkward and bashful; and my classmates immediately concluded that I was either a *fool* or a *genius*. My instructors, however, were decidedly of the former opinion. I was by no means an idle fellow; but I paid very little attention to the stated exercises of the college, choosing rather to follow my own inclinations than those of my governors. I studiously avoided cultivating an acquaintance with any, except a few selected classmates, and this seclusion continued me an unpolished country fellow. At length I have found my way through, and have retired into a neat rural village, and taken a small school, resolving to hide myself from the noise, insults, and injuries of the world, behind my own insignificance. I here pass for a good soul: and, because I *cannot* be genteel, I do all in my power to make people believe that I *will not*.

Notwithstanding I have passed in the world, thus silent and unknown, I have, as far as my opportunities would permit, made very accurate observations upon men and manners. When your paper made its appearance among us, I concluded that some of my compositions might be of service to you, and determined to publish them periodically. * * * * After this explanation, you will readily perceive what kind of fare I shall be likely to serve up; and, if you will give this a place in your literary oglio, I will do my endeavor shortly to prepare a still more palatable morsel.

CHARLES CHATTERBOX, ESQ.

Shortly after writing this sketch, one of a series entitled "Omnium Gatherum," he was ordained and settled in Salem as a teacher. In 1799 he delivered a poem entitled *Education*, before the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge. He soon removed to Boston, to take charge of the Public Latin School. Here he remained for several years, preaching occasionally, contributing to the periodicals of the day, and preparing several educational text-books. His school was in high repute. Edward Everett was one of his pupils. Intemperate habits gaining the mastery over him, he was compelled to retire to his home at Natick. He passed some time in keeping a village school in Maine, and in the latter part of his life was employed as a proof-reader in the University printing-office at Cambridge. He died of apoplexy at Boston, January 12, 1844.

Biglow published in 1830, a *History of the Town of Natick, Mass., from* 1650 *to the present time*, and also of *Sherburne, Mass., from its Incorporation to the end of the year* 1830. But his best and most numerous writings are to be found in the *Village Messenger*, a paper published at Amherst, N. H., which he edited in 1796, the Federal Orrery, and the Massachusetts Magazine of Boston, and other periodicals. It was his custom, Mr. Buckingham informs us in his Reminiscences, to walk from Natick to Boston, some fifteen miles, "spend a day or two in the newspaper printing-offices, write poetry for his friends the editors, and then return to his rural retreat."

Biglow was a ready versifier as well as an agreeable prose writer. Having given the commencement of his career in the latter, we may present some of his stages in the former.

His college poem of 1793, entitled "Classology," in imitation of the old English song "Heathen Mythology," describing the humors of his classmates with a bacchanal flavor, is not forgotton at Harvard at the present day. He commences:—

Songs of scholars in reveling roundelays
Belched out with hickups at bacchanal go,
Bellowed, till heaven's high concave rebound the lays,
Are all for college carousals too low.
Of dullness quite tired, with merriment fired,
And fully inspired with amity's glow,
With hate-drowning wine, boys, and punch all divine, boys,
The Juniors combine, boys, in friendly HIGH GO.

His intimacy with the magazines did not blind his eyes to their amiable weaknesses in his day, which are pleasantly satirized in his

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MAGAZINE.

A plate, of art and meaning void,
To explain it a whole page employed:
Two tales prolonged of maids deluded;
Two more begun, and one concluded;
Life of a fool to fortune risen;
The death of a starved bard in prison;
On woman, beauty-spot of nature,
A panegyric and a satire;
Cook's voyages, in continuation;
On taste a tasteless dissertation;
Description of two fowls aquatic:
A list of ladies, enigmatic;
A story *true* from French translated,
Which, with a *lie*, might well be mated;
A mangled slice of English history;
Essays on miracles and mystery;
An unknown character attacked,
In story founded upon fact:
Advice to jilts, coquets, and prudes:
And thus the pompous Prose concludes.

For Poetry—a birth-day ode;
A fable of the mouse and toad;

A modest wish for a kind wife,
And all the other joys of life;
A song, descriptive of the season;
A poem, free from rhyme and reason:
A drunken song, to banish care;
A simple sonnet to despair;
Some stanzas on a bridal bed;
An epitaph on Shock, just dead;
A pointless epigram on censure;
An imitation of old Spenser;
A dull acrostic and a rebus;
A blustering monody to Phœbus;
The country 'gainst the town defended;
And thus the Poetry is ended.

Next, from the public prints, display
The news and lyings of the day;
Paint bloody Mars & Co. surrounded
By thousands slain, ten thousand wounded:
Steer your sly politics between
The Aristocrat and Jacobin;
Then end the whole, both prose and rhyme, in
The ravages of Death and Hymen.

His "Cheerful Parson" will give us an inkling of his amiable character, which all of his contemporaries united in admiring, as well as of his poetic powers.*

THE CHEERFUL PARSON.

Since bards are all wishing, pray why may not I?
Though but a poor rhymer, for once I will try.
The life, that I choose, would be pleasant to scarce one,
Yet the life, that I choose, is the life of a parson

First on me, kind heaven, a fortune bestow,
Too high for contempt and for envy too low,
On which I with prudence may hope to subsist,
Should I be for my damnable doctrine dismissed.

In a rich farming village, where P——s shall plead,
And D——r feel pulses, give physic, and bleed,
Where A——t the youths and the children shall teach,
There may I be called and there settled to preach.

Not damning a man for a different opinion,
I'd mix with the Calvinist, Baptist, Arminian,
Treat each like a man, like a Christian and brother,
Preach love to our Maker, ourselves and each other.

On a snug little farm, I'd provide me a seat,
With buildings all simple, substantial and neat;
Some sheep and some cattle my pastures to graze,
And a middle priced pony, to draw my new chaise.

When I find it no longer "good being alone,"
May a mild, rural nymph "become bone of my bone;"
Not fixed, like a puppet, on fashion's stiff wires,
But who *can* be genteel, when occasion requires.

Whose wealth is not money, whose beauty's not paint;
Not an infidel romp, nor a sour-hearted saint;
Whose religion 's not heat, and her virtue not coldness,
Nor her modesty fear, nor her wit manly boldness.

Thus settled, with care I'd apportion my time
To my sermons, my garden, my wife, and my rhyme,
To teach the untaught, and to better the bad,
To laugh with the merry, and weep with the sad.

At the feast, where religion might be a spectator,
Where friendship presided, and mirth was a waiter,
I'd fear not to join with the good-humored clan,
And prove that a parson may still be a man.

Thus blest, may my life be slid smoothly away,
And I still grow more grave, as my hair grows more gray;
With age may the hope of the Christian increase,
And strew life's descent with the blossoms of peace.

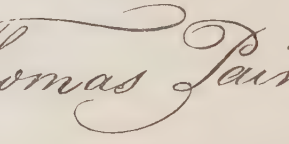
And when we leave this world, as leave it we must,
With rapture meet death, and sink into the dust,
With a tear in each eye may the parish all say,
"They were a kind pair, and did good in their day."

CHARLES CHATTERBOX, Esq.

* Buckingham's Newspaper Reminiscences, vol. ii. 227–237, 276–293, where, with the extracts we have given, will be found many curious passages of Biglow's writings.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JUN.

THOMAS PAINE was the second son of Robert Treat Paine, the celebrated signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773. His name was subsequently changed on his own application, in 1801, with the plea that he had no *Christian name*, by the Massachusetts legislature, to that of his father.



At the age of seven his family removed to Boston, where he was prepared for Harvard College in one of the public schools, and entered the Freshman class in 1788. One of his classmates wrote a squib on him in verse, on the college wall, and Paine, on consultation with his friends, being advised to retaliate in kind, did so, and thus became aware of the poetic faculty of which he afterwards made such liberal use. He henceforth wrote most of his college compositions in verse, with such success, that he was assigned the post of poet at the college exhibition in the autumn of 1791, and at the Commencement in the following year. After receiving his diploma he entered the counting-office of Mr. James Tisdale, but must have proved an unprofitable assistant to that gentleman, as in the words of his biographer "he made entries in his day-book in poetry, and once made out a charter-party in the same style;" and on one occasion when sent to the bank with a

check for five hundred dollars, meeting by the way some literary acquaintances, he went off with them to Cambridge, "and spent a week in the enjoyment of 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'" returning with the cash, at the end of that period, to his duties. He was a frequent contributor at this period to the "Seat of the Muses" of the Massachusetts Magazine, where a long poetical correspondence will be found between Philenia (Mrs. Morton) and himself.

In 1792 the players made their first appearance in Boston. Their performances were at first called dramatic recitations, to avoid collision with a law forbidding "stage plays." This was repealed in 1793, when the Federal-street theatre was built and opened Feb. 4, 1794, with a prize prologue, by our author, who fell in love with Miss Baker, aged sixteen, one of the company. He passed a large portion of his time the ensuing year in writing theatrical criticisms; left the counting-house and issued the prospectus of the *Federal Orrery*, a semi-weekly newspaper, which made its appearance October 20, 1794. In the following February he married Miss Baker, without obtaining the consent of his father. The breach was partially healed a few years after. In 1795 he delivered a poem on taking his degree of A.M. at Cambridge, entitled *The Invention of Letters*. It contained some lines referring to Jacobinism, which he spoke, notwithstanding they had been crossed out by the college authorities. It was perhaps in part owing to this circumstance that two large editions of the poem were sold. They produced him a profit of fifteen hundred dollars. It is dedicated to Washington, with a rapturous eulogy upon whom it closes:—

> Could Faustus live, by gloomy grave resign'd,
> With power extensive, as sublime his mind,
> Thy glorious life a volume should compose,
> As Alps immortal, spotless as its snows.
> The stars should be its types—its press the age;
> The earth its binding—and the sky its page.

In 1794 he produced his earliest ode, *Rise Columbia*. It has a spirited burden.

> When first the sun o'er ocean glow'd
> And earth unveil'd her virgin breast,
> Supreme 'mid Nature's vast abode,
> Was heard the Almighty's dread behest;
> Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
> Poise the globe, and bound the sea.

In 1797 he sold his paper, which had suffered from his neglect of editorial duties, having lost several thousand dollars by the speculation. He delivered his poem, the Ruling Passion, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1797. He gained twelve hundred dollars by its publication.

The famous song of *Adams and Liberty* was written in 1798, at the request of the "Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society." Its sale yielded him a profit of more than seven hundred and fifty dollars; more than eleven dollars for each line, as the matter of fact Mr. Allen correctly calculates. These receipts show a popularity which, particularly in the case of the two college poems, is very remarkable. In 1799 he delivered an oration to an audience "crowded to almost the utmost pressure of possibility," on the first anniversary of the dissolution of the alliance with France. It was written a few days only before its delivery, and was very successful. The author sent a copy, after its publication, to Washington, and received a reply, in which the General prays—"You will be assured that I am never more gratified than when I see the effusions of genius from some of the rising generation, which promises to secure our national rank in the literary world; as I trust their firm, manly, and patriotic conduct will ever maintain it with dignity in the political." John Adams also acknowledged this "new effort of a pregnant and prolific genius." Paine soon separated from the theatre, where he filled the office of "master of ceremonies" and occasional prologue writer, removed to Newburyport, and studied law. Here, on the invitation of the inhabitants, he delivered, on the 2d of January, 1800, a Eulogy on Washington. In the same year he removed to Boston, with his legal instructor, Mr., afterwards Chief Justice Parsons. In 1802 he was admitted, and commenced practice with great success, but unfortunately the return of the players, in 1803, led to his former unsettled mode of life. He did not again rally, planned but never executed several literary projects, and died on the 13th of November, 1811, leaving a daughter and two sons, who were provided with a home in his father's house.

His works were collected by a most enthusiastic and pains-taking editor, Charles Prentiss, and published at Boston, in 1812, in one large 8vo. volume, a significant proof of the author's popularity.

FROM "THE RULING PASSION."

> From fops we turn to pedants, deep and dull;
> Grave, without sense; "o'erflowing, yet not full."
> See, the lank book-worm, piled with lumbering lore,
> Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,
> With toil incessant, thumbs the ancient page,
> Now blots a hero, now turns down a sage!
> O'er Learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,
> 'Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise
> With Gothick foot he treads on flowers of taste,
> Yet stoops to pick the pebbles from the waste.
> Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
> Were Æsop's legs, how large was Tully's wart;
> And, scaled by Gunter, marks, with joy absurd,
> The cut of Homer's cloak and Euclid's *beard!*
>
> Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,
> This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;
> Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,
> And the fat folio tumbles on his toes.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

> Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
> For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires had descended,
> May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
> And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended;
> 'Mid the reign of mild peace,
> May your nation increase,
> With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
> And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
> While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean,
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But, though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a provision.
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd,
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill tops they shaded, our shores to defend;
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion;
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws, with our lives, we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmov'd, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever:
Her pride are her statesmen—their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

ISAAC STORY.

A VOLUME was published in Boston in 1801 entitled, *A Parnassian Shop opened in the Pindaric Style*, by Peter Quince, Esq.* It was a collection of the waggeries in imitation of Peter Pindar, which had given life to the well filled columns of the *Farmer's Museum;* a publication, which drew upon the pure invention, and sometimes the mere ingenuity of the clever writers who contributed to it. They bear date from 1795, and some of them had been contributed to Barrett's Newburyport *Political Gazette.* The "sign-board," by way of preface to the volume, shows the elaborate preparation of these trifles, and is itself a curiosity.

SIGN-BOARD.

PETER'S Shop contains the largest and most fashionable assortment of APOLLO-WARE; beautiful and variegated ODES, by the yard or piece; SONGS suitable for any and every occasion—single, or by the set; one crate of broken ELEGIES, which can be so joined together, as to suit the vilest and worthiest characters: also, a few ELASTIC TRUSSES—calculated with great care and ingenuity, for loose Politicians; one TREPANING INSTRUMENT to be used on such persons, only, who have cracked their skulls, in trying to pull down good government. A few bundles of Invocations, Addresses, Excuses, Conundrums, Whip-Syllabubs and Deifications—together with a new-invented BIB and SPATTERDASHES, for the sole benefit and behoof of slovenly *Critics.*

Besides the above-mentioned articles, Peter has a more pleasing and diversified assortment, in his large WARE-HOUSE, which will be opened as soon as Apollo-Ware becomes more fashionable. Peter keeps constantly for sale, in the back part of his shop, *Parnassian-trinkets, Heliconian-spouts, and Pegassuses* on truckles, for the accommodation of young and lame Poetasters; also, a very ingenious Spinning-Wheel, which will turn off Epic-Poems of any length and on any subject, with the utmost ease and dispatch; beside furnishing them with glossaries and obsolete quotations—all of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms, for cash or short credit. Pedlars and Ballad-Singers may depend on making good bargains and receiving ample encouragement, at said back apartment, where they will find a number of heavy moulded geniusses eternally at pen nibbing. Peter has with much care and expense procured a curious and complicated Water-Machine, for grinding with astonishing rapidity hard and cramp phrases

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* A Parnassian Shop opened in the Pindaric style; by Peter Quince, Esq.

Be not imposed on by a name
But bid your eye the picture's merit trace,
Poussin, at times, in outlines may be lame,
And Guido's angels destitute of grace.—P. PINDAR.

Boston, Russell and Cutter: 1801. 12mo. pp. 155.

into Epitaphs, Rebusses, Epigrams, Catches, Love-Pills, Dying-Psalms, and Wit-Crackers:—these are sold by the groce or box, to Country Traders, at a reduced price.

N. B. Cash and the highest price given for *new ideas.*

The verses are, a few of them, political and anti-democratic in those days; some are patriotic, but they are mostly amatory and bacchanalian; a few are sheer nonsense verses. There is a short series written in 1799 of *Consolatory Odes, dedicated with Christian piety to those unfortunate beings who labor under the malignant influence of the Democratic mania.* The author of these clever Federal verses was Isaac Story, who was born at Marblehead (the son of the clergyman of the same name at that place), August 25, 1774. He was a graduate of Harvard of 1793, and became a lawyer at Rutland, Massachusetts. In 1792 he published at Marblehead *An Epistle from Yarico to Inkle, together with their characters, as related in the Spectator.* This college production is in verse, in this pathetic appeal:—

From the sad place where sorrow ever reigns
And hopeless wretches groan beneath their chains;
Where stern oppression lifts her iron hand
And restless cruelty usurps command, &c.

In 1800 he delivered a eulogy on Washington at Sterling, Massachusetts, where he was then a resident. The next year he appears as a Fourth of July orator at Worcester. His oration was published. He died at the early age of twenty-nine, while on a visit to his father at Marblehead, July 19, 1803. The following obituary from the pen of his cousin, Judge Joseph Story, appeared in the *Salem Register* of July 25.

"At Marblehead, on Tuesday evening last, Isaac Story, Jr., Esq., of Rutland. A gentleman well known by numerous productions in polite literature. In his manners bland, social, and affectionate; in his disposition sportive and convivial; in his morals pure, generous, and unaffected; in his mind vivacious, refined, and facetious. After the usual academic course he pursued the science of Jurisprudence, and gave promise of an honorable station among advocates. In the interval of judicial studies he courted the Aonian Sisters, and occasionally gave to the public specimens of accomplished composition. Wit and humor were provinces in which he sought peculiar favor; though he not unfrequently mingled in his poetic effusions the gravity of sententiousness with the lighter graces. But, alas! the wit, the poet, and the moralist, now exists only in his writings. Death has consigned him to the common lot of mortality.

"Spirit of him whose chastened soul
Could touch each chord of pure desire,
Whence, flown beyond the mind's control,
Thy brilliant thought, thy Druid fire?

"Lost in thy manhood's chariest bloom,
O'er thee shall pity meekly mourn,
And many a sylph, who haunts the gloom,
With twilight dews besprend thine urn.

"Beside, thine 'airy harp' shall rest,
With wonted charms unskilled to play,
Or wildly moved in grief supprest,
Fling to the breeze its funeral lay.

"Yet may the willow love to bend,
And there the gentler myrtle woo,
While softly sighs each passing friend,
Ah! Yorick, bard of truth, adieu!"

ODE TO POVERTY.

Peter holdeth confab with Poverty—giveth her his opinion; asketh questions about Charity—and endeth with a little anger and inconsistency—but still canters in church-measure.

Come, Poverty, with placid hue,
With ragged garments, worn-out shoe;
Come, hear the jovial Peter!
Thy squalid looks and haggard mien,
Protub'rant bones and eyes scarce seen,
Now swell his solemn metre.

When on he travell'd life's green vale,
Where fickle fancy fan'd his sail,
He thought he ne'er should sorrow;
But that old Time would constant bring,
From joy's gay source a plenteous spring,
For ev'ry coming morrow.

Thus buoy'd by hope, he turn'd his lyre;
Enjoy'd his friends, indulg'd desire,
And laugh'd at lengthen'd faces;
Pity'd the plodding man of trade;
The skin-flint miser, moping maid,
And all, who shun'd the Graces.

With careless foot he trip'd the green;
Each day, each hour, chang'd pleasure's scene,
Nor thought, poor soul, on thee.
Nature has given us plenteous stock,
To keep us from thy stumbling block,
And fill our hearts with glee.

In vain you steal our bags of riches,
Thread-bare our elbows, tear our breeches,
Or leave our feet unshod.
With health and virtue on we trudge,
Knowing that all thy tricks are fudge,
While there exists a God.

Thus thought he, in his youthful days,
And still those thoughts shall swell his lays,
And keep his bosom quiet;
For tho' thou com'st, with visage pale,
And drag'st him, tatter'd into jail,
His soul shall breed no riot.

Along life's twisting road we find
Of halt and maim'd, of mad and blind,
Of doleful and of dumb,
A train, both hideous, sad, and poor,
Seeking each day compassion's door,
While going to kingdom come.

O'er those Compassion sheds a tear,
While pity stops their plaints to hear,
And cures, or mourns their fate;
Yet when we see thee those infest,
Who are with strength and reason blest,
Our minds are fill'd with hate.

Not one decree of Heaven we blame,
But on them cry out "fools! for shame,
Betake thee unto labour."
Unless by dire misfortune spent,
They are in Law's vile dungeon pent,
To gratify a neighbour.

Then anger and compassion blend,
We damn the wretch, act sorrow's friend
But like *thee* ne'er the more;
Rather abominate thy form,
And, as we would fell Winter's storm,
Against *thee* shut the door.

1794. P. QUINCE, Esq.

PETER'S ADIEU TO THE CITY.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.—HORACE.

To the City I've bid an adieu!
To its pleasures and parties farewell!
Nor can they entrap me anew;
Or call me once more from my cell.

I believ'd midst the rich and the great,
Mild contentment and happiness dwelt;
That they blunted the arrows of fate,
And seldom keen misery felt.

That *Time* flew with pinions of down,
While *Charity* brighten'd his way;
And *Peace*, on her olive branch crown,
Recorded the deeds of each day.

That *Justice*, with mercy attir'd,
Heard the cause of the poor and oppress'd;
Check'd the tongue with malevolence fir'd,
And the wrongs of the feeble redress'd.

The delusion is over and past,
And the tinsel, which misery clad,
Is remov'd by my reason at last,
And I mourn that the world is so bad.

That anguish and want should appear,
With gaiety's mantle adorn'd;
That I language of softness should hear,
From a wretch, whom humanity scorn'd.

That damsels with modest array,
And manners apparently good,
Should trip through the city all day,—
But at night, with fell infamy brood.

The rich meet the rich in the street,
And tho' vices hang thick round their heart,
Shake hands and most courteously greet—
But with plots and contrivances part.

No hand wipes a tear from the eye
Of the widow, or fatherless child;
But all their assistance deny
And laugh to behold them beguil'd.

The good man, by poverty led,
Thro' the city must wander alone;
With the offals of grandeur be fed,
And to wretchedness open his moan.

The worldlings have virtue forsook;
To self are their bounties confin'd;
While those, who take pride in a crook,
Are patrons and friends to mankind.

O! nature, thy works I adore;
The path, thou'st design'd us to tread,
Is stock'd with the richest of love,
With the fairest of roses bespread.

Our wants are both simple and few,
Where virtue and modesty reign;
But the phantoms of bliss we pursue,
And the counsels of wisdom disdain.

Let *me* wander my cottage around,
Taste the fruits of labour and care;
With health, peace, and friendship abound,
And I shall not of pleasure despair.

P. QUINCE.

LEONARD WOODS.

THIS distinguished scholar and divine was born at Princeton, Mass., June 19, 1774. His parents, Samuel and Abigail Woods, are spoken of as both possessing strong mental powers, while they were of "Puritanic piety;" his father's "habits of serious thought upon metaphysical subjects having obtained for him the title of "philosopher Woods." With small opportunity for cultivation when young, he became conversant with the most important histories, with the poetry of Milton, Young, and Watts; as also with the works of Locke and Edwards, and of many of the Puritan divines.* His son Leonard early exhibited a taste for study, profiting by the instructions of his father and an elder sister. At six or seven he followed the exercises of a class of older boys in arithmetic, keeping pace with them on his substitute for a slate, of a piece of birch bark; notwithstanding these signs of talent he might have been confined to the duties of his father's farm, had not a fit of sickness, which abated his strength, marked him out for the physically less laborious occupations of the scholar. His mother assisted this scheme of study, which he pursued with the village clergyman; and in 1792 he entered Harvard, taking his degree in course in the class with John Pickering, with the highest honors in 1796. He then was engaged as a teacher in Medford for eight months, when he commenced the study of theology with Dr. Charles Backus at Somers, Ct., continuing his studies at home with the Bible and Brown's system of divinity for his principal text-books. In 1798, he was ordained at Newbury as the successor of Dr. David Tappan, who had been appointed professor of Theology at Harvard. He married the next year Miss Abigail Wheeler, daughter of Joseph Wheeler, judge of probate in Worcester. His public literary reputation dates from the year 1805, when he contributed a series of papers to the religious periodical, *The Panoplist*, conducted by Dr. Morse of Charlestown, in defence of the old orthodox Calvinism, which was then powerfully assailed by the advocates of the new opinions in vogue at Cambridge, and elsewhere.† A scheme for an educational institution "to provide for the church a learned, orthodox, and pious ministry" now developed itself, which resulted in the opening of the Andover Theological Seminary, September 28, 1808, with Mr. Woods in the chair of Christian Theology—a professorship which he occupied for thirty-eight years, when he resigned the office in 1846, retaining the rank of Emeritus professor. He published his lectures, embracing his system of systematic theology, and a portion of his miscellaneous writings, in a series of his "Works" in five volumes, in 1849 and '50. The first three volumes contain one hundred and twenty-eight of the Andover courses of lectures; the other two contain letters, essays, and sermons, including the controversial letters to Unitarians, an Examination of the Doctrine of Perfection, a Dissertation on Miracles, a Course of Study, Letters to Young Ministers, and Essays on the "Philosophy of the Mind," "Cause and Effect in Connexion with Fatalism

* A Discourse (of the biographical portion of which the present account is an abstract) delivered at the Funeral of Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., in the Chapel of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Aug. 28, 1854. By Edward A. Lawrence, Professor in the Theological Seminary, East Windsor Hill, Ct.

† No. 1. of the Panoplist or the Christian's Armory, was published June, 1805; with vol. xiv. in Jan. 1818, it became united with the Missionary Herald; in January 1821, lost its miscellaneous character, and the publication has since been well known as the Missionary Herald, the organ of the American Board.

and Free Agency," and other metaphysical religious topics.

His habit of mind in these theological writings is thus described by his son-in-law, Professor Lawrence, who has sketched his moral and intellectual character with a discriminating pen. "He was never weary of an old truth because of its age, nor repelled from a new one because it was new. He believed in improvements in theologians and theological science, though not in theological truths. He regarded these improvements as coming through much study and prayer, by approximations of human ideas and human hearts to the revealed standard of doctrine, and the model of the Christian life. He accepted certain views of progress; but his cautious habit led him to take no step until he was sure that it was not a backward movement. Much that the world esteems progress, he counted the reverse. If his caution made him conservative, his abhorrence of evil made him also a friend to all judicious reforms. He moved slowly because he moved with care, and with care that he might move securely and lose no time. If he seldom had occasion to retract his opinions, it was from the patient labor and caution with which he formed them." *

His social disposition, kind and refined, was not less marked than his zealous adherence to the advancement of theological education. Dr. Woods continued to reside at Andover till his death, which he met with Christian faith and humility, Aug. 24, 1854, at the advanced age of eighty-one. Dr. Woods was one of the original promoters of several of the benevolent associations of his day, as the American Board of Missions, the American Tract Society, and the Temperance Society, with the history of which his name will be commemorated. One of the last works upon which he was engaged was a History of the Theological Seminary in Andover, which he left nearly completed in manuscript.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

Was born at Saco, in Maine, November 12, 1774. His father had been Governor of Massachusetts, his grandfather was an emigrant from Ireland. He was educated at Harvard, and studied law in his father's office. The law and politics occupied his attention till the latter part of his life, when he devoted himself to literature, and matters of public welfare. His writings are several discourses, one before the Suffolk bar in 1824; before the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth in 1829; before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance in 1832; his *Political Class Book; intended to instruct the higher classes in schools, in the origin, nature, and use of Political Power*, in 1831; his *Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals, derived from the created universe, and from revealed religion*, in 1833; an *Historical Class Book* the same year, and its continuation entitled *Historical Causes and Effects*, in 1837. In this year he also published his book entitled, *Sea Life; or what may, or may not be done, and what ought to be done by Shipowners, Shipmasters, Mates, and Seamen*, addressed to Father Taylor, the minister of the Mariner's Church in Boston.

* Discourse, p. 22.

Wm Sullivan.

These were either books for schools, or special philanthropic topics; the work of most general interest which he wrote, is his *Familiar Letters on the Public Men of the Revolution, including events from the peace of* 1783 *to the peace of* 1815, which first appeared in 1834. It is a vindication of the Federal Party, and an attack on the opposition, inspired by the animadversions of Jefferson in his published memoir and writings, mingled with personal sketches and criticisms. He died September 3, 1839, aged sixty-four. Mr. Sullivan's life* has been written by his son, John T. S. Sullivan. He speaks of the ardor with which his father pursued his studies in his last years, occupying himself from twelve to fourteen hours daily, and of his saying to a friend who regretted that he had relinquished the law: "I believe I mistook, in my selection of a profession, the course most favorable to my happiness; for I have never been conscious of real enjoyment, or of the true bent of my talents, if I have any, until I devoted myself to literature;" a remarkable tribute to a life of letters. Another anecdote of his personal bearing is also given by his son. "He was six feet tall, very erect, and in his gait dignified and reserved. No one, saving his own family, ever approached him familiarly. His manners were those of the old school, now almost extinct, and he could more deeply wound with a formal bow, than many men, less dignified, with a blow. He used to say, that dignified civility, based upon self-respect, was a gentleman's weapon and defence."

SKETCH OF HAMILTON—FROM THE "FAMILIAR LETTERS."

In 1795, Alexander Hamilton, at the age of thirty-eight, resumed the practice of law in the city of New York, and there continued until the close of his life. In December of that year, his personal appearance was this:—He was under middle size, thin in person, but remarkably erect and dignified in his deportment. His bust, seen in so many houses, and the pictures and prints of him, make known, too gene-

* Prefixed to a new, enlarged, and revised edition of the Public Men of the Revolution. Phila. 1847.

rally, the figure of his face, to make an attempt at description expedient. His hair was turned back from his forehead, powdered, and collected in a club behind. His complexion was exceedingly fair, and varying from this only by the almost feminine rosiness of his cheeks. His might be considered, as to figure and color, an uncommonly handsome face. When at rest, it had rather a severe and thoughtful expression; but when engaged in conversation, it easily assumed an attractive smile. He was expected, one day in December, 1795, at dinner, and was the last who came. When he entered the room it was apparent from the respectful attention of the company, that he was a distinguished individual. He was dressed in a blue coat with bright buttons, the skirts of his coat were unusually long. He wore a white waistcoat, black silk small clothes, white silk stockings. The gentleman who received him as a guest, introduced him to such of the company as were strangers to him; to each he made a formal bow, bending very low, the ceremony of shaking hands not being observed. The fame of Hamilton had reached every one who knew any thing of public men. His appearance and deportment accorded with the dignified distinction to which he had attained in public opinion. At dinner, whenever he engaged in the conversation, every one listened attentively. His mode of speaking was deliberate and serious; and his voice engagingly pleasant. In the evening of the same day he was in a mixed assembly of both sexes; and the tranquil reserve, noticed at the dinner table, had given place to a social and playful manner, as though in this he was alone ambitious to excel.

The eloquence of Hamilton was said to be persuasive and commanding; the more likely to be so, as he had no guide but the impulse of a great and rich mind, he having had little opportunity to be trained at the bar, or in popular assemblies. Those who could speak of his manner from the best opportunities to observe him in public and private, concurred in pronouncing him a frank, amiable, high-minded, open-hearted gentleman. He was capable of inspiring the most affectionate attachment; but he could make those whom he opposed, fear and hate him cordially. He was capable of intense and effectual application, as is abundantly proved by his public labours. But he had a rapidity and clearness of perception, in which he may not have been equalled. One who knew his habits of study, said of him, that when he had a serious object to accomplish, his practice was to reflect on it previously; and when he had gone through this labour, he retired to sleep, without regard to the hour of the night, and having slept six or seven hours, he rose, and having taken strong coffee, seated himself at his table, where he would remain six, seven, or eight hours; and the product of his rapid pen required little correction for the press. He was among the few alike excellent, whether in speaking or in writing. In private and friendly intercourse, he is said to have been exceedingly amiable, and to have been affectionately beloved.

ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER.

Robert Goodloe Harper, an eminent political writer and orator of the Federalist school, was born near Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1765. He was the son of poor but respectable parents, who, during his childhood, removed to Granville, North Carolina. At the early age of fifteen he served in a troop of horse, composed of the youth of the neighborhood, under General Greene during the closing scenes of the southern campaign of the Revolution. He next entered Princeton College where, while a student in the upper, he acted as a tutor to the lower classes, and was graduated in 1785. He about the same time formed a plan, during a visit at Philadelphia, of making the tour of Europe on foot. He proposed to commence at London, supporting himself during his sojourn by giving lessons and working as a joiner, a trade for which an early taste for mechanics had fitted him. The scheme was frustrated by the departure of the ship, in which he intended to sail, having been delayed for several weeks by ice in the Delaware, during which his stock of money and desire for travel rapidly diminished. As soon as navigation was open he sailed for Charleston with the intention of studying law. While standing on the wharf after his arrival, with only a dollar or two in his pocket, he was asked by a bystander whether he had not taught a class in Princeton of which a youth, whose name was given, was a member. He replied in the affirmative, and was informed that this youth was the son of his questioner, who had become familiar with the teacher from the letters of the scholar, his son. By the kindly offices of this friend, who was the keeper of a tavern, the wants of the new comer were provided for; and by an introduction to a lawyer, who received him as a student in his office, his wishes in reference to a profession realized. He read with such zeal as to qualify himself for practice in a year. With a view to speedier advancement in his profession he removed to the interior of the state. Here he soon became known by a series of articles which he contributed to a newspaper on a proposed change in the constitution of the state. He was next elected to the legislature of the state, and not long after to the national House of Representatives, where he became a distinguished and thorough supporter of the administrations of Washington and Adams. After the election of Jefferson he retired from Congress, and in consequence of his marriage with the daughter of Charles Carroll, removed to Maryland and commenced the practice of the law at Baltimore. He was employed with Joseph Hopkinson as counsel for Judge Chase of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the trial which resulted in the acquittal of that officer on all the charges for which he was impeached. He was elected by his adopted state to the Senate of the United States. At a dinner given at Georgetown, June 5, 1813, in honor of the recent Russian victories, he gave as a toast "Alexander the Deliverer," and followed with a speech highly eulogistic of that monarch, and of the power, prosperity, and progress of his dominions. The address contains an elaborate account of the invasion of Napoleon, attributes its failure to the military skill of the Russians as well as the severity of the winter, and congratulates the United States on this result as lessening the preponderating power of France and frustrating the designs which he charges her with, of attempting the conquest of Canada from the English. On the publication of this production Robert Walsh addressed the author a letter in which, after complimenting him as the originator of the phrase of "Alexander the Deliverer," the opinion is expressed that the oration underrates the military character of Napoleon, eulogizes the Russians unduly, and does not perceive the dan-

gers of Russian ascendency. Harper made an elaborate reply, and Walsh responded with a second letter, after which the speech with the correspondence was published in a volume.

Towards the close of his life Harper became an active member of the American Colonization Society, a scheme in which he took a deep interest, not only on national grounds but from his fondness for the study of the geography of Africa. A long and valuable letter from his pen on the subject appeared in the first Report of the Association in 1818. On the fifteenth of January, 1825, while reading his newspaper after breakfast, he fell, was caught in the arms of his son, and a few minutes after died of a disease of the heart.

He published at various periods a number of speeches and addresses on the politics of the day. His *Select Works, consisting of Speeches on Political and Forensic Subjects, with the Answer drawn up by him to the articles of impeachment against Judge Chase and sundry political tracts, collated from the original publications and carefully revised*, vol. i., appeared in Baltimore in 1814. It opens with an Address to his constituents, dated December 17, 1795, on the Treaty of November, 1794, in which he gives his reasons for advocating the measure, and pays an eloquent tribute to John Jay.

> But, fellow-citizens, let me ask you, and let me appeal to your calm dispassionate judgment for an answer, let me ask you, can these frightful events, these destructive consequences be justly apprehended from a treaty, the whole commercial part of which is to expire at the end of twelve years, and may be terminated by ourselves within two years after the close of the present war? Can any possible operation of a treaty, admitting it to be a disadvantageous, an unwise one, so soon destroy, so speedily ruin, or even in so short a period materially injure the agriculture, the manufactures, the commerce of America, which during the present universal shock in Europe, and under the depredations of all parties, have flourished and increased beyond all former example? I confess I cannot conceive it.
>
> Let me further ask you, fellow-citizens, what reasons there are to believe that Mr. Jay would conclude, Major Pinckney approve, two thirds of the Senate sanction, and the President finally ratify a treaty, "degrading to the national honour, and dangerous to the political existence of the United States;" a treaty containing "a prostitution of their sovereignty, and a wanton sacrifice of their rights;" a treaty which "admits another government to control the legislative functions of the Union," "prostitutes the dearest rights of freemen, and lays them prostrate at the feet of royalty?"
>
> Mr. Jay had a reputation to support, a reputation gained by a long and active public life; would he blast it at once? He has a family growing up around him; would he throw a gloom over all their opening prospects, and nip the bud of their prosperity, by an act which must involve himself and them in one common disgrace? He held a distinguished office, from which the voice of his country might remove him; would he raise the voice of that country against him, by "prostituting its sovereignty, and making a wanton sacrifice of its rights?" At the time when he agreed to this treaty, at the time when he dispatched it to the United States, at the time when without unforeseen and accidental delays it must have arrived and been made public, at that time he was a candidate for an high office in his own state, to which he could be raised only by the approbation of his fellow-citizens at large; would he ensure their disapprobation by betraying their dearest interests? He was opposed by a numerous and powerful party, by a popular and respectable competitor; would he furnish this opposition with irresistible arms against himself, by an act which must have drawn on him the public execration? He is said to be a candidate for the highest trust his country can bestow, a candidate in opposition to men distinguished throughout Europe as well as America, for their talents and their virtues; would he for ever blast whatever prospects he may have, by agreeing to "admit another government to control the legislative functions of his country?" No, fellow-citizens! The stations which Mr. Jay has filled, the long period for which he has enjoyed a spotless reputation and possessed the confidence of his country, argue at least a common portion of talents and integrity; and a man must be depraved and foolish to an unusual degree, who, situated as Mr. Jay was, could consent to so atrocious an act as the treaty is represented: could consent to "degrade the national honour, endanger the political existence, and destroy the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, and shipping interests" of his country: foolish if he could consent to it without seeing its tendency, and both foolish and depraved if he saw it and yet consented.

We have next Observations on the Dispute between the United States and France, addressed to his constituents and published in 1797; followed by a speech on the necessity of resisting the aggressions and encroachments of France on the Constitutional powers of the President and Senate in the appointment of foreign ministers; an argument in the case of William Blount's Impeachment on the question whether a Senator of the United States be liable to impeachment, delivered January 5, 1799; a letter dated March 5, 1800, enumerating the services of the Federal party to the United States; a speech in favor of a bill to prevent "unauthorized correspondence with any foreign government, with intent to influence its conduct towards the United States, or to defeat the measures of our own government," in which he comments with severity on Mr. Gallatin. The volume closes with a speech in favor of the continuance of the Sedition Law, delivered January 1, 1801, in which he advocates his views with eloquence.

> We are called on, sir, for the reasons why this act should now be continued. I will give my reasons most freely. Whether they be the same with those which actuate the conduct of other gentlemen, I know not, but in my mind they deserve all consideration. I wish to revive this law, sir, as a shield for the liberty of the press, and the freedom of opinion; as a protection to myself, and those with whom I have the happiness and the honor to think on public affairs, should we at any future time be compelled by the imbecility or the mistakes of any future administration in this country, to commence an opposition against it: not a factious, profligate, and unprincipled opposition, founded on falsehood and misrepresentation, and catching at the passions and the prejudices of the moment; but a manly, dignified, candid, and patriotic opposition, addressed to the good sense and virtue of the nation, and resting on the basis of argument and truth. Should that time ever arrive, as it may arrive, though I earnestly pray that it may not, I wish to have this law, which allows the *truth* to be given in evidence on indict-

ments for libels, I wish to have this law as a shield. When indicted myself, for calmly and candidly exposing the errors of government, and the incapacity of those who govern, I wish to be enabled, by this law, to go before a jury of my country, and say that what I have written is true. I wish to interpose this law between the freedom of discussion, and the overbearing sway of that tyrannical spirit, by which a certain political party in this country is actuated; that spirit which arrogating to itself to speak in the name of the people, like fanaticism arrogating to itself to speak in the name of God, knows neither moderation, mercy, nor justice; regards neither feeling, principle, nor right, and sweeps down with relentless fury, all that dares to detect its follies, oppose its progress, or resist its domination. It is my knowledge of this spirit, sir, of its frantic excesses, its unfeeling tyranny, and its intolerable revenge, that makes me anxious to raise this one mound between its fury and public liberty; to put into the hands of free discussion, one shield against its darts. This shield, I have little doubt, will at length, and perhaps very soon, be torn away; for the spirit of which I speak, goaded by conscious inferiority, stimulated to madness by the envy of superior talents, reputation, and virtue, knows to brook no check upon its power, no censure upon its excesses. But I will not sanction my own death by my own voice. I will not yield one barrier to freedom and the right to opinion, while I can defend it. I regard this law as such a barrier; feeble, perhaps, and ineffectual to check the progress of that tyrannical spirit, which even now can scarce restrain its rage; but though feeble yet dear to freedom, and never to be abandoned by freedom's friends. And in order to keep up this barrier to the last, I shall now, while I may, vote for the continuance of that law, which mitigates the rigor of the common law in this respect, and protects the liberty of the press and of opinion, by enacting that the truth may be given in evidence, on indictments for libels against the government.

Mr. Harper was much esteemed for his moral worth, his readiness to aid his friends, his cheerfulness and geniality. His conversational powers were as marked as his ease and freedom in public discourse, and his society was, on this account, much sought after. The hospitalities of his mansion were ample, and its charities free and liberal. In person he was tall and well proportioned, and his health, until within two or three years of his death, when his constitution was much injured by an attack of bilious fever, excellent.

MATHEW CAREY.

MATHEW CAREY, a voluminous political writer and extensive publisher, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 28, 1760. His father, a baker who had accumulated a handsome fortune by the successful prosecution of his trade, bestowed upon his five sons a liberal education. Mathew evinced at an early age an aptitude for the study of languages, but made little progress in mathematics. At the age of fifteen he chose the business of printer and bookseller as his future calling against the wishes of his father, who offered him the choice of any of twenty-five other trades. At the age of seventeen he commenced his career as an author by the publication of an essay on *Duelling* in the Hibernian Gazette. In 1779 he published a pamphlet on the oppression of the Irish Catholics by the penal code, the advertisement of which was so emphatically worded as to attract the attention of the Irish Parliament. The publication was suppressed, and the author would have been prosecuted had he not after a few days' concealment been sent to Paris by his friends. Here he became acquainted with Dr. Franklin, who gave him employment at his printing-office at Passy. At the end of a year he returned unmolested, and was engaged as the conductor of a paper called the *Freeman's Journal*. On the 13th of October, 1783, he published the first number of a paper of his own, the *Volunteer's Journal*, the means for the enterprise having been furnished by his father. It soon had a larger circulation than any newspaper but one in Dublin, and was largely instrumental in forwarding the plans of the Irish Volunteers. It was not long suffered to escape the attention of the government. An attack on the parliament and premier in the number of April 5, 1784, was followed by an indictment for libel. He was brought before the House of Commons on the 19th of April, and imprisoned by the sentence of that body in Newgate, where he "lived joyously—companies of gentlemen occasionally dining with him on the choicest luxuries the markets could afford," until the 14th of May, when the authority of Parliament to imprison terminating with their adjournment, he was liberated by the Lord Mayor. A prosecution for the libel on the premier was, however, still hanging over his head, and as his funds had been nearly exhausted in the establishment of his newspaper, the fine consequent on a conviction would have heavily embarrassed him. By the advice of his friends he again withdrew from the country, and embarked in female dress on board a vessel for Philadelphia, his choice of that city having been determined by reading an account of his own trial in one of its newspapers. The account would, he thought, make him known and secure him friends. After having been run ashore by a drunken pilot in ascending the Delaware, the ship landed her passengers, November 1, 1784. It happened that a fellow-passenger, by the name of Wallace, brought with him a letter to General Washington. Presenting himself at Mount Vernon, he found Lafayette making his farewell visit. The Marquis, who had read the account of Carey in the Philadelphia papers, inquired what had become of him, and was informed of his arrival. A short time after Lafayette visited Philadelphia, sent for Carey, and learning that he was desirous to establish a newspaper, promised to recommend him to Robert Morris and other influential men. The next morning Carey received a letter from the General inclosing $400, a sum which he had the satisfaction of repaying on the General's visit to the country in 1824. On the 25th of the following January he issued the first number of the *Pennsylvania Herald*. It soon obtained a reputation by its publication of the debates of the House of Assembly, reported by the editor, as well as by its spirited conduct, which, in the same year, involved its conductor in a controversy with Colonel Oswald, the editor of a journal supported by the Republican or democratic party, leading to a duel in which Carey was wounded a little above the knee, an injury from which he suffered for more than a year. In October, 1786, he commenced, with several partners, the publication of the *Colum-*

bian Magazine, a monthly. The associates disagreeing he withdrew in December, and in the next January commenced the *American Museum*, a monthly magazine, intended, as he informs us, "to preserve the valuable fugitive essays that appeared in the newspapers." It was continued with very indifferent success, but with marked ability, for six years. The volumes contain a greater mass of interesting and valuable literary and historical matter, than is to be found in any other of our early American magazines. In 1791 he married Miss B. Flahavan. On the discontinuance of the Museum he commenced business as a bookseller on an humble scale, a large portion of his stock consisting of spelling-books. He was present, he informs us, for twenty-five years at the opening of his store, and uniting enterprise with thrift, established one of the most important publishing houses in the Union. In 1793, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, he was an active member of the Committee of Health, and by his personal observation, in visiting and attending the sick, accumulated a quantity of information, which he collected in a large pamphlet, on the rise, progress, effects, and termination of the disease, of which four editions were sold. He was, in the same year, the founder of the Hibernian Society for the relief of emigrants from Ireland; and in 1796 united with some half dozen citizens, under the lead of Bishop White, in the formation of the first Sunday-school society in the United States. He became about the same time involved in a controversy with William Cobbett. In 1802 he issued an edition in quarto of the Bible, called the standing edition, from the circumstance of the entire volume being kept in type to supply the demand for re-impressions. With the exception of Luther's Bible, the type of which is said to have been left standing for over a century, this is believed to have been the first edition of the Holy Scriptures thus issued. The invention of stereotyping soon after obviated the necessity of so costly an expedient. On the first of June of the same year the booksellers and printers of the Union met in New York, at the suggestion of Mr. Carey, under whose guidance an association similar to the Book Fairs of Germany was formed, under the presidency of their oldest associate, Hugh Gaine. The plan did not work well, and after four or five years was abandoned, its place being subsequently occupied by the Trade Sales. In 1806, while a member of the Select Council of Philadelphia, Mr. Carey published a pamphlet in favor of subjecting personal property to taxation as well as real estate. An ordinance to effect this object was passed by the Select but rejected by the Common Council of the city. In 1810 he again appeared before the public, in opposition to the party with which he was connected, as an advocate for the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank. He conducted his share of the controversy with great energy, writing frequent articles in the newspapers, and publishing pamphlets also of his own composition, which he distributed at his own expense. In 1814 he published the *Olive Branch*, a work designed to harmonize the two furiously antagonistic parties of the country. Ten editions were exhausted, forming in all ten thousand copies, an immense sale for that period. Its influence was as extensive as its circulation, and it probably contributed in no slight degree towards that political repose which marked the administration of Monroe.

In 1817 the agitation of Catholic emancipation in Ireland urged Carey to the prosecution of a design which he had long had in contemplation. He was still further excited by the publication of Godwin's novel of Mandeville, presenting in powerful colors a view which he considered unjust of the Irish insurrection of 1641. In consequence of this he set to work to prepare an account of his native country which should expose the errors and misstatements of English historians. He made a large collection of materials, and planned his work with great deliberation, but sent his manuscript as fast as each day's work was completed to the printer, so that it was in type almost as soon as written. It appeared under the title of *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ* in 1818, with such success that four editions were called for.

Mr. Carey shortly after became a warm advocate of a protective tariff. He published from 1819 to 1833 no less than fifty-nine separate pamphlets on this subject, amounting to twenty-three hundred and twenty-two pages. Many of these passed through several editions, were reprinted in newspapers, and regarded as authoritative and valuable exponents of the views they advocated. In addition to these publications Mr. Carey was a frequent advocate in the newspapers of the same opinions. In 1833 and '4 he contributed to the New England Magazine his *Autobiography*, in an extended and somewhat desultory series of articles.

In addition to these literary labors and those connected with his extensive business relations, Mr. Carey was an active advocate of the internal improvements of his city and state, especially of the construction of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. He was throughout his life a benevolent man, and towards its close his attention was chiefly devoted to the relief of the many who sought his aid in the furtherance of associations of

benevolence. He died in the city with which he had so long and so honorably identified his interests on the 16th of September, 1839.

WILLIAM MUNFORD.

William Munford was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, August 15, 1775. His father, Col. Robert Munford, a distinguished patriot of the Revolution, was the author of two dramatic compositions, entitled "The Candidate" and "The Patriots," illustrating the political corruption of his day, which, with some minor poems, were published at Petersburg, Va., in 1798.*

The son, early left by his father's death in the charge of his mother, a lady of superior accomplishments, was educated at William and Mary, where he was the pupil of the eminent George Wythe, from whom he derived a taste for classical literature, which accompanied him through life. Having further studied law with Wythe, at the early age of twenty-one, in 1797, he was elected to the House of Delegates from his native county, and after a service of four years was chosen a senator from the district. In that body he also served a term of four years, and, at the end of that period was elected a member of the Privy Council of State, when he changed his residence to Richmond. He continued in the Council until the year 1811, when he received the honorable and lucrative appointment of Clerk of the House of Delegates, an office which he held till his death. Besides the faithful discharge of these public trusts, he reported for several years the decisions of the Supreme Court of Appeals in Virginia, of which four volumes, from 1806 to 1809, were prepared in conjunction with William W. Hening, and six, from 1810 to 1820, were from his own pen. He was likewise one of the chosen assistants of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, in the revision of the Virginia Statute Laws in 1819.

His literary productions were, an early volume of *Poems and Compositions in Prose on Several Occasions*, published at Richmond in 1798, which includes a tragedy, "Almoran and Hamet," several versifications of Ossian, translations from Horace, and a number of occasional poems, patriotic and satirical. As juvenile verses they show some crudity, while the selection of subjects is creditable to the tastes of the writer. In 1806, he delivered in the capitol at Richmond, a funeral eulogium on his venerable friend Chancellor Wythe.† His chief literary work, to which he gave the leisure of his life, was his translation of the Iliad of Homer into blank verse, which he completed, but which was not published till after his death.‡ It is sometimes a spirited, generally a correct, and throughout a pains-taking version; if lacking in that poetic gusto which is requisite to reproduce the rare qualities of the original, it is at least an honorable addition to a life of professional occupation, and may be read with satisfaction. At the time of undertaking it, the author tells us, he had not seen the translation in similar measure by Cowper. On its publication, it had the fortune to be reviewed by Felton in the North American Review, by C. A. Bristed in the American Whig Review. and by the Rev. N. L. Frothingham in the Christian Examiner,* with various degrees of favor; and the articles contain besides much interesting information, in the comparison of the work of different translators.

Munford died at his residence in Richmond, June 21, 1825.

THE GODS MINGLING IN THE BATTLE—FROM THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

They, with minds
Discordant, hasten'd to the scene of strife;
Juno and Pallas to Achaia's fleet,
With Neptune, girder of the spacious globe,
Hermes, benevolent and wise, of arts
Inventor, Vulcan, terrible in strength,
Rolling dread threatening eyes, but lame of foot,
And dragging after him distorted limbs;
But, to the host of Troy, Mars, rapidly
His crested helmet shaking, Phœbus, bright,
With locks unshorn, Diana, glorying
In bows and arrows keen; Latona fair,
Their honor'd mother; Xanthus, river god,
And lovely Venus queen of heavenly smiles.
While yet the gods from men apart remain,
The Greeks exult with joy unlimited,
That great Achilles in their van appears,
Achilles, absent long from horrid fight!
Not so the Trojans, they cold tremor felt
In every limb; for, terror-struck, they saw
The swift Pelides, blazing in his arms,
Dreadful as Mars, the bane of human kind!
But when the gods, among the throng of men
Embattled, came, then raging Discord rose,
Rousing the nations. Fierce Minerva, then,
Shouted terrific; now beside the fosse
Fronting the wall, now near the sounding shore
She stood, and rais'd her loud tremendous voice.
This awful shout, Mars, opposite, return'd,
Terrific as a roaring midnight storm,
From Ilion's towery height, with outcry shrill,
The Trojan host encouraging, and thence
Flying to Simois, and the beauteous mount
Callicolone. Thus the blessed gods,
Exciting Troy and Greece, both armies urg'd
To fell contention; and, with horrid shock,
They rush'd against each other. Dread, above,
Thunder'd the awful sire of men and gods!
Beneath, stern Neptune shook the boundless earth,
And bent the summits of her highest hills;
Huge Ida's deep foundations, and her cliffs,
Sources of many rolling rivers, all
Were shaken, with the Trojan city, too,
And navy of the Greeks. The king of shades,
Tremendous Pluto, in the nether realm,
That dire concussion felt, and from his throne
Affrighted leap'd, and gave a fearful cry;
Lest the that shakes the solid globe should rend
Its mighty mass asunder, and, to sight
Of mortals and immortals, open lay
The dark abodes of terror, loathsome, foul,
Which e'en the gods themselves with horror view.
Such was the wild commotion, when the gods
That conflict join'd; for radiant Phœbus, arm'd
With winged arrows, ocean's king oppos'd,
And sage Minerva strove with furious Mars;
The golden-quiver'd huntress with bent bow,
And echoing horn, rousing the woodlands wide,
Diana, sister of the god of day,

* Griswold's Poets of America, p. 8.
† Sanderson's Lives of the Signers, ii. 176.
‡ Homer's Iliad: translated by William Munford. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846.

* N. A. Rev., No. 132. Whig Review, Oct. 1846. Chris. Ex., Sep. 1846.

Defied imperial Juno ; Hermes, sire
Of useful arts, benignant friend to man,
Against Latona warr'd ; and Vulcan's strength
The mighty river, foaming, deep, and swift,
Resisted ; Xanthus, by immortals nam'd,
By mortals call'd Scamander. Thus oppos'd,
Gods against gods, were mingled in the fray.

PAUL ALLEN.

Paul Allen was born at Providence, R. I., on the fifteenth day of February, 1775. Soon after the completion of his education at Brown University, in 1796, he removed to Philadelphia, where he became a contributor to the Port Folio and the United States Gazette. In 1801, he published a small volume, *Original Poems, Serious and Entertaining* (printed by Joshua Cushing, Salem). He also prepared for the press by re-writing the Journal of Lewis and Clark's Expedition. He seems to have been more conscientious in this performance under the names of others than under his own, as he about the same time issued proposals for a *Life of Washington*, and received a large number of subscribers, without having written a line, or made the least preparatory study for the work. It was promised season after season, while the author still neglected to put pen to paper, or consult a single volume in fulfilment of his contract.

After the publication of Lewis and Clark's Travels, he was engaged as an editor of the Federal Republican newspaper ; but a disagreement with his associates led to a separation, which was followed by a period of mental hallucination and poverty so extreme that he was imprisoned for a debt of thirty dollars.

His friends rallied to his aid and started a paper, the "Journal of the Times," for the sake of giving him an editorial chair. The project was unsuccessful, but a second attempt at Baltimore, the Morning Chronicle, secured him a support by its wide circulation. It was then resolved to bring out the long promised life of Washington. It was written by Neal and Watkins, and appeared under the name of Allen, who wrote a page or two of the preface, in two volumes, in 1821.

John Neal did his friend another equally good service, by reducing his poem of *Noah*, it having been submitted to his revision, to one fifth of its original dimensions. As this fifth, which was published in 1821, contains five cantos, and would be improved by a second reduction, the poem in its primeval proportions must have been peculiarly suggestive in quality and quantity, as well as title, of the event it celebrates. It began with the small drop of "a little sonnet addressed to a dove," which it was the author's "first impression," as he naively states in his preface, "would comprehend and exhaust all that he should have to say upon the subject."

The poem as published commences, whether owing to Mr. Neal's clippings we know not, with the sending forth of the Raven. The other events of the Bible narrative follow in due sequence ; but an episode occupying the fourth canto is introduced, directed against the disbelievers in the unity of the race.

The author claims the merit of simplicity in his preface, and is fairly entitled to do so. The general course of the verse is pleasing, and we occasionally meet with happy lines like this—

And each loud rain-drop beats a funeral knell.

His description of the exodus of the animals from the Ark is spirited, but contains occasional couplets, which, however true to nature, have slight connexion with poetry.

The Elephant.

What venturous son of Adam dares oppose,
That mighty arm projecting from his nose?

The Hyena.

Take warning from the brutes, behold they stir,
And gaze and tremble at that shining fur.

The Dog.

Come, let thy *social tail* express to all
Thy heartfelt raptures at thy master's call.

The career of the offspring of Japhet, by which the author represents his own countrymen, is one of the best passages in the Poem. It is followed by a contest between the lion and eagle, British and American. The former, to Noah's dismay, attacks Japhet's son, and the latter thus comes to the rescue.

He prayed, then paused, and lo! the Zodiac rings
With the loud clangor of descending wings!
The clouds disperse, and now by heavenly grace,
An Eagle, soaring in his pride of place,
Was seen, the head of Japheth hovering o'er;
A thunderbolt the pluming stranger bore—
The Patriarch shuddered at the dreadful sight,
He gazed again, and oh! with what delight,
He saw that harbinger of peace serene,
The smiling olive—with its leaf of green,
Bright o'er his wings, and in a ground of blue,
A constellation broke on Noah's view:
He knelt with lowly reverence on the ground,
And thirteen stars were seen to sparkle round;
The lion saw the shining guard display,
Their lances beaming in the blaze of day:
Back o'er the wave he fled, that very hour,
And left the child that he would fain devour.

Allen remained editor of the Chronicle until his death in 1826.

THE CHILD OF JAPHET.

A boy the wondering Patriarch next descried,
Serene in youthful beauty by his side,
He saw each gentle smile, each budding grace,
That bloomed more largely in his Japheth's face,
The form, the air, the features, well he knew,
His bounding heart proclaimed the vision true.

Onward he passed—and Noah saw with fear,
A child so young had no kind parent near,
Alas, who knows what terrors may await!
What dangers threat his unprotected state.
Shield him, ye angels! for his fate is hard,
Be thou, blest Providence, the pilgrim's guard!

The Patriarch now beheld this little child
Abandoned to a vast and gloomy wild—
Here savage beasts were howling round for prey,
Here savage man was seen, more fierce than they
Through the dark tangled thickets, Noah spies
The cruel glances of ferocious eyes,

The frown of scorn, contortions strange and wild,
All bent intensely on this wandering child.

Onward he passed, his nerves no danger shook,
He cast to heaven, a calm confiding look,
The selfsame quiet gaze an infant shows,
Who, when surrounded by a thousand foes,
Casts but an eye, and sees a parent near,
Then forward moves insensible to fear!
For well he knows, that steadfast eye surveys
Each feeble tottering footstep, as he strays;
He knows that voice, with tenderness replete,
Will oft reprove the errors of his feet:
Secure and anxious never to offend
His kind protecting father and his friend,
The boy sees only, in the hour of harm,
Outstretched salvation in that powerful arm.

And thus did Japheth in the hour of care
Rely on heaven, for all his strength was there.
He passed, protected by an holy spell,
Down at his feet the swift winged arrows fell.

Onward he passed—the hostile tribes dismayed,
To see an infant without human aid
Defy their vengeance—felt a sacred awe,
Astonished at the prodigy they saw.
A power, superior far to mortal arts,
Wrought such unnatural terror in their hearts,
In deep astonishment they now began
To think the wondrous stranger more than man.

Onward he passed—and now with wild surprise,
The savage man and beast before him flies;
Howling with dread they sought the forest shade,
Warned by the beam that round his temples played:
No eye of hostile vengeance could endure
The light of innocence, so calm, so pure.

Onward he passed—through perils how severe;
The giant forests bowed as he drew near,
Prostrated all their honours, and expressed
Their reverence for so wonderful a guest.
Where'er he trod, as by divine command,
His footsteps in this dark and howling land,
Betokened life, and joy, and light serene,
All gay with flowers, or bright with cheerful green.
Thus when the storms of winter pass away,
Succeeded by the blythesome vernal day:
A fairy spirit wanders, none can see,
So light, so thin, so delicate is she.
She rides the wandering zephyr, as he roves
Through garden walks, or more majestic groves,
Touches the withered herb—'tis decked in bloom,
She breathes—the floweret catches the perfume;
She speaks, and joy, and mirth, and transport now,
In spangled plumes are seen on every bough;
In every place, the welcome stranger meets
A breathing gratitude of varied sweets.

Onward did Japheth pass, where savage men,
And savage beasts had shared one common den;
The lofty turrets and the sacred spires
Held glittering parlance with the solar fires,
And forms of female innocence were seen,
Beside the cottage, all embowered in green,
Teaching the devious needle as it strays,
To lead the snowy thread through every maze;
While others taught the embryo flowers to bloom,
Or sung to the sweet labours of the loom.

Onward he passed, his visage shone so clear,
That mountains, rivers, inland seas appear;
And as the wondrous infant nearer drew,
They stood unveiled to Noah's ravished view;
Mountains, whose shade expanding in the ray,
Seemed sable blots upon the face of day,
As if they strove in all their pride of height
To measure shadows with the solar light;
Rivers, still rushing with resistless force,
Afar those shining serpents, wound their course,
Far even as prophetic eye could strain,
And sought in sweeping majesty the main—
Through forests deep, o'er meads, and down the vales,
The Patriarch saw the glitter of their scales;
Seas, inland seas, that chafing with disdain,
At such seclusion from the parent main—
Like fierce imprisoned spirits rave and roar,
And strive to burst the bondage of the shore.

LYMAN BEECHER.

Lyman Beecher, a divine, who recalls by his vigor and activity through a long life the remembrance of the best days of the New England pulpit, was born at New Haven, Connecticut, September 12, 1775. He was educated at Yale, pursued theology under the supervision of President Dwight, was ordained and settled at East Hampton, Long Island, in 1798. In 1810, he removed to Litchfield, Conn., where he remained actively engaged, in addition to his parochial duties, in the foundation of the Connecticut Missionary, the Education, the Bible, and other societies formed for the advancement of the Christian cause, until 1826, when he accepted a call to the Hanover Street Church, where he continued until 1832, becoming the President of the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati. He resigned this office in 1842, and returned to Boston, where he still resides. His chief publications consist of sermons and addresses, and a work on *Political Atheism*. A collection of his writings, in four compact duodecimo volumes, was made in Boston in 1852.

The energy and activity which have characterized every stage of Dr. Beecher's long, useful, and laborious career, have descended in unimpaired vigor to his children. Of his four sons, all eminent in the ministry, one—Charles Beecher—has published a popular volume, *The Incarnation; or, Pictures of the Virgin and her Son*. Another brother, Edward, has written a duodecimo volume on *Baptism, its Import and Modes;* and an ingenious work, entitled *The Conflict of Ages*, in which he maintains a theory, referring the origin of evil to a supposed existence of the progenitors of the human race prior to Adam; and a third, Henry Ward Beecher, is one of the most popular speakers of the day. His sermons attract an audience, Sunday after Sunday, sufficient to crowd the large place of worship in Brooklyn, of which he is pastor; and he is equally favored in his frequent appearances as a lecturer on topics of the day.

The daughters of Dr. Beecher contribute their full share to the general activity of the family. Miss Catharine Beecher is the author of *Domestic Service; the Duty of American Women to their Country; Housekeeper's Receipt-Book; Moral Instructor; The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman, with a History of an Enterprise having that for its object; Treatise on Domestic Economy;* and *Truth Stranger than Fiction*, a vigorous denunciation of the alleged flirtations of young divinity students. These volumes are of small compass, and designed for wide popular influence.

Of the other sister, Mrs. Stowe, we shall have occasion to speak at a later period.

"The Beecher family," remarks a writer in the North American Review,* "almost constitute a genus by themselves. The same type of mind and style is reproduced in the writings of the venerable father and of his singularly gifted children, though stiffening into a certain solemn stateliness in the author of *The Conflict of Ages*, and in Henry Ward trenching close upon the dividing line between licit humor and lithe buffoonery. The father, in his palmy days, was unequalled among living divines for dialectic keenness, scathing invective, pungent appeal, lambent wit, hardy vigor of thought, and concentrated power of expression; but he always fumbled over an extra-Scriptural metaphor, and exhibited little beauty except that of strength and holiness,—a beauty which never shone from him so resplendently as now, that, on the verge of fourscore, it hallows the sunset of as noble a life as man ever led, and presages the dawning of a renewed youth in a more exalted sphere of the Divine service."

JOHN HENRY HOBART.

John Henry Hobart, a descendant from Joshua Hobart, one of the early settlers of Massachusetts Bay, was born in Philadelphia, September 14, 1775. He was prepared for college in the Protestant Episcopal Academy of that city, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Andrews, afterwards Provost of the University, and was graduated from Princeton College in 1793. He was then induced to engage in mercantile pursuits, a mode of life which he abandoned after a brief trial, for the ministry. While engaged in his preparatory studies he received and accepted the appointment of tutor in Princeton College, which he retained until his ordination by Bishop White, in June, 1798. He commenced his clerical labors by taking charge of two country parishes, Trinity, Oxford, and All Saints', Pequestan. In the following year he accepted a call to New Brunswick, but preferring the quiet of a country parish, removed to Hempstead, Long Island. During his ministry at this place, he married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chandler, the learned and zealous defender of Episcopacy in the controversy on that subject before the Revolution. In December of the same year, he became assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, where he soon attained a high rank as an eloquent preacher. In 1804, he published a small devotional volume, *The Companion for the Altar*. It was followed by the *Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, and in 1807 by his *Apology for Apostolic Order*, a work designed as a reply to the strictures of the Rev. John M. Mason on Episcopacy in the Christian Magazine. In 1808, he commenced a monthly periodical, *The Churchman's Magazine*. In May, 1811, he was elected Assistant Bishop of New York, the Bishop, Dr. Moore, being incapacitated by age for the performance of official duty. One of the earliest acts of his Episcopate was to urge upon the Convention the founding of an institution for the education of the ministry. His exertions were seconded by those of others, and resulted in the establishment of the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary.

* Oct. 1854, p. 434.

In 1815, he published a Pastoral Letter to the Laity on the Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, in which he urged the propriety of the distribution of the Prayer Book with the Bible. This occasioned much opposition from those who were in favor of a general union of all sects in the distribution of the sacred volume alone. An institution of this character, the American Bible Society, was soon after established. The Bishop, fearless in the discharge of what he considered to be his duty, published an Address to Episcopalians, in which he urged those under his charge to refrain from supporting a plan which would necessarily weaken their own agency for promoting the same object. In his charge to the Convention of 1815, on the *Nature of the Christian Ministry as set forth in the Offices of Ordination*, he still further enforced his views of the inexpediency of union between those who differed widely in essential points of doctrine. He was soon after called upon to preach the funeral sermon of his associate, Bishop Moore. On the publication of this discourse, he appended to it a *Dissertation on the State of Departed Spirits and the Descent of Christ into Hell*, in which he advocated the doctrine of an intermediate state of consciousness between death and the resurrection, with a thoroughness which has caused the essay to become a standard authority upon the subject.

In 1823, Bishop Hobart sailed for Europe, the relaxation of travel having become necessary for the re-establishment of his health, impaired by his unremitting labors. He remained about two years abroad. During his visit to England, where he was very warmly received, he published two volumes of sermons, which were immediately reprinted in this city. The Sunday after his return, he preached a sermon in Trinity Church, in which he compared the countries he had visited with his own, and dwelt with force upon the superior advantages of our voluntary system over an established church for the promotion of Christianity. The discourse was printed and excited much comment, both in this country and in England.

The Bishop, restored to health, resumed the duties of his office with his wonted efficiency, continuing their discharge to the moment of his last illness. He was attacked by a fever while at Auburn, in the course of his visitation of the diocese, and died at that place after a brief illness, September 12, 1830. A collection of his *Posthumous Works*, with a Memoir by the Rev. William Berrian, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, was published in 1833.* His life was also written by the Rev. John M'Vickar.†

The character of Bishop Hobart was warm, generous, impulsive; quick in intellect, benevolent in temper, and of unwearied activity in all the habits of life. He was always busy with earnest devotion to his Christian calling, while he did not neglect the social courtesies and innocent enjoyments of life. He had a scholar's taste for books, and a poet's enjoyment of nature. A well stored library gratified the one, and a small but nobly situated piece of land on the historic site in New

* The Posthumous Works of the late Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D. With a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. William Berrian, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Swords, Stanford & Co.

† In a series of three volumes, the Early, the Professional, and the Closing Years of Bishop J. H. Hobart.

Jersey among the Short Hills, where Washington had held his post of observation, ministered to the other in his few opportunities for rural retirement.

His pulpit style was quick and energetic. No audience ever slumbered under his preaching.

His services to his church were constant and untiring. Death found him away from home engaged in a laborious visitation of his diocese. New York, whither his remains were brought, gave a distinguished testimony to his personal character in the long procession which followed on foot in his funeral from the parsonage attached to St. John's Church in Hudson Square to Old Trinity, where a fine monument, sculptured by Ball Hughes, was erected to his memory.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES OF CIVIL FREEDOM.*

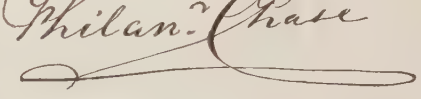
Let us never withhold the acknowledgment, that from the *first* of European nations, drawing our origin, we have also derived her admirable principles of civil freedom. Rejecting, indeed, the feudal characteristics of her polity, the monarchical and aristocratic features of her constitution, we broadly and fearlessly recognise the great truth, that though, in its general powers, and in its sanctions, government is "ordained of God," in the particular form of its administration "it is the ordinance of man;" and that, in this sense, the *people* only are the source of that political power, which, when exercised according to the legitimate forms of the constitution which they have established, cannot be resisted, but under the penalty of resisting the "ordinance of God." Still, though, in these respects, our governments differ from that of England, let us gratefully remember, that from her we have derived not only many of her unrivalled maxims of jurisprudence, those which protect the freedom of the subject and secure the trial by jury, but those great principles which constitute the superiority of the modern republics above the ancient democracies. These are, the *principle* of representation; the division of the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments; the check on the exercise of the power of legislation by its distribution among three branches; the independence of the judiciary on all influence, except that of the constitution and the laws; and its accountability, and that of the executive, to the people, in the persons of their representatives; and thus what constitutes the characteristic blessing of a free people, a government of laws securing to all the enjoyment of life, of liberty, and of property.

But even in this, next to our own, the freest of nations, it is impossible not to form a melancholy contrast between the power and the splendour and the wealth of those to whom the structure of society and the aristocratic nature of the government assign peculiar privileges of rank and of political consequence, with the dependent and often abject condition of the lower orders; and not to draw the conclusion, that the one is the unavoidable result of the other.

Advantages confessedly there may be in privileged orders, as constituting an hereditary and permanent source of political knowledge and talent, and of refinement and elevation of character, of feeling, and of manners. And in this view, no men can be more imposing or more interesting than the high-minded noblemen and gentlemen of England. But, in this imperfect world, we cannot enjoy at the same time all possible advantages. And those which result from the hereditary elevation of one small class of society, must produce in all the noble qualities which distinguish independent freemen, a corresponding depression of the great mass of the community. And can we for a moment hesitate which state of society to prefer? No. It is the glorious characteristic of our admirable polity, that the power, and the property, and the happiness, which in the old nations of the world are confined to the few, are distributed among the many; that the liveliness and content which pervade the humblest classes among us, are not the mere result of that buoyancy of animal spirits which nature seems to have kindly infused into our frame, and which man shares with the beast that sports in the field or courses over the plain—but a sober sentiment of independence, nurtured by the consciousness that in natural rights and original political power all are equal. The obedience, therefore, which fear in a great measure extorts from the mass of the people of other countries, is here the voluntary offering of a contented and happy, because, in the broadest sense of the term—a free people.

* From the Discourse on the United States of America compared with European Countries, 1825.

PHILANDER CHASE.



Bishop Chase, one of the greatest promoters of institutions of sound learning in the United States, was a descendant from Aquila Chase, a native of Cornwall, England, who came to America in 1640, and after a residence of five years at Hampton, New Hampshire, settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. His grandson, Dudley, the father of the bishop, removed with his several brothers to a township of which he had obtained a grant on the Connecticut river, above Fort No. 4, now Charleston, which was then the limit of settlement. After planting a crop, but before the settlers could build a house, he was joined by his wife, who was the first white woman who sought a home above Fort No. 4. The scene, as described by his mother, is happily narrated in the bishop's Reminiscences.

"With your leave, madam," said Pilot Spalding, "I think it prudent that your husband come to us, and give orders where he will have his family landed." Accordingly he made fast the canoe to the willows, and desired us to await his return. Your father could get no direct answer from Spalding as to the nature of the cargo he had brought. "Come and see," was all he would say. "Is all well?" said your father, "have you brought us a good supply of food?" "Come and see," replied Spalding, with animation, and in an instant they burst upon our view; and as your dear father stood on the margin of the high bank, he saw beneath his feet the frail bark, in which were his wife and children. The emotion was almost too much for him. I saw this, and sprang forward, the children quickly following. He received us with a mixture of joy mingled with agony. "Are you come to die here," he exclaimed, "before your time? We have no house to shelter you, and you will perish before we can get one erected." "Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!" said I to your father; "let the smiles and the ruddy

faces of your children, and the health and cheerfulness of your wife, make you joyful. If you have no house, you have strength and hands to make one. The God we worship will bless us, and help us to obtain a shelter. Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!"

The sunshine of joy and hope began to beam from his countenance; the news was communicated throughout the company of workmen, and the woods rang with shouts at the arrival of the first white woman, and the first family on the banks of the Connecticut river above *Fort Number Four*. All assembled to see the strangers, and strove to do them acts of kindness. The trees were quickly felled and peeled, and the clean bark in large sheets was spread for a floor; other sheets being fastened by thongs of twisted twigs to stakes driven in the ground, were raised for walls or laid on cross-pieces for a roof; and the cheerful fire soon made glad our little dwelling. The space of three hours was not consumed in effecting this; and never were men more happy than those who contributed thus speedily and effectually to supply our wants. Beds were brought from the canoe to this rustic pavilion, and on them we rested sweetly, fearless of danger, though the thick foliage was wet with dew, and the wild beasts howled all around us, trusting to the protecting hand of Providence, and the watchful fidelity of our faithful neighbors.

The settlement was called Cornish, in honor of the ancient family home, and prospered. It was here that Philander Chase was born, December 14, 1775. He was the youngest of a family of fourteen, and derived his Christian name from one of the characters of Young's Night Thoughts, of which he tells us his father was so great an admirer, that he knew the whole poem by heart. One of his brothers, Dudley, became Chief Justice of Vermont, and Senator of the United States. Philander was brought up on the farm, with the expectation of leading an agricultural life, when in his fifteenth year he broke his leg, and in the season of confinement which consequently ensued, was advised by his father to change his plans.

The advice was followed, and in the fall of 1791, after a preparation of less than a year, he entered Dartmouth College. It was here, he states, that in the winter of 1793 and '4 he became acquainted with the Book of Common Prayer, and soon after, with many of his relatives, conformed to the church in which he was to occupy a prominent position.

After taking his degree in 1795, he went to Albany in search of "an English clergyman," who was said to reside in that city. His narrative relates the result.

Having passed Market, he entered Court street, and, stopping at Wendal's Hotel, inquired, where lives the Rev. Thomas Ellison, the Episcopal clergyman? "What, the English Dominie?" replied a friendly voice. "You will go up State street—pass the English stone church, which stands in the middle of that street, and as you go up the hill, turn the second corner to the right; there lives the English Dominie, the Rev. Mr. Ellison, in a newly-built white house, the only one on the block or clay bank." It was indeed just so; and the writer mounted the plank door-steps, and with a trembling hand knocked at the door of the rector of St. Peter's, Albany. "Is this the Rev. Mr. Ellison?" said the writer, as the top of a Dutch-built door was opened by a portly gentleman in black, with prominent and piercing eyes, and powdered hair. "My name is Ellison," said he, "and I crave yours?" Giving his name, the writer said, "I have come from New Hampshire, the place of my nativity, and being very desirous of becoming a candidate for holy orders I will be much obliged for your advice." Mr. Ellison then said, "God bless you! walk in."

He pursued his studies for the ministry with Mr. Ellison, and on the tenth of May, 1798, was ordained deacon in St. George's Church, New York. He was immediately appointed an itinerant preacher in the northern and western portions of the State. At that time there were but two clergymen of his faith above the Highlands, Mr. Ellison at Albany, and Mr. Nash in Otsego County. In his western tour, after organizing parishes in Utica and Auburn, he visited "good Mr. Nash." The account of this visit is one of the most characteristic passages of the "Reminiscences."

FATHER NASH.

The writer does not pretend to more sensibility than falls to the lot of most men, but there was something in this meeting between Mr. Nash and himself of a peculiar character, and calculated to call forth whatever of moral sensibility he possessed. It was a meeting of two persons deeply convinced of the primitive and apostolic foundation of the Church to which, on account of its purity of doctrine, and the divine right of its ministry, they had fled from a chaos of confusion of other sects. They were both "missionaries," though the name was not understood or appreciated. The one had given up all his hopes of more comfortable living in the well stored country at the East, and had come to Otsego County, to preach the Gospel, and build up the Church on apostolic ground, with no assurance of a salary but such as he could glean from the cold soil of unrenewed nature, or pluck from the clusters of the *few* scions which he might engraft into the vine, Christ Jesus. He lived not in a tent, as the patriarchs did, surrounded with servants to tend his flocks and to milk his kine, and "bring him butter in a lordly dish;" but in a cabin built of unhewn logs, with scarcely a pane of glass to let in light sufficient to read his Bible; and even this cabin was not his own, nor was he permitted to live in one for a long time together. All this was witnessed by the other, who came to see him, and helped him to carry his little articles of crockery, holding one handle of the basket and Mr. Nash the other, and as they walked the road, "talked of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

The writer cannot refrain from tears in bringing to mind the circumstances attending this interesting scene, that man, who was afterwards emphatically called, "Father Nash," being the founder of the Church in Otsego County—who baptized great numbers of both adults and children, and thus was the spiritual father of so many of the family of Christ, and who spent all his life and strength in toiling for their spiritual benefit—was at this period so little regarded by the Church at large, and even by his neighbors, that he had not the means to move his substance from one cabin to another but with his own hands, assisted only by his wife and small children, and a passing missionary. Well does the writer remember how the little one-roomed cabin looked as he entered it; its rude door, hung on wooden hinges, creaking as they turned; how joyful that good man was that he had been mindful to fetch a few nails, which he had used in the other

cabin, just left, for his comfort in this, now the receptacle of all his substance. These he drove into the logs with great judgment, choosing the place most appropriate for his hat, his coat, and other garments of himself and family. All this while his patient wife, who, directing the children to kindle the fire, prepared the food for—whom? Shall it be said a stranger? No; but for one who by sympathy felt himself more their brother than by all the ties of nature, and who, by the example now set before him, learned a lesson of inexpressible use to him all the days of his subsequent life.

Mr. Chase soon after established himself in Poughkeepsie, where he remained until 1805, supporting himself mainly by teaching. He then, at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese, who had received an application for a clergyman from the Protestants of New Orleans, removed to that city. He assisted in the organization of Christ Church, became its rector, established a school, and made missionary excursions in the surrounding country. In 1811 he returned to the North, in consequence of the necessity of providing for the education of the children he had left there. His next parochial charge was at Hartford, where he spent, he informs us, the most peaceful period of his life. In 1814 his father and mother died, having attained the venerable ages of eighty-six and eighty-one years. In 1817 he left his comfortable and happy home, to devote himself to the great work of missionary labor in Ohio. He started on the second of March, and travelled in a stage-sleigh to Batavia. From Buffalo, he proceeded over the ice on the lake to Ohio, a journey, owing to the lateness of the season, attended with great peril. We again resort to the bishop's narrative.

It was terrific to the feelings, if not in the eye of reason, to hear the water pour over the runners of the sleigh as we crossed this muddy stream, in a dark night, so far out from shore. The man (who had brought them a stage on their journey) was liberally rewarded for his extra trouble, and that night we stayed at Mack's Tavern; an elderly person, who agreed that his hired man should take us on the lake as far as the Four Corners—a place where there were two log cabins—about twenty-five miles short of Pennsylvania line.

The next morning was cold but clear—no wind, and the day promised to be mild and pleasant. A large, good, travelling horse was put before a one-horse sleigh, called by the landlord his "cutter," large enough to accommodate two and the driver. It was sunrise ere we set off.

In getting out on to the lake, we had to pass between several mounds of ice, and sometimes to climb over large cakes, which had been thrown up together by the force of the winds and waves. But the driver knew his way, and the horse was rough-shod, and the cutter was strong and well built. The scene before us, as we came out from among the mounds of ice, was exceedingly brilliant, and even sublime. Before us, up the lake, was a level expanse of glassy ice, from two to three miles wide, between two ranges of ice mountains, all stretching parallel with the lake shore and with one another, as far as the eye could extend, till they were lost in the distance. On this expanse, and on these mountains, and on the icicles, which hung in vast quantities, and in an infinite variety of shapes from the rocky, lofty, and sharp-angled shore on the left, the rising sun was pouring his beams. Light and shade were so distinct, brilliancy and darkness were in such proximity, and yet so blended, as to produce an effect of admiration and praise to the great Creator, never before experienced. It would be in vain to express them here.

What added to the adoring gratitude to God, for having made all things with such consummate skill and splendor, was what appeared as we rode along between these mountains of ice, manifesting God's providential goodness, which went hand in hand with His power and wisdom. The bald-headed eagles sat on these mountains of ice, with each a fish in his claw, fresh and clean, as if just taken from the limpid lake. "What noble birds! How delicious the repast! Whence do they obtain these fish at this inclement season?" said the writer. "They get them," said the driver, "from the top of the ice. These were thrown up and deposited by the winds and waves, in the storms of last winter, and being immediately frozen, have been kept till this spring, when the sun thaws them out for the eagles and ravens, who at this season have nothing else to feed on." As the driver told this simple story of the fish, and the storms, and the eagles, how clearly appeared the providential goodness of God! "And will not He who feedeth the eagles and the ravens, which he hath made to depend on his goodness, feed, and support, and bless a poor, defenceless, solitary missionary, who goeth forth, depending on his mercy, to preach his holy word, and to build up his church in the wilderness?" There was an answer of faith to this question, more consoling than if the wealth of the Indies had been laid at his feet.

It was a little before noon when our Cataraugus driver stopped on the ice, opposite Four Corners. Having received his pay and put the luggage on the bank, he returned. "Thus far had the Lord helped." What next would be our lot we knew not. Leaving our trunks on the beach, where there was nothing to molest them, we walked up the bank towards the cabins. As we went, the writer perceived a pair of smooth, black horses, with their harness on, eating beside the fence, and a man, sitting not far off, shaving shingles. "Who owns these horses?" said the writer. "I do," said the man. "Have you also a good sleigh?" "Yes." "Will you put them before it immediately, and take two persons up the lake as far as Pennsylvania line?" At this he paused—said he had just moved on from the east, and wanted money, "bad enough," having, in moving his family, expended every cent he had. "But," said he, "it is a dangerous job you ask of me, for the lake is open above, and the wind puts the water in motion, and that causes the ice this way to crack; and they say it is dangerous to travel on; but if you reward me a little extra, I think I'll go."

The bargain was soon made; a few dough-nuts bought of the woman in the cabin sufficed to allay the hunger of the two travellers, and hearing the man whistling for his dog, and cracking his whip to his prancing horses, just ready to start, they both ran to the lake and were soon adjusted in their seats. The horses trotted with uncommon speed, and had evenness as well as length of step. The shore seemed to fly beside us, as since when on our railroads, and soon were the Four Corners out of sight.

The writer soon perceived the dangers to which his present driver had alluded, and the sight caused no ordinary feelings. The cracks in the ice became more and more visible, and continued to increase in width, as we drove rapidly along. Nothing, however, was said. The horses having trotted without injury over the small cracks, became soon accustomed to leap over the wide ones; but none were so wide

as to let in the runners lengthwise, and we blessed God silently, though heartily, for every successful leap.

New spirits seemed to be given to our faithful beasts the further they went—no whip was necessary. The driver clung to his seat, and seemed to enjoy their increased speed. A house was in sight, and directly he pulled up to the smooth, pebbly shore. "This is the place I promised to bring you to; it is Pennsylvania line. You are now on the lake shore of that state." "I will go no further on the ice," said the writer. "I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Hibbard, "for my heart has been in my mouth all the way." "Why did not you speak, if you objected to this mode of travelling?" said the writer. "Because," said he, "I was ashamed not to possess as much courage as a minister." How little did he know of the writer, who had no courage aside from his trust in God. The driver received his pay, called for his dog, and was off. Once more we were on the lonely beach.

He read prayers and preached for the first time in Ohio, on the 16th of March, 1817, made a tour through the State, was joined by his wife and family, and settled down on a tract of land of one hundred and fifty acres at Worthington, taking charge at the same time of churches in that place, Columbus, and Delaware. In January, 1818, a Convention was held at Columbus, at which the Diocese of Ohio was organized, and at a subsequent Convention in June, Mr. Chase was elected bishop. He had, on the fifth of May previous, had the misfortune to lose his wife. On the eleventh of February, 1819, he was consecrated by Bishop White. He was married on Sunday, July 4 of the same year, to Miss Sophia M. Ingraham.

In 1823 the bishop formed the resolution of visiting England, to solicit funds for the establishment of a school of theology in the West. The scheme was regarded as chimerical by his brother bishops, and met with opposition from the friends of the General Theological Seminary in New York. The bishop persevered, and with the small provision of $400 to meet his expenses, sailed for Liverpool. His first experiences were disheartening, but he persevered, and found in Lord Gambier, to whom he carried a letter from Henry Clay, and Lord Kenyon, liberal and influential friends. The bishop made a donation of his farm to the proposed seminary, and agreed that no funds contributed should be drawn, until English donors were satisfied by the voucher of Henry Clay, or in case of his death the Governor of the State, that the conditions of the gift had been complied with. He returned after a few months' absence with about $20,000. The seminary was commenced by the reception of students in the bishop's own house at Worthington. He appointed his teachers and paid them from his own funds, and such as he collected from the students themselves. His wife was his secretary, his housekeeper, his adviser, and treasurer in all this. Such a commencement of a great institution of religion and learning, on so economical a plan, was never elsewhere witnessed. The next step was the purchase of eight thousand acres as a domain. The bishop rightly estimating the importance of his own personal supervision, built a cabin on the hill on which the college was to stand.

The whole surface of the hill was then a *windfall*, being a greater part of it covered with fallen and up-turned trees, between and over which had come up a second growth of thick trees and bushes. It was on such a place as this (proverbially impervious even to the hunters after wolves, which made it their covert), that the writer pitched his tent, if such it may be called. On the south end or promontory of this hill (near to which, below, ran the road used by the first settlers), grew some tall oak trees, which evidently had escaped the hurricanes in days of yore. Under the shelter of these, some boards in a light wagon were taken nearly to the top of the hill; there they were dropped, and it was with these the writer's house was built, after the brush was with great difficulty cleared away. Two crotched sticks were driven into the ground, and on them a transverse pole was placed, and on this pole were placed the boards, inclining to the ground each way. The ends, or gables, to this room or roof-shelter, were but slightly closed by some clap boards rived on the spot from a fallen oak tree. The beds to sleep on were thrown on bundles of straw, kept up from the damp ground by a kind of temporary platform, resting on stakes driven deeply into the earth. This was the first habitation on Gambier Hill, and it stood very nearly on the site where now rises the noble edifice of Kenyon College.

On his visit to the east, to attend the meeting of the General Convention, the bishop made a tour, during which he collected a large sum in aid of his project. A portion of the buildings was commenced on his return, and in good season completed. Scarcely, however, had the institution gone into operation, when a difficulty arose between the bishop and the professors, as to the limits of the power of the former as *ex-officio* president. The matter was brought into the Convention of the diocese in 1831, and a report made, virtually endorsing the professors. The bishop said nothing, and the report was unanimously adopted. He retired from the Convention, and tendered his resignation, which was accepted. He soon after removed to Michigan with his family, where he occupied himself with his wonted energy in missionary duty as a presbyter, until he received in 1835 an invitation from the small handful of clergy and laity which composed the diocese, to become the first Bishop of Illinois. He accepted the appointment, and soon after, undaunted by the hard requital his former labors had received, began his exertions for the foundation of a Theological Seminary and College. He sailed for England in October, to appeal again to his old friends for aid, and the appeal was liberally responded to. Further donations in the Eastern States enabled him to buy land, and commence building. The corner-stone of the new institution, Jubilee College, was laid on the fourth of April, 1839, on a large and beautiful tract of land, secured by the bishop's wise forethought, as a domain and future source of revenue. He next passed a year in travelling through the States, north and south, soliciting funds to establish scholarships, and was tolerably successful in his efforts. His Reminiscences were written and published with a view to advance the same cause. Jubilee College was built and opened, and the good and venerable prelate, by virtue of seniority the presiding bishop of his church, was enabled to enjoy for some years the spectacle of

its harmony and usefulness. His cottage home, Robin's Nest, was not far off, and it was here that on the twentieth day of September, 1852, he closed his long life of labor and usefulness, a career unequalled in its results by that of any clergyman in the United States.

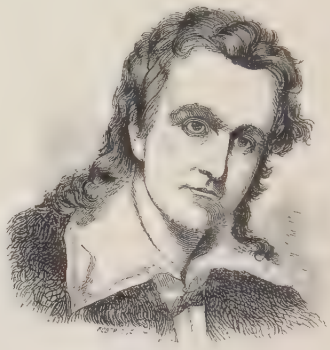
Bishop Chase's Reminiscences fill two large octavo volumes, a large portion of which, however, is occupied by letters addressed to him, and documents connected with the Ohio controversy, and other events of his life. The work abounds in passages of great beauty, the character of which may be judged from the extracts interspersed in our narrative. They remind us of the heartfelt simplicity of Izaak Walton. The same noble trait was a characteristic of the discourses and conversation of the man. But while harmless as the dove, he was also wise as the serpent. His conduct in relation to the endowment of his colleges shows that he was a shrewd and able man, "not slothful in business." With his personal humility, he properly combined a high sense of the dignity of his office.

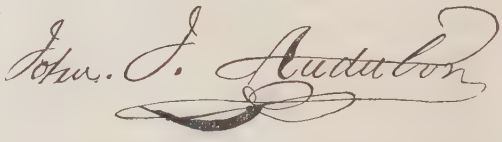
Bishop Chase's countenance expressed singular determination, combined with benevolence. He was tall and well proportioned; and arrayed in the flowing vestments of his office, with the dark velvet cap, which he wore continually after a severe illness brought on by exposure, and which he describes with his wonted quaintness, as "a thick covering to his head, in the shape of a night-cap," his form seemed to fill up as amply to the eye, as his career and words to the mind, the full ideal of a bishop.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana in 1776. His acquaintance with Nature seems to have been early formed under the guidance of his father, who accompanied him in his boyish rambles. He was sent to complete his education in France, where he remained until his seventeenth year. He received in Paris the instructions in drawing of the celebrated painter David. On his return his father presented him with a farm in Pennsylvania, "refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkill river, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming." Here he married.

"For a period of nearly twenty years," he says in the biographical preface to his great work, "my life was a series of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the purest gratification." One of these commercial speculations led him to try his fortune at the West. He removed with his wife and child, descending the Ohio in a small boat with two rowers to the town of Henderson, near Louisville, Ky., and opened a store at the latter place. Here he was visited by Wilson, and was about subscribing for the naturalist's work when he was dissuaded by his partner, who remarked to him that as he could make much better drawings of his own he would not want the plates. This seems to have given him the first hint of his future publications. He does not appear, however, to have formed any settled plan on the subject until, on a visit to Philadelphia, he met with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who introduced him to the Natural History Society and the leading men of the place. "But the patronage which I so much needed, I soon found myself compelled to seek elsewhere. I left Philadelphia, and visited New York, where I was received with a kindness well suited to elevate my depressed spirits." Ascending the Hudson he "glided over our broad lakes to seek the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests." Eighteen months elapsed, and he returned to his family then residing in Louisiana, and sailed from thence for England, his endeavors to have his plates engraved in Philadelphia or New York having proved unavailing. He was well received in the cities of England and Scotland, exhibited his drawings, and obtained subscriptions. The drawings for his first number were, however, delivered to the engraver and the work commenced before he had a single subscriber. His work, *The Birds of America*,* was published in numbers, each containing five colored plates of large folio size. The first of these appeared in 1825, and the first volume in 1829.





In April, 1829, he returned to America, "leaped on shore, scoured the woods of the Middle States, and reached Louisiana in the end of November." He returned with his wife to London in the following spring. In 1831 he presented himself at Washington to obtain letters of introduction to the commanders of the frontier posts he purposed visiting. "All," he says, "received me in the kindest manner." He proceeded southwards, exploring the woods of the Carolinas, and cruising among the keys of Florida in the revenue cutter "Marion." He then, following the birds in their migrations, proceeded northwards to the Atlantic cities and the coast of Maine, where he chartered a "beautiful and fast-sailing schooner," and pro-

* The Birds of America, from Drawings made in the United States and their Territories.

ceeded in her to Labrador. He returned to the South in the following winter, and to England in 1834, "with an accession of sixty-two subscribers, and the collections made during nearly three years of travel and research." His second volume was published in 1834, and the third in 1835. The fourth and last was completed June 20, 1838. The whole work contains four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five distinct specimens, all, from the eagle to the humming-bird, of the size of life. The engravings were executed and colored by Robert Havell, jr., of London. The original subscription price was one thousand dollars, and the number of subscribers one hundred and seventy-five, about half of whom came from England and France. In 1839 Audubon returned to the United States, and purchased a beautiful country-seat on the Hudson, near the upper end of New York Island. He commenced a smaller edition of his "Birds," in seven octavo volumes, with the plates reduced to a similar size, which was completed in 1844. Meanwhile the author, with his sons Victor G. and John W. Audubon, was busy in the forests and prairies of the West in collecting the material for another great work. In the preface to the second volume of his Birds, dated Dec. 1, 1834, he says of his sons:—"Of their natural or acquired talents it does not become me to speak, but should you some day see the 'Quadrupeds of America' published by their united efforts, do not forget that a pupil of David first gave them lessons in drawing, and that a member of the Bakewell family formed their youthful minds."

The first volume of the *Quadrupeds of America* appeared in 1848. It is similar in size to the "Birds." The illustrations were lithographed, and colored under the author's supervision, by Bowen of Philadelphia. The Audubons were assisted in the work by the Rev. John Bachman.

Audubon's time, when not absent on his journeys, which he continued in his old age with the determination and eagerness of youth, was passed at his rural home, one of the most beautiful country-seats on New York Island. The interior was fitted up in accordance with his tastes and pursuits, with antlers of noble size, specimens and drawings of birds and animals.

It was in this pleasant abode, surrounded by his wife and family, that the great naturalist, after a brief period of gradual decay, himself paid the debt of nature on the 27th of January, 1851. "We have heard," says a writer in the "Homes of American Authors," "that the last gleam of light stole across his features a few days before his death, when one of his sons held before him, as he sat in his chair, some of his most cherished drawings."

He was buried in the Trinity cemetery, a short distance from his abode.

In person Audubon was tall and commanding, and his countenance, from the sharp glance of his eye and the outline of his features, suggested a resemblance to the eagle.

COMMON MOCKING-BIRD.

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land?—It is in this great continent.—It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick briar patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes

his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded Hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking-birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

JOHN BLAIR LINN.

John Blair Linn was born at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, March 14, 1777. While he was yet a child his father removed to New York, and after passing two or three years at a boarding-school at Flushing, he entered Columbia College at the early age of thirteen. After taking his degree he became a law student in the office of his father's friend, Alexander Hamilton. During the year that he passed in reading law, he brought out a dramatic piece at the John Street Theatre, entitled *Bourville Castle; or, the Gallic Orphan.* It is described in the advertisements of the day as a "serious drama, interspersed with songs," and a critique from "an unknown correspondent," in the *Minerva* newspaper of Jan. 18, 1797, probably his friend Brown the novelist, who, Dunlap tells us, revised the manuscript, gives the only notice it appears to have received:—

It is the tale of injured innocence and murdered greatness, and is told with great beauty, affecting simplicity, nay, often with uncommon pathos. Upon the whole, though it would be "outstepping the modesty of nature" to call Bourville Castle a production equal to Shakespeare's, yet it is but the just tribute of merit to say that, considering the author's years, it is a masterly dramatic composition; and contains every requisite, both as to sentiment as well as to music and scenery, to excite the feeling approbation of an audience.

It was produced on Monday, Jan. 16, and was played three times. The public did not second the anonymous critic. A law student, who brought out a play in the first year after opening his books, was not likely to turn out a lawyer even with so distinguished a master as Hamilton. He took no interest in the profession, and would probably have abandoned it, even if the change which now took place in his views had not occurred. He had always led a correct life, but his mind at this time suddenly being more deeply impressed by religious views, he resolved to become a clergyman. In pursuance of this determination, he removed from New York to the quiet study of the Rev. Dr. Romeyn of Schenectady, and was in due course ordained a Presbyterian clergyman in the year 1798. He accepted a call to become the assistant of the Rev. Dr. Ewing, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and resided in that city during the remainder of his life. At the time of his removal to Philadelphia he married Miss Hester Bailey, daughter of Colonel John Bailey, of Poughkeepsie, New York. This lady and two sons survived him.

In the year 1800 he published an Ossianic poem on the topic that then occupied every tongue and every pen, *The Death of Washington.* The year after his principal poetical production, a poem, entitled *The Powers of Genius*, appeared. It is in three parts, of some two hundred lines each. The writer points out the distinctions between taste, fancy, and genius, and dwells upon the topic in which his theme delights, upon its powers, and the poets who have given indications of its possession, without himself essaying any definite description of its qualities. The poem is smoothly written, but unfortunately exhibits slight indications of the "powers" it celebrates. It is well garnished with scholar-like and sensible notes, which show a good critical appreciation of the English poets, and of poetical themes. It was well received, soon reached a second edition, and was reprinted in England.

His next publication was occasioned by the appearance of Dr. Priestley's comparison of Socrates and our Saviour. His religious feeling was shocked by the irreverence of the juxtaposition, and fortified by a sense of duty, he, a young man almost unknown, boldly ventured to challenge one who had long before established a reputation of no ordinary character and extent.

The controversy was of brief duration, closing with a second reply by Dr. Priestley to a second publication by his young opponent. The two pamphlets of the latter extend to sixty-six and a hundred and forty-four pages. They are written with great ability, and contain a close analysis of the character of Socrates. We select a few passages:—

I have often been surprised at the praises given to the Socratic mode of conversation. It is somewhat deserving of praise, when employed by a professed tutor to his pupil, for in that case the parties meet, one with a full conviction of his ignorance, and the other with the express purpose of supplying him with knowledge. But in the intercourse of equals, no method can be imagined more unsuitable. There is no mode more likely to excite resentment; to awaken passions that are sure to bar up the avenues of conviction. To have our error detected and proved, to extort from us the confession of our mistake, is always grating to our pride, and the arts of a master in discourse are chiefly shown in preventing and soothing this passion.

* * * * * * * *

In the dialogues of Socrates, as reported by his followers, we can expect to find nothing that will mar the even course of their master's logic. The person that is talked to is a mere machine, appointed to consent to every demand that is made, and to abjure, with the most edifying docility, every doubt which the reporter of the dialogue can invent for him.

The men on whom Socrates employed his logic were either stupid or ingenious. The former are commonly vain and conceited, and would not fail to be exasperated by the treatment of Socrates, a treatment which had no purpose in view but to mortify their vanity. The latter would ill deserve the title

of ingenious, if they could not escape from the conclusions to which they were pressed, by new distinctions, qualifications, or evasions. The tenets of Socrates were not such as soared above all cavil, or that could not be seemingly disproved by an artful and eloquent man, adopting the same mode of argument. The man of true wisdom will seldom excite enmity either by his words or actions. He proposes no other end by his instructions than to benefit mankind, and the wicked themselves will come in for a large share of his compassion and beneficence. In his endeavors to reclaim them, he will pave a way to their heads through their hearts. He will win their love before he gains their conviction; and even when he fails to make them converts to his cause, he will secure their affection and esteem.

The ability displayed in these publications, combined with the author's previous claims to regard, obtained for him from the university of his native state the degree of D.D. at an age earlier than it had ever there previously been conferred.

In the same year, 1802, he was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of his venerable associate, Dr. Ewing. The discourse was printed. Its concluding sentences will show the character of his compositions for the pulpit.

How swift is the flight of years! How rapid the race of men through the world! The torch of earthly glory blazes and scorches for a moment, and then is extinguished for ever. The iron scythe of time is ever in motion, and men are the grass which falls beneath its sweep. The sun pours his temporary effulgence around us, but the period will arrive when his beams shall be quenched, when destruction shall descend upon the earth, and night—starless night—shall encircle destruction. Who, then, will live for time, who will live for eternity? Great God! With heavenly solemnity impress our hearts, enable us to rise above the world in our affections, and to look beyond its grave; enable us to live as becomes sojourners on this earth, as becomes thy faithful servants and the heirs of immortality!

An inconsiderate exposure to a hot summer's sun in an open waggon, had, previously to these events, caused a fainting fit, followed by a fever. From this attack he never entirely recovered. A tendency to mental depression, to which he had always been subject, aided the advance of consumption, and he died of that disease on the thirtieth of August, 1804. Soon after this event his poem of *Valerian* was published, accompanied by an admirable biographical memoir by his brother-in-law and warm friend, Charles Brockden Brown. It is a narrative poem, and, though only a part of a contemplated design, extends to some fifteen hundred lines in blank verse.

The scene is laid in Montalvia, a fanciful kingdom placed by the writer on the shores of the Caspian. Alcestes, an old man "revered within Montalvia," chancing to pass by the sea-shore during a tempest, finds a youth cast ashore by the waves. He has him conveyed to his cottage, and there, by his own and his fair daughter Azora's care, the stranger is restored to consciousness, and naturally inquires where he is, which enables Alcestes to satisfy the reader's as well as the guest's curiosity touching Montalvia. The reply gives a fanciful description of a pastoral community, with an Olympus of contending deities, good and bad, to each class of which sacrifices are offered. The people are ruled by a king, Oriander, and live peacefully in cities and fair meadows. A chain of mountains, "skirting the north," is the stronghold of Astaban and his band, who waylay and plunder unwary travellers and hunters. In the same region a ruined temple is situated, in which dwells

> a hoary wight, deep versed in arts
> Of direful magic.

This description, a curious compound of the classic poets and of Spenser, closes the first book. In the second, the young stranger, a Christian, gives his host an outline of the history of our Saviour and his Apostles, and of the persecution of the Christians under Nero; during which the narrator, refusing to abjure his religion, was exposed to the attacks of a lion on the Roman stage, but, "clad in light armor," was enabled to slay the wild beast, and shortly after, by his father's aid, to bribe his jailors and escape.

In the third and last book, Valerian domesticates himself in Montalvia, converts the king and people to Christianity, defeats a conspiracy formed against him, exposes the "ventriloquial powers" (a hint from Brown's *Wieland*) of the magician in his ruined temple, and overhearing, on a clear night, the fair Azora singing a song in his praise, responds in a strain, different in metre, but of a similarly complimentary character. This, of course, settles the love affair, and a wedding ends the poem.

The story is narrated in a smooth and flowing style, and many passages descriptive of the sufferings of the early Christians are animated and pathetic.

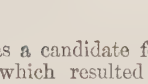
FROM THE POWERS OF GENIUS.

What vast delights flow on that glowing breast,
By virtue strengthen'd and by Genius blest!
Whate'er in Nature beautiful or grand,
In air, or ocean, or the teeming land,
Meets its full view, excites a joy unknown,
To those whom Genius dashes from her throne.
Genius finds speech in trees; the running brook
To her speaks language, like a favourite book;
She dresses Nature in her brightest form,
She hears with rapture the descending storm,
She lists the chiming of the falling stream,
Which lulls to sleep and wakes the airy dream;
Enwrapt with solitude she loves to tread
O'er rugged hills, or where the green woods spread;
To hear the songsters of the lonely grove
Breathe their sweet strains of gladness and of love:
She loves to wander when the moon's soft ray
Treads on the footsteps of departing day,
When heavy sadness hangs upon the gale,
And twilight deepens o'er the dusky vale,—
By haunted waters, or some ruin'd tower,
Which stands the shock of Time's destroying power,
Where the dim owl directs his dusky flight,
And pours his sorrows on the ear of Night.
The song of bards and Wisdom's ancient page,
Which brave the blasts of each succeeding age;
With fond delight she studies and admires,
And glows and kindles at their sacred fires.
She treads on air, she rises on the wind,
And with them leaves the lagging world behind.
When solitude o'erhangs the tardy hour,
She finds within herself a social power.
On life's sad journey she is doom'd to bear
The sweetest pleasure and the keenest care.

If she be subject to severer woe,
Than cold phlegmatic souls can ever know;
She knows those joys which soar above their sight,
As rolls the planet in the worlds of light.

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay, the seventh child of the Rev. John Clay, was born at the Slashes (a local term for a low, swampy country), Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. His father died in 1781, and his mother afterwards married Captain Henry Watkins. He proved a kind stepfather, as it was owing to his exertions that Henry, after acquiring the rudiments of English education at the log school-house of Peter Deacon, earning the memorable title of "Mill Boy of the Slashes" by his errands to the mill for his mother, was promoted from the position of a country shopboy to that of a copyist in the office of the Clerk of the Virginia Court of Chancery. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1797. He removed to Lexington, Ky., where he practised his profession with great success. In 1803 he was elected to the Legislature of his State, and in 1806 appointed to fill the short remainder of the term of General Adair, who had resigned, in the national Senate. In 1809 he was again appointed in a similar manner to the same office. In 1811 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives, and was elected Speaker the same day that he took his seat as a member of that body. He retained this office until his appointment in January, 1814, as one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. On his return, he was re-elected to Congress. In 1820 he retired to resume professional practice, in order to repair the losses which his private fortune had sustained by his long and exclusive devotion to the public service. In 1823 he returned to the House, and was again elected Speaker.



He was a candidate for the Presidency in the contest which resulted in the election by the House of Representatives of Mr. Adams, by whom he was appointed Secretary of State, an office he retained until the inauguration of General Jackson in 1829. He then retired from public life for two years, and in 1831 was elected to the Senate. In the election of 1832 he was a candidate for the Presidency, but defeated by President Jackson. He was also a candidate for the Whig nomination obtained by General Harrison in 1839. In 1842 he resigned his seat in the Senate, taking his farewell of that body in a speech which ranks among his finest oratorical efforts.

In 1844 Henry Clay was again nominated to the presidency, and after a most warmly contested election defeated by James K. Polk. In 1849 he returned to the Senate, where he took an active part in favor of the "compromise measures" of 1850. This was his last public effort. A visit to New Orleans and Havana in the following winter, for the benefit of his failing health, was unproductive of good results, and finding himself after the opening of the session in 1851 unable to fulfil his duties, he announced his resignation, to take effect September 20, 1852. He gradually sank under the influence of wasting disease, and died at Washington, June 29, 1852.

Clay was in favor of the war in 1812, advocated the construction of the National Road and other "Internal Improvements," and was in favor of the recognition of the South American Republics, and of the independence of Greece. Some of his noblest oratorical efforts were delivered in support of these measures. He was an advocate throughout his political career of "protection to American industry" by means of a high tariff. For the sake of the peace of the Union, he was content in the nullification troubles to waive this policy, and a similar sacrifice of private preference to public good characterized his career. His speeches are sincere and impassioned, qualities which distinguished the man, and which were among the chief causes of the great personal popularity which he enjoyed.* Full, flowing, sensuous, his style of oratory was modulated by a voice of sustained power and sweetness, and a heart of chivalrous courtesy. Of the great triumvirate of the Senate, Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, respectively representing the South, the East, and the West, the last was the great master of feeling. His frank bearing, his self-developed vigor, his spontaneous eloquence and command of language, were western characteristics, and reached the heart of the whole country. While Calhoun engaged the attention of philosophers in his study, and Webster had the ear of lawyers and the mercantile classes, Clay was out in the open air with the people, exciting at will their sympathies, while the warmest acts of friendship poured in upon him unsought. In the language of Wirt, it was a popularity which followed, not which was run after. There was at once something feminine and manly in his composition. He united the gentlest affections of woman with the pride of the haughtiest manhood. When his last moments came, he died as he had lived, with simplicity and dignity.

Mr. Clay's speeches were collected, and with his life "compiled and edited by Daniel Mallory," published in 1843, in two volumes 8vo. His "Life and Times" by Calvin Colton, also in two volumes 8vo., appeared in 1845.

Mr. Clay left a widow and three sons.

FROM THE SPEECH ON THE GREEK REVOLUTION, JAN. 20, 1824.

But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but

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* The unaffected kindness and simplicity of Clay's manner are happily indicated in the following note, which we find credited to a Richmond newspaper. It was addressed to the children of a gentleman of that city:—

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1838.

My dear Children: Having made the acquaintance of your father, and received from him many acts of kindness, I take great pleasure, in compliance with his wishes, in addressing these lines to you.

During a long life, I have observed that those are most happy who love, honor, and obey their parents; who avoid idleness and dissipation, and employ their time in constant labor, both of body and mind; and who perform with regular and scrupulous attention, all their duties to our Maker, and his only Son, our blessed Saviour.

May you live long, and prove a blessing to your father and mother, ornaments to society, and acceptable to God. Such is the hope of your father's friend, and although unknown to you, your friend, H. CLAY.

little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. Mr. Chairman, what appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms in her glorious cause, whilst temples and senate houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Saviour, that Saviour of Greece and of us; a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can—go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down; meet if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose; that the spectres of cimiters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe, that such will be the feeling of a majority of the committee. But for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE ON HIS RECEPTION BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER 10, 1824.

General,—The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings, and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of presenting to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States, in compliance with the wishes of Congress, and to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theatre of your glory and renown. Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of our revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings, and the sacrifices, which you voluntarily encountered, and the signal services, in America and in Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant, and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country. But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which the House of Representatives entertain for you. Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to regulated liberty, in all the vicissitudes of a long and arduous life, also commands its admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, amidst, as after the dispersion of, every political storm, the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well known voice, the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilt, in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Every where, you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.

FROM THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE SENATE, 1842.

Fróm 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow-men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors, and doubtless there have been many, may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that divine arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that, in all my public acts, I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character: and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here, [pointing to his breast,] waiting as I have done, in perfect and

undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not meanwhile been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgements, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the state whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber? [Here Mr. C.'s feelings overpowered him, and he proceeded with deep sensibility and difficult utterance.]

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognised a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, pennyless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronised with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the state have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that state; and, when the last scene shall for ever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

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In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation towards my brother senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the senate or any one of its members.

I go from this place under the hope that we shall, mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and the most happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction.

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In retiring, as I am about to do, for ever, from the senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but, without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me.

May the most precious blessings of heaven rest upon the whole senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of "well done, good and faithful servant."

And now, Mr. President and senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.

JOHN SHAW.

John Shaw, a poet of Maryland, was born at Annapolis, May 4, 1778. He was prepared for St. John's College by Mr. Higginbotham, a teacher of note in his day and district. After completing his course, he studied medicine; but instead of settling down to home practice after being licensed, obtained a surgeon's appointment in the fleet ordered to Algiers in December, 1798. He remained a few months at Tunis, and was then sent by Gen. Eaton to consult Mr. King, the American minister at London, with reference to the threatened hostility of the Bey; but on receiving intelligence that the anticipated difficulties had been arranged, he proceeded to Lisbon and thence home, in April, 1800. He left again the next year to pursue his studies in Edinburgh, where he fell in with the Earl of Selkirk, and sailed with him in 1803 for Canada, where the nobleman was founding a settlement on St. John's Island, in Lake St. Clair.

In 1805, he again returned home and commenced practice; married in 1807; removed to Baltimore, where, in the beginning of the year 1808, incautiously exposing himself by occupying an entire night in chemical experiments which required

him to frequently immerse his arms in cold water, he incurred a consumption which caused his death on his voyage from Charleston to the Bahamas on the 10th of January, 1809. His poems were collected after his death and published with a memoir, containing extracts from his foreign journals and correspondence, in 1810. They are on the usual miscellaneous topics of fugitive verse of the average order of excellence.*

A SLEIGHING SONG.

When calm is the night, and the stars shine bright,
The sleigh glides smooth and cheerily;
And mirth and jest abound,
While all is still around,
Save the horses' trampling sound,
And the horse-bells tinkling merrily.

But when the drifting snow in the trav'ller's face shall blow,
And hail is driving drearily,
And the wind is shrill and loud,
Then no sleigh shall stir abroad,
Nor along the beaten road
Shall the horse-bells tinkle merrily.

But to-night the skies are clear, and we have not to fear
That the time should linger wearily;
For good-humour has a charm
Even winter to disarm,
And our cloaks shall wrap us warm,
And the bells shall tinkle merrily.

And whom do I spy, with the sparkling eye,
And lips that pout so cherrily;
Round her neck the tippet tied,
Ready in the sleigh to glide?
Oh! with her I love to ride,
When the horse-bells tinkle merrily.

JOHN BRISTED.

John Bristed, who occupied for a number of years a conspicuous position in New York society by his mental activity and his literary productions, was born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1778, the son of a clergyman of the Established Church. He was educated at Winchester College, pursued the study of medicine at Edinburgh, then turned his attention to law, became a member of the society of the Inner Temple, and as he himself has phrased it, "during two years of pupillage in the office of Mr. Chitty, cultivated the melancholy science of special pleading."† He published a number of books at this time. *The Adviser, or the Moral and Literary Tribunal*, in four volumes, in 1802, is a collection of essays on topics of morals addressed to the youth of Great Britain.

His *Ανθρωπλανομενος; or a Pedestrian Tour through part of the Highlands of Scotland in* 1801; was noticed with some severity in Aikin's Annual Review,‡ where we catch a glimpse of its plan:—"Mr. Bristed and his companion Dr. Andrew Cowen travelled through the Highlands in the character of American sailors. They roam the country *in formâ pauperum*, descant loudly on the luxuries of the great and the miseries of the poor, go from pothouse to pothouse for half a bed, complain of the jealousy of the police because they are taken up for spies, and of the frequent inhospitality of the Scots because they were not welcomed as gentlemen."

He also published a collection of *Critical and Philosophical Essays* in 1804.

In 1805 he published in London, *The Society of Friends Examined*, in which a favorable view is taken of the peculiarities of the sect; and in the following year, *Edward and Anna, or a Picture of Human Life.*

Mr. Bristed came to America in the spring of 1806, and established himself in the practice of the law at New York. His practice at the New York bar did not fully employ him; for we find him engaged in the delivery of lectures and the composition of several books, which did not escape the satire of Halleck in "Fanny."

In 1807 he was engaged in conducting *The Monthly Register, Magazine, and Review of the United States*, which had been commenced in Charleston, S. C., in 1805, under the direction of Stephen Cullen Carpenter, an ingenious man of letters, who subsequently edited *The Mirror of Taste*, a periodical in Philadelphia, and published a life of Jefferson.*

In 1809 Mr. Bristed published in New York—*Hints on the National Bankruptcy of Britain, and on her Resources to maintain the present contest with France;* in 1811, a volume—*The Resources of the British Empire, together with a view of the probable result of the present contest between Britain and France*, followed in 1818 by a similar review of *The Resources of the United States of America; or a View of the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, Financial, Political, Literary, Moral, and Religious Capacity and Character of the American people.* The last is a work of ability and interest, characterized by the author's scholarship, his full animated style, and his conservative opinions. The chapter on the literature of the United States is in a philosophical spirit.

In 1814 he issued "a Prospectus of a series of courses of Lectures to be delivered by John Bristed, counsellor-at-law," in an octavo pamphlet of forty-one pages. There were to be four courses of at least fifty lectures each; the first and second to be addressed to students generally; the third and fourth exclusively to students at law. The principles of Metaphysics, History, Political Economy, were the subjects of the first; their application to National History, National Government, and to Eloquence, oral and written, of the second; the third was an elementary outline of the various legal codes of civilized nations, common, civil, and international law; and the fourth course

* Poems by the late Doctor John Shaw, to which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Edward Earle, Philadelphia, 1810.

† Thoughts on the Anglican and American Churches, p. 37.

‡ ii. 408.

* In 1809 Carpenter published at New York two volumes of "Memoirs of Jefferson, containing a concise History of the United States from the acknowledgment of their Independence, with a view of the Rise and Progress of French Influence and French Principles in that country." As the title indicates, the work is decidedly anti-Jeffersonian. No publisher's name appears on the title-page, but it is "Printed for the Purchasers." The "Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor" was published in four volumes by Bradford and Inskeep, at Philadelphia, in 1810 and 1811. It contained some very clever sketches of American actors, which were amongst the earliest productions of the artist Leslie.

In 1815 Carpenter published in Philadelphia two octavo volumes of "Select American Speeches, Forensic and Parliamentary, with Prefatory Remarks: being a sequel to Dr. Chapman's 'Select Speeches.'"

was to follow the track of Blackstone. At the conclusion he also proposes to devote one evening in every week "to the explanation of the elementary principles of elocution."

He delivered the same year *An Oration on the Utility of Literary Establishments* on occasion of the opening of Eastburn's Literary Rooms in New York,—the germ of noble projects since happily realized in such ample institutions as the Astor Library and other literary associations of the city. While a resident of New York he married a widow, the daughter of the late millionaire John Jacob Astor.

Mr. Bristed, always of an earnest mind, engaged deeply in theological studies with the assistance of Bishop Griswold of the eastern diocese. He was ordained, and became an efficient assistant in organizing the parish of St. Mark's, in Warren, Rhode Island, and extending Episcopacy in the state. In 1822 he published his *Thoughts on the Anglican and American-Anglo Churches*, in an octavo volume, which exhibits his preference of the voluntary system of America over the establishments of England. It is written in an earnest evangelical spirit. In 1820 he had succeeded Bishop Griswold as rector of St. Michael's church at Bristol, R. I. There he continued to preach while his health permitted, the last twelve years of his life being passed, in consequence of illness, in retirement from the active duties of his ministry. He died at his residence at Bristol Feb. 23, 1855, in his seventy-seventh year.

Mr. Bristed was of an ardent, susceptible temperament, of quick perceptions, enthusiastic in the pursuit of his convictions, of a strong will, and of great industry, but lacking at times in judgment. The warmth of his character was shown in his intimacy with Dr. Mason, in his strong sympathies with whatever he took in hand, and in his devotion to the church in which he ministered. He was an earnest preacher, and secured the attention of his listeners. His style inclined to over fulness in rhetoric, but it never lacked matter.

WILLIAM AUSTIN,

A LAWYER of Massachusetts, and a writer of marked individual temperament, with strong powers of humor and observation, was born March 2, 1778. He studied at Harvard, where his name appears on the list of graduates for 1798. In 1801, he delivered an oration at Charlestown, on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, which was printed.* His *Letters from London, written during the years* 1802 *and* 1803, were printed in an octavo volume at Boston, in 1804. The letters are written with ease and elegance, and show a sprightly inquisitive mind, with a strong flavor of what was called in that day "jacobinism," in its judgments of affairs of church and state. He went to study John Bull, and amuse himself with his humors, and the reader is abundantly entertained with the result in his lively pages. In his comparison of the Scotch and English, he remarks of the latter—"They differ wonderfully from the Scotch in one particular: a Scot is partial to his fellow-Scotchmen, with very little fondness for Scotland: an Englishman is still more partial to England, with very little fondness for Englishmen." Austin's opportunities for social observation were considerable, and he has given us pleasant pictures of his intercourse with leading people at Oxford, London, and elsewhere. Dining with the fellows at St. John's, he so impressed them with his description of the Atlantic cities, that they expressed a regret "that we were no longer the same people," upon which he replied with good humor, "that was their own fault, for the United States would doubtless accept them as a colony." He was at a bookseller's dinner with Johnson, of St. Paul's churchyard, where he met Fuseli. He visits the venerable Dr. Griffiths, of Monthly Review memory, at Turnham Green, and talks with him of the interviews of Hume and Rousseau at that spot, and there is a capital account of a meeting with Holcroft and Dr. Wolcot at Godwin's residence at Somerstown. Austin had an eye for character, and hits off his subjects with felicity. His descriptions of the orators then in the ascendant in Parliament, Fox, Pitt, Windham, and others, are of interest. Of Fox we have this personal description at the Hustings:—

> You will expect a description of Mr. Fox, his appearance and demeanour. You wish to know how he was dressed, how he stood, and how he looked. In his youth he is reported to have been as great a fop as was Aristotle: I will only say, at present, his appearance was altogether against him. He looked as if he had been long in the sea service, and after many a storm, had retired on half pay. His greasy buff waistcoat, threadbare blue coat, and weather-beaten hat, gave him, in connexion with his great corpulency and dark complexion with short dark hair hastening to gray, very much the appearance of a laid up sea captain. He has the countenance of *an ancient Englishman*, but long watching has changed the temperature of health to a dun colour. He would be thought, at present, by one who did not know him, to be a noble dispositioned, rather than a great, man.

About the year 1805, we hear of Austin's being engaged in a duel with James H. Elliott, growing out of a political newspaper altercation. The duel was fought in Rhode Island, and Austin was slightly wounded.*

In 1807, he published a volume of Unitarian views, entitled, *An Essay on the Human Character of Jesus Christ.* Some years later, we find him a contributor to Buckingham's New England Galaxy of a remarkable legendary tale, entitled *Peter Rugg, the Missing Man.*† He also wrote the paper, *The Late Joseph Natterstrom*, in the first number of the New England Magazine. These show his fine qualities as a writer.

Austin was eminent at the bar of Suffolk and

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* An Oration, pronounced at Charlestown, at the request of the Artillery Company, on the 17th June; being the Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and of that Company.

> How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> With all their country's honors blest!
> COLLINS.

By William Austin, A.B. Charlestown. Samuel Etheridge, 1801.

* Loring's Boston Orators, p. 329.

† It may be found in the Boston Book for 1841. It was reprinted from the Galaxy in other papers and books, and was, says Buckingham, "read more than any other communication that has fallen within my knowledge. It is purely fictitious, and originated in the inventive genius of its author."—Buckingham's Personal Memoirs, i. 87.

Middlesex. He died at Charlestown, June 27, 1841.

A DINNER WITH GODWIN, HOLCROFT, AND WOLCOT—FROM THE LETTERS FROM LONDON.

London, May 15th.

Imagine to yourself a man of short stature, who has just past the prime of life, whose broad high forehead is fast retreating to baldness, but whose ruddy, thoughtful, yet open countenance discovers both the temperature of health and philosophy: of manners remarkably mild, unassuming, rather reserved; in conversation cautious, argumentative, frequently doubtful, yet modestly courting reply, more from a desire of truth, than a love of contending; in his family, affectionate, cordial, accommodating; to his friends confidential, ready to make any sacrifice; to his enemies—you would never know from Mr. Godwin that he had an enemy.

Mr. Godwin lives at Somerstown, about three miles from the city. His house with us would be considered neat and simple; here it is called a cottage. His study is small, and looks into the country, his library not extensive, yet sufficiently large for a man who depends more on his own resources, than on the labours of others. The portrait of *Mary*, taken by Northcote, hangs over the fireplace. This rendered the study one of the most interesting places I ever visited. Though I have frequently been in the study, I have only ventured to look at the portrait. Mr. Godwin is since married to a charming woman, who seems devoted to domestic happiness. He is at present occupied with his *Geoffrey Chaucer*, a work of great expectation.

A billet from Mr. Godwin informed me this morning, that Mr. Holcroft and Dr. Wolcot would dine there to day.

Mr. Holcroft, though nearly sixty, has suffered nothing, either from years, laborious mental exertion, or persecution. He has all the activity and vivacity of youth. Just returned from the continent, whither he had voluntarily banished himself in complaisance to the wishes of the English government, he has brought back with him not the least resentment. Persecution, instead of embittering his disposition, has had that effect, which it has on all good men. A villain will always hate mankind in proportion to his knowledge of the world; a good man, on the contrary, will increase in philanthropy.

Literature is not a little honoured, when one of her votaries, leaving a mechanical employment at a period of life when habit is usually become nature, has successfully holden the pen and realised a handsome support. Still more charming is it to see her votaries giving proofs of the strongest friendship. Holcroft and Godwin are firm friends. A striking likeness of the former, by Northcote, is in the dining-room.

Dr. Wolcot, in appearance, is a genuine John Bull, and until he opens his mouth, you would little suspect his relationship to the *poet of Thebes*. He is a portly man, rather unwieldy, and I believe not in haste to leave his chair when he is pleased with his seat. He is hastening to old age, and seems disposed to make the most of life he can. There is little similarity of character between Wolcot and Godwin. They are both constant in mental exertion; but the one prefers to sit on a silver cloud, and be wafted through the four quarters of the world, looking down on all the varieties of nature, and the follies of man. The other, possessed of the nicest moral feelings, loves to envelope himself in darkness and abstraction, in order to contemplate whatever is just, fit, or useful. The one, laughing, dressed in the gaiety of spring, enters society with the pruning hook; the other, more serious, labours with the ploughshare. Holcroft, who never began to think until his reasoning powers had come to maturity, owing to a neglect of education, embarrassed by no system, follows the dictates of his own mind, and if he is sometimes erroneous, the error is all his own, it is never a borrowed error. Hence, his conversation, embellished by the variety of life which he has seen, is rendered rich, brilliant, original, and impressive.

* * * * * * * *

Wolcot, like most men of genius, has a contempt for mere scholars, who, walking on the stilts of pedantry, imagine themselves a head taller than other folks. The talents of a certain famous man being questioned, Wolcot observed—He was not a man of genius, but a man of great capacity, and said, if we would attend to him, he would distinguish between the *learned man*, the man of *capacity*, and the man of *genius*.—"Here," said he, "we will suppose a quantity of coins, ducats, pistoles, dollars, guineas, on this table. The learned man will be able, after thumbing his dictionaries for half an hour, to tell you the names of these coins in all languages. The man of capacity will go further and tell you the value of each, and the amount of the whole together, with every thing relative to their use, difference of exchange and origin. But who invented these coins? The man of genius." This gave general satisfaction. However, it was replied, and I thought very justly, That unless the man of genius should acquire capacity, his genius without capacity would be less useful, than capacity without genius. For, the exertion of genius is rare. God does not every day create a world: and although genius may claim a higher prerogative than capacity, they are mutually indebted to each other. If genius gives employ to capacity, not unfrequently does capacity give direction and result to genius.

Adieu.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON

Was of the same family with Governor William Livingston of New Jersey, was the brother of Robert R. Livingston, the Chancellor of the State of New York, the friend of Fulton, and negotiator of the purchase of Louisiana, and also closely allied, by marriages with his family, to General Montgomery and General Armstrong. He was born at Clermont in the Livingston Manor, on the Hudson, in New York, in 1764; was educated at Princeton, and studied law with his brother, the chancellor. Admitted to the bar in 1785, he was engaged in his profession at New York till 1794, when he was elected to Congress from Queens and Richmond counties. He then took under his charge the reform of the criminal law, one of the objects to which he especially thereafter devoted himself.* Returning to New York he was appointed by Jefferson United States District Attorney, while he was at the same time elected to the mayoralty of the city. In the discharge of the duties of the latter office he encountered with intrepidity and diligence the visitation of the yellow fever at New York in 1803.* In

* Dem. Rev., p. 368.

† New York was visited by the fever in the summer of 1803. Livingston then resided at No. 1 Broadway. As Chairman of the Board of Health, Livingston was indefatigable in his exer-

this year Livingston published a volume of *Judicial Opinions delivered in the Mayor's Court of the City of New York in* 1802. It contains thirty-nine cases, nearly all of them, says Judge Daly, upon questions of importance.* In 1804 he took up his residence in New Orleans, where he became distinguished in his legal profession, and was elected to the state legislature, rendering various services to the state in its then unsettled condition in legal matters, by his code of procedure and other adjustments of judicial regulations. A personal controversy concerning the *bœtture* at New Orleans having arisen between him and President Jefferson, and the latter having published in 1812 a pamphlet on the subject, Livingston in 1814 published an elaborate reply, distinguished by its literary merits not less than by its argumentative power.

On the defence of the city resulting in the battle of New Orleans, he was of great service to General Jackson, who freely used his pen and counsel, having appointed him his military secretary and aide.

In 1821 he was enabled to further his views of legal reform by the commission which he received from the General Assembly of the state to draw and prepare a criminal code. His report on this subject, made the following year, met the approval of the legislature, was reprinted in London in 1824, and published in a French translation in Paris. He subsequently completed this important work in his *System of a Penal Code for the State of Louisiana*. His general Code embraced four distinct divisions:—A Code of Crimes and Punishments; a Code of Procedure; a Code of Evidence; and a Code of Reform and Prison Discipline.† He also presented the result of his labors to the House of Representatives of the United States in his *System of Penal Laws for the United States of America*, published by the Government in folio in 1828. In his theory of prison discipline he advocated to a certain extent the system of solitary confinement and labor, while he sought the means of reformation as well as punishment in efforts for the education and improvement of the culprit, and carefully graduated the degrees of the penitentiary and other remedial systems. The style in which these views are set forth is as clear and simple as the ideas are humane. In regard to capital punishment he followed the humane suggestions of Beccaria, and recommended to the Legislature of Louisiana, "that the punishment of death should find no place in the code which you have directed me to present."* His argument on this subject is presented with equal ingenuity and eloquence.

From 1823 to 1829 he represented his district in the House of Representatives of the United States.

In 1829 Livingston was elected to the Senate of the United States, and in 1831 entered the cabinet of Jackson as Secretary of State. It was while he held this office that Jackson's celebrated proclamation against the nullifiers of South Carolina was issued. Two years later he was sent as Minister to France, where he was engaged in the difficult negotiation as to the payment of the indemnity. Returning to America in the summer of 1835, he died at his family-seat on the Hudson, at Red Hook, May 23, 1836.†

An estimate of Livingston's personal and literary character is given in the following words, attributed to his friend Andrew Jackson, by Auguste Davezac:—

"I once had the opportunity of hearing Jackson speak of the origin of his intimacy with Livingston. 'I felt myself suddenly attracted towards him,' he said, 'by the gentleness of his manners; the charm of his conversation, gay without frivolity, instructive without the ostentation of instructing; by the profound acquaintance he already possessed of the theories of society, and of the laws in their relation to the characters of nations; by his unlimited confidence in the sagacity of the people, and of their capability of self-government through the agency of representatives specially instructed to express the opinion of their constituents on great questions of general interest, still more than on those of local concern; and above all by that lovely and holy philanthropy which impelled him from his youth to mitigate the severity of those penal laws whose cruelties serve only to inspire in the masses a ferocity that always maintains an equilibrium with that of the laws which govern them.'"‡

Davezac was the brother-in-law of Livingston, and earnestly devoted to his memory. He prepared a volume of Reminiscences of Livingston, a portion of which was published in the Democratic Review, to which, about 1840, he was a frequent contributor.§

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE,

The national explorer of the territory west of the Mississippi, and a gallant soldier of the second

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tions for the relief and comfort of the sick at the hospitals, and in his attentions to arrest the progress of the disease within the city. From his official visits to Bellevue Hospital he was exposed daily to the infection and eventually took the disorder. No professional nurses could be obtained, and the whole care of him, independently of his physicians, fell upon Captain Wolstonecraft of the artillery, who commanded upon Governor's Island, Mons. Delabigarre, a French gentleman, married and settled in New York, and Judge W. A. Duer, then Livingston's law partner, to whom we are indebted for this reminiscence. To the attentions of these friends, not less than to the skill of medical attendants, Livingston attributed his recovery.

* Historical Sketch of the Judicial Tribunals of New York from 1623 to 1846, by Charles P. Daly, one of the Judges of the New York Common Pleas, 1855. A work of diligent and accurate research, and in an excellent vein of local investigation and legal inquiry.

† An analysis of these labors of Livingston will be found in two articles in the ninth volume of the Democratic Review.

* Project of a New Penal Code for the State of Louisiana. Lond. ed., p. 39.

† Biographie Universelle, Supplement, Art. Livingston.

‡ Dem. Rev. viii. 370.

§ Davezac was a native of St. Domingo, of French parentage, received a military education in France, came to the United States in his youth, studied medicine in North Carolina; on the acquisition of Louisiana, settled at New Orleans; became intimate with Livingston, who married his sister; received a new direction to the law, and became a highly successful advocate in criminal causes. He was aide to Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and afterwards engaged in political life, for which his ready French eloquence gave him facilities with the people. Jackson gave him the appointment of *chargé* to the Hague, where he passed the years from 1831 to 1839. Returning then to New York, where he took up his residence, he was elected to the state legislature in 1841 and 1843. Having aided the election of Polk, by taking the field as a political campaigner, he was re-appointed to the Hague in 1845, and held the post till 1850. He died not long after his return to America, in New York.

He was an eloquent speaker in the warm florid style, a man of humor, and of brilliant conversational powers.

war with England, was a native of New Jersey, born at Lamaton, January 5, 1779. His father was a soldier before him, and he followed his footsteps by entering the army at an early age. When Louisiana was obtained from France he was employed in 1805 in a government survey of the new territory, in its western portions. He embarked from St. Louis in August of that year, and traversed for nearly nine months the Indian country of the North-west, adopting a conciliatory policy among the Indians and British traders of the region. In July, 1806, he set out on another expedition, the object of which was the restoration of some Osage captives, who had been taken in war by a hostile tribe, to their nation. This accomplished, he pursued his survey of Western Louisiana. Winter overtook him, and his party suffered severely. He unwittingly passed the boundaries of the Spanish provinces and was taken a prisoner and carried to Chihuahua, whence he was soon dismissed, and in July of 1807 arrived at Natchitoches. He published his *Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi, and through the Western Parts of Louisiana, from* 1805 to 1807, *and a Tour through the Interior Parts of New Spain, when conducted through these Provinces by order of the Captain-General in the year* 1807, in Philadelphia, in 1810. It is in the form of a diary, with an appendix of geographical and other disquisitions.

On the breaking out of the war with England in 1812 he received a colonel's command, and the next year was appointed a brigadier-general. He led the land expedition in the attack upon York, Upper Canada. He bravely stormed the defences, but was mortally wounded at the moment of surrender by the enemy's explosion of their magazine. He was carried to Commodore Chauncey's vessel on the lake, where he died in the arms of victory, with the captured British flag folded under his head. He thus fell April 27, 1813, at the age of thirty-four.

He possessed some accomplishments in literature. Though self-taught, he had made considerable progress in the foreign languages and the mathematics. Dodsley's publication, "The Economy of Human Life," was a favorite with him for its moral maxims—to which he made some additions in his copy presented to his wife shortly after his marriage.

JOEL R. POINSETT.

Joel R. Poinsett was born in Charleston, S. C., March 2, 1779, of a Huguenot family of distinction in the state. He was educated by Dr. Dwight, at Greenfield, Ct. At seventeen he was sent to England, where he was taught the classics at a school near London; next studied medicine at Edinburgh, and to recruit his health made the tour of Europe, engaging before his return to America in the study of military affairs, for which he had a special aptitude. In 1800, at the age of twenty-one, he came home with a strong desire to enter the army, but was induced by his father to become a student of law. His studies were, however, interrupted by new schemes of European travel induced by ill-health, which he pursued with the advantages of wealth, family influence, and a happy natural disposition, facile to receive and pleasant in the communication of knowledge. He travelled through Switzerland on foot, visited Italy and Sicily, and the Austrian empire. The death of his father recalled him to America; but he speedily resumed his travels, extending his journey to St. Petersburgh, where he was warmly received by the Emperor Alexander, who was much impressed by his military capacity, and who offered him a command in his service. He then travelled through the Russian empire to the country of the Calmuck Tartars, visited Persia and the region of the Caspian, meeting with adventures which proved his courage, among the tribes of that region. Returning to Europe, he received the first decided intimation of the breaking out of the second war of the United States with England at Paris, and soon presented himself in America to President Madison, with a request for employment in the army. While the necessary arrangements were pending, he received a commission to visit South America and inquire into the relation of the new Republics. He sailed to Rio, crossed the Andes to Chili, and visited Peru. The authorities of the latter state, on a rumor of Spain having declared war with the United States, seized the American whale ships at Talcahuano, a port of Chili. This aggression, Poinsett met in person, taking himself the command of a small force put at his disposal by the Chilian government, and promptly rescuing the American vessels. He was at Valparaiso during Porter's heroic conflict in the Essex with the Phœbe and Cherub, which he witnessed. The refusal of the British officer to let him proceed homewards by sea compelled him to cross the snow-covered Andes in the month of April. At Buenos Ayres similar difficulties of egress offered, but he got off privately by a Portuguese vessel to Bahia, and thence to Madeira, where he heard that peace had been declared.

On his return to South Carolina he was elected to the State Legislature, where he interested himself in utilitarian projects, securing the construction of the important road in the state over the Saluda Mountain. In 1821, he took his seat in Congress for the Charleston district, and was twice re-elected. He discharged an important mission to Mexico in 1822, under President Monroe, during the brief imperial reign of Iturbide, of which he published an account. He subsequently, in 1825, returned to the country as Minister Plenipotentiary under the administration of President Adams. He maintained the national dignity with spirit and courage during some scenes of peculiar difficulty growing out of the revolutionary movements of the times. He returned home in 1829 to his native state, to become the leader of the Union party, and on his accession was called by Van Buren to the head of the War Department. At the close of this period, in 1841, he delivered a spirited discourse on the Promotion of Science at the first Anniversary of the National Institution. He afterwards lived in retirement, writing occasionally upon topics of a practical character. He died at Statesburg, S. C., Dec. 14, 1851.*

The writings of Poinsett grew out of his active career. His *Notes on Mexico, made in* 1822, *with an Historical Sketch of the Revolution*, published

* Democratic Review, i. 361–368: 443–456.

in Philadelphia in 1824, is the most important. It is a book of value, a personal narrative originally written in letters to a friend, and in its description of manners and customs, one of the best of the period when it was written, particularly in its study of the national character. In these respects it remained a valuable authority till its interest was diminished by the shifting relations of the country.

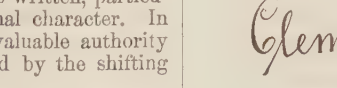
In 1846, a somewhat similar work of sound political judgment appeared from the pen of Waddy Thompson of the same state, the *Recollections of Mexico*, which is of historical importance for its sober representation of the estimate in which Mexico was held by intelligent citizens of the United States, on the eve of the war which resulted in the annexation of the vast territory on the Pacific.

Poinsett was also the author of several essays and orations on topics of manufacturing and agricultural industry. He had also considerable taste for art, and was the founder of an Academy of the Fine Arts at Charleston, which existed for several years.

CLEMENT C. MOORE

Was born in New York July 15, 1779. He received his early education in Latin and Greek from his father, the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and in 1798 became a graduate of Columbia College. After leaving college Mr. Moore devoted himself with much success to the study of Hebrew, the result of which was subsequently made public in his Hebrew and English Lexicon, published in 1809, 2 vols. To Dr. Moore, therefore, belongs the high merit of having been the pioneer in this country in the department of Hebrew Lexicography. When the work was prepared for the press a difficulty arose from the want of Hebrew type. After some delay a fount was obtained from Philadelphia. The first volume contains a complete vocabulary to the Psalms, with an appendix of notes; the second a brief general lexicon, arranged in alphabetical order, with a grammar of the language annexed. Though now superseded by more ample and critical productions this little work was, as the "compiler hopes" for it, "of some service to his young countrymen in breaking down the impediments which present themselves at the entrance of the study of Hebrew," and establishes for the city of St. Nicholas the earlier title to successful efforts for the study of the venerable language of the older dispensation. In 1821 he accepted the appointment of "Professor of Biblical Learning, the department of the interpretation of Scripture being added," in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. When that institution was united with the Diocesan State Seminary his Professorship was entitled that of "Hebrew and Greek Literature," and was not long afterwards altered to that of "Oriental and Greek Literature." From his family inheritance he made a most important gift to the seminary of the body of land in the city of New York on which it is located, comprehending the entire space between Ninth and Tenth avenues and Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, with the water-right on the Hudson belonging to it.

Professor Moore has lightened his learned labors in the seminary by the composition of numerous poems from time to time, chiefly expressions of home thoughts and affections, with a turn for humor as well as sentiment, the reflections of a genial, amiable nature. They were collected by the author in a volume in 1844, which he dedicated to his children. Though occasional compositions they are polished in style, the author declaring in his preface that he does not pay his readers "so ill a compliment as to offer the contents of this volume to their view as the mere amusements of my idle hours; effusions thrown off without care or meditation, as though the refuse of my thoughts were good enough for them. On the contrary, some of the pieces have cost me much time and thought; and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could." The longest of these poems is entitled *A Trip to Saratoga*, a pleasant narrative and sentimental account of a family journey. Others are very agreeable *vers de societé*, commonly associated with some amusing théme. One, a sketch of an old Dutch legend greatly cherished in all genuine New York families, has become a general favorite wherever it is known. It is



A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer*, and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.*"

F. S KEY.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. His father, John Ross Key, an officer in the army in the Revolutionary war, was a descendant from some of the earliest settlers of the province.

The son was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and, after completing his course, studied law in the office of his uncle, Philip B. Key, at Annapolis, and, in 1801, commenced the practice of the profession at Fredericktown, in his native county. Some years after he removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney of the city, and there remained until his death, January 11, 1843.

Mr. Key was the author, in addition to the Star-Spangled Banner, of a few other songs and devotional pieces. His poems were written without any view to publication, on some passing topic for his own and the gratification of his friends. They were noted down on odd scraps of paper, backs of letters, &c., a piece of several verses being often on as many separate slips of paper, and were seldom revised by the author.

We are indebted for a copy of the Star-Spangled Banner from the author's manuscript, and for the Hymn for the Fourth of July, and the Song written on the return of Decatur, both of which are now for the first time printed, to the poet's son-in-law, Mr. Charles Howard, of Baltimore.

SONG.

When the warrior returns from the battle afar,
To the home and the country he nobly defended,
Oh! warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.
In the full tide of song let his name roll along,
To the feast flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Columbians! a band of thy brothers behold,
Who claim the reward of thy hearts' warm emotion,
When thy cause, when thine honor urged onward the bold,
In vain frowned the desert, in vain raged the ocean.
To a far distant shore, to the battle's wild roar,
They rushed, thy fair fame and thy rights to secure;
Then mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

In the conflict resistless each toil they endured,
'Till their foes fled dismayed from the war's desolation;
And pale beamed the crescent, its splendor obscured
By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation.
Where each radiant star gleamed a meteor of war,
And the turbaned heads bowed to its terrible glare,
Now mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brow of the brave.

Our fathers who stand on the summit of fame,
Shall exultingly hear of their sons the proud story,
How their young bosoms glowed with the patriot flame,
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,
And stained the blue waters with Infidel blood;
How mixed with the olive the laurel did wave,
And formed a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Then welcome the warrior returned from afar
To the home and the country he nobly defended,
Let the thanks due to valor now gladden his ear,
And loud be the joys that his perils are ended.
In the full tide of song let his fame roll along,
To the feast flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.*

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

* This song was composed under the following circumstances:—A gentleman had left Baltimore, with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the Admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country.—*M'Carty's National Songs*, iii. 225.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring,
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise,
To Heaven's bright King.

The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,
Gifts of thy hand.

Our fathers sought thee, Lord,
And on thy help relied;
Thou heardest, and gavest the word,
And all their needs supplied.
Led by thy hand
To victory,
They hailed a free
And rescued land.

God of our lives! that hand
Be now as then displayed,
To give this favored land
Thy never-failing aid.
Still may it be
Thy fixed abode!
Be thou our God,
Thy people we.

May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
Bright is the promised crown.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

And when in power He comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band.
A countless throng,
Ever to sing,
To Heaven's high King,
Salvation's song.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences was founded at Boston, 1780, and was the second institution of its class in the country. Its objects, as expressed in its charter, are "to promote and encourage the knowledge of the antiquities of America, and of the natural history of the country, and to determine the uses to which the various natural productions of the country may be applied, to promote and encourage medical discoveries, mathematical disquisitions, philosophical inquiries and experiments, meteorological and geographical observations and improvements in agriculture, arts, manufactures, and commerce; and, in fine, to cultivate every art and science which may tend to advance the interest, honor, dignity, and happiness of a free, independent, and virtuous people."

The number of members cannot be less than forty or more than two hundred, and four stated meetings are to be held every year.

The Presidency of the institution has been held in succession by the following eminent gentlemen: James Bowdoin, John Adams, Edward A. Holyoke, John Q. Adams, Nathaniel Bowditch, and John Pickering, all of whom have been already noticed in these pages. We have also spoken of Count Rumford,* whose foundation by bequest of a fund, in the control of the Academy, for the encouragement of researches in heat and light, has been of material service in advancing its objects. The first volume of Memoirs was published in 1785. Four volumes have since appeared, all of a uniform quarto size. Among the contributors we meet with the names of President Kirkland, J. E. Worcester, Nuttall the ornithologist, Dr. Holyoke, James Bowdoin, President Willard, and Professor Williams of Harvard, James Winthrop, Jeremy Belknap, Caleb Gannett, Edward Wigglesworth, Noah Webster, Theophilus Parsons, the Rev. Joseph M'Kean, President of Bowdoin College, Dr. Bowditch, Professor John Farrar, Thaddeus Mason Harris, Benjamin Pierce, John Pickering, and David H. Storer. Dr. Jacob Bigelow is at present the presiding officer of the society. A donation of $10,000 has been recently received from the executors of the late Samuel Appleton, being part of a fund bequeathed by that gentleman to public objects.

SIMON GREENLEAF.

This eminent legal writer was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 5, 1783. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary army, and on his mother's side he was connected with the family of the late Chief Justice Parsons. While he was yet quite young, his father removed to Maine, and when he was eighteen years old, he entered as a law student the office of Ezekiel Whitman, Esq.,

* *Ante*, p. 371.

of New Gloucester—since Chief Justice of Maine —where he remained three years. In 1806 he married, and began the practice of the law in Standish, Maine, whence, after a residence of six months, he removed to Gray, where he remained twelve years. In 1818 he removed to Portland. In 1820, upon Maine becoming a state, and the establishment of the Supreme Court, he was appointed Reporter of its decisions. He held that office until 1832, when he was superseded by a political opponent. His reports, and especially the later volumes, are considered by the profession models of judicial reports. He was at this time one of the foremost of the Maine bar, and had an extensive practice. He remained in Portland one year afterwards, and in 1833, upon the death of Professor Ashmun, he was appointed Royal Professor of Law in the Dane Law School, which office he held until 1846, when he was transferred to the Dane Professorship, then vacant by the death of Judge Story. He held this professorship but two years, when, in 1848, his failing strength becoming wholly unequal to its accumulated and poorly requited labors, he resigned the place. His release from care and toil was followed by an immediate amendment of his health; and he was enabled to devote himself to the preparation of his law books.

The Law School at Cambridge is indebted for its success to no one of its many able professors more than to Mr. Greenleaf. Before Judge Story and Mr. Greenleaf united their labors, it had been made a respectable school by the efforts of Stearns and Ashmun. The extended and well deserved reputation of Judge Story as a jurist and a profound lawyer, attracted large numbers of young men to the school, and by his glow and fervor, he awakened in them aspirations for the higher attainments of the profession; but it was the gentle and affectionate, yet decided and controlling, manner of Mr. Greenleaf, who had always the direction of the internal affairs of the school, and for many months in each year during the absence of Judge Story at Washington, and on his circuits, its entire control and management and instruction, which, connected with the respect which his extensive learning, his extraordinary aptness to teach, and his power of attracting and holding the attention of the students, kept the young men together, satisfied and harmonious. By all those who had the good fortune to be his pupils, his death is felt as a personal loss.

Before coming to Cambridge, Mr. Greenleaf was an author of law books. Besides his reports, nine volumes in number, he published in 1821 a volume of over-ruled cases; in 1842 the first volume of his work on Evidence; in 1846 the second volume; and in 1853 the third and concluding volume. The first volume has reached the seventh edition; the second, the fourth; and the third, the second edition. In 1846 he published an annotated edition of Cruise's Digest of Real Law. Of his position as a law writer, a distinguished judge has said: "Among those eminent lawyers who have never held judicial station, the name and opinion of Mr. Greenleaf stand highest as authority in all matters of law. He gained this high position by incessant and devoted labor in his profession." He also published in 1846 a volume entitled, *An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists by the Rules of Evidence administered in the Courts of Justice, with an Account of the Trial of Jesus.* The preparation of this was begun as early as 1817, and it has been republished in England.

Besides these works, he published others of less size and importance, and of more temporary value, and he also contributed not unfrequently to periodical literature.

He was never a politician. He was once elected to the Maine legislature, but there devoted himself chiefly to amendments of the statute law of the state.

He was an upright man and a devout Christian. His death was sudden. He retired to rest in perfect health; was soon seen to be ailing; medical aid was called, but before it arrived he had gone to his long sleep. He left the wife of his youth a widow; and of a large family of children, two sons and two daughters survive him.*

BEVERLEY TUCKER,

The son of the eminent jurist, St. George Tucker, was born at Matoax, Virginia, Sept. 6, 1784. He was educated at Williamsburgh, where his father took up his residence in the son's childhood. Having completed his course at William and Mary, he prosecuted the study of the law; married in 1809, and removed to Charlotte county, where he resided till his removal to Missouri in 1815, of which state he became a resident, and where he was appointed judge.

He passed fifteen years in the West, when he returned to Virginia. On the Fourth of July, 1834, he was elected by the Board of Visitors to the professorship of law in William and Mary College, which he held till his death, which occurred on a summer tour in the state at Winchester, August 26, 1851.

The writings of Judge Tucker are, his work on Pleading, his lectures on Government, his three novels of George Balcombe, the Partisan Leader, and Gertrude, and his contributions to the Southern Review. He had begun shortly before his death a life of his relative, John Randolph, and also left among his unfinished MSS. parts of a dramatic production.

We are indebted to a letter from his intimate friend William Gilmore Simms, for the following familiar notices of his character and writings. "He was a brave old Virginia gentleman, a stern States Right Doctrinaire, intense of feeling, jealous of right, and with an eager sense of wrong and injury. He was jealous as a politician, like his brother John Randolph, and had many of the characteristics of that fiery politician, as his speech at the Nashville Convention witnesses, where his invective, more elaborate and polished than that of Randolph, was quite as terrible. His

* We are indebted for this notice to the obituary of the American Almanac for 1855. It is evidently prepared by one who knew Judge Greenleaf, and we have preserved its language entire.

political tenets are fully displayed in his Lectures on Government.

"In his style I regard him as one of the best prose writers in the United States, at once rich, flowing, and classical; ornate and copious, yet pure and chaste; full of energy, yet full of grace; intense, yet stately; passionate, yet never with a forfeiture of dignity.

"His novel of George Balcombe is a bold, highly spirited, and very graceful border story, true to the life, a fine picture of society and manners on the frontier—animated and full of interest. It lacked color or warmth of tone, wanting the softening effects of fancy, though not without imagination. Reason was his predominant faculty. There was a sternness in his writings, a directness and an intensity, which show the author disdainful in the pursuit of his object of all the flowers of the wayside. When he deals with the pathetic, he rather sports with it. This is the one chief qualification of the merits of the book, which is one of the most vigorous of American novels as a narrative of action and the delineation of mental power."

The *Partisan Leader** is a curious anticipative political history, published in 1837; the scene is laid in Virginia in 1849, twelve years ahead. Van Buren is represented in his *third* presidential term at the head of a consolidated government, with the forms of a republic and the powers of a monarchy. The Southern states, with the exception of Virginia, have seceded. Its design was to show what the novelist thought fit to suppose the probable effects of the Van Buren party continuing in power, in the destruction of the Constitution, the dissolution of the Union, and the conflict of small Republics which would follow.

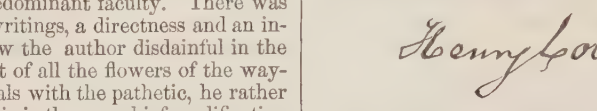
Gertrude, an original novel, appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, for 1844–45.

Of Professor Tucker's discharge of his college duties at William and Mary, we learn from Professor Totten that his force of character "made a strong impression on the minds of his pupils. The greater part adopted his views on all subjects in which he instructed them. He had an original and what might be called an executive mind. He was exceedingly happy in his illustrations, and seldom presented the most common idea in the same form with others. His conversation had in consequence an unusual attraction. He had a warm heart, was cordially loved by his friends, and as cordially hated by his enemies.

"Christianity occupied his attention greatly in his later years. He wrote down his seasonings as he advanced in the investigation. He gave me these papers to read, and I was much interested in tracing the progress of a powerful and original intellect in its course from doubt to the most child-like confiding faith. For many years preceding his death, he was a devout and exemplary Christian."†

HENRY COLMAN.

Henry Colman, a prominent writer on agriculture, was born in Boston, September 12, 1785. After completing his collegiate course at Dartmouth in 1805, he studied theology, and was ordained June 17, 1807, minister of a Congregational church at Hingham, where he was also engaged as the teacher of a school. In 1820 he resigned his charge and removed to Boston, where he remained, principally employed as a teacher, until February, 1825, when he removed to Salem to take charge of a new Unitarian church and congregation formed for the express purpose of securing his services. He remained in this place, performing its functions with great acceptability, and increasing his already extensive reputation as a preacher, until his resignation in consequence of ill health, December, 1831.



Mr. Colman now established himself on a farm on the banks of the Connecticut, and gave his whole attention to his favorite pursuit of agriculture. The reputation of his experiments and successful culture, and of his contributions to agricultural journals, became extended, and on the establishment of an agricultural commissioner by the state of Massachusetts, he was appointed to the office by Governor Everett.

Mr. Colman pursued the duties of this trust with unwearied energy and industry, and after an extensive tour throughout the state, and the publication of several Reports, in the autumn of 1842 sailed for Europe to continue his investigations. The ensuing six years were passed in a tour through Great Britain and the continent, the results of which were given to the public on his return in 1848 in his *Agriculture and Rural Economy of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland; European Agriculture and Rural Economy*, two volumes; and *European Life and Manners in Letters to Friends*, two volumes, works which exhibit to advantage his powers as a writer as well as observer.

In 1849 Mr. Colman returned to Europe in the hope of restoring his health, which had now become much impaired. The result was unsuccessful, as his death occurred soon after his arrival, at Islington, on the 14th of August.

In addition to his agricultural works Mr. Colman was the author of two volumes of sermons, published during the period of his active ministerial labors.

HENRY LEE.

Henry Lee, the author of a spirited work on Napoleon, and of a pungent volume on Jefferson, was the son of General Henry Lee of the Revolution, by his first wife Matilda, daughter of Colonel Philip Tredwell Lee, who was long a member of the King's Council, and the elder brother of the two signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, of Dr. Arthur Lee, who served his country during the Revolution in several diplomatic appointments, and of William Lee, who was an alderman of London when that struggle commenced, but who heartily joined his brothers in maintaining it, and afterwards became the American Minister at the Hague.

* The Partisan Leader, a Tale of the Future, by Edward William Sydney. Washington City. James Caxton, 1837.

† MS. Letter of Prof. Silas Totten, March 15, 1855.

Henry Lee was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, 1787, in the same room distinguished as the birthplace of two of the signers of the Declaration just mentioned. He was educated at William and Mary, where he became an excellent Latin scholar, and developed a taste for letters which accompanied him through life. During the war of 1812 he was appointed by Madison a Major in the twelfth regiment, designed chiefly for interior defence, but soon went to the Canadian frontier as Aide to General Wilkinson, and afterwards served General Izard in the same capacity.

On his return from Canada he met the late Edinburgh Reviewer, Jeffrey, in New York, then at the height of his reputation. They were both possessed of brilliant conversational powers, and their meeting was the delight of the many entertainments where they came together.

At the close of the war, Major Lee retired from the army, and married Miss Ann M'Carty, whose estate adjoined his own paternal Stratford, where he lived many years, more devoted to hunting than farming; when only the odd hours of good days, and the dull ones of wet weather, were amused with books. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for these details of his life, mentions as an anecdote of his skill with the rifle, that he has often killed two wild ducks at one shot, by firing as they swam slowly by each other exactly as their necks came within the range of a single ball.

He was first impelled to literary labor by Judge William Johnson's Life of General Greene. That work was deemed by him so unjust to his father's fame, and that of his brave legion, that he resolved to defend both, which he did with success in an octavo volume entitled, *Campaigns of* 1782 *in the Carolinas*,* published in 1824. Major Lee having been by education and conviction attached to the Federal school, was politically proscribed by the dominant, so called, democratic party. On the nomination of Jackson, however, who had in 1812 opposed this proscription, he became one of the most influential advocates for his election, in a series of essays which he published in his behalf.

He was appointed by Jackson as Consul at Algiers, whither he proceeded in 1829, but his appointment not having been confirmed by the Senate, he did not remain there a year. His classical recollections induced him to visit Italy on his way home, and in Rome he saw Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon. His lively impressions of the Italian campaigns of the latter, and his admiration for the hero, induced him to attempt a vindication of his character from slander, and an adequate record of his deeds. He was delayed in the execution of this congenial task by the necessity he found himself under of discharging a more private and sacred one. He again entered the field as the defender of his father's memory from assaults in the published writings of Jefferson, and wrote his *Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, published in New York in 1832.* As a controversial work this was written with ability, its arguments securing the admiration of Judge Marshall. The "Observations" made their mark, and have never been directly answered, though Tucker's Life of Jefferson touches on the topics involved. In 1845 it was republished with additional notes meeting Tucker's remarks, by C. C. Lee, Esq., of Powhatan.

After completing this work, Major Lee devoted himself to what he designed to be a Life of the Emperor Napoleon, and the first volume was published in Paris and New York with that title in 1835,† bringing the narrative to the year 1796. An appendix of nearly half the volume is occupied with an argumentative examination of the positions of Sir Walter Scott in his History of Bonaparte.

Lee died before a second volume was completed at Paris, January 30, 1837.‡ After his death, the first volume and the additional matter which he had prepared, were published in a large octavo in London and Paris, with the title, *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, down to the Peace of Tolentino, and the close of his First Campaign in Italy.*

Richard Henry Lee, the author of the lives of his great grandfather, R. H. Lee, and of his great uncle, Dr. Arthur Lee, is the son of the late Tredwell Lee, of Loudon County, and Flora, the second daughter of Colonel Philip Tredwell Lee, of Stratford, Va. He studied law, and after practising in the profession a few years, betook himself to the more congenial pursuit of letters, and is now a Professor in Washington College, Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL G. DRAKE.

Samuel G. Drake was born October 11, 1798, at Pittsfield, N. H. He was educated at the common schools of the neighborhood, at that time held only during a few winter months. At the age of twenty he became a district school teacher,

* The Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas; with remarks historical and critical on Johnson's Life of Greene, to which is added an appendix of original documents relating to the history of the Revolution. By H. Lee. Phila. 1824. 8vo.

* Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson, with particular reference to the attack they contain on the memory of the late General Henry Lee, in a series of letters, by H. Lee of Virginia. New York. 1832.

† The Life of the Emperor Napoleon, with an Appendix, containing an Examination of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" and a notice of the principal errors of other writers, respecting his character and conduct. By H. Lee. Vol. I. New York: Charles de Behr. 1835. We are not aware that this work was translated into French. It was received by eminent Frenchmen, as the Duke of Bassano, with great favor. General Napier, the author of the Peninsular Campaigns, commended it highly.

‡ The following notice of his death appeared in *Galignani's* (Paris) *Messenger* at the time:—

"Death of Major Henry Lee, author of the Life of Napoleon, &c., &c. This distinguished American has fallen a victim to the epidemic which now pervades the capital. He expired yesterday morning after much suffering, from a short illness of complicated influenza.

"In the prime of life, and in the full vigor of a well cultivated intellect, the riches of which have already contributed to the literature of the age, his untiring assiduity has been suddenly arrested in the promising career in which his hopeful friends with so much pleasure saw him fast advancing.

"While letters lose in him a zealous votary, his numerous friends, who know the greatness of soul which characterized his actions, the suavity of his temper, his modesty and urbanity of manners, will mingle their tears with those of a disconsolate widow, and long regret that 'that hand which was as firm in friendship as it was strong in battle' has been so soon palsied by the cold grasp of death."

an occupation in which he was engaged for seven years.

In 1830 Mr. Drake established the antiquarian book store in Boston, with which his name has been long and favorably connected.

His labors as an antiquarian commenced in 1824, as editor of a reprint of Colonel Church's History of King Philip's War, of which we have already spoken. This was followed in 1832 by the *Indian Biography*,* and in 1833 by *The Book of the Indians, or a Biography and History of the Indians of North America*, a work of much research and information, the popular success of which is vouched for by the eleven editions which have been published.†

In 1836 Mr. Drake published a number of contemporary narratives of the early colonial wars, with the title, *The Old Indian Chronicle*. In 1839 he prepared *Indian Captivities*, a volume of the original narratives of the sufferers.

In 1847 the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* was commenced by Mr. Drake, by whom it is still conducted, under the auspices of a society of a similar title. It has already done much for family and local history.

In 1852 Mr. Drake commenced the publication of his chief work, *The History of Boston*. It will form when completed (as is anticipated within the present year), a large octavo, profusely illustrated with portraits, autographs, and views of buildings and localities. It is a work of great research, and contains much original information, particularly in reference to the early discovery of the New England coast, which has already been of service to writers as well as readers of history.

HENRY M. BRACKENRIDGE.

Henry M. Brackenridge is the son of the author of Modern Chivalry, and was born in Pittsburg the 11th of May, 1786. His father discovered in him very early indications of superior intellect, and resolved to give his personal attention to its cultivation. The course of education was begun almost in infancy, by himself with the assistance of others; and after ten years of age, excepting about six months at the Pittsburgh academy, and about the same length of time at Jefferson College, the course of instruction was strictly private. At seven years of age he was consigned to the charge of a gentleman who visited Louisiana, and placed at a French school at St. Genevieve, in Upper Louisiana, for the purpose of learning the French vernacularly. This was so successful that in less than six months he had forgotten the English entirely. Various causes prevented his being restored to his home until near ten years of age. It was at this time, Mr. Brackenridge states in his "Recollections," that his education commenced in earnest. A little table was assigned him in his father's private study, and instruction partly given by his parent and partly by tutors under his direction. Perhaps the greatest advantage to him was derived from the continual intercourse with a man of quick intellect and learning, who possessed a happy method of communicating knowledge on all subjects.

On the appointment of his father to the supreme bench of the state, young Brackenridge, then fifteen years of age, was placed for two years in the office of prothonotary or clerk of the court, preparatory to entering the office of a practising attorney for the purpose of studying law. His range of reading and general information was singularly extensive for his age, and his mind remarkably precocious, although his proficiency in the ancient classics and in mathematics was not equal to his other attainments; this was owing to not having carried the study of them into maturer years, and the too great variety of his other studies. He had imbibed their quintessence, however, without the labor of digesting them in bulk; thus forming his taste on the finest models ancient and modern.

At the age of twenty Mr. Brackenridge was admitted to the bar as a well grounded lawyer. After this he repaired to the residence of his father in Carlisle, where, under his directions, he continued for a year or more to apply himself to the law of equity and maritime law, intending to qualify himself for practice in Baltimore. On going to that city he entered the office of a practitioner in chancery; he also attended the courts, where he had an opportunity of hearing the able lawyers who then flourished at that bar. His youth, want of means to enable him to "bide his time," and the great numbers who occupied every branch of the profession, discouraged him from attempting the practice without previous exercise of his faculties on some more humble stage. Hearing that there was but *one* lawyer in the town of Somerset, he repaired to that place, and at once took

* 12mo. pp. 350.
† The eleventh appeared in 1851. 8vo. pp. 720.

possession of the office which had been recently vacated by the death of the *other*. There being but two lawyers in this place he had the satisfaction of being engaged on one side or other of every case, thus obtaining an opportunity of exercising his faculties which had been denied in Baltimore. The business was not so great as to deprive him of ample leisure for reviewing his studies, and going through a course of historical reading, revising Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, and other classical English writers. He had made some progress in Italian and German, to which he regularly devoted a portion of his time. With the French literature he was familiar. A year was thus passed here to advantage, when he received a letter from a friend in New Orleans who had been appointed sheriff, and who promised a very tempting opening there in the profession.

In the spring of 1810, Mr. Brackenridge took his departure from Pittsburgh for Upper Louisiana, being desirous of visiting the scenes of his infancy, to which his recollections fondly clung. He was most kindly received at St. Genevieve by the family in which he had lived; and it happening to be the court week became engaged in several important cases. From this place he went to St. Louis and followed the spring circuit, but without changing his ultimate determination of going to the south. After the courts were over, instead of taking an office he set to work to collect materials for an account of the country. These formed a series of essays published in the only newspaper of the country, and which were afterwards used as the groundwork of his volume on Louisiana, a work spoken of in high terms when published in Pittsburgh in 1812, two years afterwards. He availed himself, while at St. Louis, of the opportunity of improving himself in the Spanish language under an excellent teacher, and afterwards made himself master of it in Louisiana. Being addicted to no vices and few pleasures, he found abundance of time to apply to study.

In the autumn of 1811, Mr. Brackenridge descended the river to New Orleans in what was called a keel-boat, steam not being then in use. It was not more than a month or two after his arrival until he was appointed Deputy-Attorney-General for the territory of Orleans, afterwards State of Louisiana. When the constitution went into operation the next year he received the appointment of District Judge, although not more than twenty-three years of age. It became necessary to turn his attention to the Spanish law, the *Siete Partidas*, and to the *Code Civil*, &c., all based on the Roman civil law. Here a wide field opened before him, to which he devoted himself for two or three years with great earnestness; at the same time giving a large portion of his attention to Spanish literature, for which he enjoyed the best opportunities. He acquired the language so as to speak and write it with fluency. During the latter part of the war of 1812 he corresponded with the general government, and gave important information as to the designs of the enemy and the condition of the country for defence. In 1814, in the month of September, he left Louisiana on a visit to Washington on an invitation to engage in a diplomatic capacity, but was taken ill in Kentucky, and did not reach the seat of government until after peace had been proclaimed. His reception by Mr. Madison was kind, and he was introduced by him to Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, to whom he communicated his intentions in his favor. In Mr. Monroe he afterwards found, on all occasions, a warm and ardent friend. In the meantime he took up his residence at Baltimore. At the instance of a bookseller he wrote a popular history of the incidents of the late war, which still holds its place after passing through many editions. It was translated into French and Italian by distinguished authors.

The question of the acknowledgment of the independence of the South American republics being the order of the day, Mr. Brackenridge, in conjunction with Mr. Clay, took an active part in their favor; he made numerous translations of South American papers, and wrote for the newspapers on the subject. But his principal production was a pamphlet of a hundred pages, being in the form of a letter by an "American," addressed to Mr. Monroe, then President of the United States. This pamphlet was immediately republished in England in the "Pamphleteer;" and it being supposed to express the views of the American government, the Spanish minister, the Duke de San Carlos, employed a writer to prepare a reply. This pamphlet of Mr. Brackenridge was translated into French by the Abbé du Pradt, afterwards Archbishop of Malines, who passed a high encomium on the production.

About the same period a very elaborate dissertation appeared from his pen in Walsh's Register in support of the views of the administration on the subject of the "boundaries of Louisiana" as described in the treaty of cession by France and Spain. It was regarded as a conclusive argument on the American side of the question.

The government in 1817 having determined to send Commissioners to the South American republics as a preliminary step to their recognition, Mr. Brackenridge received the appointment of Secretary. The commission sailed in the Congress Frigate in December, and after visiting Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and the island of Margaritta, returned to New York in 1818. Mr. Brackenridge availed himself of every opportunity to collect information, and in the course of the year published his *Voyage to South America* in two volumes octavo, and an improved edition in London the year after. This work was declared by Humboldt to contain "an extraordinary mass of information, and to be replete with philosophic views."

This experience of diplomacy satisfied him; he found that it was very uncertain as a pursuit in this country, there being no diplomatic corps where promotion might follow merit, as in the army or navy. He, therefore, determined to pursue his profession, and took an office and made some successful efforts at the bar, by which he obtained reputation but no regular business; this could only have been the result of time where the practice was already monopolized. Popularity, however, had been obtained; he was twice elected to represent the city in the state legislature: but this only rendered mere professional success more distant. His speech in favor of the liberty of conscience, in the debate on what was called "the Jew Bill," which was published, added to his reputation. At the same time he published an

elaborate argument on the powers of the Court of Equity, to compel a witness to disclose facts on a bill of discovery to be used in another state, there being no means to coerce his testimony. This case has been since provided for by an express act of Congress. The want of success in obtaining clients began to render him impatient, and he thought of the new countries to the west and south, which offered a more immediate prospect of occupation. About this time the treaty of cession of Florida was negotiated, presenting a new opening where the course would be clear to him. On consulting with Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams he received assurances from those gentlemen that he would be remembered in the organization of the territorial government. He accordingly proceeded to St. Louis in the fall of 1820, with the intention of going to Florida in the spring, at which time the American government would take possession of the new acquisition.

In April, 1821, he took passage in a steamboat for New Orleans, and on his way overtook General Jackson, who had been appointed Commissioner to take possession of Florida, and afterwards to act as governor. The boat in which he had taken passage having been disabled, he and his suite were transferred to the one which had overtaken it. The General sent for Mr. Brackenridge and requested him to join his military and diplomatic family in the capacity of a volunteer, his services as a civilian, and his knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, being a desideratum in this party. He accordingly accompanied the general to Pensacola, and rendered him valuable assistance as secretary, negotiator, and counsellor. That the General was well satisfied with these services will appear from the following letter, written from the first stage after his departure from Florida.

MANUELS, October 8, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I had a great desire to have had a few minutes' private conversation with you before I left Pensacola, but this, from the business with which I was surrounded, was prevented me.

I had a wish personally to say to you, the gratitude I feel for the aid I have received from you in the organization and administration of the government, and to know if there was anything in which I could render you any service. As you have made Pensacola your residence you can render much good to the public and to yourself in a public capacity. And as far as my influence will extend it will afford me much pleasure in using it in your behalf. I therefore will be grateful to receive a letter from you addressed to me at Nashville, Tennessee, stating whether you would prefer a seat in the judiciary or any other office in the Floridas that would enable you to do the duties and pursue the practice of the law. It will afford me great pleasure to forward to Dr. Bronaugh letters in your behalf to obtain such appointment as may be most agreeable to you. I therefore request you to write to me on this subject.

Having left the administration of the government in charge of Colonel Walton, for whom I have formed a friendship, my dear sir, permit me to ask of you your aid to him and his situation, a responsible one, and I have a great desire that he may administer the government satisfactorily to the nation and with credit to himself.

Accept, my dear sir, a tender of my sincere regard and unfeigned friendship.

Yours, ANDREW JACKSON.

In May, 1821, Mr. Brackenridge received the appointment of United States Judge for the Western District of Florida, which office he continued to fill for more than ten years to the general satisfaction. In 1832 General Jackson superseded all the judges of the territories on the plan of making room for political partisans. Mr. Brackenridge having married a lady of Philadelphia, in whose right he held a valuable tract of land on the Pennsylvania Canal near Pittsburgh, removed to that place, where he now resides. He became an active politician, made speeches, and published pamphlets and articles for the reviews and newspapers. In 1834 he published the first volume of his *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West*, the remainder being still in manuscript. His publications of speeches, addresses, &c., are numerous, but not collected into volumes. Among his unpublished works are a *History of the Western Insurrection*, one of the most important episodes in our national history.

At the election of General Harrison in 1840 he obtained a seat in Congress, and the year following was appointed a Commissioner under the Mexican treaty, in conjunction with Governor Marcy of New York. With this exception, and the service of one session in the state legislature in 1844, he has remained in private life, but still devoted to letters. In 1847 he published a series of letters in favor of the cause of the nation in the Mexican war. His works are very numerous, and as various as numerous, and exhibit an unusual scope of knowledge on every subject. The essay on *Trusts and Trustees* is a work which displays legal research and acumen, although, like "Jones on Bailment," intended to illustrate a particular case. His *Eulogy on Jefferson and Adams*, delivered at Pensacola in August, 1820, was highly eulogized at the time by William Wirt. The continuation of the "Recollections" would form a most valuable addition to our contemporary history, as few persons have had better opportunities of seeing and observing, or a more intimate acquaintance with the prominent actors on the scene in his day, and few writers, we may add, are better qualified to convey their impressions in a full, minute, and agreeable manner. Mr. Brackenridge apparently writes with ease to himself, and certainly with pleasure to his readers.

ST. GENEVIEVE ON THE MISSISSIPPI AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

My guardian carried me directly to the house of M. Bauvais, a respectable and comparatively wealthy inhabitant of the village, and then took his departure the same evening. Not a soul in the village, except the curate, understood a word of English, and I was possessed of but two French words, *oui* and *non*. I sallied into the street, or rather highway, for the houses were far apart, a large space being occupied for yards and gardens by each. I soon found a crowd of boys at play; curiosity drew them around me, and many questions were put by them, which I answered alternately, with the aid of the before mentioned monosyllables, "Where have you come from?" "Yes." "What is your name?" "No." To the honour of these boys be it spoken, or rather to the honour of their parents who had taught them true politeness—instead of turning me into ridicule,

* From Recollections of the West.

as soon as they discovered I was a strange boy, they vied with each other in showing me every act of kindness.

M. Bauvais was a tall, dry, old French Canadian, dressed in the costume of the place: that is, with a blue cotton handkerchief on his head, one corner thereof descending behind and partly covering the eel-skin which bound his hair; a check shirt; coarse linen pantaloons on his hips; and the Indian sandal or moccasin, the only covering to the feet worn here by both sexes. He was a man of a grave and serious aspect, entirely unlike the gay Frenchmen we are accustomed to see; and this seriousness was not a little heightened by the fixed rigidity of the maxillary muscles, occasioned by having his pipe continually in his mouth, except while in bed, or at mass, or during meals. Let it not be supposed that I mean to speak disrespectfully, or with levity, of a most estimable man; my object in describing him is to give an idea of many other fathers of families of the village. Madame Bauvais was a large fat lady, with an open cheerful countenance, and an expression of kindness and affection to her numerous offspring, and to all others excepting her coloured domestics, towards whom she was rigid and severe. She was, notwithstanding, a most pious and excellent woman, and, as a French wife ought to be, completely mistress of the family. Her eldest daughter was an interesting young woman; two others were nearly grown, and all were handsome. I will trespass a little on the patience of the reader, to give some account of the place where I was domiciled; that is, of the house in which I lived, and of the village in which it was situated.

The house of M. Bauvais was a long, low building, with a porch or shed in front, and another in the rear; the chimney occupied the centre, dividing the house into two parts, with each a fire-place. One of these served for dining-room, parlor, and principal bed-chamber; the other was the kitchen; and each had a small room taken off at the end for private chambers or cabinets. There was no loft or garret, a pair of stairs being a rare thing in the village. The furniture, excepting the beds and the looking-glass, was of the most common kind, consisting of an armoire, a rough table or two, and some coarse chairs. The yard was inclosed with cedar pickets, eight or ten inches in diameter, and six feet high, placed upright, sharpened at the top, in the manner of a stockade fort. In front, the yard was narrow, but in the rear quite spacious, and containing the barn and stables, the negro quarters, and all the necessary offices of a farm yard. Beyond this, there was a spacious garden inclosed with pickets, in the same manner with the yard. It was, indeed, a garden—in which the greatest variety, and the finest vegetables were cultivated, intermingled with flowers and shrubs: on one side of it there was a small orchard containing a variety of the choicest fruits. The substantial and permanent character of these inclosures is in singular contrast with the slight and temporary fences and palings of the Americans. The house was a ponderous wooden frame, which, instead of being weather-boarded, was filled in with clay, and then whitewashed. As to the living, the table was provided in a very different manner from that of the generality of Americans. With the poorest French peasant, cookery is an art well understood. They make great use of vegetables, and prepared in a manner to be wholesome and palatable. Instead of roast and fried, they had soups and fricassees, and gumbos (a dish supposed to be derived from the Africans), and a variety of other dishes. Tea was not used at meals, and coffee for breakfast was the privilege of M. Bauvais only.

From the description of this house, some idea may be formed of the rest of the village. The pursuits of the inhabitants were chiefly agricultural, although all were more or less engaged in traffic for peltries with the Indians, or in working the lead mines in the interior. But few of them were mechanics, and there were but two or three small shops, which retailed a few groceries. Poultry and lead constituted almost the only circulating medium. All politics, or discussions of the affairs of government, were entirely unknown: the commandant took care of all that sort of thing. But instead of them, the processions and ceremonies of the church, and the public balls, furnished ample matter for occupation and amusement. Their agriculture was carried on in a field of several thousand acres, in the fertile river bottom of the Mississippi, inclosed at the common expense, and divided into lots, separated by some natural or permanent boundary. Horses or cattle, depastured, were tethered with long ropes, or the grass was cut and carried to them in their stalls. It was a pleasing sight, to mark the rural population going and returning morning and evening, to and from the field, with their working cattle, carts, old-fashioned wheel ploughs, and other implements of husbandry. Whatever they may have gained in some respects, I question very much whether the change of government has contributed to increase their happiness. About a quarter of a mile off, there was a village of Kickapoo Indians, who lived on the most friendly terms with the white people. The boys often intermingled with those of the white village, and practised shooting with the bow and arrow; an accomplishment which I acquired with the rest, together with a little smattering of the Indian language, which I forgot on leaving the place.

Such were the place, and the kind of people, where, and among whom, I was about to pass some of the most important years of my life, and which would naturally extend a lasting influence over me. A little difficulty occurred very soon after my arrival, which gave some uneasiness to Madame Bauvais. She felt some repugnance at putting a little heretic into the same bed with her own children. This was soon set right by the good curate, Père St. Pierre, who made a Christian of me, M. and Madame Bauvais becoming my sponsors, by which a relationship was established almost as strong as that formed by the ties of consanguinity. Ever after this, they permitted me to address them by the endearing names of father and mother; and more affectionate, careful, and anxious parents I could not have had. It was such as even to excite a kind of jealousy among some of their own children. They were strict and exemplary Catholics; so, indeed, were most of the inhabitants of the village. Madame Bauvais caused me every night to kneel by her side, to say my *pater noster* and *credo*, and then whispered those gentle admonitions which sink deep into the heart. To the good seed thus early sown, I may ascribe any growth of virtue, in a soil that might otherwise have produced only noxious weeds.

NOTICES OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER JUDGE H. H. BRACKENRIDGE.*

My father undertook to instruct me in the Latin and Greek. He was himself a most finished classical scholar, having been a tutor at Princeton, and afterwards the principal of an academy on the eastern shore of Maryland; and he was as proud of the success in life of his pupils, and took as much credit to himself for it, as Porson. He considered the classics all in all, and thought no person could be esteemed a

* From Recollections of the West.

scholar without them. According to his estimate, even Franklin had no higher claim than that of a strong-minded imperfectly educated man, who would have been much greater if he had been bred at a college, which I think very questionable. We are apt to overrate the importance of those pursuits in which we excel, or to which we have devoted much of our time and application. This I think was the case with him, and he was inclined to place too high a value on the talents of those who were critically versed in the masterpieces of Greece and Rome.

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But in my opinion, by far the most valuable portion of my education consisted in his conversation, or rather lectures, for he spoke to me always as to a man. He was near fifty years of age, and had been a remarkable student from his childhood, and was surpassed by few in the depth and variety of his attainments. He appeared to live more in the world of books than of men, and yet his natural genius was of such high order, that it is questionable whether he would not have been greater by depending more on his native resources. His conversation abounded with wit and eloquence, and original views on every subject. The advantages derived from constant association with such a man can be imagined, but can scarcely be appreciated. Although there is no royal road to science, yet the road may be shortened, and rendered more accessible, by the assistance of such a teacher. I had all the benefit of his matured intellect, and highly refined ideas upon a thousand subjects.

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At this time my father was unhappily plunged so deep in party politics, that he almost lost sight of me. Federalism and democracy were then at their height. He was a supporter of Jefferson and M'Kean, an enthusiast in the cause of France, and, from his high temperament, incapable of pursuing anything in moderation. He was also involved in a personal difference with the presiding judge of the court in which he practised, and fearful that he might be provoked to do something which might be taken advantage of, he resolved to retire from practice. He wrote with the pungency and force of a Junius, and spoke with the inspired eloquence of a Henry; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that he soon became a formidable politician. He purchased types and press, and set up a young man as editor of a paper, which he previously named the "Tree of Liberty," with a motto from Scripture—"And the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing of the nation." At this period, with very few exceptions, the professional men, persons of wealth and education, and those in public offices, were on the federal side; and such was the violence of party dissensions, that it put a stop to all the pleasures of social intercourse; party differences and personal animosity almost signified the same thing. He wrote a number of things, sometimes in prose sometimes in verse, which I read with great delight and often committed to memory, being of course a violent democrat as well as himself. The great majority, both in town and country, was then on the federal side; but fifty republicans could be mustered in Pittsburgh, and not all these were entitled to put a ticket into the ballot-box. The success in the elections of M'Kean and Jefferson soon effected a numerical change: according to the usual course of things, the strongest side is apt to grow still stronger on that account; and the rising party is apt to continue to rise, as revolutions never go backwards.

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I now became a student in earnest, devoting at least thirteen or fourteen hours out of the twenty-four to my books, under the instruction of my father, when he was permitted by the duties of his circuit to remain at home. All my wants were kindly attended to by my step-mother, leaving me nothing to think of but my books. Our house was but little resorted to, except by literary men; in fact books and reading formed the occupation of its inmates. My little sister read the newspapers at three years old, my youngest brother was learning his Latin and French at six or seven, and the elder at fourteen was translating Longinus, and the two works of Xenophon—the Anabasis and Cyropedia, into literal English, line for line, and word for word, and then putting it into idiomatic English, writing sentence by sentence, under the direction of my father, who considered this, with his lectures and instructions, a practical course of rhetoric. As to himself he never dined out or invited to dinner, and was unwilling to see company until after tea; when persons dropped in to hear his conversation, in which none excelled him, although during the day it was difficult to get him to say a word except on business. It was indeed a treat to hear him speak when he chose to unbend. He was an improvisateur of the first order. I have heard him relate a story, when the illusion was so perfect, that the hearer would suppose there were half a dozen characters on the stage. Jeffrey, in one of the numbers of the Edinburgh Review, says that Matthews was inferior to him in relating a story. He was entirely different; there was no buffoonery or broad humour, either in the choice of his subject or in his manner. Compared to the stories of Matthews, it was genteel comedy or tragedy compared to broad farce. He generally walked about, and seemed to require this, in order to give full play to his powers. It is remarkable, that what he said on the bench while seated, had nothing of his usual eloquence; and when he was eloquent there, which was but seldom, he rose upon his feet.

He frequently dictated to me, sometimes chapters for "Modern Chivalry," sometimes essays for various newspapers, chiefly on European politics, with which he was singularly conversant. It was difficult to keep pace with him. He directed the punctuation of every sentence as he went along. He had been in this habit for a great many years. His hand-writing had become so bad, that it was almost impossible for any one to decipher it; so much so that a trick was once played upon him by a gentleman, who sent back one of his letters which he could not read, first tearing off the signature and putting his own in the place of it; my father attempted in vain to make out the scrawl! He would have been an over match for Napoleon in bad handwriting. He often dictated his verse as well as his prose. I remember when a small boy, having committed to memory some lines on General Wayne, which were composed in bed, and dictated in the morning to one of the students. They were the first lines of poetry I ever committed. No one was ever more careless in preserving his compositions. He troubled himself as little about them as he did for the fugitive effusions of his discourse. He once dictated to me a Pindaric ode on hearing the report of the death of Governor M'Kean, which turned out to be false.

The lines on Wayne have been much admired: as they will occupy but little space I will transcribe them. Some of the thoughts are like Byron's. Indeed I have often thought there was a remarkable resemblance in some of the features of their minds, and modes of thinking on a variety of subjects. It is curious that they both chose the same subject for a poem, and a very out of the way subject it was—the judgment upon poor George the Third in the other world! The lines on Wayne are as follows:—

The birth of some great men, or death,
Gives a celebrity to spots of earth;
We say that Montcalm fell on Abraham's plain;
That Butler presses the Miami bank;
And that the promontory of Sigeum
Has Achilles's tomb.
Presq Isle saw Wayne expire.
The traveller shall see his monument;
At least his grave. For this,
Corroding jealousy will not detract;
But allow a mound—
Some little swelling of the earth,
To mark the interment of his bones.
Brave, honest soldier, sleep—
And let the dews weep o'er thee,
And gales shall sigh across the lake;
Till man shall recognise thy worth,
And coming to the place will ask,
"Is this where Wayne is buried?"

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.*

ADAMS and JEFFERSON are gone—Let us mourn the sad reality of their loss—let us rejoice in the glory of their departure—let us condole with that solitary and venerable man, the companion of their glory, CARROLL, the model of the accomplished gentleman, the scholar, and the patriot. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, have passed to another, and a happier existence, but their names will be associated here, as the FOUNDERS OF A MIGHTY REPUBLIC. Washington, by the suffrage of all posterity, and of the universe, has been assigned the first place; not because he wielded the sword, and crowned the great work with success, but because his virtues as a citizen, his abilities as a statesman, his authority as a magistrate, his godlike purity and disinterestedness as a patriot, placed him beyond the reach of envy, of rivalry, of competition. Nor should we conclude, that because Adams and Jefferson have not been seen at the head of legions, they were destitute of the courage and capacity for command; such minds cannot be allied to fear, and those who ruled the destinies of nations might have commanded armies.

We may seek in vain through the whole range of history, for a parallel to the lives and deaths of Adams and Jefferson. It would have been remarked as extraordinary, if any one of our revolutionary worthies had departed amid the glory of this anniversary; still more if that one had been instrumental in bringing about the great event; but when it shall be told, that both the author and the advocate of the declaration, so pregnant with the fate of unborn millions, departed on that day, after having lived the exact period of half a century from its date, it will require all the weight of cotemporary evidence, to place it on the records of history, and all the faith of posterity to give it credit. It was natural that the minds of both should linger upon that most brilliant moment of their lives, *and that it should be the last spot of earthly vision to fade from their view;* but that a secret sympathy should exist between their kindred spirits, calling them to wing their flight to the regions of immortality at the same moment, is a circumstance at which we must pause, and adore the inscrutable designs of Providence.

To their children, for we may now call them our fathers, it is a pleasing reflection, that if ever for a moment, the warm and sincere friendship, which had commenced with the morning of our liberties, had been clouded by the demon of party long before the close of their lives, it had been renewed into the most generous ardor, beyond the power of malevolence. In the lives of these great men, the historian will delight to trace the numerous points of coincidence. They were both educated in the profession of the law, a profession, which, in a free country, in a government of laws, and not of men, when liberally pursued, deserves to be considered as the guardian of its liberties. Before our revolutionary contest, they had both been engaged in preparing the minds of their countrymen for the separation, and with Franklin, were probably among the first to foresee its necessity, and pursue a systematic plan for its accomplishment. As members of the first congress, the one from the principal colony of the north, the other of the south, they took the lead in bringing forward and sustaining the important measure; they displayed at the same time those characteristics, which, according to the author of Anacharsis, constitute true courage—they knew their danger, feared it, yet encountered it with unshaken firmness. To both were confided the most important trusts abroad; first, to negotiate peace and amity with the nations of Europe, and next, as the first representatives of our government, at the two principal courts; Jefferson to that of Paris, and Adams to that of London. They both filled in succession the second station in the government; and were both afterwards elevated to the first. For many years after their retirement, they were both the objects of peculiar veneration to their countrymen. They saw, in the simple retirement of private citizens, those distinguished men, who had been the chief magistrates of a great people, and who had filled a station more dignified than that of kings. In their great age, we are reminded of the celebrated philosophers of Greece; and much is to be ascribed to the power of that intellect, which they preserved unimpaired, so highly cultivated, so habitually exercised; whose embalming influence almost controlled and retarded the decay of nature. The closing scene of their lives rendered the coincidence almost perfect. But the doom of man is inevitable. If virtues, and talents, and good services could secure immortality on earth, our WASHINGTON had still lived. Let us not then repine at the unvarying laws of nature, and of nature's God, which have created the vicissitudes of day and night, the changes of the seasons, and have appointed a time for every living thing to die. Under the guidance of hope and faith, let us keep in view the celestial light, which, if steadily pursued, will conduct us safely through this vale of trouble and disappointment, to the regions of happiness and immortality, where we shall meet again with those whom we esteemed, and loved, and venerated on earth. O illustrious names of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, ADAMS! delightful to every American ear—dear to humanity—ever living in the remembrance of posterity! Cities may disappear—empires may fall—monuments may be crumbled into dust—but unless the light of civilization and science shall be extinguished by an eternal night of barbarism, your fame and your honors shall endure FOR EVER.

FRANCIS GLASS.

THE author of the *Vita Washingtonii* is known to us only from the few facts presented in the pleasant English preface to the work by the editor, Mr. J. N. Reynolds,* from which we find that the author was educated in Philadelphia, became a teacher in the interior of Pennsylvania, where he formed an unhappy marriage, and his means not sufficing for the maintenance of a rapidly increasing family, he removed in 1817 or

* The conclusion of the author's "Eulogy," 1826.

* Mr. Reynolds is the author of a "Voyage of the United States' Frigate Potomac, 1831-1834," published at New York in 1835. He was a prominent advocate of the Exploring Expedition to the Pacific and South Seas, on which subject he published an address in 1836; he has also contributed several spirited nautical sketches to the Knickerbocker Magazine.

1818 to the Miami country, where he led a vagrant life as a teacher in various places.

In 1823 Mr. Reynolds, who had passed through a portion of the course of studies at the Ohio University, being unable to return to the institution, made inquiries for a competent instructor with whom he could complete his classical education, and hearing of Glass in this connexion, determined to visit him. "I found him," says Mr. Reynolds, "in a remote part of the county, in a good neighbourhood of thrifty farmers, who had employed him to instruct their children, who, in general, were then aequiring the simplest rudiments of an English education. The school-house now rises fresh on my memory. It stood on the banks of a small stream, in a thick grove of native oaks, resembling more a den for Druidical rites, than a temple of learning. The building was a low log-cabin, with a clapboard roof, but indifferently tight—all the light of heaven, found in this cabin, came through apertures made on each side in the logs, and these were covered with oiled paper to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays.

"The seats, or benches, were of hewn timbers, resting on upright posts, placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove, between which and the back part of the building, stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed; and, behind this desk, sat Professor Glass when I entered his school.

"There might have been forty scholars present; twenty-five of these were engaged in spelling, reading, and writing, a few in arithmetic, a small class in English grammar; and a half a dozen, like myself, had joined his school, for the benefit of his instruction in the Greek and Latin languages, preparatory to a more extended course in one of the Ohio seminaries.

"The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of the languages with him, his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance. He commenced in a strain which in another would have seemed pedantic, but which, in fact, was far from being so in him.

"The following imperfect sketch, drawn entirely from memory, may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner:—'Welcome to the shrine of the Muses, my young friend, *Salve!* Χαῖρε! The temple of the Delphian God was originally a laurel hut, and the Muses deign to dwell, accordingly, even in my rustic abode. "*Non humilem domum fastidiunt, umbrosamve ripam.*" Here, too, the winds hold converse, "Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud," and the goddesses of the Castalian fountain, the daughters of the golden-haired Mnemosyne, are sometimes silent with the lyre, "*citharâ tacentes,*" that they may catch the sweet murmurs of the harp of Æolus. Here, too, I, the priest of the muses, *Musarum sacerdos*, sing, to the young of either sex, strains before unheard, *Virginibus puerisque canto.* Plutus, indeed, that blind old deity, is far away; and far away let him be, for well has the prince of comic poets styled him a "filthy, crooked, miserable, wrinkled, bald, and toothless creature!" ῥυπῶντα, κυφὸν, ἀθλιον, ῥυσὸν, μαδῶντα, νωδὸν.'"

Glass had already commenced the Life of Washington in Latin, which formed the darling object of his life, but his progress had been greatly interrupted by his poverty. By the aid of his new friend, he was enabled to remove to Dayton, where he could pursue his literary labors with greater convenience. His friend also agreeing to find a publisher for the Life, Glass returned to the work with renewed energy, and ere the close of the following winter, delivered the manuscript.

Mr. Reynolds soon after left the country. On his return the only intelligence he could obtain of the Latinist was that he had died during his friend's absence. The precise place and date were alike unknown.

Glass's work appeared in 1835, from the press of the Harpers, with the title, *Georgii Washingtonii, Americæ Septentrionalis Civitatum Fœderatarum Præsidis primi, Vita, Francisco Glass, A.M. Ohioensi, Literis Latinis Conscripta.* It forms an openly printed volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages. Its latinity has generally met the approval ofscholars, and it has been used as a text-book by teachers.

PINKNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A very pleasant and readable tourist's book was published in London in 1809, in 4to., by Lt. Col. Pinkney, of the North American Native Rangers as the author is described in the title-page. We regret that we know nothing of him personally beyond what this book affords; for it invites further acquaintance. Its title is set forth at length—*Travels through the South of France and in the Interior of the provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the years* 1807 *and* 1808, *by a route never before performed, being along the banks of the Loire, the Isère, and the Garonne, through the greater part of their course, made by permission of the French government.* The Quarterly received the volume with a professional sneer, to which it had a double incentive in the book being written by an American and preferring France to England. We find it, however, not forgotten in 1814, when it reappeared in a handsomely printed octavo. Lately Leigh Hunt, who has introduced several entertaining scenes from it in his "Book for a Corner," speaks of the sensation which it created thirty years ago, when it set all the world upon going to France to live on the charming banks of the Loire. It might well make Englishmen, spite of anti-Gallican prejudices, out of conceit with their fogs and east winds by its delightful pictures of the south of France, the purity and salubrity of the atmosphere, the out-of-door life of idyllic shepherds amidst abundant fruits and flowers, and the easily excited gaiety which overpowered the hardships of poverty.

Lt. Pinkney sailed from Baltimore for Liverpool in April, 1807, and very seldom afterwards troubles his reader with a date, a deficiency not unusual with books where information of the kind is most needed. Arriving in the early summer at Calais he purchases a Norman horse, upon whose back he manages before he gets through, counting cross-roads and deviations, to accomplish his two thousand miles, reaching Marseilles, the end of his journey, spite of the additional year on the title-page, in the follow-

ing autumn. Arriving at Paris, having taken on his way Amiens, Abbeville, Clermont, and Chantilly, he finds Gen. Armstrong American minister at Paris, who introduces him in an imposing levee to the Emperor, whom he sees "dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the Legion of Honor worked into the coat: his person below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He passed no one without notice, and to all the ambassadors he spoke once or twice. When he reached General Armstrong, he asked him whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France? and then added, without waiting for his answer, "There is one nation in the world which must be taught by experience that her merchants are not necessary to the existence of all other nations, and that she cannot hold us all in commercial slavery: England is only sensible in her compters."

An agreeable party was made up in Paris consisting of Mr. Younge, the secretary of the American legation, his newly married wife, a niece of the celebrated Lally Tolendal, and her sister Mademoiselle St. Sillery, with whom our traveller sets forth towards the end of July, in a carriage and horseback expedition for the Loire. He gleaned statistics and general information from his friend the husband, admired the wife, and was more than half in love with the sister, who furnishes for almost every page of the gallant Lieutenant new proofs of the charming qualities of her sex and nation. It is amusing to observe how full of meaning and interest the simplest remark is from the lips of this beautiful woman. "'How happy might a hermit be,' said Mademoiselle St. Sillery, 'in a cottage on the side of one of those hills! There is a wood for him to walk in, and a brook to encourage him by its soft murmurs to sleep.' I agreed in the observation," naively adds the enamored Lieutenant, "which exactly characterizes the scenery." The maids along the route are continually entangling the susceptible officer in admissions as to the surpassing beauty of this lady or their own. One fine morning, after leaving St. Valier, the trees were so "uncommonly beautiful," the meadow flowers of such "more than garden sweetness and brilliancy, the birds, moreover, singing merrily," Mademoiselle was "in such life and spirits, that it was not without difficulty that we detained her in her seat!" It is a very pretty little comedy throughout. We do occasionally hear of the price of land, the yield of wheat, and the number of eggs to the shilling, but these are unimportant interruptions to the perpetual study of attractive *filles de chambre*,* and Watteau pictures of fêtes and dances, with genuine stage peasants in flowers and ribbons, and nightingales singing in the groves. If to be pleased oneself secures that enjoyment to others, our traveller attains the desirable object. A hardship is scarcely a discomfort in his smooth, easy, negligent style. The manners of the book are somewhat Frenchified, which is not the fault of the writer, unless he is bound to shut his eyes and ears to what is characteristic of the country; and something may be yielded perhaps to the proverbial reputation of his profession for gallantry. In a book, as well as in a drawing-room, a man may be allowed occasionally to sacrifice something of his dignity for the entertainment of the company.

PASSPORT SCENE AT CALAIS IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

After our luggage had undergone the customary examination by the officers of the customs, in the execution of which office a liberal fee procured us much civility, we were informed that it was necessary to present ourselves before the Commissary, for that so many Englishmen had obtained admission as Americans, that the French government had found it necessary to have recourse to unusual strictness, and that the Commissary had it in his orders not to suffer any one to proceed till after the most rigid inquiry into his passport and business.

Accordingly, having seen our luggage into a wheel-barrow, which the Captain insisted should accompany us, we waited upon the Commissary, but were not fortunate enough to find him at his office. A little dirty boy informed us, that Mons. Mangouit had gone out to visit a neighbor, but that if we would wait till twelve o'clock (it was now about nine), we should infallibly see him, and have our business duly dispatched. The office in which we were to wait for this Mons. Mangouit for three hours, was about five feet in length by three in width, very dirty, without a chair, and in every respect resembling a cobbler's stall in one of the most obscure streets of London. Mons. Commissary's inkstand was a coffee-cup without an handle, and his book of entries a quire of dirty writing-paper. This did not give us much idea either of the personal consequence of Mons. Mangouit, or of the grandeur of the Republic.

The boy was sent out to summon his master, as a preferable way to our waiting till twelve o'clock. Monsieur at length made his appearance; a little, mean-looking man, with a very dirty shirt, a well powdered head, a smirking, bowing coxcomb. He informed us with many apologies, unnecessary at least in a public officer, that he was under the necessity of doing his duty; that his duty was to examine us according to some queries transmitted to him; but that we appeared gentlemen, true Americans, and not English spies.

After a long harangue, in which the little gentleman appeared very much pleased with himself, he concluded by demanding our passport, upon sight of which he declared himself satisfied, and promised to make us out others for passing into the interior. We were desired to call for these in the evening, or he would himself do us the honor to wait upon us with them at our hotel. Considering the latter as a kind of self-invitation to dine with us, we mentioned our dinner hour and other *et ceteras*. Mons. Mangouit smiled his acquiescence, and we left him, in the hopes that he would at least change his linen.

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We returned to Quillac's to dinner, which, according to our orders, was composed in the English style, except a French dish or two for Mons. Mangouit. This gentleman now appeared altogether as full-dressed as he had before been in full dishabille. We exchanged much conversation on Calais and

* We may compare his gay sketches of 1807 with the observations of a much more staid personage, Erasmus, in the fifteenth century. Both are equally delighted with the lively conversation of the maids at Lyons, and alike piquant in their expression of it. Erasmus's account of these fascinations is in his famous Inn Scenes, "Diversorium," in the Colloquies. Sir Walter Scott has adopted this dramatic sketch *literally* in his Anne of Geierstein.

England, and a word or two respecting the French Emperor. He appeared much better informed than we had previously concluded from his coxcombical exterior. He seemed indeed quite another man.

He accompanied us after dinner to the comedy: the theatre is within the circuit of the inn. The performers were not intolerable, and the piece, which was what they call a proverb (a fable constructed so as to give a ludicrous verification or contradiction to an old saying), was amusing. I thought I had some obscure recollection of a face amongst the female performers, and learned afterwards, that it was one of the maids of the inn; a lively brisk girl, and a volunteer, from her love of the drama. In this period of war between England and France, Calais has not the honor of a dramatic corps to herself, but occasionally participates in one belonging to the district.

The play being over very early, we finished the evening in our own style, a proceeding we had cause to repent the following day, as the *Côte rotie* did not agree with us so well as old Port. I suffered so much from the consequent relaxation, that I never repeated the occasion. It produced still another effect; it removed my previous admiration of French sobriety. There is little merit, I should think, in abstaining from such a constant use of medicine.

FETE CHAMPETRE IN A VILLAGE ON A HILL AT MONTREUIL.

Not being pressed for time, the beauty of a scene at some little distance from the road-side tempted me to enter into a by-lane, and take a nearer view of it. A village church, embosomed in a chesnut wood, just rose above the trees on the top of a hill; the setting sun was on its casements, and the foliage of the wood was burnished by the golden reflection. The distant hum of the village green was just audible; but not so the French horn, which echoed in full melody through the groves. Having rode about half a mile through a narrow sequestered lane, which strongly reminded me of the half-green and half-trodden by-roads in Warwickshire, I came to the bottom of the hill, on the brow and summit of which the village and church were situated. I now saw whence the sound of the horn proceeded. On the left of the road was an ancient chateau situated in a park, or very extensive meadow, and ornamented as well by some venerable trees, as by a circular fence of flowering shrubs, guarded on the outside by a paling on a raised mound. The park or meadow having been newly mown, had an air at once ornamented and natural. A party of ladies were collected under a patch of trees situated in the middle of the lawn. I stopped at the gate to look at them, thinking myself unperceived; but in the same moment the gate was opened to me by a gentleman and two ladies, who were walking the round. An explanation was now necessary, and was accordingly given. The gentleman informed me upon his part, that the chateau belonged to Mons. St. Quentin, a member of the French Senate, and a Judge of the District; that he had a party of friends with him upon the occasion of his lady's birth-day, and that they were about to begin dancing; that Mons. St. Quentin would highly congratulate himself on my accidental arrival. One of the ladies, having previously apologized and left us, had seemingly explained to Mons. St. Quentin the main circumstance belonging to me; for he now appeared, and repeated the invitation in his own person. The ladies added their kind importunities. I dismounted, gave my horse to a servant in waiting, and joined this happy and elegant party, for such it really was.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of forming an opinion of French beauty, the assemblage of ladies being very numerous, and all of them most elegantly dressed. Travelling, and the imitative arts, have given a most surprising uniformity to all the fashions of dress and ornament: and, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is a very slight difference between the scenes of a French and English polite assembly. If any thing, however, be distinguishable, it is more in degree than in substance. The French fashions, as I saw them here, differed in no other point from what I had seen in London, but in degree. The ladies were certainly more exposed about the necks, and their hair was dressed with more fancy; but the form was in almost every thing the same. The most elegant novelty was a hat, which doubled up like a fan, so that the ladies carried it in their hands. There were more colored than white muslins; a variety which had a pretty effect amongst the trees and flowers. The same observation applies to the gentlemen. Their dresses were made as in England; but the pattern of the cloth, or some appendage to it, was different. One gentleman, habited in a grass-colored silk coat, had very much the appearance of Beau Mordecai in the farce: the ladies, however, seemed to admire him, and in some conversation with him I found him, in despite of his coat, a very well informed man. There were likewise three or four fancy dresses; a Dian, a wood-nymph, and a sweet girl playing upon a lute, habited according to a picture of Calypso by David. On the whole, there was certainly more fancy, more taste, and more elegance, than in an English party of the same description: though there were not so many handsome women as would have been the proportion of such an assembly in England.

A table was spread handsomely and substantially under a very large and lofty marquee. The outside was very prettily painted for the occasion—Venus commemorating her birth from the ocean. The French manage these things infinitely better than any other nation in the world. It was necessary, however, for the justice of the compliment, that the Venus should be a likeness of Madame St. Quentin, who was neither very young nor very handsome. The painter, however, got out of the scrape very well.

A small party accompanied me into the village, which was lively, and had some very neat houses. The peasantry, both men and women, had hats of straw; a manufactory which Mons. St. Quentin had introduced. A boy was reading at a cottage door. I had the curiosity to see the book. It was a volume of Marmontel. His mother came out, invited us into the house, and in the course of some conversation, produced some drawings by this youth: they were very simple, and very masterly. The ladies purchased them at a good price. He had attained this excellence without a master, and Mons. St. Quentin, as we were informed, had been so pleased with him, as to take him into his house. His temper and manners, however, were not in unison with his taste, and his benefactor had been compelled to restore him to his mother, but still intended to send him to study at Paris. The boy's countenance was a direct lie to Lavater; his air was heavy, and absolutely without intelligence. Mons. St. Quentin had dismissed him his house on account of a very malignant sally of passion: a horse having thrown him by accident, the young demon took a knife from his pocket, and deliberately stabbed him three several times. Such was a peasant boy, now seemingly enveloped in the interesting simplicity of Marmontel. How inconsistent is what is called character!

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